THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"THE essence of Theosophy is the perfect harmonizing of the divine with the human in man, the adjustment of his god-like qualities and aspirations, and their sway over the terrestrial or animal passions in him. Kindness, absence of every ill feeling or selfishness, charity, good-will to all beings, and perfect justice to others as to one's self, are its chief features. He who teaches Theosophy preaches the gospel of good-will; and the converse of this is true also — he who preaches the gospel of good-will, teaches Theosophy."— H. P. BLAVATSKY

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

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(Stenographic report of the nineteenth of a series of Lectures on the above subject. These were delivered at the request of Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical Leader and Teacher, in the Temple of Peace, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, at the regular Sunday afternoon services. Others will be printed in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH in due course. The following was delivered on October 30, 1927, and broadcast, by remote control, through station KFSD San Diego — 499.7-600)

FRIENDS: THE general subject of our study this afternoon has been announced as 'Theosophy and Modern Science,' and for some Sundays last past we have been treating more particularly what Katherine Tingley has asked me to speak of, and which she has called 'The Building of Worlds and the Making of Man.' The latter portion of this sub-title, 'The Making of Man,' we have as yet had but small opportunity to consider; but on next Sunday I hope to open a more definite treating of that very fascinating theme; because, after all, friends, every intelligent man or woman wants to know who he or she is, whence we come, and whither we go at the momentous change which men call 'death.'

This afternoon, however, I shall take up with you some very interesting thoughts as the concluding portion of the former part of our sub-head, to wit, 'The Building of Worlds.'

Those of you who listened in, or who were here in our Temple of Peace, for the last two or three Sundays, will remember that we called your attention to the fact that we live in an exceedingly interesting world, both mystically and scientifically, a universe infilled with the most fascinating

subjects of study for every intelligent human being; for every normal man or woman is interested in the nature of the universe in which he or she lives.

This universe, as even our modern scientists tell us, that is to say the universe that our senses tell us of, the universe of phenomenal appearances, is a composite entity, composed of many different elements and things in one vast aggregate — all of which ultimately, our scientific researchers tell us, are builded up of atoms; and these atoms, modern alchemical chemistry informs us, are in their turn small solar systems, with a central body or atomic sun which they call the protonic center, around which other and almost incomparably more light — that is to say less weighty — bodies, revolve, and which are the atomic planets revolving around their central sun, the proton or protonic aggregate.

These latter atomic planets are called electrons; and very recently we have received word — which, however, has not yet received corroboration,— that these electrons, and almost certainly also the protons, are in their turn composite things, builded up of things still more small, concerning which practically nothing is as yet known; but which fact we mention and emphasize this afternoon in an endeavor to bring it before your attention, yes, in an endeavor to make an appeal to your imagination, so that you may realize that when our investigating mind searches for ultimates, it finds them not: there is always something still more small, still more minute, still more subtil.

And if we turn our vision in the other direction, that is to say from the infinitesimal towards the vast spaces of the universe which we realize to exist all around us, we realize that the same situation or rather law of being prevails there also as it does in the infinitesimal: that is to say that even in the ranges of the cosmically great, there is always something still greater than the preceding great, and that there also our inquisitive mind can neither find ultimates nor even conceive of their existence.

It is only by a fiction of the mentality, by a figment of the imagination, that our thought and our imagination can place a limit or a jumping-off place in either direction of the spaces; and this only by reason of the imaginative faculty of our mental makeup which the Platonic philosophers call phantasy.

In much the same way, as a further illustration of the working of the phantasy, we can imagine a tramway between the earth and the moon, or between the moon and the sun, although of course we know that such a thing is impossible. This is phantasy.

It is truly a wonderful universe in which we live, and how little we know of it — even of our own Mother Earth! Truly, however,

there is an explanation which by its nature is wholly satisfactory both to the spiritual nature and intellect of us, of the facts of being, an explanation which is wholly true, which is not based upon the changing viewpoints of men who are noble and earnest, doubtless, but who, after all, are researchers only, going warily step by step ahead in their most laudable endeavor to know more of the mysteries of Nature.

Yes, there is such an explanation, says Theosophy, such a solution of the riddles of life; an explanation which has been handed down from immemorial time by great Seers, men with wide and profound spiritual vision, who have penetrated behind the veil, the veils, the many veils, of the outward or phenomenal universe, who have penetrated behind the outward seeming, who have sent their spirit, with its accompanying consciousness, deep into the deepest deeps of the womb of Being and of matter, and have brought back conscious records of what the universe is behind the veils of the outward seeming, and have handed it on down through the ages to their disciples, who were and are earnest and truth-seeking men, desiring to know the truth at all costs; and this transmitted truth or co-ordinated explanation of things is given to the world today under the name of Theosophy.

It is not based on dogmatic statements; it does not demand of anyone an unquestioning and blind adherence to some or any declaratory assertions made by anybody either now or in the past; but it calls upon everyone who reads our literature, or who hears our speakers, to study what he reads or what he hears, and from that earnest and self-revealing study, to draw out for his own benefit, as well as for the benefit of his fellows, for his own self-development, as well as for the self-development of his brothers, for his own understanding, as well as for the understanding of all other men, the truths which those who have advanced beyond the average understanding of men — that is to say, the highly evolved men I have spoken of — have told us that they have found and have experienced in these teachings, modernly called Theosophy.

Any one of you, any normal man or woman, can get some modicum — no matter how small his mental training may seem to be to himself or to herself — something may he or she get, I say, by such study; and from that something, as time goes on, take a step still farther forward along the lines of research laid down for our guidance by these great Seers, thus following the same pathway that those great Seers trod; and, as I have said to you on almost every Sunday when speaking here, that pathway, friends, is in yourself. Why? Because you are the understanders.

In you is the understanding; the thing to be understood lies

likewise in you yourself. Why? Because you are a part, an inseparable part, of the universe which you study, and therefore, as I have said before, have everything in you, latent or active, that is in the universe; and in following this pathway within yourself leading to spiritual and later to divine goals, you unravel riddles, you solve all problems, you gain all possible knowledges of everything there is to know, because you yourselves, each one for himself or herself I mean, is a key to all the portals of the universe.

On the other hand, anything that is brought to you from the outside as a teaching, as the fruitage or the mature thought of another mind, may indeed help you, or it may be the reverse, but in any case it is an importation into your own consciousness, and is not the fruitage of the inner revelations which bring the truth you seek.

If you wish to know Truth, as compared with hearing about truth, you must experience it, and the only way to experience it is by being it, that is to say, by living it; and the only way to be it and live it and thereby take it into your own understanding and consciousness is by following the pathway which reaches from your own heart and mentality, along the lines of your spiritual being, yea, always inwards, until you attain an ever closer approximation towards that sublime goal which on account of your expanding consciousness grows ever greater and larger and seems to be ever receding into some higher and grander truth: literally into that universal life in whose roots every human being takes his origin, and which roots we Theosophists call collectively the Heart of the Universe.

Our teaching is that the universe is infilled with gods. Like you the name? Be not afraid of a name, friends, but if you like not this name, then call these entities spiritual beings; for the name matters not. It is the thing, the idea, the fact, which it is necessary to understand; and when you understand it, then you begin to live it, and when you live it then you know it.

When I say 'live it,' I mean, to be it, that is to say, to merge your understanding or intellectual faculty with the Universal Life. When this happens, then indeed man becomes a god.

These gods, these spiritual beings, these high messengers of the Universal Life and transmitters of it to those below them, were once men in far bygone cosmic periods, or what we Theosophists call manvantaras, even as we are now men, and these high entities through past earnest endeavor and work and inner research and honesty and sincerity and universal love and universal compassion, have allied themselves with the inner spheres along the pathway which each one of us is, and which they have trodden farther than we as yet have gone.

You know what Jesus is said to have said, which is, in substance, 'I am the pathway and the life.' It was quite true; and so is it true for each one of us when we awaken to the realities. Oh, what a pity it is for the Occidental world that the real meaning behind this noble saying has been lost! Not that great Sage, called Jesus the Christos, alone is that same pathway; but every human being likewise is it who strives towards and endeavors to live that cosmic life, thereby becoming the transmitter of that life and its many, many powers to those below him.

Everyone of us is a potential savior of his fellows; and it is our destiny from a potential savior or teacher to become an actual savior and teacher, and such a savior and teacher is one who has trodden that inner path. From what I have just said, therefore, it logically follows that every one of us is potentially such a god or divine being.

There are two other noble sayings in the same Christian scriptures which I combine as follows: "Know ye not that ye are gods, and that the spirit of God dwelleth within you? for verily each one of you is a temple of the divinity." (*John*, x, 34; *Psalms*, lxxxii, 6.)

This is the same teaching as the preceding noble sentence which I have just quoted from the same source; but all these three or four sayings are in these later times become a mere phraseology, because the beauty of the spiritual sense lying in the words has been forgotten, and they have become merely pious ejaculations and little more — favorites on account of the intrinsic beauty of the imagery.

But Theosophy shows what these sayings mean, and shows the pathway to the student, so that he may verily become what the sayings say he may become and in fact is at the core of his being.

This is not all that one may say in this connexion. So far the sayings which I have quoted are in the nature of a statement of man's spiritual faculties and capacities; they are declaratory of what he spiritually is; but the Theosophical philosophy points out so clearly that in addition to a declaration of nature, they contain a promise of immensely great ethical value, as well as teaching the very essence of what evolution is; because it is man's destiny some day to become what he here is promised.

Yes, in future ages, aeons upon aeons hence, when the human race shall have run its course for this great planetary life-cycle, and shall have developed into full-grown divinities, gods, spiritual forces, then shall we become like those now ahead of us, the Leaders and Teachers of the race, and the inspirers and the invigorators of those who shall then be below us and who are even now below us, for we shall become the transmitters of the Universal Fire, the Spiritual Fire, the Fire of pure self-consciousness, the noblest activity of the Universal Life.

Yes, and it is these spiritual beings of whom I have been speaking, who, by and through one side of their nature which by analogy we may call the vegetative side, provide the various forces which play through the phenomenal seeming of the universe around us, yes, all the forces which appear in Nature spring from them, for in one sense we may say that not only do the forces spring from them, but that they are ultimately those forces themselves. For what are they? Are they separate from the universe which they inform? Are they different from it? Are they something else, something apart?

No, in no case whatsoever. They are they who ensoul the cosmos, the universe. They are they who are the inner worlds, actually composing those inner worlds in their vegetative aspects, for these inner worlds are their vehicles for self-expression, even as man, the true man, the inner man, ensouls his body, his physical encasement; and this physical encasement, this physical body, is itself, as I have so often called to your attention, composed of smaller lives, which are all learning entities, and which are below him, and therefore are ensouled by him: for he in very truth is the dominating oversoul of their life, which is the same as saying of their cosmos, for he is that.

This of course immediately sets forth the fact that the cosmos, or any cosmos great or small, in other words any hierarchy, has a spiritual side or energic side, and a material side or vegetative or body-side; and, as I have so often said before, the forces which play in and through any such cosmos, great or small, although themselves substantial, seem unsubstantial and immaterial to the lower parts of the cosmos in which they all work.

Analogy rules throughout the universe, because fundamentally there is but one life, the Universal Life, which proceeds always along certain courses, courses which are the outcome of destiny or Karman, as we Theosophists call it, and those courses govern everything in that Universal Life, as a matter of necessity, because these courses are but the expression of the indwelling individuality or character.

When a vehicle speeds along the road, what carries it with it? Everything of which it is composed, of necessity, every molecule of it goes with it; every atom of the hosts forming those molecules of it goes with it; and every proton and electron in their turn forming the hosts of atoms, of necessity likewise go with it. All the component parts of which such a vehicle is composed of necessity follow the path which the speeding vehicle follows, because they form it. And as it is in the metaphor which we have chosen, so is it identically the same with the various bodies, or 'vehicles' as we Theosophists often call these bodies, which enshrine and manifest and express the indwelling powers or energies or forces, whe-

ther such body or vehicle be a sun or a planet or a comet or a nebula, or a human body, or an animal body, or any other body.

The directing intelligence sitting at the wheel of the vehicle which we have chosen for our figure of speech, is representative of the directing intelligence sitting at the heart or in the heart or at the core of each and every manifesting body or vehicle in the cosmos; and we may by such analogical illustration call it the Divine Hierarch of our Hierarchy or cosmos — and such cosmoi or universes are virtually numberless.

How many Divines are there, then? In the sense in which we have used the word, they are incomputable in number, together forming the vast aggregate of the ALL. We speak of our universe frequently, in our Theosophical philosophy, as being 'infinite.' Yes, the All is of necessity infinite, boundless, having no bounds, no limitations, for otherwise it could not be infinite or the All.

But there is another teaching of our majestic philosophy-religion-science, to the effect that this All itself is, as all else is which is within it, composite, that is to say, composed of smaller, and as compared with itself, minuter things, smaller universes.

So then, when we hear our modern physicists and astronomers talk about universes, and sub-universes and island-universes, how easy it is for a Theosophist to understand this new and noble discovery of modern science! This thought, although so new to the public, nevertheless is now a common-place in scientific ranks; but it has been a common-place with us Theosophists for ages upon ages in the past; and only a few years ago much cheap ridicule was directed against our lecturers and writers for teaching that our universe was finite, because our universe is but one of an infinite number of similar but not identical universes, which together form the vast composite body of the All — of the Boundless.

Let me read to you in this connexion some interesting thoughts, which I take from the 81st Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., for the year 1926, recently issued, and which contains many articles of a non-technical nature and of deep and in many cases of absorbing interest, outlining the latest discoveries and the most advanced ideas in the various branches of science.

Unfortunately I have not this work at hand, but my attention was very kindly drawn by a comrade to a review of the Report as published in *The San Diego Union* on October 17, 1927. As regards cosmogony, or the process of world-building, there is an interesting article in this Report from the pen of J. H. Jeans, a distinguished English astronomer and mathematician. In the course of this article, Dr. (now Sir J. H.) Jeans says that

"a number of considerations combine to show that the universe is finite, and it is just because we know this, and are beginning to discover the actual limits to the size of the universe, and to its duration in time, that the present position in astronomy and cosmogony is of quite unusual interest."

Jeans is of the opinion that the Andromeda nebula on the one hand, and the star-cloud N. G. C. 6822 on the other hand, at the respective distances of 950,000 light-years and 1,000,000 light-years, stand on the frontiers of our universe. You will remember that a light-year is the distance that light will travel in the course of one of our earth-years, light speeding at the rate of approximately 186,000 human miles a second.

Dr. Jeans further remarks:

"We now get the best picture of the universe by thinking of it as consisting of a number of subuniverses, detached from one another like islands on an ocean. . . . Our own star-system is a very big island indeed, with the sun not far from its center; the big nebula in Andromeda is another big island, smaller but of comparable size; while the star-clusters and smaller nebulae are islands on a smaller scale."

This is really a very remarkable thought for a modern astronomer; and we Theosophists have to call to the attention of our readers and hearers how frequent it is in our days that the latest discoveries of modern science corroborate our age-old teachings.

We have several reasons for calling your attention to this; first, because we have something very good to give to the world; something both fine and helpful; we are honest, earnest people, and we want to pass on this good thing to you; and this we can do with a clear heart and a praiseworthy enthusiasm, for we have no creeds; we have no dogmas; we have no dogmatic insistences upon this or that teaching before anyone is allowed to join our ranks.

The only prerequisite to membership in our original Theosophical Society, is an honest acceptance of the religious and philosophical and scientific principle of Universal Brotherhood, which is not a sentimental proposition at all, as we understand and teach it, but a recognition of the fundamental fact of Nature that from one common Source we are all come; we are all born alike; our general destiny is one; and we all shall return to that same one Source when our destiny in the present great cosmic cycle is concluded; but having evolved from being unselfconscious god-sparks (to use ordinary human language), we then shall have become self-conscious gods, co-workers in the Boundless, partners with the Divine in the Universe.

At several of our recent lectures, in describing the process of the making of worlds, we have called attention to the fact that the question of the nature and difference of force and matter is one which has been a stumbling-block for a long, long time, not only to scientific thinkers, but to thinking men and women who are not technicians in science, but who

do really search for some understanding of the nature of the universe around them.

Unfortunately, up to the last fifteen years, scientists have made a forcible, practical distinction between force and matter. There was, they said, dead matter — something inert, unvitalized; and this was moved by certain intangibles, which were called forces, which seemed, in some mysterious way, to arise out of this inert or dead matter — how, nobody knew. But the forces were there; matter was there; and each had to be accounted for. And their method of accounting for them was to recognise the existence of these two and to say that forces were modes of motion of material substance, and to let it go at that; which was no explanation whatsoever, but a mere re-affirmation of the original proposition, in other words stating something as the explanation which was the same problem merely put in other terms.

More recent physical discoveries have corroborated our Theosophical teachings as to this question, forming another one of the long series of scientific corroborations of the Theosophical philosophy. This other scientific corroboration is as follows: that force and matter are fundamentally one. We Theosophists say further, that spirit and substance are fundamentally one. Substance, as it were, is crystallized or equilibrated spirit. Or, if you like to put it in the other way (though we prefer this way), you may say that spirit is spiritualized substance.

Similarly, force is the origin and fountain of matter; matter is crystallized or equilibrated forces. Or, if you like to put it in the other way (though here again we prefer it this way), you may say that force is etherealized matter. This is, therefore, one of the latest teachings of modern physics; very old and familiar to us, but revolutionary in scientific circles of thought.

Therefore when on former occasions, in former studies, we pointed out what was the urge behind the evolving entities, incomputable in number, which inform matter, we said that it was the working or manifesting of the inner worlds through our physical world, the shell containing them, or in other words still that this driving urge was the working of the beings who inhabit these inner worlds; for those beings actually are those inner worlds in their lower or vegetative side, as I have said before. Those inner worlds to us seem to be naught but force and forces, because the matter is so ethereal of which they are composed that we cannot measure it except by its effects. We cannot sense it with our gross physical organs of sensation, but we know that the forces which we have some cognisance of are there, and according to our Theosophical philosophy, these forces are but the etherealized matters of those inner realms reflecting

themselves or manifesting themselves through our physical world.

These forces work upon matter, which is not so evolved in an energic sense as they are. In other words matter is composed of an incomputable number of small entities, small lives, minute, infinitesimal. You may say, if you like, that these minute or infinitesimal lives inhabit the atoms. Why not? Why should not the electrons, the atomic planets circling with vertiginous rapidity around their atomic sun, bear sensitive and conscious and thinking and intelligent and self-conscious creatures, even as our own planet, one of the cosmic electrons of our own solar system, bears us in similar fashion around our own central luminary.

Do you realize, friends, that even modern science speaks of our solar system by analogy as a cosmic atom, thereby re-echoing again one of our old Theosophical doctrines? And, by the way, one of the old teachings of oriental philosophy, which in this particular instance is Brâhmanism, speaks of the solar system as the atom of Brahmâ.

I tell you the truth, as I have already told it to you this afternoon, that the universe is infilled with gods, that is to say, spiritual beings; call them by any other name that you may prefer, but remember and study the idea, for you will find it extremely illuminating and helpful in understanding the many and various philosophical and religious and scientific ideas that we have been outlining during the last few months here in this our Temple of Peace.

Let me now read to you in this connexion something in addition to what those who were here before will remember, as having been said or read,— I mean what we have previously said on this same subject. And I take this citation from the same article from which I have previously quoted this afternoon, written by Dr. J. H. Jeans.

This scientific thinker continues his thesis by saying that according to the latest theory of science, the origin of a star's heat — and therefore of our own sun which is also a star — and let me interrupt by saying, if indeed a star or our sun be hot, as is supposed, which there is grave reason to doubt, as the Theosophical philosophy shows—is the material of that star, that is to say, the matter of that star. In other words, much as a man produces his own heat, that is to say the heat of his body; much as he produces from within himself the various forces which play through that body and which form its strength to use a general term; and much as he manifests certain forces and powers and activities: atomic, molecular, physical, mental, what not; even so does a star or our sun do the same, from within itself pouring forth the forces of life.

Now, what is life? Generalizing we may say that life is energy; that life is force. What else can it be? Energy and force, or energies

and forces, according to Theosophy, are simply manifestations or phenomena of life. Life is the source of energies and forces, and therefore matters are the fruits. Life is the living fountain, and energies and forces are the streams pouring forth from that fountain of life.

Dr. Jeans argues that a star transforms its mass of matter into energy, thus producing the many physical energic phenomena which it manifests, such as light, heat — if indeed there be much heat. Indeed, he believes that the most probable way in which its mass is transformed into energy or radiation, is by the positive and negative electrical charges, of which all matter is now believed to consist, rushing together and thus mutually equilibrating or annihilating each other as entitative charges. He says:

"At the present rate of radiation the total mass of the sun would provide radiation for fifteen million million years more," in other words, for fifteen trillions of our earth-years.

Dr. Jeans also states that between the stars which have the very highest luminosity, which, according to him, are at the top or beginning of the evolutionary ladder for them, and those of the lowest luminosity or at the end of or bottom of the evolutionary ladder, the time-period is 200 million millions of our years: in other words, 200 trillion earth-years. He says further that this is the estimated average total life-period of a star.

Now this last figure of 200 trillion years is rather interesting, because it approximates much more closely to the still larger figure that our Theosophical philosophy gives as the average life-period of a solar system, that is to say (and it comes to the same thing) of the sun, which is the heart and central luminary of our system. You can find the particular figure as given in our Theosophical philosophy, in H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine*.

Here, then, we have the latest pronouncement of science from one of its most eminent physicists and astronomers, that force is but transformed matter. Exactly so. It is etherealized matter. It is matter which has turned into, or has become, energy. We, however, prefer to say that all matter is but crystallized force, or rather forces, for forces is a better term for our meaning than is the generalized term force.

This teaching of the ultimate identity of force and matter, or spirit and substance, is so important that I refer to it again and again during the course of these lectures, because, as an explanation, it will furnish to you, as to every thinking man and woman, a perfect encyclopaedia of suggestions, as it were, or of conclusions which you may draw from it, thus enabling you to settle in your own mind, for yourself, many problems that have vexed the human spirit, the occidental human spirit I mean, for

many many hundreds of years.

Those of you who have listened in to our former studies here, in this our Temple of Peace, will remember that in addition to the general statements then made, as regards evolution, we gave technical biological, that is to say, evolutionary, proofs of the general proposition which the Theosophical philosophy advances as regards what evolution is and what it is not; and we called your attention very frequently to the fact that we are evolutionists through and through, although we are not transformists, as this last word is understood and accepted in modern science.

Our entire Religion-Science-Philosophy is based upon evolution as the universal procedure of Nature; and we take the meaning of this word in its etymological sense, as expressing a natural fact, to wit, the unwrapping, the unfolding, as it were, the pouring forth, of that which previously had been inwrapped, infolded, lying latent, until the time came for kinetic manifestation, for work, for activity.

Always with us does faculty precede organ; the organ is its representative, builded up by the inner faculty for purposes of self-expression: otherwise, how could it exist? Whence could it come? What use would it have were there no preceding faculty which had builded it for self-expressive purposes? Things do not just arise in the universe in haphazard fashion, nor without a well-defined and expressing cause behind them; hence, anything that appears or is manifest is an obvious proof of a forcible urge behind it that is thus showing itself: in other words a phenomenon is a proof of a causal noumenon in the background which manifests itself through a phenomenon, which is thus its organ of self-expression.

In this same 81st Annual Report which the Smithsonian Institution has recently issued, there is an article by a Dr. John M. Courtel, from which I will read to you an extract, because this extract contains precisely our teaching, as far as it goes, as to the nature and function of evolution, and because it is precisely what I have been setting before you in this, our Temple of Peace, for five months last past. Dr. Courtel says:

> "Evolution is probably more misunderstood than any doctrine or science. . . . The general meaning is that the plant and animal kingdoms have developed in a continuous, orderly way, under the guidance of natural laws, just as the solar system has evolved in obedience to natural laws."

Yes, we say so too; only these 'natural laws' are merely the manifesting activities of indwelling intelligences, 'the gods,' if we may use an unfashionable word. These laws are the expression of the activities of their vegetative or vehicular side, as it were; while the kinetic or active side, which they possess, is that which manifests on their own higher planes, and is the expression of their high spiritual and sublimely intellectual activities.

These latter activities are the root of the harmony, consistency, correlating nature which the universe manifests; while, on the other hand, it is the corporeal or vegetative side of their nature, so to say, which manifests the energies and forces which play through the physical universe that we know.

Dr. Courtel then points out that Darwinism is quite a different thing from evolution *per se;* as we have always said. He further says that Darwinism is only one of the attempted explanations of the evolutionary biologic phenomena of life. Evolution, he says, evolution *per se*, is an undoubted fact; but it is quite a different thing, he adds, whether any proposed transformist or evolutionary explanation or theory is a fact and adequate as an explanation of the natural phenomena of growth and progress. Not a single theory or hypothesis so far advanced, he declares, fits or covers all the facts known. All this is exactly what we have pointed out so often, friends, as far as it goes; because it is true.

In conclusion, let me say that evolution with us is not limited to any one part of the Universal Life — not solely, for instance, to the plants nor to the animals; but it works everywhere, wherever there is force manifesting through matter which two are everywhere; it works equally in the consciousnesses which infill the universe, as well as in the matters through which these consciousnesses manifest themselves and carry on their cosmic work.

With us Theosophists, the mineral is as composite of lives and therefore of forces as is the animal or the plant; that is to say, lives and forces appropriate for mineral manifestation, if I may so express myself. Everything with us is advancing, unfolding, pouring forth the energies of the inner composing lives. This is evolution as we see it.

In man its method is double; first, by repeated incarnations; and when the period of death or rest has been achieved and run through, and rest no more is needed, then we return to this earth in order to take up again our interrupted work, further to develop, further to evolve. In similar fashion everything else evolves in appropriate spheres and during appropriate time-periods.

The second part of the method above alluded to is comprised in the lessons which each incarnated entity learns in and on this material earth; and I may add that death itself, which follows a hid process, is actually another school of evolutionary progress, by which the soul, passing along its pathway of experience, also learns.

Now there are three methods by which Reincarnation, we are taught, proceeds, and these three work together in strictest harmony. One method is what we commonly call 'reincarnation,' which the mystics among the ancient Greeks called 'metensomatosis,' that is to say, coming again into body after body, re-imbodying. This word was taken

over from the Greek Mysteries by Clement of Alexandria, one of the earliest of the Christian Fathers, although with certain modifications, as it was used by him, due to his Christian bias.

The second method is the procedure called 'metempsychosis,' that is to say coming again into a soul, or re-ensouling.

The third method, which the Greeks kept secret in their mysteries, but which certain Greek philosophers such as Pythagoras, Plato, Empedocles, and later the Neo-Platonists more or less openly hinted at or taught, and which Theosophists today openly teach, is the activity of the Monad, that is the Spiritual Fire at the core or heart of each one of us, for this Monad manifests our spiritual self, because it is that spiritual self, a consciousness-center which is the fountain of our being, whence issue in flooding streams all the nobler energies and faculties of its own character, and which, considered as a unit, furnish the urge or drive or impulse behind all evolutionary progress.

First, then, there is the activity of the Monad, the highest; during the process of incarnation the activities of this Monad develop the intermediate nature which ensouls soul after soul, and this is the real meaning of the old Greek word 'metempsychosis'; and these souls thus invigorated, inspired, and driven by the ensouling Monad, ensoul body after body, which is 'metensomatosis,' or reincarnation as the word is commonly and properly used.

Let this therefore pass for a brief synopsis of the general method that the Monad follows in each incarnation; but there is much more about this that I shall have to call your attention to in future studies, if time and place are propitious.

Meanwhile, friends, please remember, finally, that there is no radical or fundamental separation between thing and thing, between mind and mind, between consciousness and consciousness. It is but our purblind and obscure mental vision which prevents us from seeing this noble truth of fundamental union, from recognising our actual and most real kinship — nay, union — with all that is, hence from feeling our essential oneness with all that is.

It is this lack of recognition which allows the growth in the human heart of the evil fountain of selfishness, of self-seeking; for this is the root of all evil and of all evil-doing, so far as humans are concerned, as it is the cause as well of all individual misery and unhappiness; because from this evil fountain of selfishness, the child of our lower nature, there pour forth, if they can, when released from the benign and restraining influences of the higher nature, all the things which make life dark and sad and unhappy.

Therefore brush away from your consciousness the illusory notions

that men are haphazard offsprings from dead matter, with neither spiritual origin nor spiritual individual character or faculties, and therefore with no chance for spiritual growth. These illusions exist in your minds only; they are not real things. Mentally, however, while they exist in the undeveloped mentality, they provide a very fertile source of impulses towards evil doing, because selfishness will invariably come to the fore and pervert action if a man believe that there is nothing in him of a divine character, and that all that is in the world is for him to grab or to get, if he can, and to hold if he may, at the expense of his fellows' happiness and peace.

These are ethics; yes, indeed, they are, and beautiful. Let me declare to you that ethics and morals are founded on the laws of the universe; because they are naught else than rules of harmony in human conduct; in other words they copy the harmony prevailing in the cosmic spaces. All that we need to do is to understand those laws, to realize them in our hearts, to take them into our consciousness; for then we shall be able consciously to follow the fundamental operations of the Universal Life, because thus we are in intellectual touch with those harmonies and fundamental operations. Those fundamental operations are essentially harmonious.

In thus following intellectual and universal harmony, our own individual lives will be one long song of an inner and ineffable joy.

THE HIGHER SELF

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

THEOSOPHY is a statement of the essential truths common to all religions. There must of course be such truths, just as there are laws of Nature which the scientist can find out and study. By a comparison of various religions and great philosophies, these essential truths can be discovered.

There are in the world very many people who are truly religious and conscientious in their actions and who are convinced that the world and human life are governed by just laws; but who find themselves unable to find satisfaction in existing religious forms and creeds.

The great religions of the world were originally founded by illuminated men, whose purpose was to renew in mankind a sense of things spiritual and to teach the true way of salvation — by self-knowledge and self-conquest. But, after the Teacher was gone, his

teachings gradually became converted into a formal religion, with a set creed, a particular ritual and various other formal and exclusive features.

Theosophy says, go back to the origin of your religion, and of religions in general.

One of those teachings which is fundamental and common to all religions in their unadulterated condition is that of the Higher Self in man. Theosophists assert with confidence that this was the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth; and for this they do not rely on isolated texts torn from their context, but on the general spirit of Jesus's teachings, as we glean it from those sayings of his which have come down to us.

In short, this man was an Initiate, who, having himself attained to Knowledge, was desirous of proclaiming the Path to others. And the burden of his teachings is that it is possible for all men to become 'Christs,' if they are able and willing to follow a certain rule of conduct. He taught the ancient doctrine of the Wise Men, that man is *essentially* a divine being, though incarnate in an animal body; and the way to Knowledge and to liberation from human infirmities is by arousing our divine nature, so that by its aid we may conquer our lower nature.

Such is the original truth of all great religions and of many great philosophies; but it has usually been perverted into doctrines of special salvation by intercession. Man has been represented as essentially sinful and infirm, and as needing for his salvation some particular faith or sacrament.

Theosophy does not try to force views upon anybody, but it aims merely to explain the facts of life as they are shown to us by our daily experience. The spiritual nature of man cannot be denied, and its existence needs to be recognised and duly explained quite as much as — nay even much more than — the facts regarding his physical nature or his mental nature.

We have to explain why and how it is that man is endowed with his unique power of self-contemplation and independent volition; how he is able to supervise his own evolution and to set aside all his selfish instincts and interests in favor of certain lofty and impersonal ideals. What is it that enables him to entertain these ideals, and empowers him to follow them? These are solid facts, and call for explanation.

Now if the current teachings of religions or philosophies or sciences seem incapable of explaining these facts satisfactorily, it remains to be seen what Theosophy can do. For this it is necessary to study its teachings on evolution, especially human evolution, and its teachings as to the seven principles in man.

For Theosophy, no system of biological evolution is sufficient by itself to explain the origin of that compound being Man. For, though biological evolution may be able to

furnish a bodily organism wherein the Soul called Man may function while on this earth, it cannot explain the origin of that Soul, with its peculiar self-conscious mind and independent will. In order to explain this, we have to study the evolution of man's Soul; and religions teach more or less clearly or confusedly that Man resulted from a descent of a divine spirit into a form akin to that of the animal creation. In short, Theosophy clears up the many mysteries and unsolved problems of evolution.

Now, though we are aware, by our experience, of the fact that we have a higher nature, it becomes much more real to us when we have studied the rationale thereof. And not only for the individual but, what is so much more important, for society. Our institutions being so largely founded on erroneous views of what human nature is, it stands to reason that, when the right views become known, a profound alteration of our ideas and institutions will ensue. The key to the problem of education will be found, and such vital institutions as marriage and child-rearing will be put on a new footing.

Not the least important, man will no longer be hindered by the idea that death is the termination of his career; for the doctrine of Reincarnation will raise him out of that pit of despondency, by showing him the difference between his immortal Spiritual Soul and its temporary personalities. The doctrine of Karma will teach him that he himself is the originator of his experiences, whether pleasurable or painful; and will abolish the despairing idea that he is at the mercy of an inscrutable power.

But to return to our main topic — will it not make an immense difference to our life, if we can become aware of the presence, behind the veil of sense and mind, of this inner Light, ever ready to guide our footsteps aright, if we will but confide therein?

But let us beware that we do not mistake a mere exaltation of our personality for the true Self. In many schools of self-development one can see that the real motive is self-glorification, the acquisition of personal powers. This is not the path; it can only lead to trouble. In order for the real Self to shine out, the personal self must take a position in the rear. This is a doctrine not made to please the weak and self-indulgent, but to encourage those who set duty above pleasure, and who realize that the highest pleasure that humans can experience is that which comes from duty well done.

"Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!"— *Katherine Tingley*

LI PO SPENDS A DAY AT THE SOURCE OF FOAM-WHITE STREAM

KENNETH MORRIS

I WAS at dawn by Foamwhite Stream, alone
At its far, green, rush-grown source on the mountainside,
Watching the blue, dim, world-rim waters, sown
With mauve and golden islands far and wide,
And the snow-peaks flushed rose-pearl where night had flown,
And the wide, green slopes below, and the mist upthrown
From the woods where the slim cascades of the Foamwhite hide.

And still I was there at noon; and singing, singing,
Loosing a song for delight on the mountainside
Because of the huge, white clouds that, seaward winging,
So swiftly billowing, drifting, curving, hied,
I could think they were whales in their silver glitter and pride,
Or Yangtse Dragons flood inter-writhed, upspringing
And flashing in majesty down to some infinite tide.

But I knew not Foamwhite Stream till night. I deem
It a place where only the quickened of heart should bide
When the mountain turns from day as awake from a dream,
And the moon steals up through heaven, and myriad-eyed
Night ponders, unheeding the yellow lights agleam
'Neath the cottage eaves in the vale, and Foamwhite Stream
Sings eerie and lone all night on the mountainside.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
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CHANGE WITHOUT DECAY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IT HAS been paradoxically said that the only invariable thing in the universe is — Change.

There has been more recognition lately of the universal prevalence of change; perhaps because we stand at an epoch when the changes are more rapid than usual. Evolution implies change; change is essential to growth. Religious leaders find things changing, and are earnestly seeking for an unchanging base for their religion.

What should be our attitude in view of this universal law of change? In the exercise of our freedom we may resist some laws; but to withstand so universal a law as this, we should have to become That Which Changeth Not, and to take our stand outside the universe itself. Hence it may be inferred that, so long as we have not reached this supreme height of detachment, we must perforce recognise change and adapt ourselves to it; or — something will have to give way.

We cannot of course be perfectly fluid. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." But we must not be too rigid. As usual, we have to strike a balance between opposites.

Man is made "in the image of God"; he possesses some power of creation. God, we are told, made order out of chaos, by setting bounds and limits. Even so does man: he makes plans. But if he makes his plans too large, they do not fit the facts: as when we try to draw a map of a large area of the earth's surface on a flat paper. An engineer can take his level and lay you down a flat skating rink; but he cannot make you a straight canal: he has to observe the curvature of the earth's surface. Euclid may draw himself a straight line in the sand; but if he makes it too long, it will stick out into space at both ends, forsaking the earth.

Then there is the illustration of the sailing master and his tacking. If he could sail straight to his port, he would not have to tack. But what wind will enable him to do that? He must tack: sail first to the right of his course, then to the left; and so on. If he follows one tack too long, it takes him astray.

Much of our trouble is of course avoidable by the use of intelligence backed by resolve. And quite a number of troubles are due to our inability or unwillingness to accept change when it is inevitable. We try to keep on in the old way, and thus create friction with our circumstances. We behave like people in a train, who are so comfortable in their car that they will not change at the junction, and so find themselves carried where they do not want to go, or left behind in a siding.

We must recognise that stability and flexibility are both tools in our workshop, and be ready to use each on the proper occasion. Extremes are represented by people who are too facile or too rigid: we all know them. Unswerving loyalty to an ideal does not contradict flexibility; indeed it necessitates it.

There come times in our lives when we can no longer continue in the old way and must be willing to change or be left behind. At such critical epochs people are tested. Some fail to round the corner, and their progress is over for the time: they have missed the opportunity. Others rise to the occasion: they are not so wedded to old habits but they can lay them aside; nor so prejudiced against

innovation that they recoil from it. Some people solidify in a mold about middle life; and thereafter they find themselves a misfit. They hanker after the old times and have no use for the new generation. Others, by their flexibility, preserve youthfulness into old age.

We must be flexible enough to round corners in our life successfully. It has been said that we could prolong our life greatly if we could manage to survive the changes that attend the growth of the soul. But we hold on so tight that there is a rupture between the soul and its sheathes.

"Change and decay in all around I see," sings the poet; but the decay can sometimes be avoided.

IS A CIVILIZATION AN ORGANISM?

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, M. D.

THERE IS a most suggestive article in the *Hibbert Journal* of July, 1928, entitled 'Marriage in Cultural History,' by J. D. Unwin — suggestive especially to a Theosophist, because the subject has been studied from the standpoint of cyclic history as far back as *2400* B. C.

The rise and fall of nations has, of course, been too evident a fact in history not to have commanded the attention of scholars and deep thinkers at all times, and to have suggested a rhythm of life which could be formulated into a law, could the right key be found.

But the author states with truth that practically for society at large this is an ignored fact. To it, we have been moving forward and upward in a line of progress to our present position. He disparages the complacent notion that 'modern ideas,' 'modern thought,' etc., are to be considered the last word in excellence, and says:

> "'The present age, in fact, is regarded as the final product of the concourse of history, the apogee of human achievement, to the making of which all previous effort has led."

And then shows that it is utterly devoid of historical foundation. It is thus that in our blindness to the past we are not in a way to make the best use of the present.

The subject of the article relates to *one* expression of the life of a cultural period, and he states that this has passed through its various phases with unfailing regularity, which we, in our time, are simply repeating. The same should, of course, be found true of the other expressions of life, had the author chosen them for study. To quote again:

> "The truth is that the white civiliza-

tion of today is but another in the long list of cultures which have arisen and fallen away. It is bigger than any previous culture in that it contains more people and is spread over a wider area. It has a larger unit of organization, the nation. (Incidentally it might be added that the particularist spirit, the existence of which amongst the Greek City-States is so rightly regretted by historians, still exists among these nations.) But fundamentally the white civilization is merely repeating in different forms the same spirit as has been displayed by the great cultures of the past."

And sadly enough he finds in our present cycle the beginning of the closing scenes.

Other students (Draper and Herr Oswald Spengler are cited) claim that a civilization is an organism, destined to pass through its periods of birth, youth, old age, and death, just as are individuals.

The author, however, takes issue with this theory, and believes that society, being composed of a collection of units, is therefore not organic, and is capable of being 'continually and inexhaustibly replenished.' He does not believe that because every society in the past has lost its energy this must follow inevitably in the future. He states that

"at some periods of their existence, some societies have happened to organize themselves in accordance with the laws which are always operating upon collections of human individuals. This was quite by chance, in the sense that such organization was not conscious. During those periods, great social energy was manifested. The result was what we call civilization, and it has always been fortuitous. When the society departed from such organization, the immutable operation of the laws ordained that their vigor must wane. Their energy faded away, and the culture 'died.' "

And he adds that

"a complete organization in accordance with those laws has never yet been effected. If it were, there is no reason why a culture should not proceed without interruption to its (unknown and mysterious) destination."

The implication throughout the article seems to be that with the organic view of cultural history, its doom of diseased disintegration is a foregone conclusion. Possibly because of this the author instinctively resists it, and in closing, asks:

"Can we, by formulating the laws governing the quality and quantity of individuals composing a social group, recreate our society in accordance with these laws, and so arrest the action of those disintegrating forces which, judging from analogy with other cultures, would appear to be at work amongst us? Can we hasten the evolutionary process by making our culture conscious instead of fortuitous?"

Many questions come to mind in considering the above argument, which has called forth this short article; first, because of the denial of the organic nature of a culture, and secondly and chiefly because it illustrates in a wonderful way the illumination which the Wisdom-Religion—Theosophy—throws upon the law of Cycles, and how it elucidates and clarifies this, as indeed it does every problem of human life.

The answer to the last query from a Theosophical point of view would be that we *could* in the process of time succeed in arresting the action of these disintegrating forces,

were the 'culture' an organism, but not otherwise. How else could its movements be co-ordinated and chaos avoided?

Only a few hints, of course, can be given here of the great ancient philosophy which makes the whole subject clear. Serious reflexion reveals the fact that the whole universe itself must be one vast organism, working in order, under law, in harmony, and to a common purposive end. It follows that within this organism there must be a great number of subordinate ones, of widely varying degrees of development, guided by an extended series of hierarchies of beings, just as in the human body there are many organs, each with its little brain, co-ordinated by the master one.

Is it possible in such a universe to imagine any part that is *not* organized? — for example, something which has become so individualized as to be recognised as 'a culture'? The organizer may not be in evidence, and its existence perhaps cannot be suspected by the less evolved units until enough of them have reached the point of self-understanding and self-control to live consciously in accordance with the higher laws of which the author hints. Then they would become possible conscious instruments for the organizer, and the plan and pattern would begin to come out.

A Theosophist would never agree that these high lights of civilization could ever be fortuitous. If indeed they were, the situation might appear hopeless, whereas the action of will and design behind the scenes gives promise of larger measures of success in the future. They were simply the best that could be brought about at the stage of evolution of the units, and were made possible, as the author suggests, because a large number "organized themselves in accordance with the laws which are always operating upon collections of human individuals." Another way would be to say that these lived in harmony, to a degree, with the Higher Law.

Such examples would seem to hint of our possibilities and to be prophesies for the future, for Humanity is still in its youth.

In H. P. Blavatsky's monumental work, *The Secret Doctrine*, the Law of Cycles is given as one of the fundamental propositions upon which the whole philosophy rests; and it is shown why as yet on the human plane destinies are often only partly worked out, and why also in the distant future we must have cultures which will "proceed without interruption to their (unknown and mysterious) destination."

Yet, of course, even these must be limited. They cannot be capable of being "continually and inexhaustibly replenished," as every manifestation is finite. But they could go out in health and vigor and glory, by a simple withdrawal of the energy elsewhere, just as

the earth-life cycle of human beings should close did the latter always live in harmony with Nature's laws. Now disease interrupts the normal flow of life, just as it brings culture after culture to an untimely end.

Nor would it seem desirable, even if possible, that any culture should be indefinitely prolonged. Its egos must in time exhaust the possibilities of growth in every race, and will need to incarnate in bodies of different or higher potentialities. The great and perfect organization which we must realize the universe to be, would provide for this.

But surely the "evolutionary process could be hastened by making our culture conscious." It is exactly to hasten this day that the Theosophical Movement was again started in this age — to explain the laws of Nature, so that men could intelligently follow them, and, at the same time, to inspire them to master their lower tendencies, and to will to do that which they know to be right. Yet further, to work into their consciousness the fact that their culture *is* an organism, part of a larger one, the organism of humanity; and thus to bring a recognition of the truth that men cannot hurt another without still more hurting themselves — that indeed life is one.

They could then work in harmony with Nature, guided as it must be at every stage by some higher intelligence capable of grasping the plan and co-ordinating the forces which grow more powerful and complex as the spiral rises.

Unless enough units can be aroused to this point of endeavor, what can prevent our culture from suffering the national disasters which so many in the past have had to face?

TYROL

JAMES H. GRAHAM, F. R. P. S.

SEVEN THOUSAND feet above the sea, there are small hostels at the top of a mountain pass. Here are peace and solitude. By night, the moon hides its face behind the crags; there are darkness and perfect stillness, even though these buildings are but a short distance away.

Close to Nature, it is possible to think of the beauty of the world below, which remains so often unperceived; here it seems possible to feel in closer touch with the love of those great souls who would have us see more of the beauty that surrounds us. On the unspoilt roof of things we seem far from humankind. Yet in fact we are very close, for the heart of the Universe throbs here as everywhere.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

The mountaineers setting out to climb the peaks find substantial provender in the clean wooden guest-house. As they commence their climb, the light shimmers over the dark pines far below with a cheery morning greeting.

While it is hot in the towns which lie in the valleys, it is cool among the mountains. By day, the sun is hot. But in the shade the cold is intense. It is as though Nature reserved her purest places far from the markets where men strive for gain.

The Dolomites seem to hold a mystic message in their majesty. The peaks are wrapped in cloud, as though to veil them from the vulgar. Yet half concealed, half revealed, they stand as witnesses that beauty still lives and waits for those who would attain and attune themselves to her deeper self.

"THE DISTANT SCENE"

T. HENRY, M. A.

TO SEE the prospect clear ahead of us, to be working towards a definite plan — such is the fond wish of man at all times, living as he does in his little world of mind, a mind whose function it is to work by plan. But there are so many men, so many little plans; and the great universe, with its vast plans, can take so little heed of them, that our fond desire to see ahead is often sadly thwarted.

And so we are prone to ask what is to be the future of humanity, to what definite end are we working. We are prone to feel despondent and resentful because we cannot see. And at the same time we must admit our unreasonableness; never throughout history has the average man been able to see what the future holds.

Who among the ancients could have forecasted our present scientific age? Would not a prophet, trying to map the future of humanity, have imagined a humanity like it was in his day, and thus have erred totally in his forecast?

And do not we, in our blindness, imagine that mankind will always be as it is today, forgetting that all things change and grow? Do we not reason upon the known, forgetting that we cannot reason upon the unknown, and thus failing to make a picture of the future, and repining because of our failure?

"There is a vast range of powers latent in man which may be developed."

So says W. Q. Judge; but we do not quote it merely because he said it, but because it is true and illustrative of our present theme. And is it not obviously true? One swears by evolution nowadays; and

unless we are ready to swear that evolution has come to a dead stop, we must allow that there are latent powers in man which can be developed.

Moreover we stand now at one of those epochs when the changes are rapid, so that the slow progress of the recent past is no argument for the progress of the immediate future. We do not know, then, what man will be like in the future, and so it is not likely we can make a mental picture of the results of our present work. What we need is the eye of faith and the courage of the pioneer persevering onward over viewless tracks.

Another keynote:

> "Work for the race and not for self. . . . The person who revolves selfishly around himself as center is in greater danger of delusion than anyone else."— W. Q. JUDGE

These keynotes sum up the Theosophical position fairly well: to unfold the latent powers in man and use them unselfishly. Indeed the two things are really one and inseparable, if we rightly define the expression, 'latent powers.' For the powers here meant, spiritual powers, simply cannot be used selfishly: they will not bloom in that airless atmosphere.

There may be in man other powers, still latent but such as merely serve to feed ambition and personal desire. Such powers, psychic powers, can work no good to humanity, nor even to the individual, since they must prove his undoing in the long run, by strengthening that personal self which is his greatest enemy.

We cannot see a *definite* prospect — it is too large, too new; and to imagine anything smaller would be to limit our efforts. And so our business is, as usual, with the immediate duty — to take the step before us. If we have brought about a great change in our own lives by embracing the teachings of Theosophy, we must aim to spread that influence.

The eye of faith has a different meaning for Theosophists from what it has for many people. It implies that we have the actual knowledge, interiorly, but cannot grasp it with our mind. Still it is there, and strong enough to give us confidence. Meanwhile we have enough light to guide us in our present duty. Let us remember that a man who demands to see all clear before him before he will move, is not tested; he is too timid, lacking in faith.

Science has come to our aid in showing us that, in the physical world, there is so much more than was formerly thought, and that space and time are much bigger than the neatly ruled things we had imagined them to be. If this is so in physics, how much more must it be true of the mind and soul; what possibilities lie before us in that direction?

Then again, according to Theosophy, we make our own obstacles; so that there is always the feeling that, by removing some defect in our character, we may at any time

unseal some mystery that has hitherto been obscured by that defect.

What we call 'time' has very little to do with reality – even physics can tell us that – so it is small wonder if we fail to make a satisfactory picture of the future. Finally let it be said that man cannot refrain from action, and that, if he desists from following the right path, he will inevitably be dragged along some wrong path; in any case he cannot stand still.

A PHILOSOPHY OF WEEDS

ARTHUR A. BEALE, M. B., C. M.

THE CATHOLICITY of Theosophy impresses a man when he looks into the heart of Nature, for nowhere can he go without the impression that the dignified, archaic, eternal Philosophy is like a vital lamp in the midst thereof, to give light, comfort, instruction, help and peace.

For him who takes himself seriously, the world is a treasure-house of wisdom, a kindly adventure, an ever-open book of precepts, and an unceasing education.

On a lovely Californian morning with its haunting stillness, laden with an incense from the aromatic trees in the near forest, I found myself on the margin of a Californian orchard, and before me stood a man with a hoe.

He was deeply concerned, for he had set himself to rid the orchard of a tangle of weeds; he was a philosopher, and his mind was full of meditation. A bright sequence of thoughts flowed through his mind like this:

One cannot improve the trees with water and fertilizer without calling out the latent life of the earth; man may plan, ordain, and conquer Nature in the crude, but ever the redundant life in the earth spings up to face him; but circumstances that frighten the slothful are opportunities for the wise; many fail to accomplish because they fear to begin; hence the origin of the old adage: "Well begun is half done!" If we begin at the first furrow, there is some chance of success!

And so he set to work, and as he worked his thoughts flowed on. Is not an orchard like a man's mind? He plants trees of knowledge, and immediately there spring up uninvited thoughts and therefore weeds; and as such they have to be eradicated, for if they are allowed to grow they become a nuisance.

So when we have planted we

must be watchful and keep the ground clean, otherwise chaos would prevail; the weeds would crowd out the design. In work like this there is always a law of compensation: as we labor we grow strong; as we give we gain; conquest comes to the courageous!

As he worked on, punctuating his thoughts with stabs of the hoe, he soon found that *persuasion* was more effective than *force*, that determined, directed strokes spelt order, whilst deep undirected work was violence. The latter produced fatigue, disorder, chaos; the former order, art, and to the worker refreshment and peace.

The end of the first row was soon reached, and as he started on the second, he began to contemplate the varieties of weeds that he came across. There was the Pig-weed with its tenacious roots and its smell, irritating and offensive; a weed difficult to eradicate; the Nettle, stinging at the slightest pretext; the gaudy Campanula, with its charming seductive blue flowers; the Purslane, with its fleshy crawling stems and leaves, so prolific that it soon fills up a furrow; the scarlet Pimpernell, evidently an import from Europe, and yet what a pretty nuisance; then Belladonna, blue-eyed and innocent, and yet holding poison within its sap; but oh! the Melanotus exhaling always sweet odors in life and death, like some humans leaving a trail of sweet memories; and last that terror of horticulturists, the Devil-weed, working underground with spreading tendrils and crowding out other plants.

And yet he thought that each of these plants has within its nature wonderful potencies, each one capable of affecting all the organs of the human body if taken internally; and in corresponding proportion and because of such properties, all are equally agents to heal, if properly prepared. Lytton reminded us that we constantly trod under foot agents of the healing art.

There is a world of philosophy in these ideas; to think that humble weeds are powerful to disturb and powerful to heal, that each has a selective affinity for disease-conditions; that by the intervention of human knowledge, this power to hurt can be transmuted into power of healing; that because Belladonna, for instance, can cause fever, a burning cheek and delirium, this is a good remedy for such a complaint.

There is the curious suggestion of correspondences between weeds and thoughts of man; and the now recognised relation of thoughts and diseases, weeds to medicines, and medicines to cures; all make a cycle of conceptions that cause us to ponder: for does not Theosophy teach that all the lower kingdoms are associated with the evolution of man, are in fact reflexes of man's nature, that in fact they are thoughts of the cosmic mind, wherein can be found the secret of their

power? Moreover, is there not here a hint of the dual nature of the plants? Their material and their beneficent or spiritual nature? And is there not here the working of a great law?

Nor is this an original idea, for such men as Hippocrates, Van Helmont, Paracelsus, in the more remote; and in more recent times Hahnemann who not only studied them, but made a cult of his facts: were all proportionally acquainted with the phenomena; Hahnemann especially founding on it a scheme of therapeutics on the suggestive proposition "Similia similibus curantur."

Having thought as he worked, for action stimulates thought, he surveyed his field of action, and found that much had already been done by others; so he collected the weeds into heaps and addressed them thus: "Ah, my friends! I begin to see into your hearts, feel the significance of your lives; I have ruined your bodies, but you too are part of the infinite, the immortal. Be at peace: you will rise again to fulfil your mission, and bring healing in your forms!"

DISAPPOINTMENT

R. MACHELL

DISAPPOINTMENT IS the general fate of man. Why is it so? Is it because we raise our hopes too high? That answer is contradicted by experience. The meanest hopes are just as apt to lead to disappointment as the loftiest. Indeed, those who are the least hopeful seem to be just the grumblers, who are eternally disappointed. And on the other hand the very hopeful man is ever ready to ignore a disappointment, and to be happy in a new hope.

In fact, a careful study of the question seems to suggest that the sense of disappointment is a condition of the mind, that indicates a weakness or morbidity, a lack of spiritual energy, or true vitality.

Hopefulness is a natural accompaniment of health, and does not seem to be dependent on the amount of encouragement derived from experience. On the contrary, Hope is entirely unreasonable; it may be superior to reason, it may be an attribute of the higher man, while reason is the crown of the highest principle of the *lower* nature, illuminated more or less by contact with the spiritual man.

Hope transcends reason, and defies experience. Hope is at least of spiritual ancestry, if not itself divine. But disappointment is the bitter taste that follows self-indul-

gence. It is an unwilling recognition of the impossibility of satisfying desire: and by desire I mean the craving for possession of anything, material or otherwise.

Ambition, no matter how lofty may be its aim, is of the nature of desire, and brings disappointment with success as well as failure; because the ambitious man desires to 'get' some power, or authority, to hold for his own some knowledge, honor or wealth, or it may be the admiration of the world, or love.

The man of aspiration seeks to 'become,' rather than to 'possess.' Both aspiration and ambition may lead men on to power; both call for the utmost effort for self-development. And it may prove a difficult thing to know how far an individual is acting from the one impulse or the other, until some critical point in the career is reached, and the man's purpose stands revealed to those that have eyes to see, and true perception to illumine what they see, and right discrimination to enable them to judge.

The man of aspiration seeks to identify himself with what is highest. His evolution is a continual renunciation of all that separates him from the best that is. His life is a benediction to the world in which he lives; each effort that he makes helps on the evolution of humanity. He has no separate aims; so when his efforts seem to fail, he does not feel that he has lost anything, because he was not attempting to 'get' anything; and, in the striving to 'become,' each effort is an act of growth or evolution; and is like a step taken; it reveals another farther on.

So hope suffers no reverse, but grows, as the man grows in spiritual potency. There is no such thing as disappointment in *his* experience. That is the ideal man.

But most of us are very far from being ideal. Our characters are mixed, our motives all entangled in self-delusion, so that we rarely know just how far we are sincere in anything, how far our aims are selfishly ambitious, or spiritually aspiring. Therefore we meet with disappointment. And when we meet it, we may know that it is but the reflexion in the mirror of life of that which is hidden in our heart, the pride and selfishness of personality, its desire for possession of the prizes to be won in the world's lottery.

It is to be noted that when others are successful we speak of life as a lottery, in which Chance rules the distribution of the prizes; but when we are the winners, then the word lottery loses its significance, and we prefer to talk of the fruits of labor, the rewards of merit, or the crown of victory. Which thing should be an indication of the nature of our secret motives.

As a man purifies his aims, and raises his ideal from that of personal attainment to that of public service (in the best sense), so in

proportion is he free from the oppressing sense of disappointment that is the nemesis of the ambitious man.

But this purification is a continuous process. It is not enough to pledge one's self to some ideal, or to enlist in public service; for one may see that even the purest and the noblest cause can count among its adherents many industrious and worthy individuals selfishly working for their own salvation, or for the satisfaction of their personal vanity: selfishly working in an altruistic cause. Indeed, one might almost say that this is inevitable in the world, as it is constituted today.

The real point of importance is the effort that each worker in the cause maintains to purify his motives. This is a never-ending task, but it is certainly like climbing up from darkness to the light, and if the eyes are turned towards the light, the disappointments in the path are scarcely noticeable.

Freedom from egoism and purification from ambition of the selfish kind brings freedom from disappointment naturally in its train.

THE CARLSBAD CAVERNS OF NEW MEXICO

ROSE WINKLER, M. D.

IN SOUTHEASTERN New Mexico, twenty-six miles southwest of the town of Carlsbad, in the Guadalupe Mountains, are located spectacular and magnificent caverns, said to be almost without a rival in all the world. These mountains rise from the surrounding plain like a rampart out of the sea. As they lie far from the ordinary lines of transcontinental travel, few eyes have beheld their glories.

The plain in the vicinity of the mountains has been described as a land of alkali (soda-ash), flat, and soda lake; of sun-parched slope and barren crag; a land of coyotes, and rattlesnakes, and horned toads. The characteristics and the indescribable spell of the desert seem to linger everywhere.

In *The National Geographic Magazine* of September, 1925, the caverns are graphically described; and the top of the highest crest of the mountains is said to be more than 9,000 feet, or much more than a mile, above the plain.

Among the crags of its rock-ribbed fastnesses, live bighorn sheep and bear and deer, that wander along the streams in the canyons and drink of their clear sweet waters. The whitened bones of oxen lie scattered over the long stretches between distant water-

holes. Here, too, the sun-parched whirlwinds raise hot dry spirals of pungent dust.

Passing through the great subterranean vault in the depths of the Guadalupe Mountains, one is ushered into the most bewilderingly beautiful and spectacular cavern known anywhere. This has been set aside by President Coolidge as a national monument.

Some of the chambers and retreats comprising the cavern are named after the serpents of Indian mythology, such as Avanyu's Retreat, or Shinav's Wigwam, or Koo Vanyoo. Among these chambers is the Indian's Nooge, or Place of Darkness, which is said to be nearly a thousand feet underground. Other chambers include the Big Room, the Rotunda, the Dome-Room, the Music-Room, the Rookery, the basement chambers, etc.

All the chambers reveal their own peculiar characteristic adornments. Some of the walls are decorated with pendants and draperies of white onyx marble in a bewildering variety of form, flashing and gleaming with tints of evanescent colors. In one of the chambers the limestone walls are covered with sheets of translucent stone drapery.

Some distance away, the walls and ceilings are gracefully arched, from which hang pendants, or millions of stalactites,— a name originally given to the cones of carbonate of lime found pendant from the roofs of caverns. An alcove of unusual beauty, near the Rookery, can be reached by approaching through a maze of sparkling pendants, and within the alcove is a pool of water whose rim is beautifully adorned with onyx marble. The white stalactites are the water-pipes suspended from above, which supply the spray of falling water, hence, the name given the pool is Nectar Fountain.

Near the entrance of the Dome-Room a group of stalactites and stalagmites suggested a giant portière. Stalagmites are cones of carbonate of lime of varied sizes formed from the percolating water from above, which, falling, coalescing and evaporating, form the varied sizes of 'icicles' or cones projecting from the floor of the cave. From the arched ceiling of the Dome-Room hang pendants of white stalactites of ornate character, and on the wall are thin sheets of delicately colored onyx resembling portières, looped back in graceful folds, tempting one to feel of their texture.

On the side of the hill facing the Big Room, the blocks of limestone are covered with flowstone built in beautifully terraced slopes, on which are fountain-basins with bejeweled bowls. One of the pools in Avanyu's Retreat, is called Mirror Lake, and is about 150 feet long, and is surrounded by a brink of delicate tinted onyx marble. The water of these pools appears deep blue when we view them in the white light of a gasoline lantern.

In another highly adorned corridor about 150 feet long, was a floor adorned by a succession of fountain basins partly crusted over with onyx marble, which formed about the rim at the surface of the water, as ice forms over a pool.

Who can tell how many, many hundreds of thousands of years this magnificent and unparalleled beautiful cavern has stood awaiting discovery, like some rare and undreamed of gem hid in the heart of Mother Earth? To one who holds the key, the secret of its formation, its hidden mysteries, its caves and adornments, its stalactites, stalagmites, onyx marble, and limestone rocks, its various forms, structure and architecture, blending so harmoniously, all these glorious mysteries can be satisfactorily explained.

THOUGHTS WHEN "LISTENING IN" TO THE RADIO

ANNA REUTERSWÄRD

I WAS ATTUNED for listening to a saga — to hear a tale read for me from Mother Nature's wonderful story-book.

The twilight was darkening my room and through the window I saw how the lights in the big city across the bay were suddenly lighted, and there, like a resplendent jewel, lay the city — a wonder!

I lifted my eyes to the big dome, which embraces our globe, our beautiful Earth. There the stars twinkled. The Milky Way — the sky's diadem — was studded with stars so close to each other that it seemed to me that the angels must have a happy time running and flying from the one star to the other, playing and singing with each other.

With a smile I recalled Z. Topelius's poem about how the Milky Way was built. He tells us that Zulamith and Salamith had loved each other on the Earth, but when they died, they awoke on different stars, far, far from each other. But Love is a mighty magnet. Zulamith and Salamith soon felt each where the other was, and they began to build a bridge each from the star where each was.

It took them thousands of years to build the bridge, but when it was finished 'the Milky Way' was built and Zulamith and Salamith ran into each other's arms, never to part any more.

When the angels saw what Zulamith and Salamith had done, they flew to God-Father and said: "See, what Zulamith and Salamith have done!" But God Almighty smiled and said: "What Love has built, I will not tear down."

The time had come, when the program over the Radio should

begin. I took my receiving-set, and filled with expectation I sat down.

A sigh, faint as a breeze, reached my ear. My heart was touched. From far away a sigh from a human heart awoke an answer in another human heart!

Now, I heard a sound that always has given me a feeling of festivity: an orchestra was trying their bows on their instruments.

Then a mighty symphony by Beethoven was played. I saw, or rather my inner eye saw, a man walking in the wilderness. He talked aloud and his words were accompanied by agonizing tones. He ceased speaking; he listened to somebody whose words were followed by harmonious, light-filled tones; again and again the man spake: he wanted something. It was as if he voiced all the desires and passions of a human heart, and the music ensouled his words. But every time his invisible companion answered him there came strength and peace in the music.

I saw the man in his walk climb a mountain from where he had a wide view over the countryside. Now, his voice was tempting, persuading: "All this I will give you, if —" but he could not finish his words — sharp like a glittering sword this time I heard his companion's answer: "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

I saw something like a dark cloud roll down the mountain slope and then I looked at the man. He stood there tall and manly, as if freed from a heavy burden, and his face was like an angel's face.

The music now carried me away into realms that I understood the man saw and lived in. Were all the doors to the Seventh Heaven open?

The music told how beautiful life could be, were jealousy and envy transmuted into trust, when love did not ask for anything, but took you by the hand and guided you; when self was forgotten; when truth was the watchword between men. Peace, light, and joy unspeakable. And then the music came to an end.

As the different numbers of the program went on, the sweet face of a friend rose before me. She was lying on her deathbed. During many weeks she had tried to hide her sufferings and worked as usual, but at last she had to go to the hospital. She said: "If it is in the Law that I shall leave this time, I am glad; if I shall stay, I am also glad!" Her trust was perfect.

A nurse had told her that in the room next to hers was a woman lying very ill, and in a self-forgetfulness for her own sufferings that still brings hot tears to my own eyes, she gave every thought, strong and helpful, to her unknown sister. When at last she heard that the other woman was better, she no longer sought by the use of her own willpower to prolong the inevitable issue of her own illness.

One night, when I sat by her bed, she rose and with a powerful, commanding voice—during the day she had been so weak, that she had scarcely been able to whisper — said: "Open the gates!" and then she was gone.

To my inner ear came a few days later the solemn words: "From the dust you have come: to the dust you have returned," which were spoken over her.

Again I felt the same compassion for Humanity's ignorance and lack of insight, as I did then, but I rejoiced, when immediately afterwards, as a shadow disappears in the light, I heard a comrade's voice: "From Light you have come, to Light you have returned!" Then came the words: "Nobody is greater than he, who gives his life for his friends!"

My sweet friend, you lived unknown and unsung, but those gentle understanding words were truly applied to you, because you had made Theosophy a living power in your life. Oh! to die like you, after a life of service, always with a song in the heart and a smile on the lips, your life a blessing, your death a revelation, your memory an inspiration!

Sisters, why should it be that a good woman, a true woman, is so rare? The memory of having known a good woman we cherish in the treasure-chamber of the heart, and think of it as we think of a beautiful flower from Heaven.

Sisters, why do we not all use the sacred rights that the Great Mother Nature has given us? The right to transmute our ignorance into knowledge, into the wisdom of the heart; the right to educate our children to be noble men and women; the right to be our husband's inspirer and helper; the right to make our home a place filled with joy and peace, where tired hearts may rest and be refreshed — I wonder how we have been able to give up all these priceless rights!

Do we not hear how Mother Nature whispers: The same force that keeps the planets in their courses would work through you, if you lived in harmony and obedience to the laws of life. You would be the spiritual sun of the home and your influence would go out in farther and farther circles, embracing your country, the world, the universe. All things bow in acknowledgment of Goodness, of Spiritual Illumination.

The program was finished and I thought how fine music always opened the way to the inner world. I thought of the wonder of the Radio: how a new page of Mother Nature's storybook had been understood and its blessing given to humanity. I thought how, when reading a book or hearing a speech, there is always something behind, a veil to be lifted, something to waken the imagination. And I thought: "What is behind 'the letter' in Radio?"

I remembered how after the

great war I visited Rheims in France; how we drove through ruined cities and villages, how the beautiful countryside was devastated and abandoned. It seemed to me that I read in letters of fire whither unbrotherliness leads — written in such a way that even those, who could not write or read in books, could understand it.

I thought how at the beginning of the evening's program I had heard a sigh — a sigh that came to my ear, it may be hundreds of miles away, and that it touched my heart. Will not Mother Nature tell us in a way that all can understand it, even those who cannot write or read in books, that what moves in one human heart touches another human heart, that we all are bound together, that we all live in a Spiritual Universal Brotherhood? That, that is Radio's true soul, the inblown living spirit!

I continued to dream. I dreamt that I was in Paradise. At my side walked my Guiding Angel. We walked on a small path. Flowers opened up where we walked. Is there anything more beautiful than to walk among flowers with the Beloved? There was no time; in timeless joy we lived. The big blue spiritual Light enveloped us and in it we had our Being.

Without words my Angel unrolled picture after picture of the wonderful, great Life — of the Macrocosmos, of the Microcosmos, of the Pilgrim Soul's path through dreams of illusion to the glorious Reality, when the last veil is drawn from the sun of Truth.

At last came the last picture. I saw our Earth coming nearer and nearer and I saw myself falling asleep; but in the dream a beloved voice said: "Do not forget what you have been taught; do not forget your Divine Guide!" "Never more," my heart answered. And in the sunrays of a new Day, the face of my Companion disappeared.

I looked up. "O Immortal Gods, give us vision!" I whispered.

VOGUE

M. G. GOWSELL

WHAT Fashion tells her throngs to do today,
Is for today. Who knows! her morrow's mode
In thought and act may be of briefer sway.
I take my cue from out an older code,
And go concernless of another's way,
Whose choosing I would nowise incommode.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

MY CHILD?

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

WE CAN call the present a serious age, in spite of the froth of frivolity on the top; and there is perhaps no more serious subject than education. It stands to reason that Theosophy, with its wonderful teachings about the nature of man, and about the universe in which he lives, must be able to throw a new light on this subject.

We see the birds preparing their nestlings for the life they will have to lead; and no doubt parents do the same to the best of their ability. But theirs is a far more difficult task than that of the birds, and many are their mistakes. For one thing, parents mostly have an inadequate idea of what human nature really is. For another thing, selfishness (unintentional of course), and other weaknesses, step in to counteract the effects of wisdom.

A human being is essentially an immortal spiritual Soul, incarnate in a physical organism. Hence it is not enough to cater for the needs of that physical organism. To teach the child to walk and talk and care for himself is all very necessary; but he has other needs, even more vital. It will not be disputed that we should deal with the actual facts of life; but the Spiritual nature of man is a very important fact, and we cannot ignore it except at our peril and that of the child we love.

But in place of real practical knowledge on this subject, we have too often nothing but theories and dogmas to go on. We find science harping on the animal side of man's nature and thus giving altogether too much prominence to the animal propensities; while almost ignoring (when not actually denying) the Spiritual nature. As to religious teachings, it has to be said that there are very many people who are not satisfied with the light they can get from that quarter.

Does it not too often happen that a child is taught certain doctrines, and afterwards finds out that these do not really form the basis of conduct on which people act? Thus he acquires a kind of hypocrisy and comes to regard religion as something apart from life, and not the standard which really rules life.

Again, some parents seem to regard their child largely as a kind of beautiful toy, not realizing that there is a real earnest Soul there in that tender little form. I for one can realize to the full that my mind was fed on silly stories about birds and animals, at a time when I was capable of understanding serious matters; and that I was left to find my own way as to these latter.

Now just pause and think! Would it not make a very great difference in the upbringing of your child, if you had the discernment to recognise there that wonderful Soul, looking out at you through those glorious eyes, asking for light? You would not then be so likely to mock that eager questioning with some word of flattery or fondness, or some answer fitted to the conventional notion of a child's mind.

Is it not awful to think how many parents, who consider themselves to love their children very much and to desire their welfare above all things, are all the time putting obstacles in the way of these loved ones, by pampering their weaknesses and starving their higher nature?

I watched one day a parent with a very well-intentioned little boy. And whenever his natural restlessness caused him to do something out of place, the parent, instead of addressing a word to the intelligence of the child, appealed to his *lower* nature by patting and pushing him about. Every time this happened, a scowl of resentment flitted across the young face; to be instantly banished by the love and respect he felt for his parent. He could not reconcile the contrary feelings; and, childlike, he gave up the attempt, and forgot it. But it happened so often!

Now this is a typical instance out of very many of the habit of regarding the child physically, and ignoring the fact that he is a *person*.

And I also remember the case of a child who went into a transport of temper over some trivial circumstance, and was so alarmed at this happening that he went to his mother for help as to how to deal with this awful destructive force — and got no help whatever — merely some futile commonplace, "you shouldn't do that!"

Now think what this means. It means that such parents send their children out into the world naked and unarmed to meet the dangers that will beset them. And not merely that, but they send them forth with passions and weaknesses that have been allowed to grow and take firm root. We shudder with horror at the idea that there have been parents who deliberately crippled their children in order to use them for begging purposes. Yet is crippling of the body any worse than crippling of the Soul?

And if we are not to convict parents of deliberate cruelty, then we must needs convict them either of carelessness or ignorance. Of course one cannot find it in one's heart, or in one's head either, to be hard on parents; nor does one feel sufficiently in love with one's wisdom to take up an attitude of superiority towards them. Theosophical writers are themselves learners; but the fact that they are not perfect in their lessons need not, and should not, deter them from offering such help as a study of Theosophy may have enabled them

to offer. Imagine a parent anxious about his or her child — what could we say?

The first thing that has to be said is that the bringing up of children is a very great responsibility. Marriage is a very great responsibility, the home-life is a very great responsibility. This is a message which Katherine Tingley has made peculiarly her own. We have to take these matters more seriously. No feeling which is of the nature of an ardent passion, temporary and sure to die down, is a sufficient basis for a lifelong undertaking and one of such serious import. This alone suffices to explain many disillusionments.

There are doubtless many people in the world, living a simple uncultured life, with whom the natural instincts and traditional experience may be enough for the upbringing of their children. But we are living in a highly complex civilization and endowing our offspring with a highly sensitive organism. The old happy-go-lucky methods will no longer do, and we must bring up our knowledge to the level of our circumstances.

The secret of successful upbringing is that the child shall be shown how to appeal to its own Higher Nature as the means of controlling its lower nature. That source of light and help is really present. Its existence has merely to be acknowledged. There is no dogma about this: merely a calling attention to an actual fact.

But does not this imply that the parent himself shall have full faith in the reality and power of his own Higher Nature, and shall be an earnest striver along the path of perfection on these lines? Surely; and thus we see that Theosophy has to enter life at all points and that it is one whole, with its parts inseparable.

The silent influence of example will be much more potent than many exhortations. Indeed, there comes to mind here one source of possible danger. The possibility of a doctrinaire Theosophist (if we may use such an expression) cramping the mind of a child with intellectual teachings and arbitrary precepts, is not pleasant to contemplate. He might do more harm than good.

Without attempting to go into details, one may say that the matter sums itself up as follows. You must take the question of your duty to your child much more seriously. And you must make Theosophy the guide to your whole life; for you will find that it can really help you—help you unbelievably. Trust above all to the silent and sure power of your own sincerity; for children are most accurate observers, and they will infallibly estimate the merits of your teachings by the influence which they see those teachings have on yourself.

THE HOME OF JOAN OF ARC

AN ENGLISH STUDENT

THE MEUSE in Lorraine is a tiny stream meandering peacefully amid reeds and waterfoliage. Here at its small beginnings it sleeps in the sunlight and irrigates the pastures, where placid cows graze in the sweet grass. What matters to them the river's later destiny as a busy highway for loaded barges and ocean-going steamers? Down by the sea it is a great and important watercourse, but here there are grassy meadows and tall poplars which supply material for the charcoal-burners, as they did five hundred years ago.

Domrémy la Pucelle et Greux is a pastoral village. The country-folk are farmers and cultivators of the soil. Had it not been the birthplace of an unusual soul, we should never have seen the constant stream of pilgrims who daily visit its historic ground.

The French people idolize Joan of Arc as the soldier who liberated their beloved land. Everywhere she is pictured as a knight in shining armor. She sought to minimize the strife between man and man, nation and nation. Her mission was rather one of peace, of truth and light and liberation, than one of war and discord.

The schoolbooks say that Joan was a peasant-maid, but this was evidently not the case. The house is larger than a farm-hand would occupy even in these more spacious times. And when her brothers were ennobled there is no record that they were unable to sustain the honor with fitting dignity.

The building has two stories with very thick walls of *correl beton*, or cement mixed with gravel. There are three rooms on the ground floor. It appears that the room assigned to Joan herself was originally windowless, the chimney supplying the only ventilation.

About half a mile distant from the house, the 'fairy tree of Bourlemont' has been replaced by another, also a beech-tree. The spring just below it has been simply decorated. Not far away there is an elaborate church built on the site of the original one where Joan was wont to worship in the days of her girlhood.

"TODAY, now, this moment even, is an appropriate time for us to invoke something new and better within ourselves. Let us knock at the doors of our own hearts, realize the spiritual dignity of life, and dare to step forward."— KATHERINE TINGLEY

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

INTIMATIONS OF THE SOUL'S AFTER-LIFE

QUESTION: I HAVE heard Devachan described as the Theosophists' Heaven, from which it differs only in not being eternal. Is this correct? And is the Devachanic state at all dependent upon the preceding earth-life?

ANSWER: The Theosophic teaching concerning Devachan antedates by far the Christian conception of Heaven, which is really a misunderstanding of the original teachings, like so many other dogmas which became current after the truths of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, once universally diffused, had been obscured or forgotten.

Briefly stated, the ancient teaching is that in the intervals between successive earth-lives, the Ego, having put off the 'personality' in which it clothed itself during its last earthly existence, with its limitations and imperfections, lays down life's burdens, and enjoys a period of repose, but not of inactivity, which lasts until the causes producing it are exhausted; and then the Ego reincarnates on earth again, in order to acquire the further experience necessary for its perfecting.

Despite the fact that the adjective used in the *New Testament* to qualify the after-death states of the good and of the wicked alike is αἰώνιον meaning 'age-long,' *not* 'eternal,' Christianity, in order to preserve its doctrine of the *one earth-life*, made its Heaven eternal, and, on the other hand, conceived of Hell as a place of endless torment, no radical change of character being considered possible after death.

It should be mentioned, however, that liberal theologians no longer accept this harsh teaching; and there have always been prominent Churchmen, among the earliest, Clement of Alexandria and Origen, who rejected it entirely. Nevertheless, generally speaking, the difference between the Christian and the Theosophical teachings is fundamental.

As to the bearing of conduct upon the after-death state, H. P. Blavatsky tells us that Devachan is "an *idealized* and *subjective* continuation of earth-life." The purely physical and psychical elements of our composite nature, together with all merely brain-mind accomplishments — the very things in which the ordinary man usually takes great pride — having nothing spiritual about them, fall away of themselves; for it is only "the undying and eternal qualities or

attributes which after death cling to the Ego, and therefore follow it into Devachan."

The thorough-going materialist, who believes that consciousness ceases with the death of the body, can have no conscious after-death life, nor does he expect any. If, however, he was not a bad man, and few materialists are bad morally, his after-death state may perhaps be best described as a placid dreamless sleep.

All men, and most men are a strange amalgam of good and bad elements, find rest between their successive reincarnations; for Theosophy teaches that it is only on earth that we reap the direct consequences of our wrong doing and wrong thinking, and that we find new opportunities for amendment; it is there that the battle against self must be fought and won. (See *The Key to Theosophy*, chapter ix, 'On Kâma-loka and Devachan.')

No miracle is wrought at death to make us perfect. The Devachanic state is simply the result of the good tendencies set up and cultivated during the last earthly existence. It is the efflorescence of all that was best in the personal life just terminated that causes the peace and joy that characterize that state, which is restful and restorative and necessary for the soul, which otherwise could not endure the strain and tension inherent in earthly existence.

Alternation is one of Nature's laws: life and death, waking and sleeping, activity and repose, follow and engender one another. But throughout these alternations, and implicit in them, is continuity and individual, though not personal identity, linking earth-life to earth-life: Karma sees to that. No change, not even the greatest,—death — can interrupt the development of our soul-life, which goes on and on to all eternity.

In *Theosophy: the Path of the Mystic* (page 34), Katherine Tingley says: "I find myself thinking the same thing today that I did yesterday, holding the same ideal, but each day living closer to it, nearer to the warmth and glow of real life."

The meaning is plain enough, and yet it is deeper than at first appears; for it applies also to those longer 'days,' or periods of earthly existence, of incarnation, which may and should be linked to one another by a like continuity of purpose and effort, each life anticipating the next, which in its turn completes and fulfils the promise of the last. The ideals we cherished and strove in vain to realize on the *objective* plane of earthly existence —"the High that proved too high, the Heroic for earth too hard"— and which, as we have seen, are realized *subjectively* in Devachan, *we shall, if we continue true to them, assuredly give substance and actuality to*, in one or another of the recurring 'days' we spend in "the land of works," as *The Secret Doctrine* designates this material world of ours.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Theosophists believe in human perfectibility. Our essential Divinity is the touchstone by which is to be tried all that claims to possess worth and value, and experience teaches us, if nothing else will, that what does not profit It, profits not at all. In proportion as we allow the divine side of our nature to reveal itself in its beauty and power, all the lower elements which go to make up human life, fall into place; they are considered no longer as ends, but as instruments and means for the soul's energizing.

The Ego which lives the successive earth-lives which constitute 'the Circle of Necessity,' is known as 'the Eternal Pilgrim,' for it journeys and sojourns — often erring and suffering — in all Nature's realms, in order to acquire the experiences necessary for it to become a self-conscious and integral part of Divinity. Its successive earth-lives and the Devachanic rest which follows them, are solely for its perfecting, and the key to its long pilgrimage is to be found in the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. But all along the way the Pilgrim has intimations, anticipatory of the glory and the splendor, the peace and the joy, which will be his in the end.

The main thought underlying these brief considerations of life on earth and in Devachan, is, that life, which for us humans spells strife, error, sin, sorrow, and suffering, is essentially Light, Peace, Joy, Harmony, Union with one another and with the Supreme. We have wandered far from — some of us into almost utter unlikeness to — the Divine Compassionate Source of our being, to which we shall ultimately return, in greater perfection than when we came forth from it. This is the teaching of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, which is destined again to become the religion of all mankind. — H. A. F.

THE IDENTITY OF HEAVEN AND HELL

QUESTION: PLEASE briefly explain the meaning of 'Heaven' and 'Hell.'

ANSWER: When science undertook to free the world from superstition it ran up against an obstacle that baffled its most vigorous attack, the heaven-and-hell ideas, which two are one and indivisible.

They die hard, or rather they do not die easily, but continually recover from their apparent demolition. They may be knocked out of shape and thrown on the trash-pile of tradition, but their vital principle remains untouched, and soon appears again disguised in a new form with new names acceptable to science which willingly accepts an old ideal if only the

name conforms to scientific exigency.

But, you may ask, how can there be any union between two ideals so fundamentally opposed as Heaven and Hell? Of course you will fall back on Purgatory as a sort of 'no man's land,' but Purgatory is a clumsy substitute for a neutral state to bridge a gulf that has no real existence; for heaven and hell are one, and none can say with any certainty to which port his ship is bound; nor can the denizens of these imagined localities decide which is to be his permanent abode.

In both the souls of mortals find their doom which is appointed for them as the just reward or retribution for deeds done in life on earth. Now, if the doom is just, there is no difference in kind between reward and punishment; just as in life we cannot always differentiate between our pleasures and our pains; be they emotions or sensations, or entirely imaginary.

So whether the doom be bliss or woe, it is a verdict irrevocable and its duration is commensurate. And there is discrimination in the judgment, for heaven is a reward and hell a punishment for deeds done in a preceding state. The allotment is not arbitrary; although there is a sect which holds that entrance into heaven is foreordained by the decree of God.

Now the most popular idea of heaven seems to be a place where bliss is absolute and time is not. That such a state is utterly unthinkable to mortal mind is of no consequence: indeed, it is the impossibility of the idea that makes it unassailable: it is an 'article of faith,' and owes nothing to reason.

To what then does this popular idea owe its position as an article of faith? As a mere dogma it might stand upon the authority of the church, but as an article of philosophy it must turn to Theosophy to find the reason for its existence and for its ability to stand against the assault of criticism.

The fundamental idea that underlies the belief in heaven and hell is the Theosophical doctrine of the spiritual nature of the universe, and the essential divinity of man. The ecclesiastical dogma may be differently expressed, but, if reduced to its essential elements, it will be seen to be no more than a derivative from the fundamental ideal of the continuity of life and the indestructibility of the spiritual principie in man, as taught in Theosophy, and as there more clearly developed in the purely Theosophic teaching of Reincarnation.

Theosophists repudiate both heaven and hell; but they affirm the reality of post-mortem states in which the soul is purged of the sensuous joys and sorrows that made up so large a part of the past life on earth. This post-mortem purgation of the soul is not reward nor punishment inflicted by a god sitting in judgment, but the inevitable consequence of the soul's

change of state following the death of the body, and the passage of the reincarnating entity through states preparatory to the full liberation of the soul. In all these changes of condition the Theosophist perceives the action of the law of Karma, impersonal, and naturally just, not to be set aside by prayers nor supplications.

In her book *The Key to Theosophy*, H. P. Blavatsky declares that there is in the universe no hell other than that upon a man-bearing planet, for heaven and hell are states of human consciousness. Man is their maker, and we have them with us all the time, here on this earth. That is the reason why the formerly popular dogma of an eternal heaven and hell geographically situated and peopled only by the dead, is able to withstand so long the ridicule of the whole scientific world.

The conception of heaven and hell as places of reward and punishment is a perversion of the Theosophical doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. In this way the essential divinity of man has been obscured, and he himself deprived of his responsibility, his heirloom, his spiritual birthright. — R. M.

THE AWAKENING OF STEVENSON GREGG

GRACE KNOCHE

"FOR here within the heart is the Kindgom of Heaven, and the only recompense a man needs is to become aware of his own essential Divinity."— KATHERINE TINGLEY

LIFELESS AND snow-covered, hard and old, grazing flocks all gone, grass gone, everything gone but dour iron-hardness and chill — this is winter on the bleak Montana divide. Like grim, eternal Titans they stand there, long ridges, peaks, and crests. With every storm each squares his icy shoulders, holds his proud icy head a little higher.

The warm sun finds them out in time, however, and some bright morning heads are no more proud and icy, and down the little close ravines of them trickle huge wandering drops, like tears, then runnels, like more tears. As if each winter giant were holding bowed head in horny hands, with real tears making channels over the fingers — tears of melting tenderness, tears of happiness and of wonderful new hope, tears of love.

Easter comes soon after that, and then the summer with its birds, and lush fine grass, and huge meandering flocks, its tinkling blue cool trout-streams, and the rest.

Have you seen this happen? If you have, you will know that the story which follows might be true. Though it is true, anyway.

Gregg lived, and the writer knew him, on one of those isolated western ranches which seem to leave God out. Mother Nature is the mirror of us all.

Stevenson Gregg lived in his miner's cabin about half way up those bare and highest ranges of the Montana Rockies which are known as 'the divide.' Because on one side the cool streams that Spring sends tumbling down to lower levels run always to the east, and on the other side (though no one standing on them could possibly tell the 'sides' apart) to the west. The streams know, however, and men take their word for it without question.

And Gregg lived there quite alone, this man in his miner's cabin, with only Madge and his horses. Madge was a big collie — they call them 'shepherd-dogs' out there.

Unlike many who live in that way, this man was as hard and grim as the huge icy shoulders of the Rockies. He seemed to have money, which was well, perhaps, for he certainly had little else. He tolerated Madge and was kind to her, he was solicitous about his horses; but as to human friends — neighboring miners did stop by once or twice when he first came, but thereafter left him alone.

The mail-carrier ventured to remark on the day when this story begins: "Well, Easter'll be here pretty quick now"; but, "Easter! humph! What's that to me?" was all the reply he heard. And what was it to Stevenson Gregg, indeed, as he curtly took his paper, shrunk down into himself with a jerk, turned his back, and clumped back into the house.

So it went. Gregg (as they came to call him) volunteered no information about himself, which meant that abundant information was set afloat. He must be a fugitive from justice, this one mysteriously declared; or a secret-service man still-hunting some fugitive, averred that one. He had failed in business, argued a third, and it had made him a little queer; "gone dippy over an invention, most likely," interpolated a fourth, and so on.

While not one hit upon the actual truth, or even near it, which had to do, solely, with the crushing pressure great losses bring to bear. Two splendid and promising sons, just entering manhood, passed away in quick succession. Then came the hasty action of the third and last, his heart's idol, which put him behind the bars — an action for which the entire moral responsibility rested upon a nephew to whom he had given a father's protection and love, and who rewarded it with cruel duplicity.

But moral responsibility in this strange world is quite one thing sometimes (usually, in fact) and legal responsibility quite another. Nothing could be done, and when, after the strain and torture of a long court-trial, the steel door finally locked away his idol, the world

he had lived in crashed in ruins.

When the deep waters that washed over him had receded, Stevenson Gregg had lost his moorings. Faith in human nature was the first to go, then belief in the laws of divine justice, and at last he lost faith in himself. Where was the genial inventor whom everyone had respected and loved? Gone, and in his place a broken pessimist whom all soon came to avoid. Dazed and embittered, he wound up his business and went out west, to lose himself in those distal, treeless spaces that are wider than even human grief. Had you hinted that he might find himself there instead — good heavens!

Only in this queer world you cannot lose yourself. Wherever you may go you have to take yourself along. So Stevenson Gregg took himself along — his broken, bitter self, and with that self he had been living ever since, shrinking gradually down to its stature of blackness and hate, growing day by day more cynical and, to humankind at least, more harsh — a man who would accept no kindly service and proposed to render none.

Dusk was approaching as a wiry range-pony pulled up at the cabin — this was before the era of telephones on every ranch and farm — and the messenger handed him a telegram:

Cuylers Creek 16 March

"John died tenth March Haverhill. No relatives, no estate. Am bringing you his boy. Arrive tonight." E. S. COLE."

Gregg's hard face darkened as he went back into the cabin, turning the yellow slip over and over in his hands. "So John's boy's to be unloaded onto me! *John's!*" It was John who had killed his faith in humankind. It was John who had made him the hater of men that he had become.

"Arrive tonight," he repeated mechanically. Well, they could arrive for all of him. They could take up quarters in the barn and if they didn't like it they could get out.

"Let's see," he said further to himself. "John's boy must be sixteen by now. All right. I'll keep 'im, and I'll work 'im. I'll make John pay!"

Madge, roused by the sound of a fist upon the table, came over and laid her soft, sensitive nose on his knee, her brown eyes full of questioning. "And you're to let 'im alone, Madge, d'ye hear?" Madge heard and went back meditatively behind the stove. He was uniformly gentle with Madge, but tonight his tone had harshness in it, and the dog could not quite understand.

For all it was coming Easter, up on the divide it was still wintry and cold, and that day was snowing besides. "Arrive tonight," he muttered again, and suddenly, before he heard a footstep or a knock, he knew that someone was approaching. But he grudgingly waited for the knock, a numb and

muffled knock, and at last opened the door. A man entered, carrying a clumsily wrapped bundle that might have been anything, but by no means nothing at all.

Gregg looked out of the door. "Where's the boy?"

"My name is Cole," was the reply. "You will pardon my rather abrupt entrance, will you not, Mr. Gregg, but the truth is I am almost done for!" And with the slow haste of near exhaustion, the stranger walked over to the low bunk at the opposite end of the room and carefully put the bundle down.

"Here he is, Mr. Gregg," said the man, straightening his back with a long breath. "Here he is: your nephew's little Angelo — oh, didn't you know? His oldest boy died six years ago. And you never knew about this one? He's just three."

And there he was, a tired-out, golden-haired cherub, sound asleep, one hand fast to a battered rubber kitten, the other lying underneath a cheek on which long grimy streaks told the story of baby-tears which no one had been near to dry.

Gregg's interest was in the intruder, however, not the child. "Where's his mother?" he asked.

"She died when he was born, Mr. Gregg."

"What's his name?"

"Angelo — Angelo Donato."

"The name's idiotic — I can't see —"

But the stranger interrupted, "It was his mother's wish, I believe. She was an artist, you know, and—"

Gregg turned on the stranger almost fiercely. The impertinence of imagining that he could be interested in gossip about John. "Have you any further business here?"

"I thought perhaps you could put me up for the night," was the rather dazed reply, for to 'put up' a stranger for the night was an ethical law in those parts, and a binding law on such a night as this one promised to be.

"Well, I can't," and Gregg opened the door abruptly, while the sharp wind scattered papers over the floor, and sent Madge, with cowering haunches, further behind the stove. She had been told to "let 'im alone," and dogs on Montana ranges obey. So far as she knew as yet, there was only one person to *be* let alone, and he was quickly outside.

"No relatives! No estate, eh? Well, if there's a foundling's home in Bent Angel, I'll fix *John!*" The last word was exploded out, bitten out. But even to get rid of so undesirable a guest, he could not stir out on such a night.

It was no night for horses, and he was fond of his own — 'soft' they called him at the Bent Angel stables when they vainly tried to bargain for his team to help in some hauling over heavy roads. Gregg refused to let them go where he could not handle them himself. No objection to reasonable work in

daytime, but when night came, he had his belief that they were entitled to their rest, and in roomy, warm, well-bedded stalls, and he always saw that they got it. Logically, too. They had done nothing to kill his faith in their kind.

Clearly it must be put up with — the presence of that bundled intrusion — until morning. But the less he had to do with it the better. The idiot had to drop it down on his only bunk (one-room cabins on the ranges in that day never had what could be called a 'bed'). To move it would be to risk waking it, and heaven knows what bedlam that would loose. It might even have to be fed. Gregg smoked two pipes while brooding the thing to a finish.

But *was* it asleep? Or —? There was not a bit of movement in that bundle, and — he walked over to the bunk, bent down, and carefully pulled aside the coverlet. Yes, it was alive, and he hastily replaced the coverlet end to close out the picture of something that shone luminous and beatific through its pattern of grimy streaks. As hastily, indeed, as though he heard the cry "Unclean!"

Then he pulled down his huge coat, settled himself inside it in his chair, pulled up a low bench for his feet, and grudgingly pillowed his head on a generous shawl. By that time it was well towards morning, but what with perplexity and choler he was so fatigued that the sun had already sent long shafts of sunrise over the crest of the divide before he wakened — suddenly, however, and with a start.

"Daddy!" a little voice was calling, soft and distant as a silver bell. "Daddy! Daddy!" While the bundle began moving as with the pressure of an inside squirm.

Gregg was bending over it before he had time to think anything emphatic, and a rosy face with blue and wondering eyes looked squarely up into his own.

"Oh, is you my new Daddy? *Is* you?"

Gregg, who wouldn't have quivered before a firing squad or the slings and arrows of the world's worst mischance, was trembling from head to foot.

"An-do wants up!" And two imperious little arms were extended while vigorous baby hands clasped two rather weak and quivery giant ones, already engaged in disentangling, with infinite care, the combined maze of covers and coverlets, pillows and scarves and shawls. Gregg tried to talk to ease the process, but if his hands were shaking his voice was shaking more. He finally gave it up. The last clinging wool thing pulled away, he sank down into his chair, the baby still in his arms, and now, freed from detestable coverings, climbing up the huge front to pull at the fascinating beard.

"Is *you* my new Daddy? *Is* you?"— cried the child again, ending the question with a gurgle of delight as Madge's long nose came into view, nuzzling at the tiny foot.

"*O-o-o-o-e-e-e!* An-do's doggie! An-do's doggie!"

"Get away, Madge!" Gregg was getting his senses back. If the dog took over the young one it would complicate things beyond all managing. But still — it wouldn't do to take the creature down to an asylum before it had had a bite to eat, and Madge would help to keep it quiet. Besides, there might not be one in Bent Angel. He would have to inquire. It was a thoroughly wretched mess. But anyhow, a little later, when the sun's long shafts had reached the cabin and were playing in bright paths upon the floor, they saw Gregg at a typical miner's breakfast-table, Angelo on his knee learning how to hold a spoon, and Madge presiding over both.

Things were obviously beginning to happen, and they continued to happen during the ensuing week — for a week it was. There was no foundling asylum in Bent Angel, after all, so a letter had to go on to Helena. And a week sped by before the answer was received — a strange, indescribable week.

It wouldn't do to let the child get lonely and irritable, so Madge was pressed into willing and constant service. It worked like a charm. Baby and dog were inseparable. Then, it had to have food and care of a kind, of course — but affection, tenderness, love — not a bit of it! Though how was the baby to guess this, when everything from biscuit-tin to Gregg's Homer was handed down for him to play with, when everything the well-stocked cupboard-shelves afforded was almost anxiously selected for him to eat?

Altogether it was a week! What Mother Nature was doing to the icy slopes outside, with her ally the kindly sun, something was doing inside to the hard coverings of a man's closed heart. But how was Gregg to know that, much less admit it? To melt down snow and ice is one thing, but to melt down human hate — it is not so easy as all that. It was a week of siege and grim resistance every minute, for a desperate inside battle was going on. Believe me, it was a week!

But at last the letter came, on Sunday morning, oddly enough, because the heavy rains of the day before had made Saturday's delivery impossible.

"Having a fine Easter, after all!" said the carrier as he delivered it, sensing the usual strain but feeling pathetically that it might help to have something to say.

"Well, yes," was the rejoinder, and Gregg took the letter in — the letter that would empty his cabin of an angel-presence and invite back the demon to stay, the letter that would — oh!

"Daddy! Daddy! An-do wants up!"

Gregg reeled as though sudden faintness had seized him. Something had seized him, beyond a doubt, and it was bigger than he

for the moment. He was defeated, caught, trapped — and truly the animal, the lower self of him, *was* trapped. He looked at the letter he had so eagerly waited for — with *Rev. E. R. Givins, Manager Home for Destitute Children, etc.*, neatly printed in the corner. Why open it at all? He knew perfectly well what it would say.

"Daddy! An-do wants up!"

He stooped to the baby and threw the unholy paper to the floor, grinding his heel into it as though it were some living piece of venom that must be crushed. Curious that an unread scrap of paper should possess so fiendish a life. He ground his heel into it again. Mechanically he picked up the baby, smoothed the little garments, and still holding him sank down unsteadily into his chair.

If he could only collect himself, and find out what to do! He had known exactly what to do before that cursed letter came to tell him how easily he could do it! Now all was indecision, all confusion. Strange thing that, called human nature!

What the sun-shafts saw a little later was this: hot tears coursing down cheeks that had forgotten what tears might be, tears flowing now without hindrance, without shame; no hands trying grimly to hide them, but instead, hands clasping a baby face, with its auerole of curls, its blue, blue eyes, its haunting otherworld beauty, and bringing that face close and closer to one that was lined, and tear-wet, and old.

Mother Nature has her way always in the end. The Divine and the earthly Isis always work as one, so far as human hardness will permit. Here at last it did permit. Hate was gone, with its iron, its deathlike chill. All was summer softness now, summer awakening, summer warmth. With the outward Easter of sun and sky and bursting streams, a mystic Easter had dawned.

On Tuesday when the postman came, Gregg handed him a letter addressed to the department-manager of Helena's largest store. Pinned to the generous check was a list two pages long, beginning with "small, well-made jumping-jack" and ending with "child's mittens, size for three years, prefer red." And following this list came a third page reading, "Dear Witham, if you are up this way on Whirlwind Sunday week, drop in to dinner. Be glad to see you. GREGG."

"Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!"— *Katherine Tingley*

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. R.

NATURE HAS many kinds of time-recorders or measures, but they are not equally easy to read, and few have even been known till recent times.

One of the most familiar and accurate natural methods of recording the passing of the years is shown by the rings in trees; in addition to the increase of one ring *per annum* the thickness of the ring shows whether the season of growth was a wet or dry one.

Another recording-clock, though very crude, is the depth of soil between successive lava-floods from volcanoes; but a more accurate one is found in the deposits laid down by rivers in flood. The annual inundations of the Nile are clearly marked by the layers of mud, and some valuable calculations showing the great antiquity of civilization in Egypt have been made by the determination of the exact level of objects found in the Nile deposits; some go back to at least 14,000 years or more.

The amount of salts suspended in the water of the oceans is now being used as a rough basis to calculate the time elapsed since the rivers began to carry the mineral solutions from the mountains into the fresh water oceans of primitive ages. This is a reasonably promising way to estimate the Earth's age.

The exact date of the Glacial Period, and especially the time of its recession from northern America and Europe, is one of the outstanding problems of special interest to geologists and archaeologists, and opinion has been greatly divided on the subject.

For about fifty years, Baron G. de Geer of Stockholm has worked at the problem and has finally solved much of it by the construction of the 'Swedish Time-Scale' of 18,000 years of recession of the ice to the point where the last remnant of land-ice melted away. The natural recording instrument discovered and used by him was a series of finely laminated clays and sands showing a very clear arrangement of differently colored layers deposited as sediment from the muddy waters in the lakes produced by the vanishing glaciers. The position of the layers showed the amount of annual retreat of the glaciers, and their thickness gave the relative intensity of heat in each particular summer.

Comparison of the Swedish records with similar deposits in North America, northwestern India, and a part of the Cordilleras in Argentina, has recently been made, and the interesting observation established that the characteristics of

all agree exactly year by year, each showing the same variations. This proves, of course, that no local cause can explain this harmony, and so it is established that the variations in the thicknesses of the layers must be due to variation in the annual amount of heat received from the sun.

Measurements of the solar radiation have been made at some of our great observatories for about twenty years, and the variations recorded, but now we can extend the curve of heat-energy far back to prehistoric glacial times.

The measurements of the 'Swedish Time-Scale' indicate that the end of the glacial period took place about 8700 years ago, and that Niagara was free from ice about a thousand years earlier.

The special interest of Baron de Geer's brilliant discovery to archaeologists is that there is now an accurate time-table by which the more recent dates of the Stone-age men, now purely conjectural, may be regulated, and many difficult problems settled.

PROFESSOR STRUVE has recently issued an account of his examination of the so-called 'Mathematical Papyrus' of the Hermitage Museum, and he declares that the builders of the Pyramids were as advanced in mathematical knowledge as Europeans in the Middle Ages, in fact the Egyptians of early periods were familiar with mathematical processes which were hailed in the Middle Ages as wonderful new discoveries. The papyrus was written in the eighteenth century B. C., and contains the solution of the problems of the area of the surface of a sphere and the volume of a pyramid. The handwriting is excellent.

The Egyptian Department of Antiquities has just made some interesting discoveries in the neighborhood of Sakkara, south of the region of the great Pyramids. One consists in the finding of the pyramid of King Userkaf, and of a gigantic red granite head from a statue of the same king. This pharaoh was the founder of the Fifth dynasty, dating, according to Dr. Breasted, from 2750 B. C., and the head is particularly interesting because hardly any royal statues of that dynasty are known.

Dr. Breasted, in his *History of Egypt*, says the pyramids of the rulers of the Fifth dynasty are comparatively small and of inferior construction, as compared with the grandiose pyramids of the Fourth.

> "The centralized power of the earlier Pharaohs was thus visibly weakening, and it was in every way desirable that there should be a reaction against the totally abnormal absorption by the Pharaoh's tomb of such an enormous proportion of the national wealth. The transitional period of the Fifth Dynasty, lasting probably a century and a quarter, during which nine kings reigned, was therefore one of significant political development, and in material civilization one of distinct progress."

Little is known of Userkaf, and it is supposed that his energies

were chiefly devoted to the consolidation of the new dynasty. His name is found far up the Nile on the rocks near the first cataract, the earliest of the long series of inscriptions to be found there.

THE RULER IN MAN

LARS EEK

[A Paper read at the meeting of the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club, Point Loma, California, on November 18, 1928]

"WHAT a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

BEAUTIFUL WORDS uttered by a great and inspired man! What thoughts, what experiences, what visions must not have passed through the soul of Shakespeare before he reached a point of insight where with the touch of a seer and a Teacher he pictures this grand and mysterious being, Man!

The highest expression of evolution, the focusing point of all the forces of the universe, we are, indeed, the image of the Divine and a portion of the Divine itself. Our destiny, grand and majestic, spans eternity. Our thoughts embrace the stars and planets and penetrate into the deepest recesses of Being. Truly, in apprehension we are like gods, for we are gods incarnate.

The joys and sufferings, the defeats and victories, the lights and shadows, in the progressive development of the human race constitute the History of Humanity. Our pyramids, our archaic temples, and thousands of scattered remains and ruins of past civilizations in every quarter of the earth, are the silent and yet eloquent testimonies of grand and long-forgotten periods when the Ruler in Man with bold and sublime strokes of the brush drew the outlines of his divine thought during the various crest-waves of human civilization.

Throughout the ages, the god in man, his true self, has been grappling with the opposing forces, trying to conquer and purify the lower elements of this mysteriously composite human being in which he lives, and through which he acts. With an inner, unconquerable urge we are forging golden links of Brotherhood, so that ultimately we may surmount all the obstacles of material, selfish, separate life and elevate and refine our so-called lower selves till they too become consciously a part of the great Divine Origin of all that is.

The Ruler in Man is in a sense the Elder Brother of his lower self, and, indeed, of all nature.

Without him Man would not be soaring towards his grand destinies; without him all Earth would be helplessly struggling and experimenting in the great laboratories of material life.

There is a profound mystery here. It is a secret well guarded by those qualified to do so.

To us young learners in the school of life it is well to know the why and the wherefore of our existence. It is well to realize that essentially we are divine, and that therefore no difficulties are so great that they cannot be overcome by determined spiritual effort.

When our souls, as we are in a habit of calling our real selves, are touched by good music: when we read inspired poetry or prose; or stand in awe and wonder before the work of some great artist in color or marble, or stone: when we listen to the overtones and undertones of mighty Nature herself: or when we have won great victories over ourselves, have unselfishly stretched out our hands to help our fellow-men: then we seem to rise into a greater and more perfect world, a sweeter, cleaner plane of thought and feeling, and our lives are blessed, sanctified by a touch of the Divine Heart of things which beats in consonance with our own inner, higher self — the Ruler in ourselves.

And thus we understand why so many of the great Teachers of antiquity, as well as our own Theosophical Teachers, stress the age-old injunction: "*Man, know thyself!*" They all wish to make us understand that the way to freedom from the bonds of material, imperfect, selfish life leads through our own inner being, for to know oneself is to know Light and Wisdom, Strength and Power to live rightly and nobly and serve joyfully our brothers who are climbing along with us towards the glorious goal.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life": truly, truly, I am. The Ruler in Man, his real self, is at once the Master and Teacher, and the Path that leads straight to the heart of the universe. We should not be discouraged because this path leads through suffering and pain, through disappointments, heartaches, and sorrow. Pain is the fire that purges the hearts of men, and if only we allow our greater selves to help us and enlighten us, the Path will not be so hard. It leads through joys and victories too, step by step.

There is no need of our worrying about the tomorrows. It is well known that they will take care of themselves if only we see to it that the fleeting moments are filled with the best that we have to give.

We must be good because that helps the sum total of the world's happiness and lifts the burdens from the peoples; we must be true, because that adds to the grand total of truth in this world; we must laugh nobly and sing, and drink in the true beauty and true

joy there is in life, because thereby we brighten the path for our fellows who are working their way upwards on the mountain-slopes behind us, beside us, and ahead of us.

Inspired by the divine enthusiasm and optimism of our Real Selves, our true selves — the Ruler in Man — we shall never recognise defeat but patiently fight on till we see the goal. Then let us move on to win the Great Victory and conquer the heavens by storm!

THE DRUID STONES

R. MACHELL

(Continued from the February issue)

ARTHUR COULTER could sit in ease and watch the boat glide over the water, but some one else had to stand at the helm and steer; though the happy child of fortune might shut his eyes to the fact, or accept the service as part of his right, part of his inheritance from a forgotten past, in which perhaps he held the helm and steered the ship while others enjoyed the fruits of his labor; or it may be the far future would balance the account in the long round of countless lives that make up the web of human destiny.

Anyway, the days were golden and life worth living as Arthur saw it; and Styles in his darker world saw also gleams of a brighter future which he feared to shatter by precipitate proposals; he decided to take his triumph first and not let the gentler side of his nature come in and interfere with his just revenge.

Mrs. Maynell was the one who carried the burden of Fate. Her hand was on the tiller and she could not see the course; she had no plan of action and felt no hope of Arthur's being able to save himself. She had no fear of his being convicted of the forgery even if the worst came, because Barker, having bolted, could be easily made the scapegoat if she allowed that birthday-book to be brought in.

She hesitated to destroy it, because Styles had seen it, but then, she reflected, he had no interest in throwing the blame on Barker. It was the Coulter family he wished to hit, and if the book were brought in it would have to be by her own act; and she had pledged herself to save Frank's reputation so far as a criminal charge was concerned at any rate, and she would do it. She had felt confident about this affair while the more pressing danger was menacing, but now she felt anxious, and she could not regain her old confidence.

Sometimes she felt as if a shadow were upon her fraught with possibilities of misfortune. She had the gambler's superstition, or intuition,

that warns of coming danger, and she pictured it to herself as breakers at sea appearing where no rocks are charted. No seaman ignores such warnings, but in this case the breakers were not visible yet; she only heard them, and did not know where the hidden rocks lay, nor what course to steer. She was oppressed in a way that she thought she had outgrown.

While pondering over this matter the day after the race-meeting, she was surprised by a visit from Jane, who brought her a copy of the local paper which Jenkins had just given her, in which was an account of the murder of old Richardson by a man he had employed as bailiff.

The man had escaped and no one suspected the crime till the following day, because the man being regularly employed by the old moneylender, and being accustomed to make his daily report to the old man in his private office in the evening, no one had been surprised at his visit, nor at the old man's remaining there late next day. It was only on the following afternoon that his sons insisted on forcing the catch-lock on the door.

Then he was found quite dead and all the loose cash and notes gone, but the safe was locked with a combination-lock and the murderer was evidently not a professional expert, just an ordinary ruffian, as he was well known to be. No one hesitated to put the blame on this man, and there seemed to be no sort of mystery about the affair, nor any deep regret for the loss of a man whose business is always a thing despised and accursed, particularly by those who most readily have recourse to such assistance in their time of need.

Probably there was only one person in all his wide circle of acquaintances who gave the dead man a kindly thought, and that one was Jane Heathcote. She spoke of him now with a gentleness that was almost affectionate and she was glad to think that she had recalled to him his happier days and turned his mind to something higher than that which occupied him so exclusively.

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Maynell," I fear you have lost a friend, and now you had better decide to take Mary's place as soon as she goes, and when you have been here a little while I will give you a character, and in the meantime we will try to find a really good place in some respectable house where you will be safe and comfortable."

"I would rather stay with you, ma'am, if I can do your work, than go to the best place in the world. I want to try and be of some use to you, and I think I could be if I had the chance."

"You have done me a great service already, more than I can ever repay. I know what risk you ran, and I am very grateful to you, please remember that if I never allude to it again. You understand it is wiser to forget such things, and never to speak of what we don't want known to others: it is the only way to keep a secret.

"Well, now, suppose you come here every day, and let Mary show you what the work is. She is a good girl, and I have told her I meant to ask you to take her place. I know you will like her, and you will be

very careful, won't you, to forget that you ever had any trouble in the past or that you knew Frank.

"You may say you knew me before I married, because I said as much myself to Mr. Chawley, and he is a born gossip. He is dangerous and knows your past to some extent, and is sure to try and find out more; that's one reason why I wanted you to go away where no one knows you: but we must just fool him and be careful we don't make him an enemy."

So Jane was installed as assistant house-maid, but still was to sleep at her aunt's, because Byham cottage was so small that there was not a room available for her till Mary left.

Next day was the day for the meet at Burley Wood, and Mrs. Maynell drove off after breakfast in good spirits; it seemed to her as if the cloud had lifted, and, though she could not see her way any clearer to the achievement of her undertaking, she felt as if Jane's presence in the house was a good omen.

The horse was ready for her when she reached the wood-side, and John Marchmont was on hand to help her to mount. She had learned to ride when very young, and had a perfect seat and cool nerve, but she lacked experience in this particular kind of country, which had many peculiarities and which took more than mere horsemanship to enable a rider to keep up with the hounds.

The country was intersected with small valleys with steep sides; a kind of large ridge and furrow formation; but the valleys turned and twisted abruptly, the fences were often high old 'bullfinches,' and there were tempting grass lanes that led to some *cul de sac* with high hedges on each side and a locked gate at the end; the river wound about in the most surprising manner, so that a stranger was liable to be thrown out no matter how good a rider he might be, nor how well mounted.

However, neither Mrs. Maynell nor her two friends were of the serious type of fox-hunters who take their sport as a rather solemn matter, not to be trifled with; they were out to enjoy the fun and excitement of the 'cross country gallop they were sure to get, whether they were lucky enough to be in the first flight or not.

After a short delay a fox was found, and soon a general movement indicated the direction taken and then there was a rush of those who were in the wrong place, and the fun began.

John Marchmont was well up and got away easily; the others followed and were able to keep the hounds in sight till they ran their fox to earth in a ditch near a small 'spinney,' from which they started a fresh fox that led them away across the open evidently making for the covert near Kentham, that lay some miles away. The pace was such that the 'field' was soon left trailing behind, and only a score or so of the best riders were near the first flight.

Mrs. Maynell was amongst them and John Marchmont not far behind. He felt rather humiliated to see the lady he was piloting so far ahead of him, but it was all fun anyhow, and she was following a man who seemed to know the country, so John followed her as well as he could. She was well mounted and rode boldly,

in fact she rode rashly, but her excuse was that the horse proved to be a puller and she really could do little more than guide him; as to holding him, she soon found that was beyond her strength. The ground was in good condition and the hounds were going at a great pace.

She was following the man who seemed to know the country along the top of a ridge, while the hounds were running along the ridge on the other side of a narrow valley well in sight.

The fences were all cut low and even here, and the fields were small, so that it was like steeple-chase riding. She was becoming excited with the pace and with the rapid succession of these low fences, and was following a little to the left of the man she had chosen as her pilot, but she could not keep as far behind him as she ought to have done because she could not hold the pulling horse.

Suddenly she saw her guide swing off to the right just as he came near a bushy-topped hedge: he turned and shouted to her a warning that she could not hear, and disappeared over the fence. She tried to turn her horse but he was out of hand and she let him take the fence in his own way, she just raising one arm to shield her face from the thorns as they dashed through the light bushy top of the fence. But she did not close her eyes, and as they rose at the fence she saw the man in front of her rolling down a bank mixed up with his horse, and right in front of her a clear drop of some five and twenty feet into an old quarry.

When the men behind saw them diasppear they pulled up and looked over the fence, while those who knew the place made for a safe spot to jump the hedge, and there was soon a group of willing helpers on hand. The man who had rolled down the bank had picked himself up and hobbled lamely to look for the lady, who now lay motionless with her horse on top of her in the grass-covered bottom of the disused quarry.

It was not the first time this place had caught a victim, and soon there was a small crowd around eager to help and anxious to know who the lady was, and what harm was done. There were calls for a doctor and denunciations of the farmer, who ought to have a sign up to warn people of the danger.

John and Willie Barnet were soon there and found her apparently dead; the horse's back was broken.

Soon a doctor galloped up and pushed in to see what he could do. He was well known, and they all made way for him. He said she was alive, but he could not tell what the damage was yet.

Some one brought a carriage that was passing on the road at the bottom of the field, and, hearing that the lady was from Kentham, they all agreed it was best to take her there to her own house, as it was almost as near as any other house from where they then were.

The ladies in the carriage helped the doctor to get the unconscious woman in and the eldest of the three said she would go along with the doctor and see her safely into her own home. She told the two young girls to walk homewards, saying she would follow and pick them up in

a little while when she got back.

John took the doctor's horse, and the friends followed with one or two others to help if necessary in getting the victim of the accident out of the carriage.

It was only about two miles to Kentham and the coachman lost no time on the road, so it was not long before Mrs. Maynell was in her own house and in good hands. But she remained unconscious, and it was long before the doctor could say whether there was any chance of saving her life.

Jane naturally took the place of nurse, and no one questioned her right nor her fitness: she pleased the doctor at once by her coolness and quickness as well as by her instinctive sense of what was needed, so that he concluded she had experience and he asked no questions.

It was a difficult case and slow. The patient remained in a semi-conscious state for days, and the days dragged themselves into weeks before she could speak intelligently.

Jane never left the room unless Mary came to relieve her, and she refused all suggestions of a trained nurse, saying she knew her business and was not going to break down, she would take care of that.

Many of the men who frequented the card-parties at Byham called, or sent flowers to the house, and John Marchmont and Willie Barnet were daily visitors. They felt that they had failed in their duties as pilots; the loss of the horse was not given a thought. There was nothing mean about Willie. Jane liked both these men, and tried to see them herself, when she could, but left Mary to answer anyone else who called.

One day a man called who was a stranger, and who wished to see Jane Heathcote on business; he made no inquiry for Mrs. Maynell, but said he had learned in the village that Jane Heathcote was at Byham Cottage, and he wanted to give her a package that he brought from a lawyer in Rowton, and which he was to get a receipt for.

So Jane was brought and received a package, which on opening proved to be the old pocket-book in which Richardson had kept her mothers' letters. There was the paper he had written on the outside of the book, which was wrapped in paper and sealed, with specific instructions on the wrapper to his executors to give it to Jane Heathcote and to no one else.

She signed the receipt, but did not examine the package till a week or so later, when it occurred to her to read her mother's letters. She had been surprised at the bulk of the package, but was too much concerned about her patient to have any curiosity about it then, but, as an improvement had definitely set in, she began to feel need of relaxation from the constant strain of nursing and bethought her of the package.

On opening she found a second package along with the pocket-book and a letter, which she opened first. It was from Richardson and written in a kindly and fatherly tone, asking her to accept the enclosed as a legacy from her mother's old friend and to think of him as kindly as she could, as if he were a father whom she had never known.

The legacy was in the form of bank-notes to the amount of twelve hundred pounds, which seemed an enormous sum to Jane, and which almost frightened her. She wrapped it up and put it away in her box, with her clothes, which she kept in the little dressing-room adjoining the sick-room, where she slept.

She decided to tell her mistress about it as soon as she was well enough and offer it to her for her use. It was really due to her that she had met the old man, and she felt that she had no right to it herself.

Then she turned to her mother's letters, and, reading between the lines, she got a glimpse of the romance which had been the one bright spot in the life of the man whom everyone abused, and whom no one pitied; though she thought he was to be pitied more than many who know sorrow and who live in trouble all their lives. Her own trouble had brought her her greatest happiness; but it was awful to think of such a life as his.

XI

ALMOST the first thing the patient asked, when she recovered sufficiently to be able to understand her position, was what was the date. It had to be repeated several times, and explained to her, before she could realize that she had been unconscious so long. Then she seemed worried and anxious.

The doctor tried to soothe her, but Jane suggested that he should leave the patient to her as she thought she knew what was on her mind, and the doctor, who knew Jane's devotion and good sense, had no hesitation in withdrawing and leaving her with her mistress alone.

The sick woman watched him go and then whispered to Jane that she must see Arthur Coulter at once; at once! she repeated: and Jane promised to send for him.

But whom was she to send? The two friends who had been so attentive and who had called every day, were in the drawing-room with the doctor, but she did not want the doctor to know; so she thought of the groom and was going to call him, when she caught sight of Jenkins talking to him and she called in the horse-breaker, knowing she could trust him to give the message in the right way. Jenkins was pleased to go, and certainly the message was welcome to the young man, who was almost in despair.

Arthur was in a very tight corner, and had no one he cared to consult now that Barker had vanished and Mrs. Maynell was inaccessible. He had won a little at the Rowton meeting, and had been paid for two horses that he had sold, besides the one he had bought for Mrs. Maynell, and further he had asked for his allowance in advance; and yet he had little more than half what he needed.

Happening to meet Robert Styles a few days before, he had entered into conversation in a light and airy manner, and had spoken of his ill-luck at Rowton as a trifling disappointment but which would make it inconvenient for him to pay up the whole of that bill, and suggested that Styles should take half the amount to cancel that bill, and accept Arthur's own note for the balance.

He was very boyish in his ideas

of business, and Styles smiled sardonically at the proposal, merely refusing to consider the matter at all and repeating what he had previously said, that he must have the whole amount on the date named and it was quite the same to him whether Arthur payed it himself or his uncle.

Arthur then became even more airy in his superiority to such trifles, and said he merely wished to avoid annoying his father, who had promised to square up his accounts after the New Year.

Styles was uneasy; his revenge was so near that he began to be greedy to seize it lest it should escape him in the few days that remained before the bill became due. He had heard of Arthur's visits to Shareham, and knew that if he were accepted by Miss Masters he would be able to get his father to help him out of his present trouble: and then it might be long before a Coulter fell into his clutches again.

On the other hand, he hoped that Arthur's position was so bad that he would not dare face his father with the full facts: for it seemed more than likely that Barker was ruined and had slipped away, leaving his dupe to meet their joint liabilities.

He knew that Barker had dealings with Richardson and that he was intimate with Arthur, and he easily filled in the rest. If he had been really anxious about his two thousand pounds this would have troubled him, for Richardson might get the first call and be paid up, while he would certainly be left to the tender mercies of the law.

But it was revenge he wanted, not money, and his old enemy Richardson was now going to help him to his heart's desire. But the old moneylender was dead and so far the executors had made no search for the missing Captain Barker, nor had they troubled Arthur. Of course, he reflected, their bills might well be due after the close of the year, but, knowing Richardson's ways, he thought it certain that he would have arranged for repayment immediately after the Rowton meeting in which Arthur and Barker were known to be heavily interested. Their speculations were known to have failed, and yet Richardson's executors made no move.

Styles's refusal to consider his proposal was a heavy blow to Arthur, for it brought him face to face with the unpleasant alternative of a full explanation with his father, and when he considered the sum total of his liabilities, he felt pretty sure that his father would put this particular transaction on one side and would say that if his brother Richard was fool enough to make himself responsible for Arthur's borrowings he might take the consequences; it would be a lesson to him perhaps not to interfere in matters that did not concern him, or something to that effect.

Arthur would then be in the position of failing in his word of honor to his uncle with the added probability of his uncle's being unable himself to meet the call, for which he would not be prepared, as he had been given to understand that the loan was only an accommodation to be settled in a week or so, in fact 'a mere matter of form,' as Barker had put it.

That his uncle had made no allu-

sion to the matter showed his perfect trust in Arthur's promise; and now he saw himself facing this dishonor as well as possible ruin; for, if his father was sufficiently indignant, he might simply refuse to help him at all and leave him to settle with his creditors as best he could; that meant bankruptcy, and perhaps loss of his chance of winning Beatrice Masters, who was not by any means throwing herself at his head, rather the reverse indeed, if the truth were confessed.

So the call to the bedside of one, who had given him such good advice already, came as a ray of light in the darkness of his prospects. He set off at once to the cottage and was admitted by Jane's instructions. He was told to be very quiet and not to agitate the patient on any account.

It was a great shock to see the strong-willed woman lying there so helpless, but she soon showed that her mind was clear and active as ever. She asked at once:

"Have you redeemed that bill?"

"Not yet," he said. "I have not yet got the amount, and Styles refused to take less. I tried to get him to listen to a proposal, but he said he must have the whole sum as agreed."

"How much have you?" she asked.

"About eleven hundred," he answered, uneasily eyeing Jane, who was supporting Mrs. Maynell as she tried to sit up.

The patient lay back and Jane wiped the perspiration from her forehead as she laid her head gently back on the pillow. She lay still with her eyes open and her brows set in an evident effort to concentrate her mind on some proposition. She was trying to recall a dream, or a message, or something that seemed to have come to her as she lay in delirium grappling with some monster. She knew that help had come, and that at the time she understood that it was all a dream, but that it had a meaning, and was to be a guide to her. She thought that there must be help coming, but feared that by her sickness she had perhaps lost some opportunity, or was losing one now, because her brain was so weak.

Again she asked: "How much is needed to make up the amount?"

"Nine hundred and fifty pounds would do it, but I can't think where to get it in the time," he said helplessly.

"And the time is just how long?"

"Just four days from today."

"That is to say three days before he can present it?" she asked.

"Yes; three days. Shall I go to my father?"

"I fear it would be no good, unless you could tell him you are accepted by Miss Masters; can you tell him that?"

Arthur got very red and said uncomfortably: "No, I can't"; and again he looked towards Jane, who was still in the room.

Mrs. Maynell saw the look and said: "Don't mind Jane, she is my best friend and knows all my private affairs. Well, you must go now, but come tomorrow and bring all the money you can raise, and we will devise some plan of rescue. Good-bye, don't despair, but learn your lesson and be wiser in future."

He went home feeling as if the

darkness had lightened, and as if he had found a friend in need. He was young and had been trained to think of himself first by his mother's system of indulgence, so that it was only an afterthought that made him feel a little mean to be throwing the weight of his troubles on a sick woman's shoulders.

Again he went over in his mind the various people who might supply this money, and, as he thought of them, he saw refusal written large everywhere. It is only when a man has real need of money that he realizes how hard it is to borrow from his friends. They seem to scent danger, and all at once become penniless and tottering on the verge of insolvency. He had tried several and been put off more or less kindly, but quite definitely; and, as if the news of his dilemma had gone abroad, some of his creditors were pressing for a check on account to enable them to meet their engagements at the close of the year; what did he care about their engagements! They must wait.

When he was gone, Jane came to her mistress and said quite simply:

"If you want that money for Mr. Coulter, I can give it you ma'am."

"Why! what do you mean Jane? How can you get all that?"

"Mr. Richardson sent me my mother's letters, as he promised — you remember I told you, ma'am. He wrote that the package was to be given unopened to me at his death, and he put in a letter to me and twelve hundred pounds in banknotes as a legacy to me from my mother's old friend, and he asked me to think of him as a father. Shall I show you the letter, ma'am?"

"No, no, Jane. Wait a little! You frightened me for a moment,— but it is all right. Now I know that my dream was true."

Next morning the doctor thought his patient had taken a decided turn for the better, and he was right. She was happy that she could save Frank's name, and thought she might now find a way to save him from bankruptcy and began to think she ought not to have sent him away, yet he could not have saved himself. No, he must learn his lesson now. She could only take care that he should not be swamped utterly by his past mistakes, but should have a chance to make a fresh start.

The real joy in her heart was sheer gratitude to Life itself that such people as Jane Heathcote lived, to prove that human beings were at heart noble and generous and brave. It was a vindication of human nature that made her proud of her own humanity, though she did not put it so to herself. She was not fond of self-analysis, but she felt these things without formulating her feelings into thoughts and words.

As to Arthur Coulter, he seemed to be little more than a puppet; pull the strings, and the figure worked; that was the way with the mass of men, perhaps. She had more respect for a ruffian like Styles, with his passionate desire for revenge, contemptible as she considered that; there was a certain force and a will in the man, but Arthur seemed to have become a rather colorless creature by comparison with such a jewel as Jane.

Even Willie Barnet seemed to have more character, if a good deal

of it was not of the highest order.

She stopped there in her review of her friends' characters, which recent events had revealed to her in new lights, and turned her mind to Styles and the best way to deal with the present situation. The study of character with her was not an intellectual process of comparative analysis, but a swift and immediate intuitive perception, corrected or balanced by experience and common sense. This faculty depends upon self-confidence, for, without it, there is nothing to support its conclusions or give value to its judgments. Self-mistrust kills intuition by a process of slow starvation.

Next day Arthur was kept at home by afternoon visitors, so that it was late when he got to Byham. He saw Styles driving home from his office in Rowton, and was not at all glad to see him, for the sight suggested the probability of an unpleasant interview.

He was not fond of scenes and had hitherto managed to avoid whatever seemed likely to be unpleasant, pursuing the flowery path of self-indulgence towards that haven of his youthful imagination in which he saw himself the honored, respected, and happy possessor of all that makes life appear most pleasant in the eyes of youth. He was beginning to suspect that the flower-strewn path of self-indulgence does not always lead to that goal, and that it has some rather dangerous corners where a man may get a bad fall if he is going too fast.

Mrs. Maynell received him propped up in bed, with Jane in attendance as before. Arthur mentioned having just seen Styles going home.

"Then he will be there by now, and I think you should see him at once."

Arthur tried to brace up, but felt feebly that his counselor was not an easy guide to follow.

"Have you brought the money?" she asked. "Well, then, Jane, give me that large envelope, please."

Then to Arthur: "Here is the balance of your debt, which you must take as a loan from me and repay it as soon as you can. You can give me a memorandum of the amount; Jane can be witness, and that is all that is necessary; but one thing I ask as a fancy, a whim, of mine. I want to see that bill burned before my own eyes, so you must bring it back with you at once here, and be sure to make no explanation to Mr. Styles. Just say that you have come to redeem the bill as agreed. Take a high stand and don't answer questions as to where the money comes from; it is not his business.

"Now sit down there and count it all carefully, be sure there is no mistake, and don't lose time. No! I don't want thanks, I want to see that bill here in my own hands; then I shall know that the matter is settled. Jane will give you the memorandum to sign. I asked her to write it for me, read it carefully and see if it is correct."

She pretended great impatience in order to relieve him of the embarrassment of thanking her, and then hustled him off to Styles's house, which was close by.

"I hope he will not talk to Mr.

Styles," she said to Jane; "if he does, he will let it all out, and we don't want anyone to know more than is necessary. They would never guess the truth certainly."

The time seemed long to the two women waiting, but to Arthur it was but a moment till he faced Styles and said he had come as he had agreed to redeem the bill though he had hoped to do so even earlier, if that accident had not knocked out the horse he was backing at such exceptional odds: however, the bill was not yet due so he had kept his word, and, as it was rather late and he did not want to be late for dinner, he would be glad if Mr. Styles would return the bill as receipt for the cash.

Styles was staggered when he saw the money and counted it. He was silent, trying to hide his mortification behind a smile which was a most sardonic parody of politeness; he was not subtil and the refinements of diplomacy were not his strong point. He wondered where the money came from; someone must be behind this. Arthur would have simply drawn a check if he had had the money himself, and the fact of it being in bank of England notes showed that someone had given him this and did not wish to be known. Well, that was not the point; the money was there and he could not refuse it.

He affected satisfaction, took the money, opened the safe and put it in a drawer, from which he took the envelope containing the bill, and, drawing out the fatal document he wrote the word 'cancelled' upon it; then he took a receipt-book and filled in a form for the amount and handed it to Arthur, saying as he did so:

"There is your receipt and I am glad the matter is settled. I am glad if I have been able to do you a service, though I do not approve of lending money, and I must warn you of the danger of getting compromised by associating with fast men. You will excuse me if I take the liberty of an old man in warning you that a young man may ruin his whole career by choosing his friends badly."

While talking he moved towards the door, as if to show his visitor the way out; which was natural, as Arthur had said he was in a hurry; but Arthur remembered his instructions and said:

"I will take the bill, please."

Styles replied: "Oh! I cancelled it, you see"; and holding it up, "it is waste paper now."

"I will take it, please," said Arthur coldly, and there was nothing for it but to give it up.

Arthur folded it and put it in his pocket, and Styles, seeing his vengeance vanish, lost control of himself and said sneeringly:

"Going to send it to your uncle?"

"That is my affair, Mr. Styles. I thank you for your assistance, and for your good advice. I shall certainly be more careful in future. Good-bye."

Styles stood for some time thinking over this interview. At last he said to himself:

"He knew it was a forgery or he would never have thought of wanting to carry off a canceled bill, but he did not do it himself, he is not up to it. He was very cool about it, and yet if he had not known it was dangerous, he would not have car-

ried it off. I wonder if Captain Barker will come back now. Well Sir John! You have had an escape, but I can wait, my time will come."

He sat there brooding over the chance of gratifying his revenge that had just escaped him, and was surprised to find that the disappointment was not as bitter as it seemed to him it ought to be. Was he growing old and losing his vitality? Had he begun to lose his desire for revenge which had been so long a religion to him? Or was it some other influence that had come into his life?

Arthur hurried back, triumphantly produced the bill, and laid it before the woman who had saved him from a danger that he did not suspect. She was so pleased to see it, and to watch it burn to ashes in the fire, that he began to feel as if he had done something rather heroic; still, he had the grace to thank her very sincerely for her help and good advice; but Jane cut him short, told him that the patient was already over-excited by his visit, and so sent him away.

Then her mistress called her and kissed her with tears in her eyes. She could say nothing, but there was a peace in the room that seemed to Jane like the presence of some holy influence.

XII

Now that the danger was past and all trace of Frank Barker's forgeries destroyed, his sister began to think of his future. It was so natural to her to make plans for him, that she forgot the lesson he had so constantly tried to teach her of the futility of such schemes for his welfare. She rather blamed herself for sending him away, and felt that she had failed to keep her head; had she lost faith in her power to protect him? She had mothered him when she was but a girl herself and had never yet failed him in his need; the habit of playing the part of guardian-angel had grown strong in her.

Now she lay helpless and it was Jane who had come to the rescue. She never asked herself, "Was he worth it?" That did not count with her; she acted in response to a need of her own nature to help. It was not a principle or a duty but a necessity to her; she felt the call and acted in response, as naturally as the man himself acted in response to the call of his own nature which led him to a course of self-indulgence of a selfish kind, while her self-indulgence was altruistic.

As she lay there thinking of the past and of the probable future, she began to see her conduct in a new light; for the first time in her life she became introspective, and doubts arose as to the wisdom of her attitude towards her brother. She saw that she had shielded him from the natural results of his own weakness, but she could not give him strength to master the weakness. What then had she accomplished?

If he were not gaining strength by experience he must be losing the benefit of the experience and learning more and more to believe that, in his case at least, results do not follow causes with that certainty which teaches the ordinary man some lessons of common prudence at least. She had robbed him of the fruits of experience, and taught him depen-

dence on her in place of self-reliance. Could an enemy do worse?

This thought was bitter medicine, but she drank it without a murmur. She saw that her mistake began far back and that this latest trouble had come as the natural sequence of all that went before. Had she failed him now her wrong would have been great indeed, she felt; for if he had been convicted of forgery he would have been put in a position from which there would have been no escape.

She thought of her experience among those who had passed through that ordeal, and knew that it was crushing and degrading beyond the power of ordinary men to resist. It was unjust; and she rejoiced that Frank had escaped that at least.

He had been badly scared, and must have seen the folly of his life, but what then? A man does not start a new life on a sound basis without some definite hope of success: and if he does not make a fresh start he must adopt expedients, and that means that he falls into that class of adventurers who are on the borderland of crime. No! she must not abandon him now; she had her share of responsibility in his weakness and she must help him still.

Jane was putting coal on the fire and Mrs. Maynell thought as she watched her and lay helpless to do even the most necessary things for herself that her determination to help her brother was rather pretentious; was it not Jane who had done everything in this crisis?

Jane looked up and seeing the patient was awake, she went to her and did what was possible for her comfort; then she said:

"I have been wanting to ask you, ma'am, if you would let me put the rest of that money in your bank. I have no use for it now and it would be safer there; you could give me what I want, and no one would know anything about it. If they knew that a poor girl like me had two hundred and fifty pounds in bank-notes they would be sure to say I stole it."

There was obvious sense in this, but Mrs. Maynell read the thought behind the words and knew that Jane suspected her bank-account was growing low and would be all the better for this addition. Here she was planning to save and help her brother, and instead of that she was to be helped herself by a poor girl whom her brother had wronged. But there was no bitterness in the thought; she was too generous herself to resent the help offered so simply and so tactfully. She laughed and said:

"Ah, Jane, my banking-account is like the tailor's thimble - open at both ends: as fast as money is put in at one end it runs out at the other."

"That's why I thought it would be better to put this money in there instead of keeping it in the house."

The logic of this was unanswerable.

So eventually it was agreed and the two hundred and fifty pounds went into Mrs. Maynell's account, which gave her bank-book a very much better appearance, and made Jane supremely happy.

(To be continued)