

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“As a single sun illumineth the whole world, even so doth the One Spirit illumine every body, O son of Bharata.”— Krishna, in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*

THE LAW OF KARMA

R. MACHELL

HEN we talk of the law of Karma we are speaking of a law of nature, and not of a theory invented by man to account for some otherwise inexplicable facts observed in the life of men and other living things.

By a law of nature I mean the regular manner in which certain natural forces operate. It seems to me inevitable that all the forces inherent in the particles of the universe must manifest themselves according to their natural tendencies so far as they are able. It is evident that human beings are compounded of innumerable forces seeking manifestation, and that they are not separate entities except in so far as they may imagine themselves so. In reality all are interdependent elements of society, and also, individually, immensely complex arrangements of forces or tendencies which play upon the atoms of nature, assembling them into combinations and expressing what we call character.

Just as a nation is composed of the most diverse elements and the most dissimilar individualities, so is each individual a compound of countless smaller lives, or forces, organized and controlled, more or less, by a supreme power called Will.

If Karma is action and is a natural law, it must also be the way in which all those elements and groups of elements express themselves. It must be cause and effect, and it must be the active principle in the organization of all life. All living things — being themselves individually and collectively expressions of inherent forces or qualities,— are subject to the law of Karma, for that law is the cause of their existence; their existence is Karma.

If therefore we wish to understand the action of this law, we must be

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prepared to find it almost impossible to disentangle the threads of individual Karma, from the complex web of destiny woven by any group or aggregation of beings collectively. It is evident that there is no such thing as separate existence for individuals, except on the plane of imagination, where egoism deludes itself with the dream of separateness.

No law of nature can be fully understood if treated separately. Take for instance the law of gravity, by which term I mean now the mode of attraction that is known as gravity, and not merely any formula invented to describe it. If we say that the law of gravity is drawing all material things down towards the earth, and if we state this tendency as a rigid independent law, then we look up and see the roof above us apparently defying this rule; are we to deny the truth of the law, or shall we recognise the interaction of numerous other laws, by the use of which man contrives to hold up the action of the law of gravity for a while, not violating it at all, but merely suspending the results of its ceaseless action, counterbalancing its tendency by other natural laws, such as the law of adhesion, tenacity, strain, tension, and so forth, that have to be taken into account in building the simplest form of edifice?

When the building is completed it stands by virtue of natural law, even when it may seem to be built in defiance of the law of gravity. Gravity does not cease to act though its action may be apparently suspended for a while. And when at last the building falls, the law of gravity is not guilty of caprice, nor has it suddenly been invoked to explain a strange phenomenon. We know that it was acting all the time invisibly, until it could overcome the resistance or the tenacity of the materials employed in the construction.

The art of construction demands the recognition of a number of other laws which may be used to establish a temporary balance; but no law of nature can be really inactive, and such a universal law is the law of Karma.

It is evident that the law of gravity as we understand it is limited to that plane of material existence in which all things have weight. It does not operate, for instance, on the thought-plane. One may build a 'castle in the air' that is not subject to the law of gravitation as known in the world of matter, and I presume there must similarly be planes of existence on which the law of Karma, as we know it, does not operate. Since I have defined a law of nature as the mode of operation of forces inherent in nature, it will be safe to assume that on every conceivable plane of nature there must be laws appropriate to the conditions in which they operate. In that sense we may suppose that it is possible for the inner man, the true self, to rise above the plane on which the law of Karma operates, but only to come under the influence of the more spiritual

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laws of that more ethereal condition. Just as in imagination we may construct fairy-castles that defy the law of gravity; but we must obey the laws of imagination, whatever they may be, and we cannot give the same kind of stability or tangibility to our 'castle in the air' as we might look for in a material edifice. To each state of matter or mind there must be appropriate laws, since laws of nature are inherent in nature.

When one thinks along these lines of Karma, one must hesitate to indorse the crude dogmatic statements that are to be found in the teachings of exoteric schools of theology or philosophy.

To say that everything that happens to a man is the result of that man's individual act or thought is to talk nonsense. To say that what happens to him is his Karma is an entirely different proposition. To find just what degree of responsibility lies upon any individual would require superhuman skill in unraveling the tangled web of influences, tendencies, conflicting wills and desires of other people, in their separate or collective bearing upon the person in question.

To decide the degree of a person's legal responsibilities is difficult; but to fix the limits of moral responsibility must be beyond the power of any ordinary intelligence, because it is beyond the scope of any ordinary intelligence to say where a person's individuality can be said to be free from the influence of other minds, of social customs, and racial conditions; in all of which he or she must have their share, but only a share. The fate of a nation affects every person in that nation: the Karma of the nation is shared by all the members of that nation as well as by other nations and other individuals; and who shall say where the responsibility for particular deeds must lie, when all lives are so linked together and all thoughts are common property?

Considerations of this kind should keep us from deciding offhand that those who are unfortunate at any particular moment must have sinned in just this or that manner in former lives. Let us remember that we too share in the responsibility for the conditions that brought about the misfortune, and that our personal share may be coming to us in due course.

It is constantly objected that the law of Karma kills pity and makes compassion of no effect. To which I would reply that if anybody has such a conception of the law of Karma he must have got hold of an exoteric misrepresentation of that which is the law of laws, compassion absolute. For Karma is not the vengeance of a god, nor his favor; nor is it simply the result of past causes. Cause and effect are inseparable in essence, though appearing separate in time. Karma is not merely individual, it is universal.

If a kind act done in past lives can affect the doer in a later life, surely

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that would be justification for belief in the efficacy of kind deeds. If souls are drawn to rebirth in this or that condition by their own fitness for that experience, surely that would suggest that good or bad conditions can be created now. If we are responsible for lack of compassion in past lives, how can we escape responsibility of the same kind now? If present conditions were prepared in the past, then the future is being prepared now. The kind of responsibility that draws a person into good or bad company at birth may be an educational consideration that renders such experience most advantageous, though it may seem most undesirable. In any case to be able to judge of such matters one would have to be able to look into the future as well as into the present and the past.

As is the seed, so is the harvest. But we must beware of calling the harvest bad because it may not be to our taste. Compassion may urge a wise guardian to discipline a child, and the child may suffer bitterly when its self-indulgent habits are corrected; but who would call such suffering bad Karma? And if a wealthy person loses the means to gratify each passion or desire as soon as felt, who would look upon the change as a punishment, when it is most like a reward for past virtuous deeds, or high aspirations that were being shifted by luxury?

I think a wise man would hesitate to call any condition good or bad Karma, seeing the many kinds of opportunities necessary for the experience that alone can bring knowledge. To a strong soul the hardest conditions are but opportunities for gaining the power necessary to help on the evolution of humanity.

The soul that lives to some good purpose accepts the conditions into which it may be drawn as results of past causes, and so learns how to fashion more desirable conditions for the future. But if conditions are judged as to their desirability by standards of personal advantage, then there will be a narrowing of the outlook, an accentuation of self-interest, that must tend to separateness or selfishness, which is the sin of sins; for it is the negation of spiritual unity, on which rests the ideal of universal brotherhood which is the very foundation of compassion.

Karma is compassion, I believe. But compassion is not a personal emotion. It is the recognition of union with all that breathes, it is the root of human brotherhood; stronger than pity, which may waste itself in sentimentality; wider than charity; it knows no bounds to human sympathy. It is community of feeling, which can only be attained by awakening in the heart the knowledge of the inherent divinity of man.

When that internal divine essence is awake and active, then a man knows that the joys and sorrows of mankind, its virtues and its vices, are all his own, he being inseparable from the humanity of which he is a part.

In the esoteric teachings, that have been given out openly from time

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to time, we learn that the highest specimens of compassionate humanity are those who, having attained to such knowledge as would enable them to renounce the bonds of common human life and pass into a state of bliss, yet remain voluntarily bound to the service of their less advanced brothers, recognising the compelling bond of universal brotherhood, and rejoicing in the service which is inspired by the law of laws, compassion. Those same teachings show that the man who seeks self-advancement by renouncing all ties that bind him to humanity, is sinning against his own divinity and seeking spiritual death.

So the man who closes his heart to human suffering, declaring that such misery is the proper lot of those to whom it falls, is shutting the door of spiritual progress on his own soul, and is entering on the path of separation or mere selfishness, leading to annihilation. But the man who recognises the working of the Karmic law in bringing misery to man as the natural fruit of wrong action, will help the ignorant to understand the law, and so to live in harmony with Nature as to avoid the discord, which is misery.

When a child suffers from eating candy, the wise teacher will make the cause of the suffering clear to the child's mind, at the same time treating the sufferer medically to relieve the pain. It does not take long for a child to learn that 'results follow causes as the furrow follows the plow.' Human beings have mostly learned these elementary lessons so often in past lives that now they need only to be reminded of their past experiences in order to see the folly of some, at least, of their mistakes.

So education is really a process of drawing out the knowledge that is latent or that lies forgotten in the soul, rather than an attempt to inject instruction or to burden the mind with memorized information. And true education is more a process of awakening the soul than of stamping rules and formulas upon the mind.

Before we can study the real meaning of the law of Karma, it may be necessary to learn that results follow causes, even when the causes are unseen or are forgotten, or when the results seem to come suddenly upon us unprovoked by any action of our own. At this stage of elementary education the great law of Karma may be presented in the crude and simple statement that 'effects follow causes as the furrow follows the plow.' The attempt to put a deep truth into simple language often results in an apparently false statement. Indeed this is almost unavoidable; and therefore a truth has to be repeated in many ways before all its aspects have been presented.

The essential thing is to learn that cause and effect, however far apart they may appear, are inseparable in fact. It is also important to understand that an act has consequences for the doer as well as for the

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object. The doing of an injury affects the doer ultimately perhaps more than the immediate sufferer from the deed. We must beware of killing the living truth by a too rigid insistence on a formula which at best can be but a partial statement of a very complex and far-reaching verity.

To confuse the law of Karma with fatalism shows a misunderstanding of both; for the law of Karma implies moral causation, whereas fatalism infers a creator of fate who foreordains all that can happen in the universe over which he presides. In such a universe there can be no moral causation and no moral responsibility, since all is foreordained. In such a world there can be neither virtue nor vice, no sin, and consequently no punishment and no forgiveness, no possible need for thought or effort, since all is provided for. Such a scheme is obviously absurd, and those who profess to hold such views have to take refuge in a most illogical theory of delegated authority, which enables man to interfere with the foreordained scheme of things for the amusement (presumably) of Fate, which cannot be in any way altered or interfered with, if foreordained, and which readjusts an impossible disturbance by simply maintaining the status quo, leaving man the victim of a strange delusion put upon him by his creator, for the glory of the designer of the universe. Thus man insults his own intelligence and makes the deity appear ridiculous.

But there are fatalists who claim the law of Karma as a justification for their theory. They dispense with a deity, and make man the creator of his own destiny, each man free and independent in the creation of causes, and yet absolutely bound by the results of those causes. This means that causes were generated in the past and that the consequences will come in the future. But the past was once the future of a more remote past, and the deeds done then were fixed by what went before, and to find a past that had nothing behind it is beyond the power of the brain-mind, bound as it is by time, with its past and its future, and with that strange paradox, the present moment, which is future till it is past, and which yet is the only time in which acts can be performed. We cannot act in the past: that is gone. We cannot act in the future, for it is out of reach: we can act now only. There is no other time for action. And if man can create causes, the only time when he can do so is in the present, which these fatalists declare to be the product of the past. How then can these foreordained acts be called causes voluntarily created by responsible beings? Such qualified fatalism is not reasonable nor philosophical.

Man feels and knows in himself that he is responsible for his decisions, and he may seek to shift this responsibility on to other shoulders; but he cannot get rid entirely of his own individuality by any system of philosophy or theology; for it is he himself who has to accept or reject the

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system, and he has to make the decision for himself no matter how negative and weak-minded he may be. The sense of responsibility is just what distinguishes human beings from the elemental creatures of the subhuman kingdoms; and there are not many sane men or women who lack some sense of individual power to choose and to decide for themselves.

So I am inclined to look doubtfully upon any profession of faith in fatalism. It savors too much of a device to escape blame and the burden of responsibility. It looks like an 'exit in case of emergency' for people who have not the courage to accept the consequences of their own acts.

Fatalism may justly be called unethical, and even unmoral, but these terms do not apply to Karma; for the basis of Karmic law is spiritual unity underlying material diversity. It is because of the solidarity of the human family that the welfare of one is the welfare of all, and that the acts, words, and thoughts of each individual can and must affect others in an immeasurable degree. It is because self-isolation is practically moral suicide that there is no escape from Karma.

Karma is moral and ethical responsibility. It is founded on the unity of the universe and the inseparable relation of all parts to the central consciousness which expresses itself in them or through them.

That is what we mean when we say that man is essentially divine. The Supreme Self is behind all lesser selves and can only make the divine will manifest by working through its natural agents, that is, the minds and selves of all creatures.

The Universe is a manifestation in matter of the Supreme or Divine Intelligence; and every living creature is said to be in some degree a specialized manifestation, a small model of the great Universe, gradually becoming more conscious of its nature and purpose. Further, it is said that man is the divine consciousness awaking to self-consciousness in the human animal, which form of matter has been evolving through enormous periods of time preparing itself by evolution to become self-conscious as the perfect man.

It is the presence in us of the divine self-conscious will, awaking from its long process of incubation in the human soul, that makes it possible for man to originate new causes, however feebly and imperfectly, and so to act individually as a god; that is, as an immortal, or one who does not perish when his body dies.

For it is taught that the true self of man lives on through countless lives, by reason of its power to generate causes with their effects which draw the liberated spirit back to reincarnate in a new body, to work out the task begun,—the gradual perfecting of the human soul and body, as a divinely conscious instrument, helping to mold the visible material forms of things into more perfect models of the thought divine.

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Thus man becomes a savior of the world in the completeness of his evolution and in the fullness of time. Meanwhile, from the first moment of his awakening to consciousness as man, the human being comes under the law of Karma in its human aspect, and becomes responsible to his divine self, or to the divine will, of which he is a spark; and so has power to influence others by his action, just as he shares in the influences set in motion by his fellows. His power for harmony or discord is proportioned by his comprehension of the purpose of life, and of his task in helping on or hindering the evolution of humanity.

His influence extends no doubt to all the kingdoms of nature in some degree. But who shall measure it, or say how far the influence of one affects the whole? It is enough for us to know that each of us can influence our fellows to help them rise towards self-consciousness, or to hinder them in their long evolution, and so to help or hinder the whole world in some degree; just as we all are separately influenced by the lives of others. And this power is Karma.

All power entails responsibility to the source of power, which is the true Self of humanity, the Self divine, whose rays we are; each one a sun-ray from the Central Sun of consciousness. This is the key to the understanding of many religious forms and invocations, such as the saying (in the church ritual):

“Let your light so shine before men, that they may . . . glorify your father which is in heaven!”

Or again in the Gâyatri:

“Oh thou that givest light and sustenance unto the Universe, and to ourselves! Thou, from whom all doth proceed, and to whom all must return! Unveil the face of the true Sun, now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may know the truth and do our whole duty as we journey towards thy sacred seat!”

This call of the awakening soul, this appeal for more light, is testimony to the divine origin of man, whose long pilgrimage of evolution is accomplished by action in accordance with the law of Karma, the law of ethical causation, and of man's responsibility to his own divine Self.



“COMRADES! the battlefield is there where the long roll finds you standing. Your past acts enlisted you under just that flag. Fight it out there!”

— William Quan Judge

FESTIVALS AND THEIR MEANING

T. HENRY, M. A.

IN all times and places men have held festivals and reunions of various kinds; and the object has been to express the collective values of human nature, as opposed to the separate personal values. Among the several souls recognised by the ancient Egyptians as entering into the constitution of a complete man, there was a personal soul and also a soul which the man had in common with other men. We sometimes need to give this common soul an opportunity to express itself. It is important to understand the difference between the private personality of a man and that part of him which is not private but shared with men in general; and the relations existing between these two constitutes an interesting subject of study.

The development of full self-consciousness may be regarded as the aim of those vast evolutionary processes which we see going on everywhere in nature. Many philosophers have arrived at this conclusion by their own reflexions, and it is a teaching of Theosophy. So far as our experience at present extends, we find the highest existing form of self-consciousness in man; while in the animals we see a far inferior form. And so, passing down through the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, we find that whatever mind or consciousness they have is of a still less developed kind. Yet in each and all of these various kingdoms of nature the universal spirit is working, expressing itself in the various degrees, and finding in each a vehicle by which it can slowly build up for itself a means of self-realization and can progress on the upward path towards full self-consciousness. But it cannot be supposed that man himself has as yet attained to full self-consciousness; indeed we know that it is not so. In man we find very varying degrees, ranging from the simplest minds up to the most introspective and complex intellects. And further we know well that whole ranges of our own nature lie unexplored by us, so that we are a mystery to ourselves, and lack knowledge while at the same time feeling that the power to attain knowledge resides within us.

A human race begins like a human child, in a state of simplicity; but gradually acquires greater self-consciousness. Then comes the process of civilization, and people no longer live in groups with most of their life lived in common, but draw apart as separate personalities, walled off from each other and with separate and divergent interests.

The word personality is rather vague. Personality seems to be made up of I-ness or the sense of self, and a group of mental states of which the

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chief is memory. It is like somebody living in a house. Take the case of a man suffering from amnesia: he finds himself in a strange town and has forgotten his name and past history; yet he still has the sense of self. His personality has gone to a great extent, but not entirely. Then suppose that his memory does not come back, and he goes on living in the strange town and gradually builds up a new personality. Then after years his memory suddenly returns. Now he has two different personalities. Such cases do occur.

Thus we see that people are considerably confused when they discuss immortality and whether the personality survives; for they have not clearly defined to themselves what they mean by the personality. The personality evidently consists very largely of what we have built up and put together in the course of this life; and most of it is dependent on the body. Most of it then would naturally fall apart at death; and yet the individuality, the sense of self might survive. In sleep we lose the sense of personality, because most of our faculties are dormant; but the individuality is preserved, and the same personality is reconstituted when we wake. It seems evident that rebirth will bring a new personality, with forgetfulness of the old, but the central kernel of individuality will be the same.

Personality is an instrument which each man has created for himself to use in his life. But it is not the man himself. Here is quite an important point in the Theosophical teachings. Ordinarily people mistake their mere temporal personality for themselves. They attach too great importance to it. They try to convince themselves that it will survive the grave, carrying its memories and earthly notions into a spirit-world and even communicating with those still on earth.

That there is life beyond the personality, and that this life does not mean loss of self, is what Theosophy is trying to impress upon people. But this is no novel doctrine: people have thought it and taught it in all ages. Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and the Stoics; Socrates and Plato; Apollonius of Tyana; the Neo-Platonists; the sacred literature of India, Persia, China; and so on indefinitely. It is of course among the teachings of Christ. Practical philosophy aims to find a rational and fortunate way of life; and it values intellectual tenets in so far as they will conduce to that practical end. So men in all ages have sought to understand their own nature and the significance of their life in this world; and have all reached the conclusion that beyond our ordinary intelligence there must lie a greater intelligence, and that we can assimilate ourselves to this greater intelligence — commune with the Soul, with the God within.

Thus it can be seen that personality is not so much a definite entity as a condition of the mind and emotions, in virtue of which condition we

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limit ourselves to a narrow circle of ideas and interests. And overcoming the personality means overcoming these limitations. The Stoics and the rest sought to achieve this freedom and to maintain an unvarying calm and equanimity amid all experiences, pleasant or painful, active or passive. Thus they expected to escape the storms of a life agitated by delusions and emotions, and to live the serene life of the undisturbed Soul. And while the doctrines of some Stoics appear to have been largely negative, there have been many teachers who have definitely taught the possibility of man's attaining a state of freedom and power and knowledge while yet in the body on earth.

This is the true path of Occultism. And of course the great snare and danger is that the word 'occultism' is often used to mean quite other things. For, just as in the early centuries of this era there were impostors and cranks who brought Stoicism into disrepute, so today there are people who make occultism to mean merely an exaltation and intensification of personality — which is just the opposite to the true meaning. We find people talking about higher powers and using the very phraseology of Theosophy and the words borrowed from H. P. Blavatsky; when it is plain that ambition and self-gratification are the mainspring of their aspirations.

So it is above all important to bear in mind that the great aim in Theosophy is to rise beyond the limitations of selfishness. The personal self is very strong, especially in people of a highly developed and complex nature; and it is always striving to obtain possession exclusively for itself, to set up its private opinion above all others, to gratify its own prejudices, and, in a word, to have its own way at all costs. This is the great enemy that has to be overcome by all who enter upon the path of knowledge and liberation. It is pictorially represented on ancient monuments by a king slaying a monster, or in legend by a valiant knight slaying a foul dragon.

And so, reverting to our original subject, let us say again that the proper spirit and real meaning of a festival is that people may come together in a spirit of solidarity, draw away for a while from their personalities, and experience the joys of an impersonal life. But there is also a mob-consciousness that may be engendered from unions of people, and this is a very different matter. It is guarded against by the ceremonies of the festival and by all the functions that are performed with the object of putting the people into the right frame of mind.

The personality is an instrument which we have built up for our own use, but is destined to become a tyrant. Hence it is necessary to learn to master it. From the state of undeveloped innocence and simplicity, man has to travel to the state of fully developed wisdom; and between the two lies this region of the emphasized personality, which brings him such keen experiences of joy and sorrow. But we find that we can never fit our per-

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sonality into the scheme of the universe, and that personal desire is a fire that cannot be quenched. And thus we are impelled to follow out the law of human evolution and find an anchorage in some part of our nature that is greater than personality. Men are joined to all men by a common root; and the mystery of attainment lies in weaning the conscious part of ourself from its attachment to personal desire, and in blending it with the immortal and impersonal essence which is common to all life.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON THE BEACH

QUINTUS REYNOLDS

WATCHING here, I get some little glimmering of an idea as to the *science* of (or in) symbology: how it is that some figure, or object, or animal, may be taken — has been, by great cycles of civilization — as representative of a whole series of objects, ideas; or principles. Thus the Egyptians mummified cats, and ‘worshipped’ that strange Pasht or Sekhet, the cat-headed goddess; but they were a very scientific people; and could some learned scribe from Thebes or Memphis take Mr. Wells’s time-machine and visit us today, no doubt he would put us down as superstitious ignoramuses, who could not even see expressed in the soft warm things that catch our mice and monopolize our easiest chairs for us, a universal principle, or an aspect of That which is behind all manifestation. As if anything here in this world could be aught but the last ripple of a wave that began in the Infinite, the last result or expression of a Kosmic Idea. . . . For them, Kosmos was well ordered upon a scheme; a sane thing run sanely, with dependable and comprehensible laws: like begetting like, cause effect, in endless concatenations and evolutions: the lotus, with its stalks, leaves, and magnificent corona *e-volving* out of the seed in which in miniature, in idea, it is all contained. But for us it is a thing we hardly dare bring the legions of reasonable thought against at all: it is a jumble, a chaos, a haphazard and senseless nothing, in the midst of whose plenary disorder and reign of chance, by some incredible paradox the ‘laws of nature’ do appear somehow,— figs of law from the thistle-stem of fortuity. We have lost some clue, or we should not be so desperately illogical.

Last night, when the winds were at riot, I could hear this monster the Sea crying from the shore,—

“I am Sekhet: I am she that miaoeth unto the moon;”

but now that the sun is looking from clear skies, and the winds are banished

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from the world, it is purring along these yellow sands; you would say (and no doubt truly), pondering some comfortable thought: "butter would not melt in its mouth"; there is a gentle wistfulness in its demeanor, an air of maiden meditations fancy free. All manner of magical tidings are being lisped and brooded and turned over in its mind: news of Urashima's kingdom, of the Makaron Nesoi, of Hy Brasil and St. Brendan's Isle; and for my part I am believing it all very thoroughly, and should consider it indecent not to . . . since Sekhet herself condescends to purr it at my feet, who might so easily in a moment toss, pat, tear, and batter my body to destruction, as that other symbol of her, my neighbor's little white fairy of a cat, did the lizard I was too late to rescue the other morning.

But indeed, indeed, I should believe were there no wholesome respect for Sekhet upon my soul. The muddy garments of decay do closely hem us in from worlds upon worlds of beauty and wonder which are near to us and all about us; it is only the gross effluvia of our nagging brains that hide from us the Kingdoms of Faerie. Wherever men live, the inner atmosphere becomes foggy; the clouds that gather over our great industrial cities are but an outward visible sign of inward disgrace. We exercise not a tenth part of our being; the rest is hidden from us in the unknown, the unsuspected unexplored. What grace, what beauty and magic are there, we do not guess; but wander on through life contented or discontented with the mediocre trivialities that remain to us. But the lonely places of the world have a power in them to heal the distortion of our being,—sometimes to awaken the seer and the god that slumber within. In the secret reaches of the Sea, where ships rarely come, the inner atmosphere must often be singularly clear; there men have poured in no miasma of thought; I do not doubt that it has happened to sailors often to see islands uncharted and unchartable, which Immortal Races inhabit. Where London is, or Chicago, there may be the palaces of Faery Kings; but they are a long way, for all that, from the men that hurry along the pavements. It is among the mountains or on the sea, where the inner air is clear and vital, that one sees fairies; — for excellent good reasons, if all were known.

Watch that little fleet of wee sea-chickens that manoeuvres so delicately a yard or so out; there is a good slope to the sand here, and I guess they have a foot or more of water under them. They are tossed gently up and down, carried here and there, mostly backwards; they take it all as if absent-mindedly; they have no task set them, no business — toil not neither do they spin; their thoughts, bless you, are on higher things, beyond the porcelain-blue horizon, beyond. —Up and a sudden scutter away with them before a crumbling bluster of foam; flying low above the

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white smother, not for the sake of flight, but just fastidious lest the breasts, that a moment ago were afloat, should be wetted. From quick slant to slant their "little nimble wings" flicker; they let the broken wave die shoreward, and light down again, and are afloat, quite silent, and making no chatter of their adventure; and are tossed up and down gently, borne here and there, mostly backwards, and take it all as if absent-mindedly, showing no concern. . . . And this sea, that jokes so gaily-solemnly with the wee sea-chickens, might today or tomorrow hurl upon the world the fate of Atlantis: might so ruin Europe, overwhelm America, making nothing of churches, sciences, arts, and armaments . . . and the day after, fall to playing again with small birds as if it loved them, and to purring along the coasts of manless continents new upheaven from the abyss.

One only means, of course, that forces great enough are maintained or stored in it. They say the water holds gold in solution; it is a kind of liquid gold itself; it would seem to be the reservoir of the planet's vitality. Hence the tremendous energies, the perpetual motion. All visible things are the effects of things invisible, jetsam on these remote ultimate shores of being; — and the waves that cast them up are commutations and permutations of the non-eternal thought of the One Eternal Thinker. We might read in the Seen the Unseen; and get glimpses of the plan upon which Deity unfolds Itself in manifestation by watching the sea, or the movements and configuration of the stars, or trees and green things growing. That which manifests through these, manifests also through our own hearts, and the rises and falls of empires and all the changes in the lives of men. We rarely trouble ourselves to imagine what great thing is covered away under that word 'Nature' that slips so cantly from our lips. It has come to mean an abstraction; the word has been so used and used without thought or imagination that now it is like a coin worn down by usage till there is no reading the superscription nor recognising whose is the image. That is the fate of words that stand for things too great for common understanding.

Theosophy has perhaps rescued the word 'Soul,' though it was a narrow squeak; and the rescuer came armed with Sanskrit substitutes, lest the task should be hopeless. 'Nature' makes the flowers grow and the waves run shoreward; we win secrets from 'Nature,' such as dynamite and wireless telephony; we gradually overcome 'Nature,' and spread the life of cities, civilization; 'Nature' is that which is outside ourselves, mostly hostile to us. But 'Stop! Look! Listen!' as the street signs say,—

"Listen! the Mighty Being is awake:"

this is She whom you shall help, working on with her, and she will show

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you the treasures that she hides from the eyes of matter and reveals only to those of spirit; that will show you the means and the way, the first gate and the second, the third, up to the very seventh. I swear she loves you; she has healing for every wound. She loves you so dearly that she will not tolerate your adversity and self-banishment from her; she makes war on you, and battles you down until you turn to her; she will have her children her heroic coadjutants, and takes her own means to turn them into heroes. And then she has healing for every wound. All her waters are like the well at Ballykeele, in which is "a cure for all ills." Her evolutionary path now is from matter up to spirit; let the children of the Spirit arm themselves and fight her way for her upwards. "You never can enjoy the world aright until the sea itself floweth in your veins. . . ."

The sea has 'nine waves,' and a cat has 'nine lives,' according to folk-wisdom and traditional lore; there is nothing very scientific, that I know of, to account for either ascription; but it is as much as to say that down from far antiquity comes a disposition to class cats and the sea among the *nine* things — using *nine* here as a classifying, not a numeral, adjective; — just as the colors of the spectrum and the notes of the scale and the principles of man are among the *seven* things. Nine is the number ever repeating itself, the cyclic number, — and so, symbolic of Time; in which, as in Space, the planet, and life, revolve. Or time, like space, is curved, a circle, — like the horizon of the sea. Time and space are the theater of manifestation: they are manifestation. They are the illusion put forth by the One Absolute Reality; which in relation to space may be said to be greater than all extension, or smaller than the atom, — since It has no relation to space or extension at all; and in relation to time, Its whole cycle or life-time (one speaks desperately crudely) may be said to be longer than eternity or less than the smallest fraction of a second, since It has no relation to time. All extension and all duration must be there gathered in one point, infolded and latent in That. In the Great Pralaya, when manifestation is not, there can be no more time, and nothing that bears any semblance thereto. "Time was not," says the Stanza, speaking of that which was before these universes came into being; and the Bible, speaking of that which shall be when they have ended: "there shall be no more Sea."

I have wondered whether that process, described in the Stanzas of Dzyan, belongs to the past only; or whether it is not a thing eternally going forward: Time emerging from No-time; Space burgeoning from No-space; now and always: and the dawn and noon and evening twilight of the Great Manvantara all concealed within that mystic mightiest thing, that Only Thing, the present moment: in which we may take our choice, to stand in consciousness upon the outermost dark rim of mani-

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fested being, a prey to the glooms and pettiness and passions that whirl there,— or near the innermost, beholding it all.

Thinking thus, I seem to approach understanding of the profundities of great Laotse's thought: who cared very little about 'God' anyway, and spoke rather of Tao, the 'Way.' This is the Simplicity which contains all complexity within itself, and the complexity which flows forth from it; it is the seed and the lotus; Unity, and all the numbers that proceed therefrom. Tao is the heart of this present moment; in it are all the races and ages of the past, and the triumphant ages and races to come. There is but one gate to the timelessness beyond time: this moment. Do you suppose that gate unopenable?

— Watch that wave: how perfect it is; and its perfection an absolute intentness. That same quality you may see at any time in trees, flowers, mountains. I read some verses the other day, in which the poet — a living poet, but I forget who — said that he did not believe stars and mountains were really calm, or sentient at all, or that trees were really trustful and courageous; yet could derive a calmness and a courage from watching them and reading those qualities into their beauty; — and then I thought of Mark Twain's dear delightful definition of faith: *Believing in what you know ain't so*; here was a man doing the converse, and disbelieving in what he knew was so. For it is as easy as any easiest thing to see the consciousness in what we have the impudence to call inanimate nature; which cannot jabber our human vocables to us perhaps — and small blame to it for that! but which can talk fast enough, and a better language, to any one who understands silence. Look at that wave coming in; how intent it is, one thought expressed in its whole being; and how final is its perfection! Can you not

“guess the immanence of Tao reflected here”?

One *thought* expressed — one *thought*? Yes; and I would call that thought *worship*, but for fear of misunderstanding; for the elements of worship are, joy, and intentness, and a sense of the Divine; and I never heard human language proclaim those elements to me so surely, with such triumphant exactitude, as that green-breasted, glittering, sliding, foam-plumed, tumbling delight does,— glory be!

And really, why should men be less than the waves of the sea?

Forever and ever those waves are at “their priest-like task of pure ablation round earth's human shore”; there is no pause or let up with them. They shift great heaps of stones, throwing them up and piling them here; and with one flow of the tide remove and disperse what they piled up with the tide before. They shift tons of sand, covering what was yesterday a rocky beach, to be scrambled over, so that today it is all

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smooth and level; one tide puts a layer of sand a yard deep over everything and the next moves it all, even that which was deep in the crevices and hollows between the rocks, and smooths out another gaunt and jagged beach with it. I could not have believed without seeing what mighty works they do. Not that there are changes every day; but when the changes come, they come suddenly rather than gradually. "It is said that every grain of sand is cast up in its turn to lie for a moment in the sunshine." . . . Do I tread now the crumbled stuff of Lemurian palaces, swallowed a thousand miles beyond the horizon ten million years ago? The dust of Lemurian Caesars and Napoleons? Matter once exhausted and impregnate with the aches and passions of man, churned, sifted, cleaned, re-soaked with life through all these myriads of millenniums by the "moving waters at their priest-like task"?

When Christianity was being built up of the *membra disjecta* of the Mysteries of Antiquity, the obscure individuals who built it selected as the mother of the Jewish *nabi* whom they chose to be its cornerstone, and therefore as the 'Divine Mother' in the system, Mary, which is *Mare*, the sea; they gave her the title '*Stella Maris*,' the 'Star of the Sea.' A corresponding figure in one of the Greek cults was Maia, the mother of Hermes; and the mother of the Buddha was like-named, Mâyâ,— which means, of course, illusion, the Great Illusion of the Manifested World: that which time and the sea symbolize, the Great Deep over which the Spirit brooded. Aphrodite, again, rose out of the foam; who is ultimately, I suppose, the great lure, desire of life, which brings us, Immortal Essences, into incarnation and holds us earthbound. I believe the scientists hold that life began in and came up out of the sea; and so it did, or does, in a way; though probably not in the way they think.

The Gods are the Thoughts of God; at the root of every evolution is an idea; the harmony or correlation of the great Primordial Ideas (the Gods) is the Way of the Universe, Tao. Our ideas are as it were the First Logos of our souls or selves; they precipitate themselves into our lives and actions, which are the Second. Thus things flow from within outward, as H. P. Blavatsky taught; and this is *e-volution*: the word means, and the truth is, not a growing from one thing or stage to another, but an out-turning, a burgeoning forth, of that which is within, of ideas in the Kosmic Mind — manifestation of the Gods. These globes we see and the personalities of their inhabitants and "all that in them is," are thus the last outward permutations of Divine Ideas. By 'Idea' is meant something remoter from this world than a thought: not a mental conception you could frame into words: something more basic; a facet of the prism which is Kosmic Mind.

Perhaps there are seven such Ideas, and the seven colors their best


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symbols. And just as these latter grade themselves and pass into innumerable shades and tints, so the Idea emanates or becomes myriads of creative concepts; and every soul and every atom is an aspect of God. "Each idea is a Theophany," said the great Irish mystic; that is, a manifestation of God. One uses the cant term 'God' for the sum, center, and circumference of existence, the root and essence behind existence; not foolishly attributing foolish personality, finitest of finite qualities, to the Infinite. In that Undivided Indivisible One nothing resembling personality, nor individuality, can be: in the white ray there is not even color. But the colors proceed from the white ray, and individuality begins in the Ideas. Any intuitional contemplation of the Gods of the ancients, in which imagination is set to do its proper work, will show them as it were the cornerstones of the Universe, the few basic ideas, connecting points, ganglia or nerve-plexuses of things; differing from each other as red from orange, orange from yellow, and so on. For the Kosmos is an architecture, not a haphazard; there is a plan, which we may come to know.

I look out upon the reflexion of an idea of God, a vast individuality; I look out upon one of the Deities; when I watch you, O beautiful and treacherous, life-giving, stealthy, terrible, kind, inexorable Sea!

THE GROUNDWORK OF EDUCATION

MAGISTER ARTIUM

F the spiritual, and not the material, is at the root of all growth and progress; if general principles are more important than special applications; then we incur grave danger if we slight the spirit and cling to the letter; if, in our concern with special applications, we lose sight of general principles.

This is the danger that attends education, whenever it tends to become too specialized, too directly concerned with immediate tangible objects.

The champions of *litterae humaniores*, the lovers of pure science or of mathematics, often protest against threatened encroachments by the advocates of utility and practicality. But they are frequently at a loss for words to support their case.

If we grasp the shadow we may lose the substance. But why do we grasp the shadow? Because we mistake it for the substance.

This last statement affords a fair definition of what is usually meant when we speak disparagingly of the materialism of the age: we mean that people are pursuing the shadow and missing the substance, mistaking the shadow for the substance. This mistake is as apt to get into our methods

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of education, and even into our ideals of education. The teaching of Latin and Greek may lose its humanity and become stilted and pedantic. From this a reaction may ensue towards science and technical instruction: in our disgust at the misapplication of a principle, we reject the principle itself. Finally, when we have lost the true feeling, we may make mechanical efforts to reconstruct it by courses in nature-study.

If all education is to minister to the development of special and technical knowledge, what are we to do with our tastes and aspirations? Can we starve them to death?

Athenian education under the constitution of Solon did not hold in view the preparation of the youth for any particular calling, but aimed so to develop and round out his character and parts as to render him fit to adapt himself with success and honor to any duty or privilege that might be accorded him. The attainment of a free and universal culture was the ideal. The mind of the youth was expanded beyond the immediate present; for the poets, who were then the teachers of the people, familiarized his imagination with the entire drama of human history, wherein the eternal life of the Soul is manifested in an endless wealth of forms, and the fundamental principles that underlie and inspire all external appearances are revealed. Thus viewing human life on the grand scale, they could see the divine law behind what at a narrower view might seem mere chance. In a word, this Attic culture saw the supreme importance of spirit and strove to endow its citizens with the undying seed rather than the perishable husk.

In this scheme of education, besides athletics and culture of the mind, we find the trinity completed by music, a branch which included not merely music in its more restricted sense, but declamation, oratory, and every species of culture that could impart the sense of harmony, rhythm, balance, moderation, and symmetry, to the faculties both mental and moral. This last respect is perhaps the one in which we are most lacking. It is precisely the one wherein the Râja-Yoga ideal of education supplies, both in principle and practice, the lack found elsewhere.

The Athenians used all three branches of education as a means of inculcating morality. Morality taught to the reason by precept alone is not sufficient and may easily thus degenerate into cant or 'sophism.' The need of a sound body is better recognised with us today than it was some generations ago; for we pay more heed to the physical disabilities of the delinquent or the insane. We feel that a large share of morality can be inculcated by due attention to physical hygiene. But what of this third branch of education — music — as a means of imparting nobility of character?

Surely it is needed, if we but consider the mistakes due to excess and

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want of the sense of proportion, both in our personal efforts to achieve excellence, and in the frequently hectic and spasmodic attempts of legislation to bestow upon us those graces wherein we are so sadly lacking. Music, rhythm, and poise are certainly cardinal principles underlying all Nature — the divinity who is the mother we imitate, as she teaches us by example. It is said that we conceive the infinite excellence under the three aspects of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty; and surely the culture of Music (in this its fullest sense) is the cult of that aspect of the Supreme described as Beauty. Without this, what can life be but ugly, unbalanced, spasmodic? Some writers in our day have recognised how much help can be won by attention to repose and poise even in physical bearing; but in general we look in vain for any sign of grace or beauty in the feverish efforts after strength and dominance which characterize our ideals both educational and political. If we followed the ancient custom of venerating high Powers as patrons of our works, to what divinity should we fittingly consecrate the destroyer and the cylinder of lethal gas?

The teaching of the ancient classics may readily degenerate under such influence, from a grateful communing with the great minds of our ancestors to a pedantic and minute study of niceties of grammar and construction; while the same hasty spirit may then urge us to destroy rather than to reform the plans of education which we have learned so to abuse.

If the spirit of harmony has too far receded from life, then the spirit of soulless formality may enter into the very study and teaching of music and art, pulling down that which ought to lift us up. Hence the vital importance of making it our first aim to eradicate the seeds of hardness and discord, so that the study of music may run in equal steps with the study of life itself. Thus music is an essential part of the Râja-Yoga education, but has its value only through its equable union with the other parts.

We would have the world recognise Beauty as a worthy member of the great Trinity. It is thus that it would banish the ugliness of canting intolerance together with its opposite extreme of profligate license from a society wherein harmony and grace alone could find a welcome home. The Isis League of Art, Music, and Drama is an important department of the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society; and it is designed in recognition of the importance of Beauty as an element in our life. The name signifying its dedication is that given by the Egyptians to the great Mother, the Supreme as contemplated under the aspect of bounty and charm. This department engages all our aspirations towards the realization of that Beauty which we find at the core of our human nature. Not in sound or in color alone do we seek to realize this Beauty, but in the lives and characters of the youth whom we train under its

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benign auspices. By its means we seek to bring forth from them those innate graces whose seeds are in every breast, but which seldom come to maturity; those graces which will enable their possessor to acquit himself well in any duty or privilege.

When we consider the difference between the conditions for education obtainable in the world in general and the conditions obtained in Lomaland, it is easy to understand why success has been achieved in the latter case, when it could not be achieved in the former. How can pupils, coming from a thousand homes, and bringing with them a varying atmosphere from the many conflicting currents abroad in the world, create during the hour or two when they are in school, that atmosphere of unity which is so indispensable a preliminary? In the Râja-Yoga School founded by Katherine Tingley, this is achieved by the fact that the pupils all come from one home; for their out-of-school life, while in residence, is as carefully tended as their life during classes. The conditions prevalent in Lomaland are the outcome of long and strenuous work on the part of H. P. Blavatsky, of her Successors W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and of those who have aided in forwarding her work. Hence these conditions are quite unique and unobtainable elsewhere, which is what enables the Râja-Yoga education to be conducted on lines not possible in any other school.

In considering how to reform education, people are always balked by the extreme complication of adverse conditions in the world, so that they do not know where to begin. One thing depends on another, and one cannot see which thing to reform first. But the problem is solved by the application of the Theosophical teachings to actual life, as has been done in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under its Leaders; so that a nucleus has been formed, which may serve as a model for future endeavor on a wider scale.

Regarding special education, we may say that *adaptability is better than adaptation*. A general education precedes special branches; and the general education is itself preceded by the training of character. The training of character is in its turn based on the truths inculcated by Theosophy, and Theosophy thus forms the groundwork of the whole.



“THEOSOPHY does not demand a severance from home and business, but a devotion of the life and energies to the good of our fellow-men. . . . So long as we live among men, the opportunity, in some form or other, is ours.”

— *William Quan Judge*

SOME PROBLEMS

MARTHA BLAKE

UNDER the Constitution of the United States, one of man's inalienable rights is the pursuit of happiness; but were the question asked in just what direction happiness lies and how it shall be reached, it is a fair presumption that the large majority of answers would claim that happiness usually lies before one and is to be reached by the realization of some one or more desired experiences.

Happiness and personal enjoyment are usually regarded as synonymous, and personal enjoyment as the gratification that results from personal possession. So it comes about that the ideal of possible happiness is so often painted as the possession of wealth, position, power, and the mentality to increase them, supplemented by good health to enjoy them.

That all these bring their modicum of satisfaction cannot be gainsaid; but is it not equally true that the satisfaction often, if not usually, falls short of anticipation, and that the esteemed height when at last attained rapidly sinks to a mole-hill in comparison with the heights of further acquisition opened to view in the new vistas revealed?

That this is so finds confirmation in the unrest and discontent so manifest among those who are deemed to be the world's fortunates, while it is an almost universal experience that the greater charm and, therefore, the greater happiness, lies in the effort and zest of acquiring, rather than in the later enjoyment of what has been acquired. In other words, it would seem that the acquisitive purpose, like every other power, grows with its exercise and begets only hunger for more rather than any enduring satisfaction with the already acquired possession.

We all, however, have at times been happy; yet when we recall the several instances, do we not find that each experience, whatever it was, usually cast something of a shadow, often taking the form of regret — regret that the pleasure was so fleeting, that it was of so infrequent occurrence, that its cost in time, effort, or money made it almost prohibitive?

Still the craving for contentment is so constant and so universal, that it seems fair to presume it *is* possible of attainment. It would, in fact, seem comparatively an easy thing to imagine an existence and a character of surroundings that could make only for contentment. Given, for instance, a sound physical body blessed with robust health and strength, a mature, well-balanced mentality, an abundance of means with ability and opportunity to acquire more, an honored place in the esteem of

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people, a devoted life-partner, the joy-light of little ones to make the home truly worthy of the name — given all this, and what more could one ask? But health may fail; wealth may take unto itself wings; disease or other blight may ravage the home; unjust gossip may riddle one's reputation; any one of a thousand undesired things may happen, and then where is contentment! Even should none of them occur, their very possibility will at times creep into the brain and make one shudder at the anticipation; while the certainty is always present that soon or late all these esteemed blessings will be withdrawn, and the void that then promises cannot fail of being awful in its utter emptiness.

Now it should not be inferred that the ideal of home-happiness and the nobility of character it fosters are to be decried. Far, very far from it! But the instance is cited only as evidence that enduring contentment cannot of necessity be conferred even by the most ideal environment that imagination can paint.

Without drawing further on that field of human experience which *fails*, or may fail, of yielding the desired happiness, is there a field that does not fail, that cannot fail, that leaves no regret and occasions no forebodings, and furthermore is always accessible? As an aid to finding the answer, let us first consider what makes for discontent, the direct opposite of happiness. Can it be anything else than the effect, or the anticipated effect, that any incident has or may have upon oneself? Does it not even seem a truism that discontent is solely dependent upon and only possible through the entertainment of this one thought: What is coming to me?

If, then, discontent waits so certainly upon self-seeking, would it not seem that Jesus was pointing the way to true happiness rather than merely enjoining asceticism in the instructions set forth in *Luke*, xii, 33: "Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth"?

A recognition of this fact solves the whole question, and how simple it becomes! Why — if I do not allow my thoughts to dwell upon myself, unhappiness in any of its many varied forms simply cannot exist.

But the problem of contentment is not fully solved by simply finding some means for temporarily forgetting self. Many a thing can take us for the time being out of ourselves, as the saying is; but when we return, as we always must, there stands at the door another side of ourselves, which always asks us what we think of the experience. Woe be to our sense of contentment, if the answer we must give bears any shade of dissatisfaction; and if the equation of personal profit or loss is at all involved, by that same measure is our enduring contentment jeopardized.

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Then does it not appear that any experience, however all-absorbing for the time being, which even ultimately can give room for any personal concern, is of necessity an experience that cannot yield a permanent contentment, or offer a road to enduring or real happiness? One recourse only can be left, and that is to the field that always lies away from self, and away from self can be nowhere else than toward others.

To live for others has never been an especially popular cause, and mainly perhaps because we feel so much for ourselves that few nerves are available to tingle with feelings of equal intensity for others.

But to carry the reasoning a step further: why is thought for self so frequently overshadowed by more or less of discontent; and why is kindly thought and effort for others so invariably free from such disturbance? Ah, there is the question indeed! How the heart grows and one's whole nature expands, how untiring becomes the body, and how the pulse throbs with life, courage, and a sense of freedom in the help or defense of others! And how the powers flag, and even the spirit grows weary, in the endless chase after personal ends! Is there a reason? Who can doubt it!

An intelligent man, who has left a pronounced mark on the Christian era, once made a very significant statement in the form of this question: "Know ye not that ye are all members of one body?" and if this dictum of Paul's be actually true, or, to put it in another way, if Brotherhood is not merely a relationship, but by being a fact in nature really merges all seeming individual interest into unity, then how logical that the centralization of purpose and effort by any one member and its devotion to himself exclusively can bring him no permanent satisfaction; and how unavoidable it is that peace of mind and all the feelings and emotions that make for happiness and contentment are only possible through full regard for all the members of the one body of humanity! Wherefore, altruism no longer poses simply as a virtue, but becomes a question of good business policy, even a practical necessity.

Some are stirred mainly through their brains, others through their hearts. But after all the brain is but a servant, while we well know that the heart is master. And when one dwells on the conditions in which humanity is today enmeshed, and by taking thought realizes how increasingly critical it is — for we well know how insidious and fatal is atrophy — it would seem that the question of personal happiness and individual contentment would fade into insignificance and utter nothingness in the involuntary leap that the heart would inspire and the mind direct to the defense and preservation of the real self, which is all humanity.

Is it possible then, that in carrying out this larger purpose, happiness might be found to be an incident, and necessarily will be so found, though

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never possible of acquisition when made the chief object of pursuit?

Some years ago Edwin Markham stirred the English-speaking world with a poem, entitled: *The Man with the Hoe*. It created a picture in everyone's mind of a poor wretch, with low and slanting forehead, stooping over the ground, wearily hoeing and hoeing and hoeing, almost without ideas, and capable only of the simplest, most elemental emotions and feelings. Too obviously he knows nothing of what we call life. Music, books, art, modern thought, science, to him all mean nothing. He simply does not live in our world.

If we talked with him and tried to tell him of the full and varied life we live, he could not understand. He could not even understand that there *is* a world beyond his own. We would only bore him by talking about it. What an impressive word-picture the poem makes, and how it stirs our pity and compassion! But is it not also suggestive of another picture that might possibly be painted, wherein would be portrayed a world as much beyond ours as our world is beyond that of 'the man with the hoe'? Perhaps we cannot quite understand how that could be, but neither can he understand how ours can be. He cannot understand that it exists at all. Even were he given assurance of the fact in such a way that he could understand the meaning we sought to convey, would he believe it?

The probable answer is already written in the history of humanity, for there have always been great thinkers and teachers, in all times and among all peoples, who have given ample testimony of the existence of a larger world in which we might live if we liked, if we would only believe their words and act upon their suggestions, a world wherein answers can be found to those old, old questions: What am I? Why am I? What is life for? Why is one man more fortunate than another? Why does life seem pleasant for some and very painful for others?

But if thought could go as far as feeling, or better still, if we would but trust more fully our deeper feelings, that so far transcend thought as at times to be almost incapable of expression, would they not by degrees *lead* us to this world of such wondrous knowledge, where we might find not only the mental satisfaction we crave, but also the spiritual wisdom, purity, and perfection, the actual existence and possibility of which are borne in upon us by the intuitional and inspirational flashes that sometimes come to us?

Every lover of good music well knows what some of these deeper feelings are, these feelings that lift one up and for which no words are possible or even necessary, these feelings that cause the heart-side of one's nature to broaden and expand, until one seems to be living in another atmosphere or world, where fleeting glimpses are obtained of some of the larger meanings of life and from which one eventually returns after the

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music has ceased with strengthened purpose for nobler ideals. When we shall learn to make our thoughts the faithful servants of these deeper feelings, why can we not look confidently forward to ultimate actual knowledge of the great mysteries of life, regarding which we now can only question?

Turning again to certain of life's problems, to those that may be considered more essentially practical, how often is the question raised why the average length of life should be only thirty-five years, when it might perhaps be a hundred! Why is suicide increasing year by year, as well as insanity and crimes of violence? Why is one person in twelve on the precipice-edge of want and starvation? Why are the armies and navies of the world so very materially larger than they ever were before in the history of our civilization? Education does not make much difference to all this, and even religion seems powerless to help. What is lacking? What fault are we committing?

After all, is not unbrotherliness the real occasion of all the ills referred to without exception; and also the cause of our inability to enter the larger diviner world where the questions we ask about life can be answered? It certainly must diminish the sum-total of life and health available for us. The health-manuals, which tell us what to eat and how to develop the muscles so as to gain health, do not mention that if two men are gravely ill, and one has cultivated a genial brotherliness towards his associates, while the other has been centered upon himself alone, it is the former who has the better chance of getting well. Yet it must be the truth. The feeling of brotherhood, constantly maintained and constantly carried into action, should then open the doors to good vitality all the time, sustaining the common health. Moreover, it must also add to the health of all those whom its kindness reaches, to their health and their happiness. Robert Ingersoll once expressed the wish that good health might be catching, but evidently failed to recognise that *it is*, when the light of brotherly feeling is back of it. So it follows that, in steadily building up good health for ourselves through brotherly feeling, the influence of our lives shines outwards everywhere.

Thought for others, even of the perfunctory kind, such as unfortunately so largely tinctures our Christmas beneficences, cannot fail to bring a general touch of geniality and happiness. There is a little real brotherhood stirring in the air. True, it may not last long; but while it does last, every one is happier and healthier. An intending suicide would hardly take his life at that season. An insane person would for the time being be less insane. There is always a lessened tendency to quarreling and to crime. Now, suppose that the Christmas atmosphere could be made to last all the year, and be several times manifolded in strength and sin-

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cerity. Would anyone find his loneliness so great as to suggest suicide? Would crime be on the increase? One might almost ask: Would any one become so feeble as to die, with the pulse of brotherhood beating so strongly in the air? Could there be any misery?

With this idea of brotherhood as a key, let us try to apply it to the greater problems of life, for instance to our careless habit of thinking and acting and speaking without much thought of the possible consequences to others. Almost every day we do some few or many unbrotherly acts, or speak unbrotherly words, and with never a thought of how these may embitter some one a little, or hurt some one a little. Nor does it seem to occur to us that, if someone is embittered, that person's character is a little changed for the worse, however little. That means that he will treat those with whom he is associated, friends and children, not quite so well. His tendency to say and do unbrotherly things has been a little increased. Thus again a little is added to the evil in the nature of a yet wider circle.

If a word or deed does not embitter, but merely hurts, he who is thus hurt in feeling has a little less life. We may not think much of wounding other people's feelings; but each time we do it, it does actually impair their vitality and weaken their hold on life. This may, for instance, be shown by a temporary cessation of digestion following some strong emotion, or in an extreme case, by an attack of fainting. We have, in fact, committed some fraction of a murder.

Carelessly doing such things as these day after day and year after year, the influence, like ripples in a pond, widens out through larger and larger circles of people — and who knows — for years and even centuries to come. What wonder, then, that the world is as it is!

Can it be doubted that Christ was teaching a profound natural law when he said: "With whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," words re-echoed by Paul's declaration that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"! How appalling is humanity's indifference as to where and when the fruit of this vast sowing of evil, which we do so thoughtlessly from day to day, is to be reaped!

The reaping, however, sometimes comes very soon. A father is harsh and unjust to his children. The feelings of children are sensitive, their memories keen. Every one of such acts and words bites and burns its way in. *He* forgets. *They* do not and cannot. When he is old, it may be that they leave him, neglect him, or in some way show they care nothing for him. What he has sown he is reaping. His forgotten deeds and words are bearing their own proper fruit.

Nor does the process stop there. Take for a moment as true the idea that we live, not only one life on earth, but many; in fine, the idea

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of Reincarnation. We return then again and again, and sooner or later must meet with all those whose characters we have injured, whose minds we have embittered, by harsh or unjust words or deeds. We do not remember those bygone words and deeds, and so are surprised, hurt, and grieved, when those whom we meet or with whom we are associated do and say to us harsh and unjust things. Yet must it not be the exact fruit of our sowing?

And how simple is the remedy! Christ counseled returning good for evil; and if we do not, we merely make the bill so much the heavier, arranging to find ourselves in a subsequent birth (or later on in this one) face to face with people who say and do still harsher and more unjust things to us; for how could it be otherwise?

The other side of the picture also is true; for if we show compassion and brotherliness, if we do and say kindly things, we of necessity better the character and increase the life of those associated with us; and when later we are again brought into association with the people we have thus blessed — for it is said the Law does bring us into repeated association with each other, the law by which all who have ever acted for good or ill upon each other's character come together — how certain it is that the relations will be harmonious and mutually beneficent!

Is it at all difficult to credit the existence of such a law, and does it not afford a ready key to the present condition of the world? In plain language, we have sapped and poisoned each other's vitality, and this poison and loss are handed on by heredity from generation to generation. Almost every one of us, in our daily path in long-past lives, has flung harsh words and wretched deeds right and left. The sum is past weighing and measuring. Every one of them rippled out and added day by day to the total of evil. Just imagine a hive of bees, where every bee had ceased working and thinking for the whole, and taken to work for itself alone, and holding itself ready at all times upon the slightest provocation, and even with none at all, to sting any one of the rest. Is our world much different from that today? In our physical and mental and spiritual veins runs blood that has been poisoned and re-poisoned age after age by all the stings of human venom of which mankind has proven itself so capable; and then we complain that the purpose of life is incomprehensible, one faction claiming that it has no purpose at all, and another that, if there be a purpose, it is past finding out.

Suppose one should attend a musical recital with mind and pulses throbbing with some quarrel, burning with thoughts of how to outwit another or wreak some revenge,— how much of the music would be appreciated or even heard? Or if one went in the same state of mind to examine some complicated piece of machinery, turning aside at frequent

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intervals to see that someone was not picking his pockets, or, perchance, in order if possible to pick the pockets of someone else,— what comprehension of the machine would probably be gained?

Yet it is much in this way that we examine life, its harmonies and complexities; and though we do not realize it, we actually have darkened and incapacitated our own minds by ages of quarreling and killing, each one of us, and by uncountable myriads of ill deeds and words. If, then, the riddle of life seems insoluble, whose fault can it be but our own?

How manifest it is that unbrotherliness never pays for a single moment; but instantly darkens the life of him who yields to it in thought or word or act! A ray of his happiness is at that moment blotted out; a part of his strength has left him; his mind has grown a bit more dull; his ability to appreciate truth has been in a degree impaired. But, on the other hand, every act of brotherhood strengthens the will, clears the mind, increases the hold on life and the sum of vitality, deepens the capacity for happiness, the capacity to enjoy and learn from nature, the ability to appreciate art and music, and—in a word—it simply *pays*. What strict and plain common sense Christ was talking when he advised us to return good for evil, and to love our neighbor as ourselves!

The nations as a whole are just beginning to suspect that it *might* pay to live in harmony with each other. They are beginning to catch the idea that to obtain the richness of life they must live in active benevolence and consideration for each other's good, that they *must* have peace.

The idea of brotherhood seems to be in the air, and the time may be near when it will sweep like a purifying fire over the minds of all humanity, burning out the rubbish and putrescence of ages, and bringing new capacities, new powers, new and undreamed-of possibilities of happiness and enjoyment of life. With its advent, science and every art and every mental faculty are bound to open out upon sunlit fields that have been closed since the days of the Golden Age. Pain will vanish with the departure of its cause, and we shall understand that life is the effort of the immortal soul of man, together with the souls of all below man, to move up to greater heights, and up to a grander consciousness of being.



“EVERY pledge or promise unless built upon four pillars—absolute sincerity, unflinching determination, unselfishness of purpose, and *moral power*, which makes the fourth support and equipoises the three other pillars—is an insecure building. The pledges of those who are sure of the strength of the fourth alone are recorded.”—*H. P. Blavatsky*

THE SUBCONSCIOUS

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

WE hear a good deal nowadays about what is called the 'sub-conscious' part of our nature; and the new psychology has discovered that our conduct is often actuated by certain mysterious impulses that are not usually present to our minds, but which lie buried somewhere within us and are apt to crop out at times. This is what they call the 'subconscious.'

And, as usual when dealing with an unexplored region, the first theories about this subconsciousness make it too simple and do not realize that it may be a much more complex problem than supposed. It is like those great bare regions on a map, which show countries about which little or nothing is yet known. It looks as though there were nothing in them; yet later on explorers will find them full of rivers, mountains, and natural divisions.

In fact, there may be a good many different kinds of subconsciousness. The parts of our nature that usually lie hidden beyond our ordinary ken may be, and are most likely to be, not one but many. A neglect of this will of course lead to confusion.

Another thing about which we read a good deal in the writings of the new psychologists is the subject of 'suppressed' instincts and desires. And here again they overdo the matter by giving undue importance to what is merely one aspect of a complex question. While it is true that some of the ills in our nature may arise from the fact that harmless natural tendencies have been unduly suppressed, and therefore break out in unnatural forms, this is only true to a limited extent. To insist that it is always true leads to the inference that we ought to give vent to *all* our instincts, and to the false conclusion that, in doing so, we should always achieve excellence in our conduct. But it is evidently true that our nature must contain some instincts which are altogether bad and ought never to be expressed, but should be rooted out. Besides stunted and warped growths, there may be in our garden poisonous weeds. Heredity may have sown vices within us, which can never grow to harmless conduct, however much freedom they may be given.

Hence discrimination is, in this case as in others, of the highest importance. A careful examination of my own nature convinces me that both kinds of elements exist in me. There are some tendencies in me which have originated in harmless desires that have been unduly suppressed and have taken injurious forms. But I find also some tendencies

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which I must have inherited from somewhere, that are of quite a different kind and need to be weeded out. How important it is that people who have to bring up children should be able to make these distinctions and many other distinctions! For the bringing up of the young is surely a science and an art requiring as much knowledge and judgment as the running of a fruit garden or the rearing of horses and dogs.

What is needed is a much fuller and better knowledge of the intricacies of human nature than is provided by the usual sources of information or speculation.

One point that must not be overlooked is that the subconscious part of our nature is not likely to be confined to the animal instincts and propensities; though it is this side of the question that seems to interest the new psychologists most. There is a higher side to man's nature, which also lies beyond the limits of his ordinary knowledge, and from whence comes his sense of right and wrong, his promptings to compassion and unselfish noble conduct. If psychology is always harping on the animal side of our nature and ignoring this better aspect, it gets us into the way of regarding ourselves as only a higher kind of animal and teaches us to fear instead of respecting ourselves.

This higher side of our nature might perhaps be called the 'super-conscious,' if a name of the kind is required.

The practical point which emerges from this is that we possess the power of focusing our attention on various strata of our nature, and thus of determining our own conduct and promoting our own evolution. We can either dwell too much on the animal side, and thus tend to degrade ourselves; or, by recognising that we have a higher nature, we can thereby strengthen it, so that it will become a part of our daily self and grow ever more real.

Proper education and rearing of children must aim at strengthening this higher part of the nature; and the whole plan of education needs to be grounded, from the outset, on the idea that every man, every child, is an incarnate Soul, accomplishing his evolutionary purpose and enlisting the assistance of his elders and guardians. But how seldom do we find any such idea prevailing! Instead, there is vagueness, indecision, conflicting theories, and a more or less disguised pursuit of a worldly and materialistic policy of preparing the child to succeed in the struggle of competition without regard to his truer interests.

It is evidently necessary that a knowledge of these truths about human nature should become more widely diffused, more generally recognised, in order that they may acquire influence in our counsels, and in order that parents and teachers may themselves be fitted to teach those in their care.

The prevention of disease is more important than the curing; and one

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of the arguments against the use of serums and animal injections in the attempt to cure diseases is that more good would be done if the same energy were directed to the prevention of these diseases by attention to hygiene and by the removal of their causes. And so with the mind. Why give so much attention to the curing of abnormal mental or moral conditions, if such conditions can be prevented from arising at all?

The impressions of early childhood last on into later life; and in the adult person they are found hardened into fixed habits and prejudices, so deeply seated that the person cannot get behind them; just as a tree may grow crooked from a slight accidental bend in the sapling. It is by permitting selfish and animal instincts to grow unheeded and unchecked in the tender child that we form the habits of the man; and later on we may be obliged to use force where in the beginning the gentlest persuasion would have sufficed. If the 'subconscious' is so powerful a factor in our conduct, why not train it while its influence is weak?

And so children, however young, may be trained to put others before self — to pass the plate instead of reaching for it first — and what a difference will this slight change of direction at the outset make in the goal reached after distance has lengthened the divergent paths!

And right here we come upon one of the most notable manifestations of the 'subconscious' and of 'suppressed instincts.' The selfish habit having become ingrained, through the ignorance or heedlessness of the parent, it is afterwards suppressed by the love of approbation and by the fear of public opinion and the censure of others. Thus the paint is put over the dirt; and the dirt is apt to crop out. Here is the philosophy of the subconscious and the inhibited propensity.

Is it better to try and find harmless vents for dangerous instincts after they have been allowed to grow rank, than to take care that they never grow rank at all?

And then there is all that vast unexplored region of the subconscious that includes the better side of our nature. The duty of parents is not restrictive only; they have a positive duty as well — to encourage the better side of the nature. The mind being freed from undesirable occupants is free to reflect in its mirror the light from above. And if the parents and guardians have themselves learned to trust in this light and invoke its aid, they can show their children how. But how many parents are so privileged?

Hence again the great need of diffusing a knowledge of the true philosophy of human nature, so that the Higher Self may become a living reality in those who bring up and teach the rising generation.

This is indeed a day when knowledge is opening out before us, old limits are being passed, and fresh prospects opened out. Yet we find

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that a morbid direction is too often given to the inquiries. The morbid side of human nature occupies undue attention; human nature is studied by means of fantastic and often ludicrous tests. Find out how high a man can jump, divide that into the height of his stature. The quotient will give an index number; and thus men can be docketed and pigeon-holed.

Let us turn our eyes in another direction and try to discern the brighter possibilities now opening out before us. Whether we have started in remote ages from the interesting little animal that climbs trees, or from a dab of ocean mud, or from the breath of the All-Father, let us at least see where we are headed for now; and if there is a return train ready to carry back the failures towards that animal abyss whence they are supposed to have sprung, let us miss that train and take the one that leads ever upward and onward.

However much animal heredity there may be in man, owing to his having a body of the earth earthy, there is another kind of heredity which in religious allegory is symbolized as the Divine Breath. Man was originally Mind; that Mind has incarnated, has coalesced with the elements of earth. Man's problem is to make his Mind lord of his terrestrial nature. In exploring the depths of his consciousness, he has to find the power beyond the ordinary untrustworthy intelligence; for that power is the director of his destiny. And this power, 'subconscious' now, will become conscious when he can succeed in drawing it into the focus of his life.

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BY Æ (GEORGE W. RUSSELL)

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IN the ages which lie far back of our recorded history many battles between gods and demons took place as told by the Celtic Homers. The hosts of light, a divine race known as the Tuatha de Danaan, made war upon the Fomors for possession of Eire. At the last great battle of Moytura came victory for the gods. One of our later singers, Larminie, who has retold the story, has it that the demoniac nature was never really subdued. The bright Danaan and the dark Fomor no longer war in mystic worlds, but twine more subtly together in the human generations who came after, and now the battle is renewed in the souls of men. Indeed it seems that the fierce Fomor spirit is more rampant, makes itself more evident to the eyes of men, than the gentle, peaceful race who inherit the spirit be-

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queathed by the gods. It is our misfortune that the Fomorian Celt, who makes most noise, represents us before the world. He looms up variously as a drunken Paddy, a rowdy politician, a moonlighter, or a rackrenting landlord. There is a tradition current about the last which confirms my theory. It is that when the rebel angels were cast out of Paradise the good God put some of them into waste places, and some became landlords. So I am moving here on safe ground.

But, however it may be, of that other Eire behind the veil the world knows little. It is guessed only by some among ourselves. We may say one-half of Ireland is unsuspected by the other half: it is so shy of revealing itself. The tourist will never unmask it: nor will the folklorist who goes about his work in the scientific spirit of a member of the Royal Dublin Society. It is on his own telling that, bent on discovery, he panted his way up certain hills until he met a native. Our folklorist surveyed him through spectacles and went at once to business.

"Are there any myths connected with these hills, any ancient traditions, my good man?"

"Sor!"

"I mean are there any folk-tales current?"

"No, sor, I never heard tell of any."

Our folklorist went his way down the mountain-side convinced that legend and faery were things of the past. Yet these very mountains have been to some what Mount Meru was to the Indian ascetic. They have seen the bright race of the Sidhe at midnight glow like a sunrise on the dark brow in rainbow-colored hosts. They have heard the earthly silences broken by heart-capturing music. Where these mountains are and who it was that saw is of no moment. If I named the hills they would be desecrated by the curious bent equally on picnic and faeries. If I named the visionaries some people would be sure to get up a committee to investigate. It is the dark age. To the curious I would say that faery-land is the soul of earth and it lies as much about you in America as here, and friendship with your bright kinsmen in the unseen there is the surest way to friendship with them here when you pay us a visit. That the faery traditions have by no means passed away I am aware.

I was driving from the ancient city of Drogheda to New Grange, once the most famous magical and holy place in Ireland. My car-man after a little became communicative. He told me that many people still left little bowls of milk for the good people: a friend of his had seen them in their red jackets playing hurley: a woman near by had heard the faery chimes ringing clear over the deserted Druidic mound at Dowth. Then he grew apprehensive that he was telling too much and sounded me as to my own beliefs. My faeries were different from his. I believed in the

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bright immortals; he in the little elemental creatures who drape themselves with the pictures of the past, and misbehave in their heroic guise. But I sunk my differences and most positively affirmed my faith, adding a few tales to his own. "Sor," he said at last, in an awestruck tone, "is it throe they can take you away among themselves?" Still thinking of my bright immortals I expressed my downright conviction that such was the case. May the belief flourish! An old sergeant of the constabulary told me many tales. He had seen a water-spirit invoked: "Man," he said, "it do put one in a sweat to see them." He knew the spell but would not tell it. I might "do some one a hurt with it." A strain of the magical runs in the blood of the Celt and its manifestation is almost always picturesque and poetical. He has an eye to effect. Down in Kerry, a friend tells me, there lived a faery doctor whom he knew. This man was much pestered, as bigger magicians have been, by people who wanted to see something. One in particular was most persistent and the doctor gave way. He brought his neophyte into a lonely place where there was a faery rath. It was night: a wind colder than earthly began blowing: the magician suddenly flung his arms round his trembling companion, who had a vision of indescribable creatures fleeting past. Ever after, he had the second sight.

Stories like these could be endlessly multiplied. What it is these peasant seers really perceive we cannot say. They have only a simple language and a few words for all. A child wanders over the hillside while the silver blushes fade from the soft blue cheek of evening. The night drops with dew about him. The awe of the nameless also descends. And, as he stands entranced, the children of twilight begin to move softly beside him, wearing the masks of ancient queens with sweeping draperies of purple, gold and green: or stately warriors appear: or white-robed druids at their mystic rites. He relates, after, that the good people were about. But perhaps, child as he is, his eyes have looked upon some mighty mystery's re-enactment, some unveiling of the secrets of life and of death. It is a land full of enchantment.

That much of what is gathered by the folklorists misrepresents the actual vision, seems probable. The band of singers and writers in modern Ireland who directly relate their own dreams grow more mystic day by day. Another nature whispers busily in their brains. It has held its breath too long and now the faery soul of things exhales everywhere. I find a rhymer in *United Ireland* inspired because of the new light in his country: —

"Once more the thrilling song, *the magic art,*
Fill with delight."

The week before I was carried into wonderland by another poet who

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describes a Sunset City, a flame-built dun of the gods high over Slieve Cullen. He was perhaps unaware of the ancient tradition which declares that below this mountain Creidené, the Smith of the Tuatha de Danaan, worked. What was his toil? Another of these Smiths, Culain, the foster-father of the hero Cuculain, had his forge in the recesses of Sleive Fuad. A third had his smithy at Loch Len, now Killarney, where he worked "surrounded by a rainbow and fiery dews." Were not these Smiths the same as the mighty Kabiri, most mysterious of deities, fire-gods from whose bright furnaces shot the glow, the sparks which enkindled nations? In ancient Eire their homes lay below the roots of the mountains. Will they, awakening from their cyclic reverie, renew their labors as of old? Last year, to one who, lying on the mound at Ros-na-ree, dreamed in the sunlight, there came an awakening presence, a figure of opalescent radiance who bent over crying, "Can you not see me? Can you not hear me? I come from the Land of Immortal Youth!" This world of Tir-na-nogue, the heaven of the ancient Celt, lay all about them. It lies about us still. Ah, dear land, where the divine ever glimmers brotherly upon us, where the heavens droop nearer in tenderness, and the stones of the field seem more at league with us; what bountiful gifts of wisdom, beauty, and peace dost thou not hold for the world in thy teeming, expanding bosom, O, Eire! There is no death in the silence of thy immovable hills; for in their star-hearts abide in composed calm the guardians of the paths through which men must go seeking for the immortal waters. Yes, they live, these hills.

A little while ago a quite ordinary man, a careless, drinking, unthinking sort of fellow, strayed upon one of them in holiday time and awoke out of a lazy dream on the hillside crying that the "mountain was alive!" The unseen archers had pierced his heart with one of their fiery arrows. I record his testimony with delight and add thereto a vagrant tribute: —

A friendly mountain I know:
As I lie on the green slope there,
It sets my heart in a glow
And closes the door on care.

A thought I try to frame:
I was with you long ago:
My soul from your heart-light came:
Mountain, is that not so?

Take me again, dear hills:
Open the door to me
Where the magic murmur fills
The halls I do not see,

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Thy halls and caverns deep,
Where sometimes I may dare
Down the twilight stairs of sleep
To meet the kingly there.

Sometimes with flaming wings
I rise unto a throne,
And watch how the great star swings
Along the sapphire zone.

It has wings of its own for flight;
Diamond its pinions strong,
Glories of opal and white,
I watch the whole night long.

Until I needs must lay
My royal robes aside,
And toil in a world of gray,
Gray shadows by my side,

And when I ponder it o'er
Gray memories only bide:
But their fading lips tell more
Than all the world beside.

There is no country in the world whose ancient religion was more inseparably connected with the holy places, mountains, and rivers of the land than Ireland, unless perhaps it be America. We may say it was shaped by the gods. They have left their traces in the streams and lakes which sprung forth at their command. A deity presided over each: their magical tides were fraught with healing powers for they were mixed with elemental fire at their secret sources. We read of strange transformations taking place, of demigods who become rivers or are identified with mountains. After the battle of Gabra, where the Finian chivalry were overthrown, Caolte, one of the most mystic and supernatural of the warriors, stormed the hill of Assaroe and dwelt therein expelling a horde of elemental beings. He appears in after years and was supposed to have become one of the divine race of the Tuatha. He came to Mongan, a prince of Ulster three centuries later, and hailed him as an old companion: "You were with me --- with Finn." Do not these strange transformations hint at some vast and grandiose beliefs about the destiny of the human soul? It may become a guardian of men, of a divine being, enthroning itself at one of those places where from the star-soul of earth the light breaks through into our shadowy sphere. Whenever I grow

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ambitious I think of Caolte at Assaroe, and long for a mountain of my own with plenty of fire to scatter about.

It may be because the land is so full of memorials of an extraordinary past, or it may be that behind the veil these things still endure, but everything seems possible here. I would feel no surprise if I saw the fiery eyes of the cyclopes wandering over the mountains. There is always a sense expectant of some unveiling about to take place, a feeling, as one wanders at evening down the lanes scented by the honeysuckle, that beings are looking in upon us out of the true home of man. While we pace on, isolated in our sad and proud musings, they seem to be saying of us, "Soon they will awaken. Soon they will come again to us"; and we pause and look around smitten through by some ancient sweetness, some memory of a life-dawn pure before passion and sin began. The feeling is no less prophetic than reminiscent, and this may account for the unquenchable hope in the future of Ireland which has survived centuries of turbulence, oppression and pain, and which exists in the general heart.

In sleep and dream, in the internal life, a light from that future is thrown upon the spirit which is cheered by it, though unable to phrase to itself the meaning of its own gladness. Perhaps these visions, to which the Celt is so liable, refer as much to the future as to the bygone, and mysteries even more beautiful than the past are yet to be unfolded. I think it is so. There are some to whom a sudden sun-luster from Tir-na-nogue revealed a hill on the western shore overlooking the Atlantic. There was a temple with many stately figures: below at the sea's edge jetted twin fountains of the golden fire of life, and far off over a glassy calm of water rose the holy city, the Hy-Brazil, in the white sunlight of an inner day.

"WHY BE VIRTUOUS?"

T. HENRY, M. A.

FROM among our press clippings the caption "Why be virtuous?" strikes our eye, and we find that it heads a brief notice of a book on the (alleged) history of morals, by a secularist — a man who does not believe in God or in the efficacy of religion. But morals is a fact, so he has to account for it somehow. He reduces it to a matter of reciprocity — the golden rule taken in the sense of expediency. 'Primitive man' discovered that it was for his own advantage to further the interests of his tribe. As civilization became more complex, this kind of interested obligation increased

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in variety, and thus evolved into elaborate systems of morals. The reviewer admits that this theory accounts quite satisfactorily for infanticide and the killing off of old people and invalids. Unnecessary infants and feeble persons would be only an encumbrance to the tribe; and the savage would discover that it was to his personal advantage to humor the tribe in this matter. But the theory fails to account for the sentiment of pity and for the many strange unpractical deeds to which it often prompts people. This would induce the primitive man to save his child and hustle his aged parent out of sight. The noblest types of virtue, thinks the reviewer, are seldom ‘useful’ in this sense of the word. They seem prompted rather by interest in some other life than in the present mundane life. Racial comfort and individual prudence weigh but little in the scale against these sentiments. We are endowed with restless aspiring spirits that look beyond merely mundane interests, whether our own or those of our neighbor.

The reviewer further points out that the interests served by the poet, the seer, and the saint are not those which are called ‘useful’ in the above narrow sense of the word; racial comfort and prosperity are not their burthen.

But there is no need to elaborate this point: we cannot account for morality on any such theory. Nor would a morality so based suffice to keep in check the instinctive selfishness of the human creature. Even accepting the savage as a type of primitive man, we find him always deeply imbued with religious belief and the supernatural. But it is now coming to be generally recognised that the savage is representative rather of the old age than the infancy of mankind. His view is retrospective: he cherishes memories of a past, and evinces neither aspiration nor power to evolve a civilization, except under the dominant influence of a civilized race.

Morality is based on man’s intuitive sense of his essential divinity; it is his way of defining the laws of his higher nature. Aspiration towards a life higher than the sense-life is innate in him; he may clothe his aspirations and his intuitions in strange language and fanciful symbols; he may create systems that eventually become hide-bound, dogmatic, and tyrannous; but their origin is always in man’s intuitive sense of his divinity, and it is that sense that keeps the religions alive and causes them to be continually changed and renewed.

When our religious ideas become outworn, we may be inclined petulantly to try and throw away religion altogether; but this cannot be done. We have to keep the religion and change the form. We must seek better and fitter terms in which to clothe our ideas; we must endow the spirit with a new and ampler form in place of the one it has outgrown and burst.

And we must not allow ourselves to be hampered with the dogma about

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man's alleged ascent from a condition resembling that of a savage or an idiot. We must be prepared to accept the testimony of archaeology in favor of the viewless antiquity of civilization and culture among mankind. Then, instead of trying to represent the beliefs of the savage as religion in the making, we shall see that they are more like religion in its old age.

As to the question, 'Why be virtuous?' — shall we answer it by saying, 'Because it pays'? Such an answer destroys the meaning of the word 'virtuous' altogether. The real question is, 'Why obey a law superior to our animal nature and our selfish desires?' And answers are ready enough to hand. Because, to do otherwise means our destruction. It means running counter to one half, and that the greater half, of our nature. This is one answer at all events. Another would be that we obey the higher law from a deep sense of love and enthusiasm for it. This at least avoids the cold and calculating balancing of self-interest, the weighing of advantage against disadvantage, the setting of hope against fear. It avoids the capital error of these materialistic thinkers who want to explain everything by rudimentary instinct. Man simply does not govern his conduct by a cold calculation of personal advantages and disadvantages; he is quite half a hero (or a fool, as the cynic might say.) He once in a while grows sick of his sordid calculating, and does something rash and aspiring.

The very word 'virtuous' acquires an unpleasant smack after it has long been used by a hypocritical civilization which professes high religious ideals but follows mammon. Virtue becomes enrolled among the vices; vice appears excellent by contrast, because it at least is free from hypocrisy, the greater vice. So the question, 'Why be virtuous?' suggests the answer, 'Because it brings credit and profit.' But let us recast the question and ask, 'Why do people set up a higher law and strive to obey it?' Because they recognise its actual existence and that to follow it is a condition of their life.

The crux of the matter is that we recognise the existence in human nature of *two* essential factors, not one only. The biological factor, so much investigated by science, will not suffice as an explanation of human character and history. Man is divine as well as animal. This vital fact has to be admitted. Religion is supposed to interpret the higher law, as our science interprets the lower. But we find that religion, outworn and needing rehabilitation, is truckling to materialistic science. Man is left by these two blind guides to find the way for himself. And after all it is man who makes both religion and science. It is the eternal divine spark in man that does everything.

What we have to do is have faith in our divinity.

A boy pulls his sister's doll to pieces and finds before him a heap of rags and sawdust. Then a doll is nothing but rags and sawdust? But we

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know that there could be no doll if there were not real flesh-and-blood babies first, and real artists to copy them in sawdust and rag. The anthropologist may examine the relics of ancient races, the Egos of which have long passed on to higher steps in their evolution, and may try to rebuild humanity out of these rags and sawdust; but wiser heads know that, before culture and civilization can be evolved, the ideals thus realized must have existed before.

The attempt to derive man from the primitive savage is part of the whole plan to derive everything from the organic speck or particle. This may be interesting as an intellectual romance, but as a theory of life it is monstrous. We cannot, of course, fathom the infinite with our minds, so we must assume something as a starting-point. And what more can we do than assume the eternal existence of Thought? What other origin can we imagine for all things? Man is the Thinker. His physical existence limits him; he is greater than it. It is interesting, but comparatively unimportant, whence the physical organism was derived; the paramount question is, Whence came man the Thinker? We can only answer that our mind came from a greater mind. To find our origin and essential nature we must study the phenomena of our own consciousness.

Try to imagine a school wherein the authority and instruction of the master was replaced by a law of reciprocity and mutual interest invented and administered by the children. Such a law, one imagines, would not run that school successfully! But the master knows a better law; and, as the children are too young to administer it, he supplies his superior wisdom and administers it for them. Thus mankind everywhere has recognised that self-interest and carnal desire will not run any society or even any individual life; mankind has admitted there is a better law, and has been ever prone to accept the advice of anybody who seems capable of interpreting it.

Much of that speculation miscalled scientific stands the pyramid on its apex; derives the whole from the parts, instead of the parts from the whole; represents morality as an elaboration of instinct, when it should represent instinct as a kind of biological morality; tries to derive the ancestor from his posterity instead of the other way about; and generally views things upside down. Let us have genuine science which will interpret nature as we find it and not in accordance with mechanical formulae.



“THE giant-strides of crimes must be impeded with the strongest bands.”

— SATURNINUS, as quoted by *Grotius*

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C. J. RYAN

THE problems of astronomy have become so enormous and so varied that it is difficult for any but those who give all their time to this, perhaps the most noble of the physical sciences, to keep up with them. Planetary and lunar problems of great interest are still unsolved; we are quite in the dark in regard to the simplest facts concerning the physical states of most of the planets. We do not know the length of the day on Venus or Mercury, nor the angle at which they are inclined in their orbits, yet these planets are comparatively close to us.

Of late, however, there has been a general tendency to concentrate attention upon the gigantic problems which deal with the larger universe of which the solar system is only a speck lost in the infinite fields of stars and nebulae. What is the Milky Way with its innumerable stars, its dense clusters, and its characteristic kinds of nebulae, dark and light? Is it an 'Island Universe,' one of the many, which we are inclined to believe we can see at almost incredible distances in the shape of faint wisps of vapor — the spiral nebulae? Or is it merely the nearer part, with condensations, of an infinitely far-spreading universe of stars? Such profound questions have called forth greater efforts of the imagination than those required to investigate the problems of the solar system.

Living, as we do, on a rotating globe, which not only moves round the sun but is being carried along with the whole solar system at great speed through space, the attempt to distinguish and analyse, from this moving platform, the movements and real groupings of the far-distant celestial bodies is daring in the extreme. Especially so when we learn that they themselves are never still for one moment, and that we cannot possibly see them as they really are at any given time! Owing to the fact that light travels at a certain speed and not instantaneously we see the more distant stars as they were in former times. Even from the moon, our nearest neighbor, light takes more than a second to reach our eyes, and from the most distant visible nebulae Dr. Lundmark of Upsala has recently calculated that it takes the appalling time of *twenty million years!* In fact, we see the stars of to-day, not as they are or ever were as a whole, but each one as it was at a different date, more or less far off in time according to its relative distance from us. Yet, though it may take centuries of careful observation and the amassing of immense quantities of facts, it does not seem impossible that future humanity may acquire

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a fairly correct idea of the architectural design of that part of the universe within our mental grasp.

If science ever constructs sufficiently powerful telescopes or other instruments to enable us clearly to see and study the far-distant *planetary* systems — still entirely invisible to us — which we logically must conceive to exist round other suns, or if some grand development of human faculty appears by which we could bring them into close view without mechanical aid — not perhaps an impossibility for a spiritually perfected race — we should actually be able to see them in all stages of development. Some would be in the earliest, chaotic conditions; some in their prime; and some in decrepitude. Piecing these observations together, a probable representation of the general evolution of our own solar system could be built. But, till that becomes possible, imaginative thinkers will propound ingenious theories which may be expected to approach the truth by degrees as more facts are discovered.

According to Theosophical teachings, certain sages, far more advanced than the average intelligent man, have acquired actual knowledge of the origin and development of worlds, and a few hints, permitted to be given to this generation, will be found in Madame Blavatsky's principal work, *The Secret Doctrine*. She always said that her writings were intended more to provoke inquiry than completely to relieve questionings, yet a careful study of the scattered passages dealing with the Nebular Theory will provide the student with a solid foundation wherewith to test the perpetual stream of new hypotheses. The recent abandonment by science of certain theories which she condemned, and the proposal of others which are nearer to her suggestions, are of great interest to Theosophical students and are bound to attract attention to the fact that she had access to knowledge not generally available. Her books contain invaluable indications to those who study them with intelligence and who can take advantage of the hints contained in passages easily overlooked by the hasty reader.

One of the new scientific theories, lately advanced by M. Émile Belot, Vice-President of the Astronomical Society of France, will be found in the *Scientific American Magazine* for December 1920. In brief, his idea is that the birth of our solar system took place as the result of the shock of a rotating gaseous star — a 'proto-sun' of great size — with a diffused nebula. Great ring-shaped sheets of matter were thrown off which gradually condensed into planets. M. Belot argues that the behavior of the temporary stars (Novae) which appear suddenly and shine with brilliancy for a short time, justifies his theory. His outline of the history of a Nova is that a faint gaseous star or 'planetary' nebula attains in a few hours through the encounter with a cosmic cloud an intense brilliancy

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and tremendous explosive energy. The sheets of vapor produced by the nucleus, under a law of vortical motion (as illustrated by smoke-rings), expand into the successive circumferential rings which have been seen and recorded by photography. In about two years the Nova returns to its original faintness but with a change in its constitution as proved by the analysis of its light by the spectroscope. It is now a true sun in the first stage of its life-history (a star of the primitive Wolf-Rayet class) and the surrounding rings are beginning the process of condensation into planets. According to M. Belot, his theory explains the varying inclinations of the planets and the eccentricities of their orbits. He calls it the Dualistic Hypothesis of Cosmogony, because the two factors — the proto-sun and the amorphous nebula — are essential.

In the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine* the duality of the action of the creative forces and their manifestations is strongly insisted upon as a fundamental, and in that M. Belot's theory is noteworthy. He claims that it explains many points which Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis did not cover. In *The Secret Doctrine* a careful analysis of Laplace's theory is given, and while the general principle of a nebular origin of the solar system is approved, it is shown to be far from completely explained by Laplace. As the author of *The Secret Doctrine* says, the idea of Laplace (and Kant) was that all the matter which now enters into the composition of the system once spread out as a nebula of extremely small density, and by condensation gave birth to the various bodies of the system.

"This is the original nebular theory, an *incomplete* yet faithful repetition — a short chapter out of the large volume of universal *esoteric* cosmogony — of the teachings in the Secret Doctrine."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 597

The Secret Doctrine writer goes on to say that the actions which produced the solar system are far more complex than the simple concentration of nebular matter, and M. Belot's hypothesis of a gaseous proto-sun — a kind of glorified comet — dashing through space and charging into the quiescent nebula, the resulting 'smoke-rings' combining with the nebular substance and forming planets, is certainly an advance upon the incomplete Laplacian scheme. In regard to the 'cometary' proto-sun, which seems actually to be the condition of a temporary star before it begins its short career of brilliancy, the following remarks from *The Secret Doctrine* suggest that M. Belot may not be far from the right track:

"The assertion that all the worlds (Stars, planets, etc.) — as soon as a nucleus of primordial substance in the *laya* (undifferentiated) state is informed by the freed principles of a just *deceased* sidereal body -- become first comets, and then Suns to cool down to inhabitable worlds, is a teaching as old as the Rishis.

". . . The birth of the celestial bodies in Space is compared to a crowd or multitude of 'pilgrims' at the festival of the 'Fires.' Seven ascetics appear on the threshold of the temple with seven lighted sticks of incense. At the light of these the first row of pilgrims light their

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incense sticks. After which every ascetic begins whirling his stick around his head in space, and furnishes the rest with fire. Thus with the heavenly bodies. A laya-center is lighted and awakened into life by the fires of another 'pilgrim,' after which the new 'center' rushes into space and becomes a comet. It is only after losing its velocity, and hence its fiery tail, that the 'Fiery Dragon' settles down into quiet and steady life as a regular respectable citizen of the sidereal family. Therefore it is said:

"Born in the unfathomable depths of Space, out of the homogeneous Element called the World-Soul, every nucleus of Cosmic matter, suddenly launched into being, begins life under the most hostile circumstances. Through a series of countless ages, it has to conquer for itself a place in the infinitudes.

". . . And what is there so impossible that a laya center — a lump of cosmic protoplasm, homogeneous and latent, when suddenly animated or fired up — should rush from its bed in Space and whirl throughout the abysmal depths in order to strengthen its homogeneous organism by an accumulation and addition of differentiated elements? And why should not such a comet settle in life, live, and become an inhabited globe!" — *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 203-4

Unfortunately, all the theories of modern science are still limited by materialistic preconceptions; they only explain the outer appearances, the illusory aspects of matter: the inner forces, the creative intelligent powers, are ignored. Theories of light, corpuscular or undulatory, whichever may be true, leave off at the retina of the eye; those of sound, at the canals of the ear; beyond — where the real problem begins — all is mystery. In *The Secret Doctrine* it is written:

"Occultism does not deny the certainty of the mechanical origin of the Universe; it only claims the absolute necessity of mechanicians of some sort behind those Elements (or *within*) — a dogma with us. It is not the fortuitous assistance of the atoms of Lucretius, who himself knew better, that built the Kosmos and all in it. Nature herself contradicts such a theory. . . .

"To become complete and comprehensible, a cosmogonical theory has to start with a primordial Substance diffused throughout boundless Space, of an *intellectual and divine Nature*. That substance must be the Soul and Spirit, the Synthesis and *Seventh Principle* of the manifested Kosmos, and, to serve as a spiritual *Upādhi* to this, there must be the sixth, its vehicle — *primordial physical matter*, so to speak, though its nature must escape forever our limited *normal* senses. It is easy for an astronomer, if endowed with an imaginative faculty, to build a theory of the emergence of the universe out of chaos, by simply applying to it the principles of mechanics. But such a universe will always prove, with respect to its scientific human creator, a Frankenstein's monster; it will lead him into endless perplexities. The application of the mechanical laws only can never carry the speculator beyond the objective world; nor will it unveil to men the origin and final destiny of Kosmos." — I, 594

Another subject in which the materialistic bias limits the modern mind is the life-history of the sun. Looked upon merely as an intensely hot body of the kind of matter familiar to us on earth, and obeying our terrestrial laws of cooling and condensation, until lately it was supposed that within a comparatively recent period the sun had been far larger, more diffused and less dense, and hotter as a whole, and that in the not very distant future it would cool and densify into a dead, dark, frozen corpse. As for the earth,—its life-span was irrevocably bound up with the solar decline, and humanity, "a rather discreditable episode," would soon be snuffed out for ever and its place know it no more.

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There were, however, a few more intuitive persons who did not bow the knee to the great gods, Dead Matter and Blind Force, although they were well acquainted with the scientific statements upon which the gloomy outlook was based, but who dared to believe there was something science had overlooked and that the rapid-cooling theory was not in harmony with larger views of cosmic law which required a very long time for the development and experience of the human soul in physical embodiment. The newer geological and astronomical discoveries have confirmed the wisdom of students of occultism in yielding nothing to the materialistically short views of nineteenth-century science.

It is now generally accepted, from several lines of reasoning, that the sun must have been in much the same condition as now for many hundreds of millions of years and that even the earth is probably a billion or more years old. The idea that the great movements of nature are not governed by law and number, are not orderly, has arisen from the extremely small portion of the greater cycles covered by a single human life. We might as well judge of the climate of a new country by the sojourn of a week. Just as an apple cannot normally fall off the tree before it has passed through its regular period of ripening, so the sun cannot come to a natural end before the fulfilment of the great rhythm which includes spiritual as well as physical development of the inhabitants of the planets; such is the rational teaching of Theosophy.

Among the tremendous problems presented to science by the sun there is one which is attracting great attention just now. What is the source of the supply which permits it to pour forth its energies so lavishly and so unceasingly? The rapid-cooling hypothesis allowed only a short time for the sun's active life, and even that, the contraction theory, demanded that to live even a few paltry tens of millions of years a sun must be enormous in size. If our sun — quite a moderate-sized one — had not been so large, it would be difficult, according to the above hypothesis, to explain the earth's long life-period: a smaller sun would have cooled far too rapidly. It seemed unlikely that there should be other suns in the universe much smaller than ours.

But a totally unexpected discovery has lately been made which has added apparently insurmountable difficulties to the acceptance of the rapid-cooling theory. Very small and yet very brilliant suns have been found. One, in Ophiuchus, is so small as to be quite invisible to the naked eye, yet it belongs to the limited group of *nearest stars*; it is only about twenty-five million million miles away. Owing to its proximity it appears to be moving rapidly across the sky; in two centuries it will have covered a distance of about the diameter of the moon. This sun may be no larger than the planet Jupiter, for it is three thousand times less

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luminous than our sun. Another tiny sun, estimated to be only a trifle larger than the *earth*, is actually *much more brilliant per unit area* than our dazzling light-giver! "How do these minute bodies gain and preserve their tremendous energies unless some unknown source of the radiant energy of the stars is assumed?" is the highly significant question now being asked.

In order to explain the brilliancy of the stars, the explanation of 'enormously high temperature' is offered, in analogy with the increase of brightness we observe in raising metals to red and then white heat. But light without heat is not unknown, even on earth, and the light of certain nebulae is believed to arise from *cold* vapor, probably by some kind of electric action. Perhaps we have been suffering under an illusion in thinking that the sun's light is caused by an intensely high temperature. Astronomers have widely disagreed as to the temperature of the sun, but at present the majority believe it to be about six thousand degrees Centigrade. Not long ago Professor Jean Bosler of Paris proposed a somewhat revolutionary hypothesis of the sun's physical state. He suggested that its substance is in a highly electrified condition and that the corona seen during total eclipses gives a faithful image of the solar magnetic field. The importance of this new theory is that its verification would profoundly modify the popular conception of the sun as a center of high temperature. It might be moderately hot, but not nearly so hot as we have been taught to believe on the basis of superficial appearances.

Another peculiar difficulty (pointed out by Flammarion and others) in regarding the sun as exceedingly hot is that a magnetic body when heated loses its magnetism. Until lately this argument was considered finally to dispose of the possibility that the sun could be a magnetic sphere. The discovery by Professor Hale of Mount Wilson Observatory (by means of the 'Zeeman effect' on light-rays) that the sun is actually a magnet with poles near the poles of rotation turns the argument against the hot-sun theory.

It is appropriate and not unreasonable under the circumstances, to consider what the Eastern Wisdom has to say. It is definitely stated by the learned Teachers, under whose instruction H. P. Blavatsky wrote *The Secret Doctrine*, that the sun is not an incandescent or burning solid nor necessarily intensely hot, though it is of course glowing, and active with even more tremendous vital energies than modern science has suspected. Modern science, despite the analysing powers of the spectroscope and the marvelous ingenuity and skill in observation and deduction of astronomers, has not grasped the fundamental principles of the sun's being. This is partly owing to the short period during which intensive research has been pursued in Western lands, but still more to the material-

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istic attitude of mind now prevalent. Everything is looked upon from the external, mechanical standpoint; underlying possibilities are treated as being outside the domain of science; in a word, the spiritual aspect is ignored; science and religion are divorced.

According to the ancient teachings, physical appearances in nature as in man are temporary forms in which underlying spiritual forces manifest; we might almost call them Expressions of Thoughts of the Universal Mind. Chemistry and Physics, bewildered in the presence of the mystery of the electron, will have to abandon the crude materialism of the last century. We learn that the 'elementary' atom with an electron or two knocked off becomes something else.

"The dream of the alchemists may not have been as fatuous as has appeared until recently. The concept of an absolutely stable atom must be discarded once for all, and its place is taken by this miniature solar system, as it were, consisting of a central nucleus and one or more rings of electrons. . . . Once in a while the nucleus of one of the atoms will spontaneously disintegrate and expel an alpha or a beta particle. A new element has been born. . . . If we had the power to remove two alpha particles from the atom of bismuth the dream of the alchemist would be realized. . . ."—Dr. S. Dushman, *Scientific American*, January 15, 1916.

Professor Sir. J. J. Thomson, in considering the logical outcome of the new discoveries in physics, says the practical application of the electron theory based on experimental evidence, leads directly to the conclusion "that we have a universe of energy in which matter has no necessary part." This was practically the view of Boscovich, the great Italian administrator, diplomat, and physicist, who in 1758 set forth and ably defended the position that atoms are but forces, each concentrated to a mathematical point. But science was not then prepared to listen to such apparently outrageous ideas.

We are now taught that the *number* and *arrangement* of the electrons are fundamental factors in the constitution of atoms; change these and a new kind of atom appears with different qualities — a different 'element.' But surely we cannot believe that a mere change of that kind in electrons otherwise all alike can produce such startling varieties in activity as are found, for instance in life-giving oxygen, inert nitrogen, or poisonous chlorine? The change in arrangement and number must imply that a latent force, hitherto unmanifested, has received a vehicle through which it can function on the physical plane! Is science afraid to act upon this simple but far-reaching principle because it tends towards 'Animism'? because it suggests a spiritual world of causes hidden behind the illusions of the senses?

The following quotations from *The Secret Doctrine* will give hints to those who have open minds on the subject, but the student who desires to understand the matter in more detail and to interpret the newest

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discoveries of chemistry and physics in the light of the Ancient Wisdom, will have to study carefully the chapters devoted to the criticism of scientific theories, chapters which prove that nothing but a spiritual conception of the origin and existence of the universe can explain anything.

“The chief and most fatal mistake and fallacy made by Science, in the view of the Occultists, lies in the idea of the possibility of such a thing as inorganic, or *dead* matter, in nature. Is anything *dead* or *inorganic* capable of transformation or change? Occultism asks. And is there anything under the sun which remains immutable or changeless?

“... Occultism says that in all cases when matter *appears* inert, it is the most active. A wooden or stone block is motionless and impenetrable to all intents and purposes. Nevertheless, and *de facto*, its particles are in ceaseless eternal vibration which is so rapid that to the physical eye the body seems absolutely devoid of motion; and the spacial distance between those particles in their vibratory motion is — considered from another plane of being and perception — as great as that which separates snow flakes or drops of rain. But to physical science this will be an absurdity.”— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 507-8

Compare the quotation from Dr. S. Dushman, given above, and then note these words regarding alchemy:

“Science will be as far from the solution of its difficulties as it is now, unless it comes to some compromise with Occultism and even with Alchemy — which supposition will be regarded as an impertinence, but remains a fact, nevertheless.”— I, 496

In regard to spiritual causes as opposed to blind chance:

“But, as Grove prophetically remarked, that day is fast approaching when it will be confessed that the ‘forces’ we know of are but the phenomenal manifestations of realities we know nothing about,— but which *were known to the ancients and — by them worshiped.*”-- I, 509

Again, in respect to the Vital Principle behind manifestation: in speaking of the so-called ‘willow-leaves’ or ‘rice-grains’ on the surface of the sun, they —

are the immediate *sources of the solar light and heat*. And though the esoteric teaching does not regard these as he [Sir W. Herschel] did — namely ‘*organisms*’ as partaking of the nature of life,’ for the Solar ‘Beings’ will hardly place themselves within telescopic focus — yet it asserts that the whole Universe is full of such ‘organisms’ conscious and active according to the proximity or distance of their planes to, or from, our plane of consciousness; and that finally the great astronomer was right in saying that ‘we do know that vital action is competent to develop at once heat, light, and electricity’ while speculating on those supposed ‘organisms.’ For, at the risk of being laughed at by the whole world of physicists, the Occultists maintain that all the ‘Forces’ of the Scientists have their origin in the *Vital Principle*, the ONE LIFE, collectively of our Solar system — that ‘*life*’ being a portion, or rather one of the *aspects* of the One Universal LIFE.”-- I, 591

“From *Gods to men*, from Worlds to atoms, from a star to a rush-light, from the Sun to the vital heat of the meanest organic being — the world of Form and Existence is an immense chain, whose links are all connected. The law of Analogy is the first key to the world-problem, and these links have to be studied co-ordinately in their occult relations to each other.”— I, 604

In carrying the principle of analogy into their philosophy, the ancients said “As above, so below,” and in pursuance of it we find that there is a close similitude between the human heart, the central and indispensable organ which vitalizes the whole being, and the sun which supplies the

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solar system with its vital forces. Professor W. G. Hooper, of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, recently supported this view in his lectures. He says that "the Sun may be looked upon as the heart of the solar body, and the ether streams as the arteries and veins in that body, while the planets are the organs which are nourished and fed by the life-forces of the entire ether-system." Starting with the hypothesis, now becoming almost a truism, that ether is the primary form of matter, and that there is much in Professor Hovenden's claim that "life is due to the expansion and contraction of the elastic electrons which constitute the universal ether," Mr. Hooper says: "If this be true, then our ether streams are life-currents in space, which flow outwards from the Sun, and return to it in exactly the same way that our life-blood flows out from the heart and returns to it again. . . . There is no vacuum as suggested by Einstein. Space is a part of a living organism."

It is interesting to find the researches of a modern scientist so closely in accord with the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom. *The Secret Doctrine* says:

"The Sun is the heart of the Solar World (System) and its brain is hidden behind the (visible) Sun. From thence, sensation is radiated into every nerve-center of the great body, and the waves of the life-essence flow into each artery and vein. . . . The planets are its limbs and pulses. . . .'
(Commentary)

"It was stated elsewhere (in the *Theosophist*) that Occult philosophy denies that the Sun is a globe in combustion, but defines it simply as a world, a glowing sphere, the *real* Sun being hidden behind, and the visible being only its reflection, its *shell*. The Nasmyth willow-leaves, mistaken by Sir W. Herschel for 'Solar inhabitants,' are the reservoirs of solar vital energy, 'the vital electricity that feeds the whole system. . . . The Sun *in abscondito* being thus the storehouse of our little Kosmos, self-generating its vital fluid, and ever receiving as much as it gives out,' and the *visible* Sun only a *window cut into the real* Solar palace and presence, which reflects, however, faithfully, the interior work.

"Thus, there is a regular circulation of the vital fluid throughout our system, of which the Sun is the heart — the same as the circulation of the blood in the human body — during the manvantaric solar period, or life; the Sun contracting as rhythmically, at every return of it, as the human heart does. Only instead of performing the round in a second or so, it takes the solar blood ten of its years, and a whole year to pass through its *auricles* and *ventricles* before it washes the *lungs* and passes thence to the great veins and arteries of the system.

"This, Science will not deny, since Astronomy knows of the fixed cycle of eleven years when the number of solar spots increases, *which is due to the contraction* of the Solar HEART. . . ."

— I, 540-541

If we think deeply over the logical consequences that follow from regarding the sun as a center of vital, conscious energies, instead of a merely dead piece of matter activated by ordinary mechanical forces, a new light breaks upon the mind, and it does not seem impossible that intelligent, spiritual forces may be centered in the glorious orb of day. This should be so, according to the principle of analogy; and why should there be any hesitation in accepting the possibility? May not the ancient poets and philosophers have been thinking of the decline and death of suns at the end of their life-cycles, when they spoke of the Twilight of the Gods?

HOW I FOUND THEOSOPHY

MARY T. VON HOLST

IN looking back over my life I see an invisible guiding hand leading me on, call this power what you will — my ruling star, Karma, the Higher Self. It was in the autumn of 1893 that I first heard of Theosophy or ‘The Brotherhood of Humanity’ through a little circular that came with the morning mail at breakfast, in our home at 46 Lansdown Crescent, Cheltenham, England, when our children were little tots. The effect on me of the words ‘The Brotherhood of Humanity’ was like the sudden illumination of a sun arisen in my soul! The brotherhood of humanity was a memory I had brought over from former lives, and since childhood I had been seeking in vain, now here, now there, for some evidence of the realization of this truth, of this divine power, in the life of mankind. That a Society was actually in existence on this earth for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood seemed almost beyond what I dared to believe. I felt that before I could accept the assurance of this blissful fact in all its fulness, and in all its significance and magnitude, I had to know the Founder of this Society — Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. So I wrote to 19 Avenue Road, London, for the loan of her greatest work, *The Secret Doctrine*. And in that book I found her. I found one in whom I could trust. And I forthwith applied for membership in the ‘Theosophical Society or Brotherhood of Humanity,’ and received my diploma on the 4th of January 1894, about three months after the arrival of the circular. It was not until the following July, at the annual convention of the Theosophical Society in London, that I made the acquaintance of fellow-members.

“All our power is the storage of the past.”— *W. Q. Judge*

Born in the environment of the exclusive, proud, cultured, with-a-charm-all-its-own society of England’s county families, and under the influence of the ‘mechanical Christianity’ of the church, to have found Theosophy would have been for me an impossibility, humanly speaking, had it not been for this “storage of the past,” with its insistent, imperishable, though in a sense unconscious memories. Also there is nothing in this wide world to explain the fact that the child’s soul-memories and intuitions did not become in time totally obscured and obliterated amid surroundings calculated on every hand to smother and stifle them, except the truth of the *duality* of man, and that in the Higher nature where

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abide these memories inheres the divine power to control and master the lower nature. In the endeavor to read the book of life understandingly in the light of Theosophy one sees revealed the power of the immutable, invisible, spiritual life, governing and molding the outer, visible life.

“ ‘That which is part of our souls is eternal,’ says Thackeray; and what can be nearer to our souls than that which happens at the dawns of our lives?’— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 424

When I was about ten years old, my father commenced to ‘prepare’ my sister and myself for our ‘confirmation’; and I had to turn my mind from Andersen’s fairy-tales, *Robinson Crusoe*, and such delightful, theosophical reading, to the study of creeds and dogmas and the Thirty-nine Articles of the Christian belief. Until then I had not thought but *lived*, dwelling, as children do, in a fairyland of wonder and joy — a part of nature; a part of the life of the morning sunbeams that streamed through the nursery windows of the old Manor-house, Holdfast, the home of my early days (within a half hour’s walk over the fields of Chambers Court, my grandfather’s estate in Worcestershire); a part of the sparkling dew-drops on the grassy lawns, a part of the green hills, the flower-carpeted woods on the banks of the Severn, and of the tall elm-trees with their heads in the blue!

I soon discovered the gulf that exists between the altruistic teachings of the Nazarene and the dogmas of a church with *personal salvation* its main objective. To this day I can recall the joy with which I read in John’s gospel (the work of a Gnostic, according to *The Secret Doctrine*) of the oneness of life, and of the indwelling ‘Holy Spirit,’ of the teaching of brotherhood, and of Nirvâna, or the return of the soul to the source from whence it came, in the Supreme: teachings that seemed to me but a reminder of familiar truths already known. Also the deep child-love in my heart, especially called forth for my father and little sister, helped reveal to me the divine spirit of infinite compassion which finds expression in this gospel, just as a drop of water on a blind man’s hand tells to him the story of the ocean.

It was at this age (about ten or eleven years old), with the arousing of the thinking principle and the reasoning faculties and the good-bye to care-free childhood days, that I first became aware of an alien, unbidden force, which was not I, entering into my being; and which it was my purpose to oust then and there and for all time, and to maintain mastery over my own mind. I was educated at home, under the ‘glass-case system,’ my father, I fancy, looking on his little girls as a blend between angels and dolls! My mother died when my sister was born, and I had little association with other children. As for us, in childhood, the *world* is ours! And in one another we had everything we wanted in the happiest com-

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panionship. I was carefully sheltered from all knowledge of life, and all knowledge of evil; I imagined, among other strange notions, that all grown people were faultless and in possession of control over their thoughts and minds; except for a vague 'criminal class' as far removed from my world, it seemed, as the inhabitants of Mars, yet for whom I, nevertheless, felt a profound sympathy and pity, perceiving no difference between my failure in the duty of self-mastery and their like failure. I spent time in fervent prayer; and so intensely one-pointed was I in my efforts, that I know of no price I would not have accepted in order to win freedom from the thralldom of this unbidden force.

MY 'MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION,' AS I CALL IT

One of the supremest experiences of my life came to pass at this time in about my eleventh year, the benediction of which has remained with me through life to this hour. It was Eastertide. I was alone one Sunday morning, sitting in the sunshine amid the early spring flowers and the singing of the birds, reading the Benedicite — the others had gone to church,— when I seemed to awaken, as it were, for some brief moments, to the ineffable glory of the inner, spiritual, real world, of which all the loveliness of that spring morning was but the shadow. In that blissful, sacred hour I heard some echoes of the Song of Life, and inwardly received some gleams of divine wisdom or Theosophy. And from thenceforth my soul *knew* (as expressed in *The Voice of the Silence*) that:

“Compassion is no attribute. It is the LAW of LAWS — eternal Harmony, Alaya's SELF; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting Right, and fitness of all things, the law of love eternal.”

Like every one else who really lived, and thought at all, in those days before H. P. Blavatsky's message was given to the world, I had to face the problem so apparently irreconcilable with divine justice, of the awful inequality of life's opportunities: one child born in the slums without a chance, and another born with everything in its favor. I also faced the fact that humanly speaking there was no solution of the problem — for without knowledge of the law of Reincarnation and Karma, there is none. But the answer of my heart was that “Compassion being the law of laws, Alaya's Self,” there must NECESSARILY *exist* a solution of the problem; although I, at length, came reluctantly to think that it would not be till the fuller, perfect life, beyond the grave, that knowledge would be gained to solve these mysteries. (How little did I then foresee what this life had in store for me!)

Tennyson summed up for me my creed in his words:

“Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall

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At last — far off — at last to all,
And every winter change to spring!

“But what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.”

“No writings . . . revealed or sacred, were allowed to be so authoritative and final as *the teaching of the soul.*” — *Isis Unveiled*, II, 593

I believe that part of this “storage of the past” was my intuitive trust in this “teaching of the soul,” which helped me to hold on and to be ready for the destined moment so many years later: the arrival of the little circular. I vividly recall a discussion on this subject that took place one evening among the grown-ups as to the final source of authority: ‘Was it the church’s voice, or was it the voice of conscience?’ I can see the scene as though it were yesterday: the drawing-room with its oriental rugs and antique carved oak furniture and overmantle in harmony with the style of the old Manor; and my father in his armchair; the crackling wood-logs in the open fireplace; and I can recall my silent longing that he should give what I knew to be the true answer to my question: which then *is* the final authority, the church or the voice of conscience? And my dejection, on *his* account, when after a pause, his answer came to the effect that the orthodox safe teaching is that the authority of the church should be considered the final authority.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND NATURE

In books, music, and nature, I found three firm, unfailing friends. Among books I owe most to poetry, and to Carlyle, especially in his *Sartor Resartus*. Then there were the works of Goethe, Thackeray, Fichte, Baron and Baroness Bunsen, Max Müller, Schiller, Browning, Maurice, Dr. Arnold, George Eliot. Farrar’s ‘Eternal Hope,’ and Seeley’s *Ecce Homo*, also were helpful. These writers and poets, however, could not give me what I was unconsciously seeking for, *i. e.* Râja-Yoga, because they themselves had not the truth; but in them I found *fellow-seekers* of it. In the poets I found more truth than elsewhere, though here too, they being without the light of Theosophy, I had to feed on *tares* as well as wheat, and big ones too; for their exaltation and deification of sentimentality create delusion in the young mind by setting up false gods; *half-truths* requiring far more discrimination to combat than absolute falsehood does!

“Every one of us craves a belief that shall not be a formula, but life itself.”

— W. Q. JUDGE in *The Path*

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“The power of stedfastness holding the man together.”— *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, p. 126

And then at the point where written words failed, music commenced. From my earliest years music had the greatest power over me, and touched and played upon the chords of my very inmost being, thus helping in my preparation for the fateful moment: the arrival of the little circular. I have a vividly clear remembrance of the joy and ecstasy of my first little tunes on the piano! However, with a home in the country, and my people being unmusical, music as a living influence did not enter into my days until I was sixteen, when through a few lessons by a gifted teacher I gained some mastery over the technic of the piano, making possible self-expression by means of this art.

As I see the picture of the past from my present viewpoint, I was from birth destined in this incarnation again to find my place as of yore in the Theosophical Movement; but being in such dire straits — as all children are deprived of their brithright, the balancing power of Râja-Yoga — I do not myself see how I *could* have lived on to fulfil this destiny, had it not been for the steadying, ‘holding together’ power evoked by certain compositions of the great tone-masters, especially Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Wagner, Schumann, Schubert; with whom, during the coming years, in the seclusion of my own room, I daily spent many, many magic hours.

Just as literature was in a great measure a means to an end, so, too, music was for me a *means to an end*, rather than an end in itself.

With the conclusion of my sixteenth year, it appears to me that every line was already laid down in the map of my life; although this fact which is so plain to me in retrospect today was of course, alas, hidden at that time; the *next* step being as much as one can see at the moment.

The next eight years or so, with the departure of our foreign governess and instructors, and my début into society, although years of luxury and enjoyment in a way, were also years of unrest, of search, a drifting between pleasure and pain, and soul-unsatisfying. A needed experience, perhaps, in order fully and absolutely to realize the emptiness of life without the knowledge of its true purpose: happiness in the service of humanity.

“THE STORAGE OF THE PAST”

“Part of the power of Karma is in the ‘mysterious power’ of meditation. . . . In re-assuming a body the ‘mysterious power’ . . . reaches out to . . . other lives. . . . Their influence cannot be calculated. It may be good or bad. . . . This law is both an angel of mercy, and a messenger of justice. . . . After many lives we meet again . . . and my former friend has a strange power to touch my inward life. . . .”

— From ‘Articles on the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*,’ by W. ●. JUDGE

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At the conclusion of these 'apprenticeship' years, I meet this friend of the 'long past' (for me, this is true, though to others it may seem a fanciful notion), and our paths inevitably unite and we henceforth as married folk journey on life's way together. Many years previously when I was little more than a child, it is this friend who had touched my life under Karmic law for a brief moment, as I have already told, and as my teacher, brought to me the gift of music, thereby, as I believe - - unconsciously to himself and to me — rendering to me the service needful for the preservation of my life. It was during the next short period of fifteen years (from 1885 to 1900, when I came with my two boys to Point Loma) that in our dear home in beautiful Cheltenham, the 'Garden-Town' of England, I found Theosophy. It was surely for our beloved children's sake that the gods thus answered my soul-prayer for light and guidance. (It was for *their sake* that I came to Point Loma.)

WHERE MUSIC ENDS, NATURE STEPS IN

It was now, when my need of strength was greater than ever before owing to ever-increasing responsibilities, that I came closer to Nature in a new way, finding here a friend "nearer than breathing." W. Q. Judge says in 'Conversations on Occultism' in *The Path*, 1894, referring to the sun's powers: "Not only comes mere life through that focus, but also much more that is spiritual in its essence." And he adds: "Natural mystics, learned and ignorant, have discovered this for themselves here and there." Among the ignorant, I too made this discovery; so it was my wont, when possible, to steal a few minutes from the busy morning hours to slip out into the garden, and standing in the sun's rays, to seek within this "spiritual essence." In the sweet, magic silences of the hill-tops, too (while the children played around), there was something that spoke to the soul more potent in creative harmony than the strains of any audible music.

THE NEW WORLD

The reading of *The Secret Doctrine* in the quiet evening hours, that autumn, was a wonderful experience. With the opening of that book I seemed to enter into another world on a higher plane. And truly the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society *is* another world! A world where we may, if we will, walk in the light, instead of groping our way in the dark. It is the Real World where we may live, blessed with the knowledge of the meaning and purpose of life — a world given to us by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and our present Leader, Katherine Tingley.

MUSING IN THE NIGHT

F. M. P.

MUSING upon the mysteries of night,
Attentive to the dark with quickened sight
Within the brooding in the hush of sound,
I see the majesty which rules around.
Scanning below the purple dome's rimmed seat,
There spreads the night where light has its retreat;
The structure which the heavens rest upon,
But when the Dawn shall come it will be gone.

Above the darkened world a lighter sky,
Where worlds of stars unmoving seem to lie
Yet over circling courses speed ahead,
Through the immensity of heaven spread.
On ordered lanes across the trackless deep
They will continue when millenniums sleep.
Yet these creations are but shadows seen
Floating unreal as does a mirage screen.

With wonder I behold these pageants pass
As do the fields of green and ripened grass —
All spring to bloom and fade in passing time;
Are making way for works far more sublime.
All these are shadows drifting to their goal
Concealing the eternal rising Soul.
All these are thoughts of God which time will blot:
Are dreams of wonderment and soon forgot.

When these wide wonders in non-being slept,
The watcher then his vigil long had kept.
And timeless past the time when these shall roll
Their scrolls and fade, shall I survive, a soul,
From dreams the verities of life to bring.
Nor death's funereal bells for me shall ring.
Though now I wander musing in the night,
My place of birth and home is in the Light.

These wonders now beheld are magic dreams.
The lights they bear are but the misty gleams
Of verities from all creation's source,
From which they ever stream on spatial course —

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The Font of Life from whence creations come
And in the night appear returning home.
The source of souls enduring e'er as God,
Forever casting shadows on time's sod.

Mysterious night of mysteries below!
O magic Lights that through your pageants show;
By you my soul, awakened from its sleep,
Breaks from its bonds and sweeping through your keep
On its plumed vision bears me through the sky
Till I behold the Dawning break on High.
When musing in the night from night set free,
A soul, I go awhile myself to be.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

THE ELECTRON AND THE ANT

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



WRITER who is explaining his ideas about electrons suggests that it will help the reader to imagine that the electrons are a lot of living cells striving to escape from an uncomfortable environment into a comfortable one. This sets one wondering what is the difference between a living particle and a non-living one. It seems too that one's analysis of the universe must eventually conduct one to living beings actuated by desires; and the question is, where to draw the line. Are the electrons inanimate things, pushed by animate beings; or are they themselves animate? A city street, seen from a lofty airplane, would look very like a mass of electrons, with its crowds of people flowing mainly in two directions (which we could call positive and negative), with a few being shot off down side-streets. The positive electrons would be attracted towards the stock exchange, which would therefore be negative; and the negative electrons would make for the positive pole — the west-end home. I have often seen twin currents of electrons meandering along the ground; those going south with white particles attached; and those going north having no such particles. And it helped me quite a bit to imagine they were ants.

Particles in motion: that is the universe as viewed objectively. We may study the universe under this aspect as much as we please, and infer all the laws we like; thus obtaining formulae for use in applied science. But this system of relations hangs in air like an unanchored cobweb. We

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define motion in terms of the atomo-mechanical theory; and therefore it is foolish to seek therein its cause. Attraction is a useful word as long as it merely denotes an effect; but, considered as a cause, we cannot explain it mechanically, and must therefore either assume it as a principium or else go behind the atomo-mechanical theory. Attraction is the physical expression of desire; behind the material lies the mental; and the universe may be conceived as a multitude of beings comprehended in a supreme Being.

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MONTAGUE MACHELL

(Student, Theosophical University)

“Only a faith founded upon the rock of natural law can weather such a storm as the world has passed through in the Great War, but unfortunately such a faith is possible to comparatively few — the faith that the universe is radically good and beneficent, and that the evils of life grow upon the same tree with the good, and that the fruits called evil bear only a small proportion to those called good. Persons who do not read the book of nature as a whole, who do not try their faith by the records of the rocks and the everlasting stars, who are oblivious to the great law of evolution which has worked out the salvation of man and of all living things, through good and ill report, through delays and sufferings and agonies incalculable, but the issues of which have been unailing, who do not see the natural universal order working through the fiery ordeal through which all nations during the historic period have passed, who have not learned that the calamities of men and of peoples are not the result of some offended divinity, but the ups and downs in the long hard road of human development, and that, in the nature of things, justice is meted out to all men — if not in a day, then in a year, or in a thousand years; if not to the individual, then to his family, or to his race — those who take no account of all these things soon lose their reckoning in times like ours.” — JOHN BURROUGHS

“If man is to grow, if he is to become, if he is to live in the golden light of truth, and in this larger and more superb belief in the mystical Christ, he must put aside his accumulated preconceptions, prejudices, and set opinions, and ask not so much for proof of spiritual truths. He must knock at the door of his inner nature, introspect, and find in his own heart the answer to his questions. ‘Man, know thyself!’ say the ancients. Let man get back into the quietness of the simple life, just as Jesus and other Great Teachers taught — to seek the inner chamber and there to pray. Not by lip-prayer, not by exaltation, but rather in the spirit of humility and devotion to truth shall he find the light — the mystical Christ, the Redeemer in the truest sense, who lives in the hearts of all. Thus he will find the ‘peace that passeth understanding.’ ”

— KATHERINE TINGLEY

HE *Century Dictionary* defines ‘faith’ as “the assent of the mind to the truth of a proposition or statement for which there is not complete evidence.” Or in a more restricted and theological sense, “spiritual perception of the invisible objects of religious veneration; a belief founded on such spiritual perceptions.

In the ordinary affairs of life faith is essential, in that no one man is

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master of all lines of knowledge and intelligence. Hence in a great many matters he must depend for his information and enlightenment upon the dictum of those who have larger knowledge of the subject under consideration. Thus, if the electrician who is wiring our house tells us that a certain wire will carry just so much current and no more, we accept his word for it because the study of electricity is his profession and he is paid to know what he is talking about on this particular subject.

It is seen, however, that this faith is not invariably implicit; for we often hear the expression 'according to so-and-so' — which phrase is generally understood to imply that we have only the word of that person for the information and do not consider his word necessarily final. Similarly we say: "The papers say that such-and-such an event occurred," thereby implying that the press is capable of a change of opinion. Moreover, when we put any faith in the statement of another it is generally because our knowledge of that person and of his general attainments and capabilities in the matter of which he is speaking are such as to warrant our acceptance of his word. In other words, we are not given to exercising blind faith in matters of daily concern.

Before proceeding further with our subject, let us inquire into the nature of faith, and let us ask ourselves with what faculty we choose between belief and unbelief.

In matters of ordinary knowledge and daily concern the faculty employed seems undoubtedly to be the brain-mind, and the rendering or withholding of credence is governed by our intellectual appreciation of the probability or improbability of the matter and by the facts of our own experience. Thus, if I am told it has been found impossible to scale Mount Everest to the summit, my informant being an experienced mountaineer, I shall have faith in the truth of that statement, because I know great efforts have been made in this direction and I should expect my informant to be well informed on the subject. If, on the other hand, some one undertook to try to convince me that no such mountain as Everest exists or ever did exist, I should certainly refuse to give him credence because while I have never been in Asia or seen the mountain itself, still I have the testimony of geographers of the entire civilized world for many generations as to the existence of such a mountain. In both of these cases my choice between belief and disbelief is based on reason. But there are matters in which reason does not dictate the choice, but something deeper.

For instance, if someone were to declare to me that man is a purely material creation whose life is governed by blind chance, his statement would not have the slightest effect or weight with me. My first impulse — and one which I should probably follow — would be to tell him that he

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himself did not believe such a thing. And the chances are that I should be correct, for despite the most vehement and oft-repeated protestations, it is only very rarely, I believe, that a man is to be found who in his heart of hearts holds so crassly materialistic a view, and the holding of it can generally be explained by some abnormal mental or physical condition in the individual. But to pursue our query — what is it that determines my disbelief in this materialistic conception of life? I do not think it can be said that reason and logic alone are responsible, for while I could adduce good reasons for my attitude, the chances are that my materialistic friend could produce just as satisfactory a train of argument for his own. May it not be that the consideration of this subject of Faith has brought us to the realization of an important fact — namely, that there are truths of the deepest significance and most vital importance to man which refuse to answer to the test of mere reason — which are incapable of *proof* on that basis? Indeed, are not some of the most sacred and profound experiences in life incapable of intellectual analysis or proof? If this is acknowledged it at once establishes another important fact: that there is a “Thus far and no further” to the realm of intellectual research in the affairs of man’s interior life.

The best reason I could give for my refusal to believe that man has a purely material origin would be that the knowledge which nature and life gave me aroused within me a strong conviction of the existence of some greater and grander source of life for man. And there is good reason to believe that there are many others who would say the same things. In this case I introduce the teachings of no specific philosophy to support the conviction because I consider that conviction itself is anterior to the philosophy which explains it rather than the outcome of the particular philosophy of life adhered to.

So far as we have gone then, we have found that man’s belief in the statements regarding the facts and phenomena of the material world are governed by his knowledge, judgment, and reason, and that in matters of moral and ethical import he is often governed by some deeper and more obscure source of judgment which he calls personal feeling, personal conviction, principle, or what not. And since every intelligent person knows that one who specializes in the study of the nature and attributes of the physical universe will be better qualified to pronounce judgment on it than the layman, we have a body of natural philosophers called scientists and a body of laws and hypotheses based on their studies and investigations which we term natural science.

But dependence upon the specialist does not rest here. For we discover upon investigation that the peoples of the western world, at any rate, have to a great extent taken the position that in moral and ethical

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questions likewise the dictum of the specialist is more to be relied upon than one's own interior convictions and principles. Hence, in the west, at least, we have a body of teachings or laws concerning the world of ethics drawn up by innumerable specialists and called religion. To be sure, the various specialists claim for their particular code a special and divine revelation; and yet with all these different religions designed to effect the same end — to instruct us in our consideration of and conduct in moral affairs — each one differs more or less radically from the others; and yet these religious teachers — like our electrician above — are paid to know what they are talking about! However, too much stress must not be laid on this little matter of disagreement, because our scientists in dealing with the laws and phenomena of the material world are far from unanimous, and, besides, change is a mode of progress.

The outcome of it all is this: the world is provided with two great sources of enlightenment, Science to explain things external to man, Religion to shed light on man's interior life and nature. The next important question is: what is the relation of these two schools to one another?

If the materialist's idea is correct and man is a purely material creation endowed merely with a more highly evolved intelligence, then surely the laws of science should be applicable and useful to the solution of the problems of human life and destiny. If on the other hand, man's interior nature differs from the material world in which he lives, then science can only have to do with the physical universe and religion govern the affairs of human life. Then there is still one other possibility. Supposing that both man and the universe are built upon a spiritual foundation and that science in its essence is spiritual just as religion is: in that case the two are complementary and should work hand in hand.

Of these three hypotheses it is the second which has been the working basis of western civilization for the last several hundred years, in accordance with which religion has postulated a soul in man and dictated to him as to the best way to 'save' it from damnation; while science has investigated and to some extent elucidated the mysteries of the material universe, on the assumption of its solely material being. This should work out all right according to theory, but for some reason or other it has not done so.

Science and religion have a way of treading on each other's toes. Western religion proclaims, as it has been proclaiming for some two thousand years, certain articles of faith which every orthodox Christian is *required* to accept. Science, following her own sweet will, continues making discoveries which lead her to conclusions antagonistic to those articles of faith which religion has been at so much pains to have accepted and believed in. The result is that every little while religion looks up to

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find science presumptuously taking the lead with new and daring assumptions which make religion look old-fashioned and out of date, whereupon religion slowly and reluctantly changes ground and tells science she knew that all along and now deems it a propitious time to give her acquiescence to the somewhat upstart assertions of friend science. In short there is a conflict between religion and science, and even if a great majority of people had not long since begun to doubt the legitimacy of religion or any outside power dictating to them as to what they should or should not believe about their own lives and destinies — in other words doing their thinking for them — the serious discrepancies which scientific research is revealing in many forms of faith would be enough to undermine the long-settled habit of believing just what they are told to believe.

Now let us return to an early point in this discussion: the point at which we found that there was a 'thus far and no further' to intellectual research into the affairs of a man's interior life. Where this intellectual faculty ceases to be of use, we found that another faculty was called into play which is deeper and surer than the former. This faculty Theosophy calls the Intuition, an instrument of the spiritual nature of man. The value we place upon orthodox religious faith turns actually on our estimation of the potency and function of this quality of intuition. For ages this faculty has been ignored or depreciated and mankind taught to depend upon some source outside of itself for strength and guidance, being taught that in its own nature it was inherently sinful. Hence faith in its orthodox significance means the acceptance of various sets of creeds relating to the nature and requirements of this outside power. If man is truly dependent upon this outside power because of an absence of a power of like nature within him, then orthodox faith is obviously the very keystone of human existence; life without it is helpless and chaotic.

What we are to pin our faith to depends entirely on those who claim to have or are ordained to have knowledge of and access to this external aid as mediators and ministers. This has been the attitude of orthodox religion in the western world for some two thousand years, as a consequence of which the interior spiritual life of humanity has been built on *faith* in some outside power and guidance. Before discussing the rightness or wrongness of this state of affairs, let us look about a little and see some of the conditions it has brought about.

It is scarcely necessary to argue, I presume, as to whether or not spiritual knowledge is superior to intellectual learning; the answer will be unanimously in the affirmative. In that case the spiritual leaders of mankind should be not only the supreme leaders, but as such should be capable of shedding light upon all other lines of knowledge, of guiding those in quest of all other forms of knowledge. This means that science — the

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science of a purely material universe, for such was the orthodox view we agreed to accept — should be guided, illuminated, and made clear to the layman by Religion. Is this the case? I think not. Again and again orthodox religion is being compelled to modify its teachings and hustle up into line with the advancing concepts and discoveries of modern science.

For science is advancing at a tremendous pace and its own discoveries are little by little compelling it to new views as to the nature of the universe.

Never before, probably, in the history of our civilization have more splendid and significant — not to say vital and urgent — demands been made upon religion than are being made today. We are looking upon a different world from that of seventy years ago. All our outlook has changed and expanded. Geological research has pushed back the age of the earth, archaeological discoveries have compelled a recognition of the vast antiquity of man, chemistry has shattered our dreams of a series of well-defined and indestructible elements and their immutability. The atom is now but a half-way house on the pathway of chemical analysis whilst the new studies in electricity, magnetism, and radioactivity have opened a page in the book of natural philosophy so marvelous and of such fundamental significance as to bring us to the verge of a revolution in scientific thought.

While the advances made along all lines of research have helped to bring about what may well be termed a crisis in scientific thought, I believe that the discoveries in connexion with radioactivity are responsible for bringing us face to face with the crisis itself. I use the term crisis for the reason that so far as I can see it is the arrival of science at a point at which before her real crowning achievements can be realized a spiritual leaven must enter into her activities. Whence should this spiritual leaven come? From religion obviously. Is orthodox religion in a position to afford the needed spiritual enlightenment? There seems little or no hope of it for the reason that religion itself is for the most part at war within itself and pretty generally at loggerheads with science. Hence the realization is forced upon thinking men and women that there is a conflict between religion and science, which means that either one or the other, or both, have missed their way and are working on false premisses.

In order better to illustrate the unmistakable opportunity which is given to religion today to give to science the key to her mighty problem I take the liberty of introducing certain quotations from modern scientists which appeared in this magazine in a series of articles by the late Professor W. A. Dunn on Radioactivity.

R. N. M'Coy of the University of Chicago, in *Journal of the Chemical Society*, March, 1909, says:

“Scientists will never forget the intense interest taken in the discovery by the Curies of

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Radium, a substance which possessed the properties of uranium and thorium augmented more than a millionfold. There were also new properties: powerful physiological effects, evolution of light and even of heat, it having been found by Curie and Laborde that the temperature of a tube of radium is always perceptibly above that of its surroundings. Here then was a most marvelous result — the continuous and seemingly undiminished production of a portion of matter, which appeared to suffer no chemical change. It even seemed as if a source of perpetual motion had been found.

“It was soon clearly established that the activity of radioactive substances was not due to the excitation of any *known* radiation. Some scientists, however, including Lord Kelvin, Becquerel, and the Curies, imagined as the source of the observed energy, an *unknown cosmic radiation* [italics ours] which was intercepted and transformed by the radioactive body.”

Says Dr. Saul Dushman in the *Scientific American*:

“Considering the relationships exhibited by the different radio active elements, one realizes that the dream of the alchemists may not have been as fatuous as has appeared until recently. The concept of an absolutely stable atom must be discarded once for all, and its place is taken by this miniature solar system, as it were, consisting of a central nucleus and one or more rings of electrons. But the nucleus itself is apparently the *seat* of immense forces and in spite of its exceedingly infinitesimal dimensions, it contains both the alpha particles and electrons. [Positive and negative origins of electricity.]

“Once in a while the nucleus of one of the atoms will spontaneously disintegrate and expel an alpha or beta particle. A new element has been born. What causes these transformations? Can they be controlled? These are questions which only the future can answer. But if we had it in our power to remove two alpha particles from the atom of bismuth or any of its type, *not only would the dream of the alchemist be realized* [italics ours] but man would be in possession of such intensely powerful sources of energy that all our coal mines, water-powers, and explosives would become insignificant by comparison.”

R. K. Duncan in his work *The New Knowledge* writes:

“There are certain new conceptions which, while we can hardly say they are ascertained truths, shadow themselves as such. It is in the realization of *two* of these conceptions that during the next two hundred years the great work of the world will lie.

“The *first* is the transmutability of the elements. Our reason bids us assent to its actual accomplishment, not with our aid, but in spite of it, in the case of the heavy elements. . . .

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

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

What does all this mean? It means that science in the ever-growing intensity of its search for light and knowledge, having gone to the heart of the material atom and discovered there more marvels than the rarest element ever revealed, will now go further. Most significant those words of Mr. Duncan: “vast stores of inter-elemental energy *of which we live but on the fringe*,” for it is only a question of time before science penetrates beyond the fringe and taps that vast and marvelous sea of energy in which the entire universe floats and lives.

And who shall tell her of the meaning of it all; who shall tell her of the nature and source of the dynamic energies she has wrested from

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Nature for her own; who shall make clear to her the indissoluble relationship between the power she has harnessed in the physical world without, and the powers within the heart and mind and *will* of man? Is it FAITH — faith in a personal god who created the world for his own pleasure, who created man inherently sinful to come here and live a life of seventy or a hundred years and then leave the scene forever in exchange for everlasting idleness or everlasting torture — will this faith offer the key to these mysteries? Never, never!

It will be remembered that in an earlier part of this discussion we spoke of three possible hypotheses as to the nature of man and the universe, of which we chose the second as that most generally accepted today, namely, that man is a spiritual being, or at least a being having a spiritual soul, inhabiting a material universe. This hypothesis of course requires one set of spiritual laws to govern human life, and another set of material laws to govern the life of the universe. Having followed this conception out to its natural conclusion and application it has led us to a conflict between religion and science and has failed to give us any clue as to the meaning of it all.

Suppose now we start with the third hypothesis — that both man and the universe are of spiritual origin and governed by one great immutable spiritual law. This is the position which Theosophy takes and it is one which gives a spiritual value to both religion and science and makes them complementary to one another. This is in consonance with all the ancient traditions and records of past races in which the rulers of the people were king-initiates — spiritual teachers and guides of their people.

Under this hypothesis there ceases to be such a thing as 'blind force' or dead matter. Just as the body of man is a physical vehicle for spiritual force and energies, so all matter down to the smallest atom, becomes an expression, a vehicle of the universal spiritual forces of the cosmos, and the entire scheme of things is seen to be one vast whole moving upward and onward to ever fuller and richer expressions of spiritual consciousness.

And what becomes, under this hypothesis, of the conflict between religion and science? It disappears; for the laws which explain the one also explain the other and the two are necessary and complementary. To grasp the full grandeur of this statement we have only to see what light Theosophy — which has been well defined as a scientific religion and a religious science — sheds on modern scientific discoveries.

It has been pointed out that science in her researches is dealing with ever finer and finer forms of matter, at the same time discovering these forms to be the repositories of more and more dynamic forces. The vital significance of this fact is this: that with each finer subdivision of matter, in that the matter itself grows more and more insignificant and the

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energy released more tremendous, science draws nearer and nearer to an appreciation of the gigantic forces lying latent in the element in which these minute subdivisions of matter — ‘electric nuclei’ as they are coming to be called, exist; namely, the *ether*. The study of radioactivity has been responsible for bringing this appreciation to the fore more than almost anything else because it has brought science to what may be termed the ‘jumping-off place’ of the material world. “Where does matter end and ‘space’ begin?” is now an interesting and pertinent question, which question is naturally and easily paraphrased into “where do matter and *spirit* begin?”

At this point must be introduced another quotation from a modern scientist, Professor de Launay, writing in *La Nature*:

“We have supposed hitherto for simplicity an independence between matter and ether which does not really exist. . . . As soon as we regard any . . . phenomena closely we see that most of the properties commonly attributed to matter are really *those of the ether in matter*. . . .

“We must mention a curious hypothesis recently enunciated by Sir Oliver Lodge with the boldness characteristic of English men of science. The human brain, our organ of thought, is composed of matter. Lodge suggests that *ether* may constitute the instrument of another form of thought which may to a certain degree affect our thoughts, just as ether intervenes in our ordinary sensations. This implies the existence of a mysterious connexion between mind and matter.”

Can you ask for anything of more dramatic interest than that — from modern science? Substitute ‘Spirit’ for ‘mind’ in the last quotation and you have science revealed as taking the first tentative step in the path of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, which has ever enunciated the absolute inseparability and the identity, in a sense, of spirit and matter.

And what, pray, is orthodox faith doing all this time? Where is the reply of western religion to this query, the reply that should give science the key to the entire mystery and not only guide her to grander discoveries, but guard her from dangerous conclusions, and experiments with the forces she is daily bringing to light? I think it can be justly said that she is not heard from at this critical, climacteric juncture to any effect. Yet just here, I believe, we are witnessing the meeting of the ways of religion and science. Had that faith done all for us that she professed to be able to do — this faith in external and afar-removed sources of strength and enlightenment — she would hold out the hand to science and give to her the key to mysteries of unspeakable grandeur and worth — the mysteries of Nature’s Holy of Holies — the Tabernacle of her own Spiritual Life.

No, merely orthodox faith must go, and another faith — not founded on a personal God, not teaching inherent sin, not limiting man to one life, and withal not boxed, crated, and nailed down in soul-stifling dogmas — must be looked to for an explanation of the mysteries. This larger faith — the faith in one supreme Immutable Law governing the whole universe,

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wherein man, a *divine* maker of his own destiny, evolves in harmony with Nature Herself, the same laws of absolute justice and compassion governing all — this faith, I say, is voiced in the following quotations from the writings of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the Foundress and First Leader of the modern Theosophical Movement:

“In the ancient philosophy there was no ‘missing link’ to be supplied by what Tyndall calls an ‘educated imagination’; no hiatus to be filled with volumes of materialistic speculations made necessary by the absurd attempt to solve an equation with but one set of quantities; our ‘ignorant’ ancestors traced the law of evolution throughout the whole universe. As by gradual progression from the star-cloudlet to the development of the physical body of man, the rule holds good, so from the universal ether to the incarnate human spirit, they traced one uninterrupted series of entities. These evolutions were from the world of spirit into the world of gross matter; and through that back again to the source of all things.”

— *Isis Unveiled*, I, 285

“Pythagoras taught his disciples that God is the universal *mind* diffused through all things, and that this mind by the sole virtue of its universal sameness could be communicated from one object to another and be made to create all things by the sole will-power of man.”

— *Ibid.*, I, 131

The following two quotations throw light on the tentative suggestion of Sir Oliver Lodge in the quotation from Professor de Launay above:

“It is sufficient for our purpose to know from what the ether certainly does, that *it is capable of vastly more than anyone has yet ventured to guess.*” — *Ibid.*, I, 182

“It proves that every occurrence in nature — no matter how minute or unimportant — leaves its indelible impress upon physical nature; and, as there has been no appreciable molecular disturbance, the only inference possible is that these images have been produced by that invisible, universal force,— Aether or astral light.” — *Ibid.*, I, 182-3

The following quotation elucidates and develops the thought of that “mysterious connexion between mind and matter,” with impressive force:

“The existence of spirit in the common medium, the ether, is denied by materialism, while theology makes of it a personal God. But the Kabalist holds that both are wrong, saying that in ether the elements represent matter only — the blind cosmic forces of nature; while Spirit represents the intelligence which directs them. . . . The ether and chaos, or, in the Platonic language, mind and matter, were the two primeval and eternal principles of the universe, utterly independent of anything else. The former was the all-vivifying intellectual principle; the chaos, a shapeless, liquid principle, without ‘form or sense’; from the union of these two sprang into existence the universe, or rather, the universal world, the first androgynous deity — the chaotic matter becoming its body, and Aether the soul.” — *Ibid.*, I, 341

Such are a few of the hints given out by H. P. Blavatsky as to the nature of those forces and potencies which today science is beginning to draw upon. There were not wanting those who laughed and jeered at her statements when they first appeared, but “Time is the old justice who tries all such offenses,” and today one by one her pronouncements are being vindicated. And she was the champion, the heroic, lion-hearted champion of the Greater Faith, known in all ages as the Wisdom-Religion.

Under that faith the conflict between Religion and Science disappears,

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and they are shown to be both necessary to each other, the one to proclaim the great spiritual truths that underlie all life, both human and material, the other to reveal the secrets of natural law and vindicate Religion's *spiritual* pronouncements in the physical and material phenomena of daily life. "And," you ask, "upon what must man rely for help and guidance in this Greater Faith?" Theosophy replies "upon the essential divinity within him, which divinity qualifies him to become his own redeemer and to fashion his own life and destiny along the lines of self-directed evolution in the light of the great spiritual laws of the universe of which he is an expression." "Truth is within ourselves, it takes no rise from outward things, whate'er you may believe." And the only true definition of faith in its deepest significance, is reliance on and loyalty towards that *certain knowledge* which is the constant possession of man's Higher Self, the instrument of which is the Intuition. We only really *believe* that which we interiorly *know*.

The time has come when many a misleading camouflage should be banished from the sphere of human thought to be replaced by the one true form of belief: not belief in any creed or dogma, not in any formula of faith, not in any personal God or one-life doctrine, but the grand limitless, undogmatic, non-credal faith *based on knowledge*, attainable by means of spiritual intuition, brought into play through pure, unselfish, spiritual living. "Live the life and ye shall know the doctrine."

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PERCY LEONARD

"There is not one finger's breadth of void space in the whole Boundless."

— *A private Commentary*



THE Cosmos, as viewed in the light of modern science, is for the most part a vast, cold, lifeless, void expanse. The earth on which we live teems with innumerable forms of life; but where our planet's gaseous envelop grows thin, we enter on a region pervaded only by the luminiferous ether which though vibrant with light and solar energy is declared to be a barren solitude and quite devoid of living things. It is grudgingly admitted that one or two of the planets may afford conditions where life is possible; but all the intervening space is said to be a lifeless void. It is this hideous negation of life which makes books on astronomy such dreary reading for those who love

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the swarming life of lake and river, the cheerful rustle of the lizard in the grass, and the unceasing hum of insects in the summer air.

It is refreshing to turn from the appalling solitudes of the astronomer to the 'superstitions' of the Mohammedans, who hold that Allah has filled illimitable space with denizens appropriate to their surroundings. The inhabitants of Cairo are said to be highly superstitious because they believe that invisible genii people the air, penetrate the rocks, inhabit the ocean-waves and rivers, and even reach the lower battlements of Heaven itself where they sometimes obtain 'inside information' as to coming events by overhearing the casual remarks of some of the less circumspect and cautious of the angels.

Their belief in the omnipresence of life is so consistently held that they never empty a vessel of water without their begging the pardon of any 'ginnee' who may happen to be splashed. When letting down a bucket into a well they invariably apologize for any disturbance they may have caused to some invisible inhabitant; and they never throw away a date-stone without a muttered warning, lest they should cause the death of some innocent but inattentive 'ginnee.'

A universe of sterile ether enlivened by nothing more lovable than an interminable series of vibrations of various wave-lengths, governed by unintelligent mechanical laws, and destined finally to run down like a neglected watch, is surely a soul-killing conception and recalls to mind the noble protest of Wordsworth:

"Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

In conclusion we may suggest that the belief in the lives of the elements is not so much "a creed outworn," as the faint foreshadowing of the definite discovery by modern methods of the invisible denizens of the surrounding ether, for as H. P. Blavatsky has prophesied in *The Secret Doctrine*:

"But, as a Columbus was born to re-discover, and to force the Old World to believe in Antipodal countries, so will there be born scientists who will discover the marvels now claimed by Occultists to exist in the regions of Ether, with their varied and multiform denizens and conscious Entities. Then, *nolens volens*, Science will have to accept the old 'Superstition,' as it has several others."— Vol. I, 297

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R. MACHELL

(Continued from the February issue)



REBECCA, hearing voices, had not gone to bed, and when the visitor was safely lodged in the little room above the barn, Mark found her in the kitchen waiting for orders. She undertook to have the young man's breakfast ready without disturbing anyone; and Jonas, who was the first one up about the place, could be instructed as to harnessing the mare, without waking the little lady, so that Mark could see his guest safely off without the danger of a meeting between the two descendants of the last Cayley. Rebecca took her orders and asked no questions. And Mark sat down to think about this strange encounter. He was not much inclined for bed, and filled his pipe again.

He was not satisfied with himself. He should have sent the man away at once. But he had listened to his story and allowed him to dig up the skeleton that he had tried to make himself believe was buried safely out of sight. Then he had not been honest with the boy, though he had spoken nothing but the truth to him. And the result was a disturbance of the peaceful atmosphere of home that had been growing in the house since first Miss Margaret became its mistress. The enemy of all the peace of mind, that he desired for her sake, was the specter of the past: and Mark, the natural guardian of the house, had weakly opened its doors to one whose very presence was a witness to the reality of that past.

He had decided that the very memory of it should be wiped out; but he began to realize that the past is interwoven with the future, and that the lives of men are, like the threads of tapestry, dependent one upon another, not to be altered once that they are woven into the general design. No doubt it was a fool's paradise that he had tried to build; yet it had seemed so simple that it was hard even now to think it an impossibility.

The rain was beating on the windows as the wind rose and moaned among the trees, and Mark recalled the storm that heralded the coming of his foundling. And now the coming of another Cayley seemed to have roused the elements, as if there were some sinister affinity between the family and the spirits of the storm. He remembered hearing an old legend of a certain pirate chief who plundered vessels that were wrecked along the coast; most of which wrecks were caused by misleading signal fires planned by his followers, the pitiless wreckers of old days. This human monster mated with a spirit of the storm, renouncing his humanity to gain mastery over elemental forces. When he grew old his demon mistress left him, and his power went with her. Then he turned penitent, and with his plundered wealth he built a church; and in the church he placed a tomb for his own burial, and died at last with all the help the priest could offer him. But when the winter came again the church and tomb fell crumbling in the sea, and it was said the demon-bride

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was seen by some upon the rocks urging the waves to madness. Some said the Cayley pedigree went back to this unholy union.

Mark was not superstitious in the daytime; but when a storm came up at night, strange fancies gathered form and took possession of his mind. And as he sat there listening to the wind he half expected some mysterious presence to reveal itself and claim its prey. Then he stood up and shook himself, and took possession of his will. He crossed the room and looked out at the gloom which hid the buildings. The wind howled piteously, and it needed little imagination for the darkness to seem haunted by elemental spirits of destruction who uttered curses on the world and mocked the men who call themselves lords of creation.

Hugh Trevor slept, and wove the moaning of the wind into his dream. He stood upon the rocks and heard the shrieks of drowning creatures in the sea, mingled with fiendish laughter from inhuman monsters on the cliffs, and all the voices of the elements shouting triumphantly a chorus of destruction. The human voices shrieking to their God for pity and the inhuman cries of greed, were feeble in comparison with the loud mockery of wind and waves, that knew nor pity nor revenge. The strange part of it was that all these voices seemed to find echo in his heart, and he was torn by their conflicting passions. The elemental spirits claimed him as their kin; the drowning folk were shipmates, comrades, friends; and even the fierce wreckers on the rocks were of his kindred, though he would gladly have repudiated the affinity. Then in the sea amongst the drowning folk, a face looked up at him and smiled; and in a flash the storm was past, the sea was still, and Nita stood before him laughing at his fears. He jumped to meet her from the rock where he was standing, and fell upon the floor, where for a while he groped in search of matches. These found, he lit the lantern and took stock of his position. Mark, watching the darkness, saw the small window in the barn lighted up and hoped that Margaret was sleeping.

But she too was waking. She too was listening to the storm, trying to remember something. What it was she could not say; but when the storms howled in the night, her trouble came upon her and she tried to understand her misery. It was then that the 'hunted' feeling took possession of her, with a wild instinctive yearning to be gone, to get away, no matter where she was. No home seemed safe enough to hold her. Her dominating impulse was to get away.

Since she had been at Crawley she had fought against this mad impulse whenever it appeared; but many a stormy night was passed in struggle with the elemental nature in herself that seemed in league with all the demons of the night, who tried to drag her to destruction. And now she lay awake in darkness, fearing to light the candles lest Mark should see the light and guess the cause. So she too saw the window in the barn lighted up, and wondered what it meant.

Meanwhile Hugh Trevor, laughing at his ridiculous predicament, got back into bed, put out the light, and promptly fell asleep. But Jonas Mickel-

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thwaite, waking with the instinct of the watch-dog, had also seen the light, and being of a practical turn of mind decided that a tramp had taken shelter from the storm, which was excusable enough, but Jonas meant to know what sort of tramp it was, and dressed himself accordingly. Taking a dark lantern and his dog he started for the barn. The room above the barn was reached by a ladder at the foot of which the dog stood guard while Jonas mounted. All was still, but Jonas heard the breathing of a man, and uncovered his dark lantern, which revealed the sleeping form of the young sailor on the bed. It also showed the lantern and the outer clothing of a man who was no tramp. Jonas was puzzled, and tried to see the features of the sleeper who was turned away from him, but feared to wake him, as he guessed the visitor was there by invitation or consent. He turned to go, and the dog whimpered. His master bade him be silent, and closed the dark lantern clumsily so that the cover grated harshly, and Hugh Trevor woke.

"Who's there?" he asked. "What, is it time already?" Then getting no answer he asked again: "Who is it?"

Jonas now felt apologetic and said politely: "I beg your pardon, sir. I saw a light up here and came to see if all was right."

Hugh Trevor laughed. "Oh yes. It is all right. I'm here by invitation. I fell out of bed and lit the lantern to find my way back again. Sorry to have brought you out. Who are you?"

Jonas turned on his light again and asked with evident surprise: "Who are you? Hearing you speak I could have sworn it was the captain come to life again. I beg pardon, sir, I am the bailiff and look after the farm for Mr. Anstruther. I'm Jonas Micklethwaite."

"Oh, you are Jonas Micklethwaite? Well I came to see your master, and he offered me a bed, as it was such a nasty night. Sorry I roused you. What's the time?"

"Just twelve o'clock, sir. Shall I call you in the morning?"

"No need of that. I will be up in time to catch the train. Good night."

"Good night to you, sir. You'll excuse my making a mistake," and so apologizing, Jonas went down with his lantern open, and across the stable-yard in full view of Miss Margaret's window. He was bewildered by the voice, which was undoubtedly the voice of Richard Cayley in his youth, as Jonas knew him, when he too was a boy.

Miss Margaret had seen the lantern and had guessed the rest. She concluded that a visitor of some kind was sleeping in the barn and would need breakfast; so she decided to be up in time to lay the table, a duty she had adopted as her own.

Meanwhile Mark had retired, knowing nothing of Jonas's visit of inspection, and hoping that the lighted window had escaped his niece's notice; which was natural enough, for Maggie never spoke of sleepless nights, nor of her horror of a storm, and Mark supposed that she slept soundly as he himself was used to do. It was a rare thing for him to lie awake in bed; but on this night he tried in vain to sleep and to forget. To him, forgetfulness, and sleep,

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and death, were all that made life bearable on earth. It was not till near dawn that he could close his eyes. Then he slept heavily, and overslept the hour he had appointed for Hugh Trevor's breakfast. But Miss Margaret was down, and told Rebecca not to wake the master, saying that she herself would do the honors of the house. She asked Rebecca what was the name of the visitor, and Rebecca could not tell her; Mark had not mentioned it. She wondered a little that he should have told his niece at all, as he seemed so anxious she should not be disturbed.

It was still dark when the young sailor left the barn and found his way across the muddy yard to the back door, from which a light was streaming hospitably. He came to say good-bye, and to express his thanks for the night's shelter; and he was surprised when Rebecca met him and announced that breakfast was ready in the parlor, and that Miss Margaret was waiting for him there, the master being still asleep. Hugh Trevor looked at her in some surprise and echoed inquiringly: "Miss Margaret?"

Rebecca explained: "The master's niece. I am Rebecca Micklethwaite."

To which Hugh Trevor found nothing to say but, "Oh! I understand." Which was not true; he did not understand, but followed her direction, and found his hostess waiting for him with a startled look in her eyes, for she had overheard him speaking to Rebecca, and the voice disturbed her strangely. At first a vision of her father flashed through her mind; but the voice was young. Then when the speaker entered she did not know the dark-skinned youth, who smiled at her with a certain timidity which recalled the little Tony, her half-brother, with the ruddy ringlets that she used to love. He seemed embarrassed, and stared so hard at her that she felt called upon to introduce herself by apologizing for her Uncle's absence, and by reminding him his time was short. Hastily apologizing, he sat down and watched her as she waited on him. He could not take his eyes from her, nor could he find anything appropriate to say. She was annoyed at his too obvious interest in herself, and forgot to use the kettle-holder for taking the kettle from the fire. So she burned her fingers, and forgot all else; but like a child put them in her mouth to ease the pain, and spun round dancing like a kitten chasing its own tail and crying out "Aie! aie!" as she used to long ago.

Rebecca came running to see what had happened; but the visitor jumped up and caught Miss Margaret's hands in his, excitedly exclaiming: "Nita! Juanita! Don't you know me? Tony, your little Tony! Yes, it's me, Aunt Nita!"

Suddenly a light broke in upon the clouded mind, and Maggie put her hands before her eyes and sank down in the big arm-chair, trembling.

Rebecca abruptly pressed between them, saying to the boy: "Stand back! whoever you may be, you shall not frighten her."

"Why should I frighten her?" he asked pathetically. "She nursed me when I was a child. I love her as if she were my mother. She is not frightened of me: are you, Aunt Nita?"

Margaret recovered herself quickly, and pacified Rebecca with a smile

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and a quick touch of the hand that had a magical effect, as she indorsed the boy's pathetic protest. "No! no!" she cried. "I am not frightened — but suddenly I remembered things I had almost forgotten, and it was a shock. Now I am myself again; and I know you, Tony, though you are changed. Why! you are a man now. My little Tony, grown into a great big man! And your Aunt Nita is an old, old woman — let me look at you. Where are your ringlets? Why, your hair is almost black. Your eyes are not altered, but you have grown big and strong, and not afraid of any one. How did you find me out? How did you know me?"

Tony laughed and said, "I almost recognised you at once; but when you cried out 'Aie! aie!' it was yourself; and when you danced, I knew there could be no mistake. No one can dance like Juanita."

He said this with a child's absolute conviction of its mother's superiority to every other woman, and it made her feel very old; for she felt as if indeed she were his mother. Then her maternal instinct got mixed with her domestic duties and she said demurely: "Rebecca, the breakfast's getting cold. Tony, sit down and drink your coffee!"

And Tony obeyed with a meek "Yes, Aunt Nita," like a child, and Rebecca turning to the kitchen saw the master staring blankly at the consummation of his fears. The others had not seen him and he stepped back out of sight, in order to recover self-control. He felt so small, so pitifully small, in face of the unconquerable past, the indestructible, inevitable past. He felt like a child who builds a sea-wall in the sand and sees the rising tide demolish it. The home that he was building on the shore of life was no better than the sand-castles he had built so carefully when he was still a child, so long ago he did not care to reckon it. And this was all the wisdom he had learned, and had paid so dearly for the lessons that he was now bankrupt of hope. This lesson too he had to learn and pay for with the little coins of hope that he had been hiding in his heart so carefully these many years. And then he heard the voice of Maggie calling:

"Uncle Mark! Come here! There's something wonderful has happened; come and see!"

He smiled again and came in answer to her call, playing surprise. "Why, what's the matter? Ah! young man; I overslept myself. Sit down and have your breakfast. You haven't too much time."

"Why, Uncle Mark! It's Tony, my little brother Tony. Don't you understand? I thought it was a trick that you had played on me to give me a surprise. It was — wasn't it?"

Mark hesitated, then quickly took his part and countered with: "Well, wasn't it a surprise?"

"It surely was," she answered. "But he must not be hurried off like that. Why should he go?"

Tony explained that he had to join his ship in Hull and ought to catch the early train at Winterby.

"I don't like ships," said Margaret half seriously. "Let it go without

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you: you can miss the train and send a telegram. Won't that be sufficient?"

Tony laughed lightly as he ate his breakfast hurriedly, but he answered seriously: "I promised to be back in time, the crew is short of a man already, and I must keep my word."

Mark looked at him as if he were inclined to laugh at the thought of Dick Cayley's son wanting to keep his word; but he was rebuked by the simple candor of the boy, and backed him up, saying to Maggie: "He can come back again, and stay as long as you like, next time."

"Thank you, sir," answered the boy as he rose from the table. "I'd best be off: it's quite a walk to Winterby."

"Sit down; no hurry," answered Mark genially. "I'm going to drive you there myself; the cart's not ready yet. I'll take a cup of coffee too."

And sitting down he made pretense of eating heartily; while Maggie chattered like a child with Tony, who seemed to become a child too when she spoke to him. Rebecca's curiosity was well under control, but it was heated almost to boiling-point; and when the cart came round she looked at Jonas to see if he was in the secret, and she thought there was a trace of curiosity in his manner too. The master himself almost overdid his matter-of-fact pretense that nothing unusual was happening. Even Margaret was astonished at the easy way in which he asked if she was not going with them to the station. She jumped at the proposal, not suspecting that she was invited so as to make an explanation impossible that otherwise would certainly have been inevitable.

Jonas and Rebecca, left alone, looked curiously at one another, each wondering how much the other knew, each anxious to know more but unwilling to seem ignorant or to show surprise; but there were two minds working hard that morning to resolve the problem of Miss Margaret's family-tree. Jonas inclined to the opinion that the sailor boy was surely one of Captain Cayley's illegitimate children, but he could not imagine how he could be an old acquaintance of the little lady whose relationship to the master of the house was purely fanciful. He had not heard him call her Aunt, as Rebecca had; and she was not going to inquire how he knew that there was a visitor in the house last night. So each one made a separate story out of what could be picked up and guessed; and as neither of them would be the first to ask for information, they went about their work as usual in silence, watching for the return of the cart, and scheming how to get the truth of the matter without betraying curiosity.

Mark drove in silence, while Margaret inquired all about Tony's life, not giving him an opportunity to question her, and leaving him at last without the faintest notion of how she had come there nor how she came to be Mark Anstruther's adopted niece. Pleased as Tony was to find her safe and happy and befriended by a man of whom at least he knew no evil, nor suspected any; yet he was disappointed not to have heard how she came there, or what had happened in the long years since he had lost sight of her. He knew the world well enough to guess that life had not been a bed of roses for her, yet she had

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kept a certain childishness that made it impossible for him to think that she had lived as an adventuress. He noticed her unwillingness to talk about herself and he recalled the strange effect his recognition of her had produced. Why was she so upset, as she said, by a sudden rush of memories? Poor little Nita! She must have suffered, fighting the world alone. His own experience taught him that the world was a battlefield, or a playground, just as the chance of birth might happen to decide. And even for those who looked upon it as a playground there was a constant fight between those who were born lucky and those who were born outside the playground and wanted to get in. The 'struggle for existence' was a bitter fact in his experience, and he accepted it as a necessary evil.

He had the instincts of a gentleman and a certain code of honor of his own, but philosophy and religion were unknown to him. He would have worshiped women if they had given him the smallest reason to do so. His experience in that respect was hardly fortunate; so it was not surprising that all his idealism of womanhood was concentrated upon Nita, whose memory he idolized.

He noticed the respect with which Mark Anstruther had treated her, and he saw that she was mistress of the house; and that was all. Thinking it over afterwards, he could not remember to have heard her name mentioned, and he had no idea if she were married or a widow; only she passed as niece to a man old enough to be her uncle, but not apparently authorized to claim the position by any ties of blood.

He had found her; that in itself was wonderful: and she was mistress of their father's family home; which was a mystery. And he had spent a night in that same home; which was another wonder: and the explanation of it all was — chance. Hardly a satisfactory explanation, but the best that he could find. At least it had the virtue of leaving the problem open for consideration.

On the way home Maggie was thoughtful, and Mark would not question her as to the past. Also he rather feared that she might call him to account for leaving her in ignorance of the arrival of her brother, though the lateness of the hour might serve as an excuse. He was ashamed of himself, and was content to do penance in silence, till they came to the turning where the lane branched off past Sally's cottage and Maggie bethought her of her Grannie. The lane was muddy with the last night's rain, but the cart could be piloted close up to the entrance of the cottage-garden, and Maggie could get out without sinking in the mud. It was still early, but old Sally was an early riser and was punctuality itself. Jane was getting breakfast ready when the cart pulled up and Maggie gaily called out: "Grannie! May we come in?"

The old woman laughed with childlike glee and called back: "Come in! Come in, my lass! the breakfast's nearly ready." Then to Jane: "Set another chair; aye, two, and make more toast."

This time Jane Wetherby could not be sent away, and Margaret was glad of it. The meeting with her brother had stirred up such memories that she needed time to find her bearings amid the stormy currents they aroused.

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She put it all aside and kept Jane busy making toast, and had no need to feign an appetite. Old Sally sat watching her with real delight; and Mark watched both of them, while Maggie chatted merrily, as if there was not such a thing as trouble in the world, nor mysteries. She told of her experiences in mining camps in California, leaving it to be understood that she was there with her family, including Mark. She boasted of her skill in camp-cookery, and promised to come and cook one day for Grannie to show what she could do, but at the same time she flattered Jane by eating quantities of toasted tea-cakes. Mark was appealed to for confirmation of stories which he heard for the first time, and some of which he thought were more or less fictitious, though they all were true to the general 'local color' of the time and place referred to, and made him wonder if he had not lost his memory; it seemed so natural that he should have been there with her.

Jane listened with all her ears and never guessed that all the tales were colored so as to be repeated by her without inconvenience to those concerned. Old Sally shrewdly suspected that 'Miss Margaret' was talking for the benefit of gossips in the neighborhood, as well as for her amusement; and she laughed heartily at some of the adventures that befell a certain baby brother, whose nurse Miss Margaret was. She spoke of him as 'Tony'; and told Mark more than he had dreamed of asking, while telling the others merely funny incidents in child-life in the mining-camps. Tony was such a loving little chap that Mark could not be jealous of him; and Sally, catching a hint here and there, suspected he was no fictitious character. But all the tales dated from the early days; her later years were not alluded to.

It was a happy day for Sally; and Maggie left her with a promise to return very soon to spend a day with her. Then Jane could take a holiday feeling sure that Sally would be well looked after.

At the junction of the roads they met the little parson trying to find a crossing where the pools were not too deep for his goloshes, and Mark was bound to stop and offer him a lift. The little man was really grateful; the back seat of the cart was altered to accommodate a third passenger, and he was introduced to Miss Margaret. He was on his way to a farm lying a little farther inland than Crawley, and off the main road, where the rain had made the field-path quite impossible; so he was forced to make a considerable detour, but the lane by Sally's cottage had become a swamp, and he was half inclined to give up his visit when Mark came to the rescue.

He was a great talker, and asked if they were on their way to Winterby, hoped they would come and call on him and meet his mother some day, and explained that she was not strong enough for a long walk, particularly in rainy weather. Mark sympathized, and said his niece too had been sick, and was still hardly fit for such an expedition; but he accepted the invitation with a distinct mental reservation, for he had not forgotten Mrs. Douglas's dream, and feared it might lead to inconvenient questions. Fortunately, the condition of the roads was such as to make conversation difficult when seated back to back, as they were in the light market-cart: but the parson

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made the most of his opportunity and pressed Miss Margaret to attend the services at Winterby, assuring her the parish church was in itself worth a visit. Mark smiled at the good man's assumption that they must of necessity be churchgoers, and did not think it necessary to explain their lack of religious ardor, or of respect for the conventional formalities of society.

Mark drove the parson to the farm and left him there, with a half promise to think about a visit to the church at Winterby. The little episode broke in upon his intended explanation as to the part he had played in trying to prevent Hugh Trevor meeting his sister, though for her part Maggie had not suspected anything of the sort, not knowing what had passed between them while she was in bed listening to the storm. She had shown nothing but delight in meeting Tony; but Mark knew that the encounter had awakened some part of her dormant memory; and now that they were alone again he longed to question her to see how far the reawakening had gone. She anticipated his questions by dropping into a soliloquy and murmuring "poor Tony! How he has grown! He was no more than a child when I saw him last. His auburn hair has all turned black; and he looks like his mother. I'm glad of that. She was a gentle creature. Did he tell you anything about his life?"

Mark hesitated at this pointblank challenge, and temporized: "Why, he told me he had quarreled with his father and had run away to make a living for himself. He said his mother died, and he had been a sailor ever since. He said he could take care of himself and had even saved money."

"What brought him to Crawley?" asked Margaret. "He could not possibly have guessed that I was there."

Mark wondered how much he dare suppress, and felt like a naughty child being cross-examined by his school-teacher. He went cautiously, saying: "He heard that a former partner of his father was living in the old Cayley manor-house, and he made up his mind to see the place, just out of curiosity. Then he was caught in the rain, and asked for shelter; so I took him in and lodged him in the barn, in order not to disturb the house. I overslept myself, so could not give you warning before you met him; you were down earlier than usual, and caught me napping, but all turned out well. He seems a nice young fellow, and evidently worships you. He called himself Hugh Trevor. We must have him here as soon as he gets back again."

Maggie seemed genuinely pleased at the proposal. She could not account for the strange chance that seemed to have guided him, and asked Mark seriously: "Do you believe in dreams? I mean, do you believe that we can talk to people in dreams and have them remember it when they wake?"

Mark temporized again. "There may be times when that is possible; but most people seem to think a dream is just a dream, no more, and so they pay no heed to it; or else they take it as a heaven-sent message, and seem to have no sense. There are dreams and dreams. Why do you ask me? I know no more about such things than you; or not as much, perhaps. What do you think yourself?"

"I think that there are true dreams, but most of them are mixed. I know

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that some of them are true; but I was wondering if I had called Tony here; and if he knew that it was I who called him?"

"Did you call him?" asked Mark.

"I did when I was drowning; and afterwards, when I was delirious. But I did not know where I was; so how could I tell him? And he did not know that I was here, and yet he came. I'm sure he came in answer to my call, though how it could be I cannot tell. I was thinking of him last night, as I lay listening to the storm, but nothing told me he was so near. Of course the Tony I was thinking of was still a child, and that might make a difference. But when I met him I could still see the child now and then peeping out of the man's eyes. I think he got my message and perhaps the message carried with it its own address."

Mark nodded thoughtfully and was saved from further discussion of the subject by their arrival at the gate, which Jonas opened for them. The sight of him recalled to Mark the fact that he and his sister knew enough to make them curious as to the visitor, who had called Miss Margaret 'Aunt Nita' and had given his own name as Tony. It would be necessary to tell them something, and Mark thought the best plan was to tell the truth. There was clearly no time for discussion, as Jonas was crossing the field direct and would evidently be there as soon as they, who were following the cart-road round to the stable. Maggie agreed, but added:

"Tell them I was his nurse; that will be enough about me. As to his parentage, say what you think best. He called me Juanita; that's Spanish. His mother was Mexican, and gave me that name. I was a mere child myself."

Mark added: "His voice is very like his father's; they will have noticed that."

"Well, tell them the truth. Why not? They will not gossip."

There was no time for more. Jonas took the mare's bridle and held her till Miss Margaret was safely landed, and then he took the cart round to the stable, without showing any outward sign of curiosity.

But Mark thought it well to follow and to drop a hint or two as to the visitor of last night. He knew that Jonas had a great contempt for local gossip, although the bailiff managed to hear most of the stories going round. No one could get much out of him, however. He was evidently pleased to have his own suspicion verified as to the parentage of the youth whose voice so much resembled that of Dick Cayley in his boyhood. He had been thinking a good deal on the subject as he was doing some odd jobs lately at Sally's cottage, and had heard from Jane Wetherby of Miss Margaret's visit there, and of the change that had come over the old woman, who ever since had occupied herself in overhauling her old relics of former days, odds and ends of things that had belonged to Molly.

The old woman seemed happier than Jane had ever known her, and would sit for hours holding the picture of her daughter which Jane declared was almost like a portrait of Miss Margaret, who for fun called old Sally 'Granny.'

(To be continued)