THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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THINK of the countless myriads whose weary, toiling, bleeding feet have worn deep the channels of this river of time. Listen to the complaints of the weary, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the despairing. — *William Q. Judge*

SOME ASPECTS OF REINCARNATION: by Magister Artium

AT a time like this, when thoughtful people, especially among the troubled nations of Europe, are asking each other so earnestly what are to be the foundations of our future social life, it is timely to refer once more to those ancient and well-tried principles which Theosophy offers as being the bed-rock of all stability and well-being in human affairs. Nor can we speak of these principles without being reminded of their opposites — the errors which have been so largely responsible for the troubles that now prevail. And chiefest among these errors has been the want of knowledge of the perpetuity of the Soul's individual existence; a scepticism which has caused people to focus their attention on the brief and trivial affairs of the immediate present, and on the concerns of the external man, to the neglect of those deeper and grander issues which alone can satisfy the needs of a Being whose life, divine in its origin and its essence, perishes not nor was originate with the body.

Reincarnation must be the groundwork of our future upbuilding.

But the sublime doctrine of Reincarnation has been so misunderstood and travestied by little minds and people who have used it as a means of advertising their peculiar views, that for many readers it will perhaps suggest associations unworthy and ideas ridiculous. Nevertheless Reincarnation is a truth that cannot be thus killed and will surely survive all misrepresentation.

The doctrine of Reincarnation follows logically from the doctrine of the Soul's essential immortality. To a sceptic who declares that he

does not believe in the Soul's immortality, it is often a good plan to say: "Well, perhaps the doctrine is not true in your case; for Theosophy teaches that some men are soulless and that in their case there can be no immortality." Such an answer is well calculated to offend the sceptic and to put him upon his mettle, so that a little dialectic skill may result in an exchange of parts beween the two speakers, the skeptic now arguing *for* the immortality of the soul, which his opponent is apparently endeavoring to disprove. And what does this illustrate? It illustrates the fact that every man who has a Soul is in reality aware of its existence and is prepared, when seriously challenged, to speak up in defence of it. Further, the truth is brought out that not the whole of us is immortal, but only a part. And indeed this is but common sense. The elements whereof for the most part we are compact are certainly not qualified to survive the destruction of the body, for with the growth of that body they have themselves gradually grown up, and the disintegration of the body would infallibly remove the conditions essential to their coherence. So it is in a large sense true to say that John Jones or Mary Smith will not live again — the idea of their doing so being as incongruous as the idea of Kipling's "Tomlinson" at the bar of Judgment, or any one of the innumerable comic stories about heaven and hell. Yet there is that in Jones, Smith, or Tomlinson, which, though bearing no recognizable physical trait by which we could identify it as any one of the above people, still constitutes the very fount of their humanity and is not doomed to destruction by the "conqueror worm."

A person who lives a very superficial life, and who is consequently not very far above the animal kingdom, may feel neither the sense nor the desire of immortality; but his case by no means applies to the person who thinks deeply and lives intensely. This latter individual must often feel strongly what a mockery human life seems, when judged by the standard of current dogmas and beliefs. We spend the first half of our life in pursuing something, until we come to the age when we realize that we shall never get it; and then we spend the other half in looking backwards and wishing we could have the same opportunities again.

The law of man's life is not the law of animal life. To the animal, neither gifted nor burdened with a *reflective* intelligence, the continual satisfaction of immediate desires suffices. But no man, unless he be an idiot, is capable of such satisfaction. For him the satisfaction of

immediate desires does not constitute an all-sufficient end. Yet it may take him many weary years to find out that his life has really all the time been directed by other purposes than those he calls his own, and that his schemes and ambitions and loves and fancies have been but so many obstacles that have lured him out of the straight path, as when a cow stops to graze, now on the right, now on the left, what time the relentless stick in her rear propels her ceaselessly forward in the direction in which a higher will has ordained that she shall go. And doubtless that higher will seems to the cow very inscrutable; yet we can please ourselves with the fancy that, if she is a good cow, she acquiesces piously. What is certain is that she obeys the compulsion, as we all do, whether we believe in a Soul or a God or anything else.

We have spoken of a pious cow, but it may be allowed to suppose that the cow was a scientific materialist, and said that the force that impelled her onward against her will was a blind cosmic power. In that case she represents still another aspect of human nature — the aspect that believes in blind cosmic forces, and that man is the victim or sport of them. Thus we have sketched two types, both recognizing the existence of a law superior to human wishes, but one of them calling that law the hand of God, and the other calling it a blind cosmic force. What does Theosophy say?

That the power superior to man's wishes, which drives (or guides) him through life in a direction not of his own choosing, is in very truth Man's own higher Will, the voice of the Soul, the *real* man. And as man, after all, spends from a quarter to a third of his entire lifetime in a state of consciousness (called sleep) wherein all his ordinary faculties are in total abeyance, there is no telling what revelations and previsions may come to him while in that state and be lost sight of when he awakes. Moreover, some scientists tell us that our consciousness is not continuous but made up of little moments, separated from each other by gaps of unconsciousness, like molecules in matter or plums in a pudding; so that according to this theory, it is possible that man might be living in two worlds at the same time. At all events he has a faculty that is higher than his ordinary mind, and very probably more than one such faculty; and there is no doubt that the purposes that are fulfilled in his life are the purposes of this higher Wisdom that is his, for they certainly are not those of his constantly frustrated inclinations.

From the above it would seem that man is a being who is living

in a half-awake state, with many of his wits dormant; and surely this is not in any wise contrary to the doctrine of evolution. It would seem perfectly reasonable to suppose that if a Being can evolve all the way up from a speck of ammonium tartrate, through the successive gradations of the potato, the jelly-fish, the monkey, and so forth, he can also evolve further yet and become something that he has never yet been. So, whichever way you take it, there are higher faculties in man.

Reincarnation affords the only satisfactory answer to the poignant problem of unfulfilled purposes, aspirations never realized. A single lifetime being obviously insufficient for the vast possibilities of experience and accomplishment that man's aspiring mind unfolds before him, he strives to create heavens whereon to fasten his hopes, but the materialism of creeds and the abstractions of scientific idealism mock his hopes and turn his visions into phantoms. He does not realize that he has within himself the means of *knowing* and the power to lift himself out of all doubt and helplessness.

But Theosophy reminds him of the reality of man's Divine nature and gives renewed assurance of the possibility of *attainment*. Attainment of what? Knowledge, certitude, satisfaction; for we are speaking of and to the man whose desires rise above the satisfaction of immediate wants and who is not entirely and exclusively engrossed in the pursuit of business, invention, or any other exclusive interest. All reflective people, if only in brief occasional moments, know that there is some goal of attainment to which their aspirations tend, though they may not know what it is.

In criticising the doctrine of Reincarnation, the critics should always bear in mind that their existing beliefs do not stand on such a ground of certainty as to warrant them in criticising Reincarnation on the ground of uncertainty. In fact, Reincarnation has more proof in its favor than any alternative theory of life and after-life. The objections commonly raised against it are such as rise immediately to the mind of any one upon a first acquaintance and are quickly removed by a more intimate study. Hence the proper answer to such objections consists in a recommendation to further study. Moreover, nobody is obliged to accept the doctrine; and if the inquirer does not like it, he can let it alone. Objectors sometimes aver that the prospect of subsequent lives on earth has little attraction and even considerable repulsion for them; as though the question of their likes and dislikes could

affect the truth of the matter! or as though our beliefs were to be regulated by our preferences. We may well ask whether, as Theosophists, we are expected to teach people things that they would like to believe or things that are true. But the objection is invalid on other grounds; for the man who makes it does not realize the situation. He probably imagines himself undergoing a continuance of his present life; and, if so, we may excuse him for wishing to be rid of the burden. But reincarnation ensues upon a long period of absolute rest, and the Soul enters the body of a child; so that the refreshment that comes with sleep and a new day is but a microscopic foretaste of the immeasurable recreation that follows upon death and rebirth. It is the man's *own desire* to experience again the circumstances of terrestrial life that draws the Soul from its abode of bliss to enter once more the realms of earth.

It is not intended here to detail the doctrine of Reincarnation or the proofs for it or the arguments against it. There is no space nor is there any need, since such information can be found in a manual. But there are other points in connexion with this important subject that claim attention; and our immediate purpose is to emphasize the need for this truth in a crisis like the present. In order to grasp the idea of Reincarnation, it is necessary to distinguish between the "reincarnating ego" and the ordinary personal ego of a man; and human life suffers greatly from ignoring this distinction. Thus ego-worship becomes equivalent to a blind and mad worship of the lustful and power-loving qualities in man. Of course there can only be one real Self in a man; and whether a man can have more than one soul depends upon what meaning we give to the word "soul." But, though there cannot be more than one real Self, there may be false selves, and this latter fact is matter of experience. It is on this account that man finds himself divided into two and has that terrible struggle symbolized by Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. But it would be truer to say that man has many of these fictitious selves. They are like colored rays issuing from the windows of a lantern, while within burns the single pure flame of the source of light. It is only the finest part of our nature that constitutes the true Self and that can survive the change of death and pass on to enter eventually another body.

Hence a study of the doctrine of Reincarnation is calculated to familiarize people's minds with the fact that they have a Higher Self; and it will not be denied that the present troubles of our civilization

are due to over-emphasis of the personal self — which can only lead to variance. And people are looking about for some new standard which they can follow in their future march of progress; but what standard can we unfurl but the standard of man's Divinity? And if man has Divinity, it cannot be a mere useless abstraction. It must be accepted as an absolute fact that man's conscious existence is not limited to this earth, and that he is indeed immortal. And from this it follows that he is immortal now at this moment while he lives in this body; the immortal seed, which is to survive, is with us while we live; it is our very Self.

What a light does Reincarnation throw on history! If each man lived but a single life on earth, how insignificant would be his part in history, how little would be his interest in the human drama of races and nations! If each man's life were limited to his personality, again how insignificant would be his part and his interests! But man, the immortal Soul, is one with the whole human race, nor are his interests ever dissevered from those of the mighty human drama of the ages. We have lived through the ages, and played many parts, and shall do so again; we are bound up with humanity. This gives a meaning to life, which otherwise seems a mere farce.

Death must be birth into a new and larger life, but why need we wait till death? It is only the barriers of our lower nature that shut us out from spheres of knowledge and light that encompass us. Narrow creeds and scientific dogmas have petrified our imagination and clipped our wings till in our despair we grasp at the most fantastic speculations; and even reincarnation itself has been made the subject of miserable burlesques that show the same pettiness of spirit and poverty of imagination.

Writers on the evidences for reincarnation sometimes adduce arguments which, taken by themselves, might be explained in some other way. The existence of musical prodigies, for instance, does not *prove* reincarnation; it merely proves that the faculties evinced by the child must have been developed before he was born. But they may have been developed by someone else. Hereditary transmission is not doubted; what we want to know is whether there is continuity of existence for the individual being. That is the essential point in reincarnation. So likewise the argument that a man's single life on earth is but a fragment, torn, as it were, out of the middle of a far ampler fabric, might be answered by saying that the purposes left un-

fulfilled by one man are taken up by another. And in fact we know that one man does actually so complete the work of another. Again we say, no one questions the continuity of the human race, and the essential question is whether there is continuity of existence for the individual man.

The difficulty of answering this question by means of the results of introspection is easily understood when we consider that our present personality has no cognizance whatever of having lived before. How, then, should we have any foreknowledge of an existence beyond the grave?

The continuity of human life is an obvious fact, but the continuity of the individual human being is the matter of question. The unfinished work of one man is taken up by his successors, and so the human race advances in knowledge; faculties are possessed by children, which must have been developed before they were born, as in the case of musical prodigies; but whether these faculties were developed by another individual or by the same individual in his previous life, is the question.

The question of reincarnation — the question of immortality even — resolves itself into the problem of the relation between mankind and the individual man. We cannot begin to answer the question of immortality properly until we know more about this other question.

Is it reasonable to speak of immortality as something that pertains only to life after and before death, as though man passed through alternate periods of mortality and immortality? Or is it not more reasonable to speak of immortality as something that pertains equally to the present life — something that goes on all the time? In short, is not man immortal *now,* in the sense that he forms part of mankind, which is immortal as a race?

It would seem that an individual man is dual in his nature, consisting of a part which he holds in common with his race, and a part peculiar to himself. He is a branch on a tree, a leaf on one of the twigs that spring from the numerous branches of the tree.

Perhaps that part of a man which he has in common with the rest of his kind is immortal, while the part peculiar to himself is mortal. In this case, the question, Am I immortal? could not be answered either by a Yes or a No, since either answer would be fallacious.

The fact is people do not know what is the Self, so can scarcely decide whether it is immortal or not. The fact that man is able to

pose the question of immortality at all is strong presumption, to many minds, that there is at least an immortal kernel in him. In other words, it is as though the phenomenon of our self-consciousness were dependent on a certain duality in our nature, giving us the power of self-contemplation. The hypothesis that death is a total end brings with it a horror that suggests powerfully that it is a falsehood.

We do not remember any existence previous to our present life, and much even of our present life has been forgotten. This is probably due to a defect of memory. Evidently the same defect is likely to hamper our speculations as to a future life. In the process of death and rebirth, we have been made over anew to such an extent that we have failed to recognize ourself.

If I aspire to knowledge concerning such mysteries, it is evident that I must be ready to undergo much tribulation in search of that knowledge. If I find myself ignorant as to the mysteries of nature, I surely have no right to complain; I ought either to remain humbly ignorant or else determine to win the knowledge I crave.

That there does also exist in the human mind a certain anxiety to *disprove* immortality cannot be gainsaid. But perhaps this voice is the voice of the lower man, which is not immortal.

Many thinkers seem unable to imagine that there can be anything between immortality of the entire personality, and total absorption into the infinite. But older peoples have thought out the question more fully. Surely there can be intermediate stages and we need not jump at one bound from one extreme to the other. Let us consider the Theosophical teaching. Roughly speaking, there are three centers in man: (1) a ray of the eternal universal Life-Spirit — such as must exist in every creature, down to the very atom of matter; (2) an immortal Self or Individuality, that persists throughout all the incarnations; and (3) the various successive personalities that are temporarily created around the Individuality each time it incarnates. This doctrine provides for an immortality which does not involve loss of Individuality nor entail absorption into the infinite. But it is essential that we should make a clear distinction between Individuality and personality, for the purposes of the above statement of doctrine. The personality, as above defined, is clearly *not* immortal.

The teaching as to personality is that this is gradually built up during the period between birth and death; and observation shows that such is indeed the case. Such a temporary creation is not fitted

to survive the gap of death, nor would it be adapted to the entirely new conditions attendant upon a renewed existence.

Heredity shows that the child is like a seed that unfolds, bringing to light various latent tendencies. Many of these tendencies we can trace to the parental or ancestral soil in which the seed was planted; but for the most part it is the nature of the seed, rather than the quality of the soil, that determines the character of the tree. We do not know what is the law which determines to what extent a child shall manifest the qualities of his ancestors, or which particular faculties he shall manifest. A genius may or may not spring from the loins of genius, and the same ancestry may produce a dozen children all with different characters. The theory that these differences in inherited characters are due to the respective "fortuitous" combinations of sundry elements in varying proportions, seems to us like a mere restatement of the problem in mathematical terms. Whether the germ-cells do these things or not is an interesting question; but the vital question is, Why do they do it? On what principle and by what agency are these combinations effected?

The answer is that the human seed has qualities of its own which were previously acquired, and that the parental soil merely affords opportunities and facilities for the unfolding of the latent qualities of the seed. This, however, does not necessarily imply continuity of the individual; for it is arguable that the previous life wherein these qualities were developed was not the life of the same individual but the life of another individual. So again we are thrown back on the problem of selfhood and the relation of individual to whole.

The transcendental or theosophic solution of the problem is that it is possible for a man to attain, by self-development, to certain knowledge concerning his actual nature and his immortality. In support of this idea we can cite all the philosophies of the East and the doctrines of the Alexandrine school; and this only by way of instance, for the field available for citation is virtually infinite.

On any theory, man is in a state of incomplete development; but a question arises whether his future progress is to be marked by the development of additional fingers on his hands, or additional convolutions in his brain, or new kinds of implements for destroying his fellow-men wholesale, or new forms of community government that will enable everybody to have plenty of bread and butter and work only three hours a day. People more adapted for activity than medita-

tion may be content to labor at such tasks of reform as seem immediately desirable; but those who think deeply must often wonder what *is* the real purpose of human life. Attempts to sketch out a bearable Utopia always seem to end in failure, and their contriver is fain to people his imagined universe with unthinking contented dummies.

But the idea that man is in a dream, that life is actually something entirely different from what the dreamer conceives it to be, and that when he wakes up the problem will wear an entirely new aspect — this idea alters the question altogether.

It is said to be characteristic of the present dominant civilization that the personality of man is disproportionately accentuated. By contrast, we are bidden to contemplate older civilizations, whose characteristic is said to be a greater subordination of the personality and a stronger feeling of impersonality — one of the manifestations being that spirit of resignation which we sometimes call fatalism, and another being a greater absence of the fear of death. Perhaps this accentuation of the personality is a necessary condition of racial progress up to a certain point. But however that may be, it may be held accountable for our comparative failure to understand problems that hinge upon the fact of man's solidarity. Too much living in one's personal interest would naturally tend to make one too fond of one's personality and would lead to anxiety concerning the fate of that beloved possession. The problem of immortality would never occur to an animal, nor does it much bother children. The willingness to give one's life to save a beloved one is justly considered a good argument for immortality; it is certainly good evidence of the consciouness of solidarity. It argues a willingness to throw away the non-essential for the sake of the essential.

Clearly, *knowledge depends upon the cultivation of impersonality.* By that road alone can we come into touch with the immortal part of our nature.

The wise man layeth up no treasure.
The more he giveth to others, the richer doth he grow.
This is the Tao of heaven, dwelling in all, yet harmful to none.—*Tao-Teh-King*

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRAINING AND INSTRUCTION: by W. A. Dunn

IN speaking of modern learning, a recent writer points out that there is too much instruction and not enough education. The word "instruction" means, according to its Latin derivation, "to build into" or "to furnish"; while "education" means "to draw out" or "train the power to action." The difference between the two is enormous. This difference is precisely what the Theosophical Leader, Katherine Tingley, stated many years ago to be the object of real education: "to bring *out* (i. e. develop) rather than merely to bring *to* (i. e. clothe) the faculties of the youth."

An extraordinary delusion has spread itself over modern thought; — mere instruction and information, along all lines of study, have come to be regarded as equivalents and substitutes for that old-fashioned mental training upon which former races based their actions and their achievements. We have even come to believe that the vast stores of learning with which our scholars are endowed, and which our young people absorb with such remarkable facility, reduces all past epochs to an inferior place to our own in the scale of evolution. We easily forget that the learning upon which our superiority is supposed to rest is but a *record* of what past races actually performed. That is, their minds and wills were awake, and possessed "capacity" to discover and use the forces we merely read about in *their* records. Our modern learning, therefore, is merely a description of something *done* in past ages, and to regard acquaintance with the arts and sciences as equivalents (in ourselves) of mental training, is like trying to nourish the body on knowledge *about* food instead of "digestive capacity" to assimilate the food itself. Educators have been avoiding the issue as to what the mental training of our children really involves. It requires but a little reflection to perceive that the greatest wealth of information or instruction does not endow the mind with one ounce of *capacity* to think an original or unbiased thought. The ability to use the brain as the organ of thought does not depend primarily upon instruction, but on mental strength developed through individual acts of thinking and doing. By thus unfolding the powers of the mind from within itself the living *meaning* of all recorded learning is arrived at, and the truth or falsity of the records of past efforts diagnosed. In short, the power at work in acts of thinking is the digestive power of

the mind, which when normal and healthy, transmutes the food of mere learning into vital thought-energy — rejecting the chaff and assimilating the true. The *process* through which the mind is put to redeem it from its broken servitude to mere sensations, desires, and emotions, is known as Theosophy, which is a synthesis of Philosophy, Science and Religion. Theosophy is not a mere record of truth, but a living process of individual training whereby a student so recreates his life that he realizes *in himself*, in mind, body and soul, the living forces of which ancient students have left suggestive instructions. A mind unable to collect itself is unable to form an estimate of its actual endowments. And to collect the mind, it must, by the exercise of its *power to think*, indraw itself from all preconceived ideas that cannot bear the searchlight of sincerity and truth. A diffused and inefficient mind is known by its inability to grasp the commonest facts of logic and reason. Because of lack of individual training in the school of the soul (in which all the treasures of life must be bought at a certain price in the coinage of truth) inefficient minds break into "spray" in the presence of any truth before them — and imagine that "spray phenomenon" in their minds to be truth itself. Therefore all conditions of broken thought, and insistent desires or emotions, denote the absence of individual *thought-power* to regulate such into rational sequence for the furtherance of some truthful purpose.

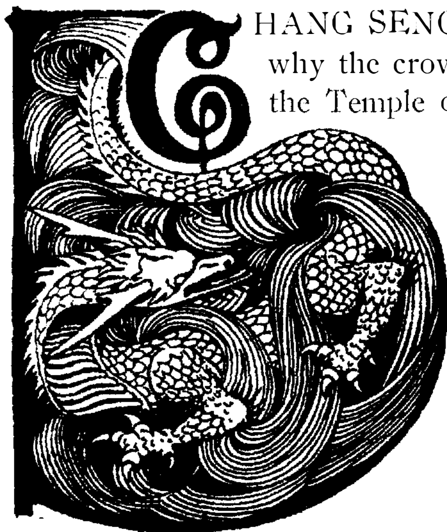
The evolution of the thinking moral self cannot be hurried by the stress of modern push. Inertia and hurry are equally removed from the middle line of soul-growth.

It therefore becomes clear that modern education, which deals almost exclusively with instruction in the arts and sciences, must have added to it, in order to attain even elementary value to the pupil, that good old-fashioned *training* of the mental and moral powers which endow the student exercising them with an independent self-knowledge that, like the living scales of justice, weighs the data of phenomenal life, and acts according to the living truth it finds therein.

THE experience of thousands of years has shown that the effects of Karma are absolute and unerring equity, wisdom, and intelligence. For Karma in its effects is an unfailing redresser of human injustice.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE EYELESS DRAGONS: by Quintus Reynolds

A Chinese Story. Illustrations by R. Machell



CHANG SENG-YU was to be the artist; that was why the crowds were so immense. The courts of the Temple of Peace and Joy had been full since dawn; although the sun would undoubtedly be well in heaven before the great Chang would mount the scaffolding and begin to work.

All Nankin had been agog since the word had gone forth that the Emperor desired a dragon painted on either of the two vast wall-surfaces of the Temple; and when it was reported further that Chang Seng-yu was to be the artist, then, indeed, the rejoicing was great. For the grand strokes of his brush were known; and his colors were delicate like the mists of evening on the Yangtse, or clear and lovely like the colors of flowers. Whenever he painted in public, the crowds would gather to watch; and from time to time to applaud the master-strokes, the flashes of daring imagination, the moments when the sparks of creation most visibly flew. And they *knew,* did those crowds of the Chinese Renaissance — some fourteen centuries ago.

They loved Chang Seng-yu for another reason, too, besides his genius and mastery of the brush. He was at least half a *Sennin*:* many held that he had drunk the Elixir; that he could rein the flying Dragon, and visit the extremities of the earth, and bestride the hoary crane, to soar above the nine degrees of heaven. Such things were done, in those days. There was a certain power about Chang Seng-yu, that suggested infinite possibilities. One could never tell what might happen, with any picture he might be painting.

A hush in the temple court; the artist has arrived, and with him a little band of disciples, bearing the brushes and pots of color. A quiet, gentle old man, who bows profoundly to the people as he comes in; and greets them with courteous formalities, not unaffectionately, while passing to the door of the Temple. With courteous formalities those spoken to respond, proud of the signal honor done them; for

* Adept

this is a popular hero, be it understood. The tailor and the cobbler have arranged in advance a holiday, and have come now with their families to spend the day in the Temple of Peace and Joy, watching the Master paint; the butcher's apprentice, sent on an errand, can not resist the temptation; the porter, calculating possibilities to a nicety, deems that he may go in, watch so much wall-space covered with sudden life, and then, by hurrying, still arrive in time with his load. For with all these people, painting is poetry made visible, the mysteries of Tao indicated, Magic, the topmost wonder and delight of life. And this being by Chang Seng-yu, will be no ordinary painting.—"Ah, in that honorable brush-sweep, one saw the effect of the Elixir!" cried the butcher's apprentice, radiant.

Day by day the crowds gathered in the court, and followed Chang Seng-yu, when he arrived, into the Vast Temple. Day by day the intent silence was broken ever and anon into murmurs, and the murmurs into rippling exclamation. A sweep of the brush, and lo, the jaws of a dragon; and from that the wonderful form grew, perfect at each touch, scale by scale through all the windings of the vast body to the very end of the tail. All in shining yellow that might have been distilled out of the sunset, it gleamed across the great wall: a thing of exquisite curves, noble lines; flowing, grand, and harmonious; wherein all parts seemed cognate to, and expressive of, the highest perceptions and aspirations of man. To behold it was like hearing the sudden crash of a glorious and awe-inspiring music: the soul of every upright man would at once both

bow down and be exalted. The crowd, watching, expected at any moment to see motion quiver through its length; to see it writhe, shake out mighty pinions, break forth from the wall and through the roof, and cleave a way into the blue ether. A little fear mingled with their intense delight: the Master, surely, was dealing in magic.

"Sir," said Lu Chao, "for what reason have you omitted to paint in the honorable eye?"

"Could this sacred Dragon see," answered Chang Seng-yu, "nothing would content his lordship but to seek his home in the playground of the lightnings."

"How is it possible?" said Lu Chao. "The Dragon is beautiful, but it is only a semblance wrought in pigment. How could such a semblance soar into the heavens? The Master is pleased to indulge in humor at the expense of this miserable one."

"Not so, Lu Chao," said the Master. "You have little understanding, as yet, of the mysteries of art."

But Lu Chao doubted, and it was a sorrow to him that Chang Seng-yu should leave his creation incomplete.

The Yellow Dragon was finished, its glorious form covering the upper part of the south wall. The people could hardly forbear to worship; they saw in it Divine Power, the essence of Light-Bringing, the perfect symbol of inspiration, of holy and quickening thought from heaven. "If the Master had not left his creation eyeless," they said, "his lordship would never be content to dwell on earth. Heaven is the right abiding-place for such a one." But Lu Chao went on doubting.

He did not refer to the matter again; but when it came to his turn to hand the brush, newly dipped in the color pot, to Chang Seng-yu, the latter as he looked down would shake his head, and a shadow would pass over his face. "Although of a good disposition, Lu Chao will never be a painter," thought he, sighing.

The scaffolding was removed to the opposite wall, and there, facing the other, a Purple Dragon began to grow. Occasionally the Son of Heaven himself, the Emperor Wu-ti, would visit the temple to inspect the growing work. Then the artist would descend to make obeisance; but Wu-ti, holy man, would have none from the creator of those dragons. "Make your obeisance with me, to these two lordly Messengers of Heaven," said he. "But for what reason has the honorable Master left the eyes to be painted last?"

"Sire," said Chang Seng-yu, "the divine eyes of their lordships will not be painted. There is danger that they would be ill contented with the earth, if they could see to soar into their native empyrean. No man could paint into their eyes such compassion, that they would desire to remain here."

"It is well," said the emperor. "Their soaring aspiration is evident. Let them remain to be the guardians of the Peace and Joy of my People."

Lu Chao heard, but even the Son of Heaven's belief failed to convince him. "It may be as the Master says," thought he; "but such matters are beyond my understanding. How could a semblance wrought of pigment feel aspiration or a desire for the ethereal spaces? It appears to me that the venerable Chang is indulging in humor, when he speaks of painting compassion into their eyes."

The work was drawing to a close, and more and more Lu Chao doubted. It is true that he made progress in painting; and the skill shown in his work was applauded by many. For the day of the Consecration of the Dragons had been appointed in advance; and there was time to spare; and on certain days now the Temple would be closed, and the Master and his disciples would work in the studio. Then Chang Seng-yu, going from one to another, and commenting on the work of each, would shake his head a little sadly over Lu Chao's pictures. "You have skill and perseverance," he would say, "but faith is lacking."

Lu Chao pondered on this, but not with desire to acquire the faith. "Many say that I am making progress," thought he, "and it appears so to me also. The Master, truly, is harsh in his judgments. If I could show him that he is mistaken. . . ." He considered the matter, and thought out his plans.

The Day of Consecration came; the great work was completed. Priests and augurs, sennins and doctors, gathered from all Liang, and from the kingdoms beyond the Yangtse and the Western Mountains. All day long there were sacrifices in the Temple of Peace and Joy, and processions passed through, doing joyful obeisance to the Dragons. At last night came, and the great hall and courts were silent.

The time had come for Lu Chao; now he would prove that the Master had been mistaken: that painted semblances could not shake themselves free from the walls whereon they were painted, and that he himself was making progress unhindered by lack of faith. "It

may be that there is Magic," said he, " although I have never seen it. But reason forbids me to believe this."

He took a lantern, a small brush, and such paint as would be needed, and went down through the dark streets towards the Temple. There would be no trouble about obtaining entrance, he knew: should anyone question him, Chang Seng-yu had forgotten something, and had sent him for it. But it was unlikely that he would meet anyone, and he hoped to pass in unseen. " No one will know that I did it," thought he. " It will be understood that the spirits painted in the eyes, displeased that the Master left the work unfinished."

He met no one; succeeded in climbing the gate; found a ladder in the court; placed it against the south wall by the head of the Yellow Dragon; climbed, and prepared to begin. It had been a dark night, but calm, as he came through the city; now, with the first touch of his brush, a peal of thunder, a lightning flash. In his sudden perturbation, the brush dropped, and he must go down after it. Were the genii offended? He hesitated, and had some thought of going home. " But no," said he; " this is fear; this is arrant superstition,"—and mounted the ladder again. The lantern, hung from a rung close to the dragon's head, just threw light on that: a little disk of warm brightness fading into the gloom. It was enough for Lu Chao's purpose. A few brush-strokes; that would be all.

The first, and he was aware of fear. The second, and the wall seemed to him to be taken with unsteadiness. The third, and the sweat broke from his forehead and back, and his hand was trembling violently. He gathered his mind, reasoning with himself; steadied his hand, and put in the last stroke. The Yellow Dragon's eye was painted.

Lu Chao clung to the ladder. By the small light of the lantern he saw the wonderful head turn until it was looking out into the Temple, full face instead of profile. It was the left eye that he had painted; now the two were there, glancing out hither and yonder, proudly, uneasily; flashing fiery rays through the empty darkness. The ladder was shaking, swaying. Suddenly the two amazing eyes were turned full on him, on Lu Chao. A shadow of disgust flitted over them; then they were filled with immeasurable sadness, sorrow deeper than might be borne. The neck drew back; by a supernatural light from the Dragon's eyes, Lu Chao saw it, drawn back and clear out of the wall. A crash, and he saw the immense pinions shaken forth. A horrible

swaying of the world; a rending noise, a tearing and a crashing; a blinding flame. . . .

All Nankin was awake, and out in the streets. What the people saw was a Golden Wonder soaring up into the sky: a cometlike glory ascending, till it was lost in the darkness of Heaven.

. . . .

In the morning the emperor visited the ruins of the Temple of Peace and Joy, and with him went Chang Seng-yu the Master. The north wall alone was standing. The roof had gone up in a single blaze where the fiery wings cleaved it. Of the south wall, only the lower part remained; the rest had fallen. Under the débris they found the ladder, charred and broken, and the crushed body of Lu Chao.

"Ah," said Chang Seng-yu sadly, "he would never have made an artist."

SCULPTURES BY DONATELLO: by C. J. Ryan

DONATELLO, the great Florentine sculptor of the first half of the 15th century, came into incarnation at the critical time when the Renaissance was just in its springtime. Born about 1386, when the Gothic tradition was still powerful, he lived long and successfully and took a prominent part in the revival of the spirit of classical antiquity. Brunelleschi, the architect, and Donatello, who was his close friend, each in his own sphere became the leaders in the new art movement of the 15th century — the supreme exponents of the early Renaissance in architecture and sculpture. The rediscovery of letters, the unfolding of the ancient world, the loosening of the theological shackles which had held men down in fear, and the recognition of the beauty of the natural world, marked this wonderful awakening period. It was a transition time, a medley of confused currents; but long before Donatello left the scene of his labors and his delights he must have seen something like order and a definite tendency appearing — a tendency to which he had given a powerful impulse, perhaps without fully realizing the magnitude of what he had done. The scholars of the 14th century had gone forth to waken the dead, inspired by the literature of the buried ancient

world, and the mighty spirits of the past reappeared in rapidly increasing numbers as the 15th century advanced.

Little is known about the details of Donatello's personal life; of his character we learn that he stood high in the esteem and respect of all who knew him; he was a generous, noble-minded, and cheerful man, satisfied with little, but with a proper sense of his own dignity and free from the vices so prevalent in his age. He was the son of Niccolò di Betto Bardi; his name Donatello is an affectionate diminutive of Donato. Like many other Italian artists, he received his early art training in a goldsmith's workshop. He also worked for some years as a stonecutter. His varied experiences made him well acquainted with the entire range of the sculptor's technique, and so he was able during his long life of eighty years to produce with ease a remarkable number of bronze and marble sculptures, at least fifty of which are still in existence.

Donatello was not a universal genius like Leonardo or Michelangelo, but his abilities were not confined to sculpture. He was a member of the painters' Guild of St. Luke, and he designed a beautiful stained-glass window which was accepted for Florence Cathedral after a spirited competition. No other picture of his has been preserved, but his favorite maxim for his pupils was: "Draw; that is the whole foundation of sculpture." In architectural construction he was skilful, and he actually entered into the competition for the building of the great cupola of Florence Cathedral. He failed to get the commission, but his advice was frequently asked during the construction.

Donatello's earliest known works in sculpture are the small prophets in Florence Cathedral, and some other single figures, all of which bear the distinct impress of the Gothic tradition which he was soon to abandon. Dr. Osvald Sirén, the well-known Swedish authority on Italian art, who has given great attention to the influence of the spirit of antiquity upon Donatello's art, says:

> In the statue of the St. George, does Donatello find first the new, generally accepted solution of the problem of the statue within a niche.
>
> The St. George has sometimes been designated as the most "classical" example of the early Renaissance, which is undoubtedly correct, if the word "classical" does not here imply striking agreement with Greek *plastique*. We discern, on the other hand, the classical tendency to a clear, tectonic construction of the youthful figure, something of the same trend which we find still more pronounced in Polycleitos and his immediate successors at the close of the fifth

century B. C. It is true that later on Donatello produced statues with considerably higher developed space-values, freer movement, bolder and more realistic characterization and better general effect, but he has hardly created one which presents a more exemplary solution of the problems underlying all statuary art. The classical instinct (if the expression be permissible) has prompted the young artist to a creation which seems influenced by antique principles though he could have had as yet but very little opportunity for a close study of ancient sculpture. . . .

Notwithstanding Vasari's statement that Donatello visited Rome in company with Brunelleschi early in his life and so became closely acquainted with the best classical remains then unearthed, there is still considerable doubt upon the point, and Dr. Sirén thinks it very probable that he was not in Rome till 1432. If Vasari is mistaken Donatello must have taken full advantage of his opportunities to study the collection of Greek and Roman medals, cameos, and small bronzes in Cosimo de' Medici's Florentine collection. It is an interesting point to consider whether Donatello derived his classical feeling principally from reading, from the Romanesque and the works of his contemporaries in the Renaissance, or from his original researches into the limited number of antiquities accessible to him. Dr. Sirén has taken great pains to compare the works of Donatello with Greek and Roman statues, and though he finds the classical influence apparent, yet —

the remarkable feature of this is that the likeness (to Greek art) does not appear to be the result of actual imitation, but of a genius akin to that of the ancients. When the classical influence is most apparent, most genuine, and of the greatest merit in Donatello, it is probably most unconscious. He has his eyes opened to the highest values of ancient sculpture earlier and more fully than anybody else. And we may say he felt his kinship with the great ones, because he was one of them himself.

It is impossible for us to dogmatize, but it cannot be overlooked by the Theosophical student that the galaxy of great artists of the Renaissance began to appear about fifteen centuries after the close of the glorious days of art in Greece. This is hardly surprising in view of the fact that the spirit of man reincarnates from time to time on earth, and that great souls who have been associated in harmony of artistic aspiration in one cycle are likely to incarnate again in company in a succeeding and favorable one.

After 1434, when Donatello had been two years in Rome, the influence of the antique spirit became more distinct in his creations, but he still interpreted it in his own original way. Upon his return from Rome he executed numerous works in Florence, of which the "Amor,"

the bronze " David " (the first nude statue of the Renaissance) the Annunciation Tabernacle in Santa Croce, the Choir Gallery in Florence Cathedral, and the outdoor pulpit of Prato Cathedral are the principal. The two last-named are entirely decorated with " putti," young children, playing and singing. Dr. Sirén says:

Both these decorative compositions bear remarkable witness to Donatello's debt to ancient sculpture. Executed shortly after his return from Rome in 1434, they clearly show, both in architectonic construction and decoration and in their human motives, the deep impress of Roman examples. . . . In numerous Roman sarcophagi we find these genii or *amorini,* either mourning at the bier of the dedeased, or frolicking at love-feasts and banquets. . . . It is plain that Donatello, after his Roman sojourn, began to make use of the putti to a greater extent than before, and that he therefore received the real impulse for this classical motive from the art treasures of the Eternal City.

In the Annunciation Tabernacle there can be no difficulty in recognizing the classical impress of the figure composition. The architectural part is rather strange in its detail though no doubt Donatello thought he was producing something in the antique manner. Still, it is redeemed by the delightful little figures of the putti bearing garlands. Vasari speaks of the dignified and graceful figures of the Virgin and the Angel in very high and well-deserved terms, especially mentioning the skill of the artist in suggesting the forms underneath the draperies —

wherein was evidenced his endeavor to revive the beauty of antique art, which had been forgotten for such a long time.

Strong characterization was Donatello's principal endeavor as a rule, but in this group he has aimed at pure beauty.

In 1443, Donatello went to Padua to execute several large bronze statues for the high altar in the Cathedral, and some very important bas-reliefs in bronze. He spent ten eventful years in Padua, where he created his greatest masterpiece, the equestrian statue of the Venetian general Condottiere Erasmo de Narni, or Gattamelata, who died in 1443. To make the first equestrian statue erected in Italy since Roman times was a task from which every other sculptor had shrunk, but Donatello completed it with such brilliant success that it stands today as at least one, if not the very finest, of the three or four supreme equestrian statues of the world. Dr. Sirén says:

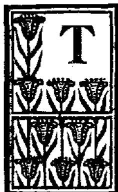
No equestrian statue of modern times has been conceived in such a pure classsical spirit as Donatello's *Gattamelata* — no matter how much more conscientiously many later sculptors have endeavored to imitate antique precedents.

Gattamelata, the proud Venetian general, is shown in his military glory, with spurs, sword, and commander's bâton, yet without helmet. He does not give us the impression of being in action, at war, but rather of riding in triumph to receive the laurel of immortal glory. . . . Although the rider is remarkably small in comparison with the long and stout horse, he controls and dominates the latter — an illusive effect depending chiefly on the fact that the artist's treatment of him is marked by carefully defined details while the horse is broadly modeled. We have here a strongly individualized portrait of Gattamelata — his arms and armor are copied from those he actually wore. . . . The familiar features of a recently deceased military commander are expressed in the grand manner and with monumental effect. . . . The countenance possesses that lofty dignity, that interior composure and outward broadness, which marks the greatest of Greek statues of the fifth century. . . .

Donatello died at the good old age of eighty, his powers of invention unimpaired to the last. He was honored by his contemporaries and immediate successors, but his fame in time became dim, as in the cases of Velázquez and Franz Hals, and it was not till comparatively lately that his final and incontestable place in the ranks of the immortals has been properly recognized. The full magnitude of his genius was only revealed to the world when the greater part of his existing life-work was brought together in Florence at the quincentenary of his birth.

THE WATERS OF FORGETFULNESS: by Percy Leonard

A calm, unbroken forgetfulness of the personal self for all time.— *W. Q. Judge*
From me come memory and knowledge *and also the loss of both.— Bhagavad-Gîtâ*



TO forget is to cease to remember and has a positive aspect as well as a negative one. Mere inability to recollect a past impression of the mind may be a consequence of weakness of the will or a disordered brain, and such forgetfulness is in no way to be admired. The power to still the mind and check the swift, chaotic torrent of the pictures of the past, is, on the other hand, a faculty of perfect manhood worthy of no small effort to acquire.

Our days are spoiled by the revival of the memories of bygone sorrows and the disappointed hopes of which most human lives are full. Where is the need for ancient quarrels to be fought again in shadow-

land? Why should old heartaches have their smart renewed, and wounds that have been healed be opened once again? We suffer from ourselves in this, as in so many other things.

Man does possess the power to make sad memories disappear at will. We are not forced to sit and watch the moving pictures flitting on the mental screen in which we pose alternately as hero, saint, and martyr in an unending series of adventures drawn from the buried past. By practice and a strong and determined will the flowing stream may be arrested and our distracting memory subjected to complete control. But there exists a better way, in which almost unconsciously the same effect is gained.

If we become absorbed in some great enterprise in which the general good of all is sought for, then by a simple process of starvation all the interests of the personality dwindle and disappear. No longer nourished by persistent thought, they die, and with them their creative source the personality, which like a fog wreath melting at the rising of the sun, dissolves its outlines, leaving the soul to pass again to its primeval liberty.

To some rare individuals the knowledge that the way is open for a plunge into the waters of oblivion comes as a great deliverance from an irksome servitude. The narrow limitations of a life that ceaselessly revolves about the petty center of the personal self has little to attract, and with a feeling of intense relief they sever the confining bond and henceforth use the body and mind merely as facile instruments with which to study life, or as effective tools with which to work for the advancement of the race.

But for the masses as they blindly struggle on without an object or a goal in view save the instinctive will to live and to enjoy, to plunge into this healing oblivion seems like suicide, and loss of the lower personal memory like absolute destruction. They might conceivably consent to part with the distressing records of their failures and their pains; but the delightful memories of triumphs and successes they will never willingly let go. But memory, like other things, consists of two opposing poles which utterly refuse to be disjoined. We cannot let the pleasant memories in and bar the door to the distressful throng, for each of the opposing hosts insists upon its right of entry if the other is admitted.

To those for whom oblivion has no terrors, there is the changeless peace of life impersonal, greatness of outlook, depth of discernment, and as a refuge and a home the shoreless spaces of Immensity.

What a cessation of disquieting anxieties would follow the forgetting of the self-bound ego fretting within its cage of personal desires, limited ambitions, and all the tedious, narrow schemes that end in self. What an escape to godlike freedom, as the constricting memories of self slacken their deadly grasp upon the mind.

This much at all events is sure, that we as personalities are soon forgotten by the public mind. Where are the great commanding figures which stood out so boldly from the screen of time even so lately as a hundred years ago? Faded to shadowy phantoms, at the very most they occupy a line or two of solemn prose upon the pages of our history books; but as for any live reality, they seem as nonexistant as the footprints of a child upon the sands when the flood tide comes sweeping up the shore.

Why not find the fulness of the *greater* life in that untroubled sea of cosmic joy that knows no bounds nor any term of years?

But in the loosening of all painful bonds that must precede the gaining of the great freedom, there is a danger that the liberated soul forget the suffering masses of the race still shut within the prison-house of self, and slaves of every selfish wish that rises in their minds.

In cutting loose from our entanglements, the cable-tow that binds us to the race must be preserved intact; for true oblivion does not mean the self-indulgent shirking of responsibility for those below. The Great Forgetting sets us free to use our wider vision and emancipated powers in the great cause of Universal Brotherhood and the uplifting of the Race.

"And here they say that a person consists of desires. And as is his desire, so is his will; and as is his will, so is his deed; and whatever deed he does, that he will reap.

"And there is this verse: 'To whatever object a man's own mind is attached, to that he goes strenuously together with his deed; and having obtained the end (the last results) of whatever deed he does here on earth, he returns again from that world (which is the temporary reward of his deed) to this world of action.'

"So much for the man who desires. But as to the man who does not desire, who, not desiring, freed from desires, is satisfied in his desires, or desires the Self only, his vital spirits do not depart elsewhere — being Brahman, he goes to Brahman."— *Brihadâranyakopanishad,* 5, 6. Trans. by Max Müller

IS MUSIC SPIRITUAL? by E. A. Neresheimer

SOUND is the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door of communication between Mortals and the Immortals.
— *H. P. Blavatsky, Secret Doctrine,* I, 464

ON hearing music it has been observed that the following widely divergent impressions are successively experienced — sensuous, mental, and spiritual. The most obvious result is the affection of the senses and their enjoyment by sheer tonal eloquence; on further penetration we find that the subject of the design of the music itself arrests the attention, forming a combination (of the sensuous tone effects) with the pictures called forth by theme or meaning of the burden of its subject; a third and more abstract impression accrues when both senses and mind susceptibilities are superseded — while still fully aware of the goings-on — by an inward dream-like revery in which one becomes vividly conscious of added activity, as if more real life, knowledge, and an exhilarating degree of freedom supervened, but which is not connected with emotion or intellect.

Though clearly realizable, as an active state, this dreamy phantasy eludes definition, being more or less a state of mild rapture, a melting away so to speak, out of reach of mind and senses, more, let us say, a *soul condition;* a trance, whose effect is only appreciable after it is over and when the normal faculties have again resumed their functions. It is in this phase and condition that the most important effect of music lies, truly comparable to the strange condition of dreamless sleep, whence by a process of assimilation, quasi-digestion — of the thousand and one soul images imbibed during waking hours — takes place, affording us an advance position each new day on waking. Similarly, the somewhat exalted condition frequently induced by inspired music results in a clarification of unrealized thoughts, problems, and new ideas. Much of practical value, in one's development, may be gained from such moments of mental forgetfulness and when such an actively luminous state of soul-experience has been reached.

In this connexion it will be of interest to note some of the details of observation made before and during the process of construction of musical works by notable masters.

Composers of music have freely stated as nearly as may be, their experiences when engaged in bringing down what they say are only fragments, from this strange wonderland. The general practice seems to be this; After having conceived an idea or plan, the same is

allowed to simmer and absorb subconsciously without relating it to any special design, for days, months, or longer periods, with never a single thought as to detail of melody, rhythm, or arrangement. Simply silent brooding over the as yet indistinct idea, until a ripening impulse is felt which is considered a sign to begin mechanical notation. If this impulse is not present it would be futile to attempt to stimulate it by effort. Experience has shown peculiar conditions accompanying and governing the creation of works of art. When gain, praise, vanity, personal or pecuniary considerations enter into the work as attaching to the result thereof, the natural flow of spontaneity becomes at once confused. Should the work be completed under such affectations, it is fated to be devoid of inspiration, being even distasteful to the transcriber, and stranger still, when performed, is never esteemed by the public as a work of art. On the other hand, when spontaneity obtains at the opportune time the mechanical work flows without much exertion, and when it is felt that the subconscious process has fully ripened the artist is possessed of a solemn assurance of the all-fitness of the spontaneous influx, and the ideas crowd and surge with such passionate exuberance into the brain for expression that but a small part can be seized for actual notation. In fact, the material vehicle is always felt to be altogether inadequate to contain a truthful counterpart of the original.

Ideas can never be fully expressed by either symbol, speech, or word; the perceiver has to supply the links which were missed in the transition from the super-mental to the concrete. The genius composer can at best give us fragments in formal notation. Here then we have a cold, dead thing in musical symbols. Few are they who can resuscitate the original inspiration from these mere glyphs. Still it is possible to regain, at least partly, its transcendent beauty through the magic touch of a real artist, a proficient whose soul is attuned to his art. Even he cannot do it alone.

And now — comes the Audience: not musicians, not artists, but — Souls.

In pious assemblage they complete the ceremony of revivification of some precious reflection of truth. Each soul merely by its presence, attention, silence, supplies a living link inspiring the performing artists. Wave on wave the currents flow until the soul leaps the gaps of matter, and itself enters into the creative joys of Genius.

No such heights are attainable singly as are won by collective con-

cord and a sympathetic audience. Anyone, however limited his knowledge of music, may experience these joys, being carried along by the subtle currents initiated by the artist who strikes a keynote in the yielding atmosphere of a responsive audience. By degrees, the artist feels the growing union between audience and himself, is thereby doubly inspired, and actually gives, aided by his facile mastery of technique, the intensest form of inspiration in which every unit has a creative part.

The essence of music cannot be apprehended; its mission is evidently to suggest and awaken the harmonies that are already within. It is one of the many means through which we glean certain truths not otherwise accessible.

The source of music may be spiritual, but in its audible and variable manifestation it is of a less exalted order. In the abstract we may consider it as a potential impulse, causative, ideal, ethic, aesthetic; this impulse perchance may manifest through man in music or any other form of art, thought, or anything serving as appropriate vehicle for showing or suggesting some truth of life. In other words, after the impulse has been reflected in a vehicle of manifestation as audible music, it is no longer spiritual, no more the Essence whence it sprang, but a variable instrument made suitable to time, taste, epoch, race, and conditions.

Being thus a more or less truthful reflection of some grand source, music should not be invested with undiscriminating loftiness. Although on account of its unquestioned clairvoyant suggestiveness music is unique and important as an agent of development and has an increasingly specialized place amid all the other ethical instruments of high culture, it is like all manifestations of phenomena, differentiated into duality, and therefore subject to the joys and ills of human fallibility.

"And as the slough of a snake lies on an ant-hill, dead and cast away, thus dies this body; but that disembodied immortal spirit is Brahman only, is only light."— *Brihadâranyakopanishad, 7.* Trans. by Max Müller

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART I

CHAPTER IV — THE MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY

YOU may call this present age that of the World-Religions. By *this present age*, I mean the last twenty-five centuries or so: most of the time covered by history. It is rather unfortunate that we should only be acquainted with man during this period; we get wrong conceptions, and do him less than justice. As one would with a person one had seen but once, and that when his liver was badly out of order.

Not that the world-religions are a disease; but their presence is, I think, to be taken as a sign of ill-health, in the same way that a bottle of medicine and a graduated glass on the table at your bedside might be. They were all founded upon Theosophy, and have truth at the heart of them; but they have gone far since their founding, and their heart is to be sought for very deep in. Theosophy, you would think, is as natural to man — to anything with a divine soul in it, and latent godhood the basis of its being — as the air we breathe or the sunlight we live by. Why is our sense of beauty, our apprehension of truth, so remote and occult a part of us? Most of us live and die, and catch no glimpse of it; yet it is there —

Gods we are; bards, saints, heroes, if we will.

The taking of medicine is necessary sometimes; but to be regretted all the same. In a better age, our doctors would be wise guardians of the public health; they would teach right living in the schools, superintend municipal and national activities; and would not have to waste their time patching and tinkering our bodies. Now, they live by our sickness, always the result of our transgression. So the world-religions came into being because the world had transgressed and was sick; and they too live by our ill-health. The trouble is, they have very little idea, now, how to cure it.

Like the nations, they were devised as a means of grace; but have become an excuse for jealous bickering, and so a fruitful means of disgrace. One may come, through patriotism, to a transcendent elevation of the spirit; commonly, however, all it brings us is a stupid facility in bragging of our own, and slinging mud at our neighbor's country. One forgets that patriotism, if it be a virtue at all, must be

such in every land, and cannot be divided against itself; that it must enhance the beauty and glory of foreign nations for you, and give you a lively appreciation of their several missions. Theosophy comes not to destroy patriotism, but to fulfil it. Get to the inward reality of your nation, it says; unite yourself with the divine soul of that; and you shall find your only enemy in the greed, ambition, and ignorance of your own people. You shall be at one with all true patriots the world over.

So with the religions. To the really religious man, the faith of a Buddhist, a Moslem, a Hindoo, and a Christian are of great value: all potentially paths into the unseen and the heart of the world. He has nothing to do with sectarianism; nothing with unbelief. In China, it is polite to ask, on being introduced to a man: "Of what honorable religion are you?" and on being answered, one tells one's own, and then praises the other man's. It is a relic of ancient Chinese common sense; would that we were as sensible.

The bigot sees but one "true faith"; they that follow others shall be burned: here if possible, hereafter surely. He would convert the heathen: not to the Life Everlasting, of which he knows nothing, but to baptism or the circumcision; to a book, not to the Great Law; to Little Bethel rather than to the Communion of Saints. The falsely emancipated, on the other hand, holds that all religions are alike untrue; and either equally convenient, or equally vile. Both he and the bigot arrive at spiritual inanity: the one through burning up and exhaustion; the other through a kind of metaphysical water on the brain. The really religious man arrives at spiritual wisdom; only he is rare enough, while the other two you may meet by dozens any day.

Which proves that there is a danger in medicine-taking; or, if you like, that the religions are a rather fallible remedy for the world-sickness. Oh, a necessary remedy; and provided by divine physicians: whose guidance, had the patients followed it sanely, would have forefended them against any peril in the drug, as of deterioration with time, or of gathering to itself poison out of the elements in the air. Yet still, the very necessity for remedies betokened ill-health; and ill-health, past transgression.

Now before we transgressed, we were not sick, but whole; and before we fell sick, we took no medicines. What was our spiritual pabulum in those days — before the religions were invented? — The answer is: the Mysteries of Antiquity; into the nature of which we

may inquire and speculate a little here: with this proviso: that it is inquiry and speculation, and no pretence at dogmatizing. They were national institutions, and they were religious, or had to do with spiritual life; that much may be said safely. So we shall come at the subject by advancing from these two standpoints.

You must follow two methods or directions, if you would reach Truth. An outward one: synthesis of the religions, and retention of what noble factors are common, or harmonize, in all. An inward one: search within your own being; where also truth lies buried, if deep. For there is one Temple of Truth; and each of the world-religions is a gateway into it, and a road leading thereto. As the hither end of that road is in the common things of life, the common conceptions and superstitions, it follows that in each there must be a deal that is corrupt and rubbishing; in which you are apt to become engrossed, unless you take the synthetic view: study all religions, and behold the great Temple afar to which they lead. And there must be that inward search, to come at realities, to find foothold in things known; or the whole vision shall seem a mirage. . . . But our bigots uphold with equal ardor the mud and slime in which the path begins, and the light streaming through the gate at its end; probably, indeed, the former the more ardently, since it is nearer and more evident. *Into this Slough of Despond with you, or there will be no reaching the Delectable Mountains! Shoulder this burden, or there will be no laying it down! Wallow in this mud . . . or how shall your sins be washed away?*

But when we make the synthesis, we do find certain teachings that are universal, or nearly so. I know not which of the world Religions makes no mention of Karma. At least it is the cornerstone of Buddhism and Brahminism; was clearly enunciated by Jesus and Paul, and again emphatically by Mohammed. That man is a soul: something apart from and above his body and mind; that surely is also universal teaching. Reincarnation, a necessary corollary of these two, is taught by all Aryan religions; has been largely held in Judaism; by many influential sects in Islam; and was only ruled out of Christianity some centuries after Jesus Christ. Then look within, and does not one glimpse regions superhuman, divine, immortal? Does not one find a basis of justice beneath all life, and an imperative need to believe so? Ah then, here is some vision of the Temple; here surely the white domes and pinnacles are agleam! Here is stability; here

is a Law; things are not a higgledy-piggledy, haphazard and tragic farrago, as we thought.

To turn now to the inwardness of nationalism.

A nation is something more than a collection of people of the same race and language. If you add religion and political system, it is still something more. There is the history, the tradition, the common heritage of art, literature, and so forth; in very truth, there is the national soul. There is an entity, a personality, that finds expression in every activity of the race: in its heroism, genius, folly, and crime; in the meanest and noblest wars of its history; in its generosity and thievishness, good and evil dealing; in the self-sacrifice of its noblest, and in the money-lust of its least noble sons. To know France, for example, you must know the language and literature, and a great deal more. You must know Joan of Arc and the Countess de Lamotte Valois; Napoleon the Great and Napoleon the Little; Chevalier Bayard and Bishop Cauchon; La Tour d'Auvergne and, shall we say, Monsieur Parolles; you must know Rabelais and Amiel, Fénelon and Baudelaire, François Villon and Henri Bergson. The whole procession must pass before you; and then, if you are anything of an artist, you shall perceive a certain unity, and the makings of a picture. So, too, to know England, you must know Shakespeare and the shilling shocker, Paradise Lost and the penny dreadful; you must weigh the burning of Joan of Arc and the Opium Wars against the deeds and wars of Elizabeth; take note of the Sydneys, the Raleighs, the Hampdens, and the Gordons; of the mediocre masses that are forgotten, and of many that were neither good nor brave nor mediocre. Here too will remain the figure of a personality, mixed good and evil: the memory of thoughts lofty and base, actions noble and vile.

But in either case it is a personality you have seen, not a soul; *that* shines behind, and its light is obscured by the personality. To find it one must use heroic methods, and heed no accusations of cheating. Simply these: Whatsoever things are true, honest, lovely, or of good report, those cleave to. In the genius of each people you shall find a certain note or color, a definite and proper light: in their great deeds, a peculiar method of magnanimity; in their very sins and failings the possibilities of corresponding opposite virtues. Taking all that is permanent in their literature and art, you shall find yourself led towards the same goal by France as by England; but by roads that differ, and through landscapes quite distinct. The light will always

be from the same Temple: but here shining through a French door, and French in color; there through a door called England, and English. So with any nations you might name. Superior race, forsooth!

Synthesize all the poets of England, from Caedmon to Mr. Noyes; take everything that they wrote that is permanent and unshakable, grandly poetic, exquisite, purifying; and the result will be a certain revelation of beauty, wonderful indeed, but incomplete. More remains to be said; deeper glories are to be uncovered. Naturally; since England still exists, and may expect new poets and fuller revelations. Add all that her greatest thinkers have thought: synthesize, extract the quintessence; refine in many fires and crucibles of the spirit; and of these things you shall get, as the message of England, so far delivered to the world, a great measure of Truth, a vast draught of Beauty: a great light streaming out to mankind through England; primarily, of course, to the English people. And then imagine England still in her youth, and with a long course of life still to run, in which new and far grander revelations shall be made; so that stars that Shakespeare saw but dimly, or Milton, shall blaze beautiful on the firmament; add all that may be to all this; and what a splendor is there!

Now supposing that Hengist and Horsa, when they landed in Kent, had possessed all that; or that William the Norman had possessed it in its fulness; that all the Saxons, all the Normans, all the first English, had known of the existence of this light, and that it was attainable; and that the course for them to follow was so to shape their lives as to make themselves worthy to attain it; that the same were true in all the centuries of English history; that confirmation in the English Church had always meant entering upon an heritage of this radiance, this illumination of the soul; a full actual and personal possession of it, and life and actions to be in conformity with it wholly thereafter — with the very highest in poetry, thought, and religion possible to Englishmen. Supposing such confirmation were a real initiation into such wisdom —

I think we can get a crude idea, from this, of the meaning of the Mysteries of Antiquity.

Only a crude idea: for in place of fragmentary and wandering intuitions of many poets and philosophers, that which was revealed in the Mysteries, in their prime, was the certain knowledge of minds so mighty that you could scarcely call them merely human; they were

the Gods of the race, we would say: the National Gods: men grown into Godhood, the links between their countrymen and the deities of mountains, seas, and stars. Apollo and Angus Oge and Balder the Beautiful — they are no fictions of the brain; it is we who are superstitious, who deify the dull, and reject these bright Children of Glory. The soul in man is divine; if we spy no divinity within ourselves, it is because we are without vision to penetrate so deep as to ourselves. And if the soul of man, how not also, and much more, the soul of the nation? Beautiful, and beyond endurance bright is this! You shall find the national passions and mentality incarnate in the run of the people; but the divine creative soul is there also: behind the veil of things seen, incarnate or excarnate in the divine leaders of the race.

As the soul can influence the mind at times, so that a great idea is flashed in; so these that be the Gods can now and again get a book written, or a play or a poem; playing upon the great minds of the nation, they can give an upward twist to the national policy, or avert the commission of some national crime. Sometimes, sometimes! Consider that the most crime-stained nation among us all might have been far worse than it is. We have had our years of peace; we have avoided some few wars we might have fought! But ah, we have fought so many we might have avoided, if our statesmen had been men whom the great Inspirers could have spoken through; or if these had been among us in the flesh, our leaders and guides. . . .

Of old time it was different; the Gods dwelt not apart; nor we, hedged by our own blindness and oblivion. It was well known that they existed; you never knew what flame-forms might be peering at you over the violet horizons of evening. Apollo, of a summer noon, might walk familiarly into any of those little towns by river or seashore, or mountain-built with quiet citadel; and the women would come to the street doors to greet him, and the men would hurry in from the fields that proper hospitality might be accorded the Prince of the Sun. . . . Ah, before Troy fell; before Troy fell!

More has fallen than Troy: we ourselves have fallen from the habits of the soul, and from outlook into the divine worlds. Where money is of vast importance, you could not expect to get converse with the Sun-gods; where there is passion, animalism, scheming for advantage, how should any bright presence appear or make itself felt? It is all stern warfare now, before the Gods can get their will of us. They can lay siege to the town of Mansoul divinely: but Apollo must

shoot and shoot, before the least of his quickening light-shafts may scintillate and quiver in a human mind. Let him hit that mark fairly, and behold, there is *Hamlet* written; there is the fellow that keeps the *Globe* in plays, possessed of a sudden by Karma itself, crying out the awful majesty of the Law —

> Still it cried *Sleep no more!* through all the house. . . .
> Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
> Shall sleep no more! Macbeth shall sleep no more!

— Or, what ails you, old blind Milton, that there is a catch in your voice as you dictate? It is Apollo's shaft that pierced you, to the end that you may roll forth the battle cry of the Soul —

> Unchanged
> To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
> On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
> In darkness, and with dangers compassed round.

And there is young Keats pierced, in the midst of his sadness and human mourning; and the quick pang is vision for him, and he looks out through

> Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in fairylands forlorn; —

And Taliesin of old time is given to "know the imagination of the oaktrees," and to perceive Gods emerging

> O foroedd ac o fynydd
> Ac o eigion afonydd. *

Indeed it is a wonderful light that one may get by this synthesis from any nation. There are gods, or souls, of France, Spain, England and Italy, aye and of Turkey, and Wales, and China, that will get their message spoken somehow, and their light to shine visibly, during the passage of the ages. But through what halting, stuttering messengers, it must be confessed; and from beneath what an obtuse bushel! Ten lines this century; a lyric or so the next; in times of great increase and copious tilth of the spirit, perhaps one or two dramas or a novel. Watery rays here and there through the mist; even the grand Dantes and Shakespeares, when you consider it, were but imperfect instruments, faulty channels for the Water of Life. They must write reams and reams, and a bare silver thread of it trickling,

* From the seas and from the mountain, and from the waves of the rivers.

before the spate flood roars, and they are carried onward into the illimitable ocean. Wonderful they are to our eyes who look upward whither they stand; but to the Gods who look down manwards —. Loved, honored, trusted in a measure, no doubt; at least capable of being used, which is the main thing; but not yet altogether "become as one of ourselves"; not yet holding within their conscious minds the secrets of life and pre-existence and afterlife.

But all these things were to be found in the Mysteries. The foundation, or the treasure of them, was the whole inspiration of poets, artists, and philosophers: the poetry of poetry, the philosophy of philosophy, the soul of art; the Truth behind religion; that satisfying elixir of the spirit for which all seekers seek, to which all true inspiration is aimed, if blindly. There would have been varying degrees, so that all should have that by which they might live and be purified; and some few, the complete wisdom of the Gods, that they might then themselves pass into Godhood. One can but guess and generalize, knowing that there is a Truth, and a Divine Heart of things. Let us say then, that there would have been ceremonies, dramas; that these would have been written and enacted by the Gods, by the Mighty and Wise; beyond style, beauty, and glory of language such as our greatest poetry faintly echoes, the secrets of life would have been revealed in them, and all the vast meanings that be concealed beneath this stately panorama of things seen. It was the ultimate Truth, not to be formulated in any creed, because infinite as space or as the human heart itself, that had its teaching in the Mysteries.

For all the genius of the nation they would have been guide and polestar; the discipline, neither pedantic nor restrictive, but creative and living: fostering the legitimate, and guarding against the unfit. (There is nothing wrong about censorship, except the absence of anyone capable of exercising it; given your Adept censor, and 'twould be a most desirable institution.) The hierophants of old, having so to say superhuman knowledge, held a censorship which was actually creative; as you can make nothing of your flowers, unless you weed the border rigorously.

Genius was not considered a secular or profane thing; it was not free to drown itself in wine, kill itself with drugs, or rot itself with vice during youth and young manhood. It found its school and home in the temples, and was directed by the wise hierophants towards the upbuilding of the race. All art was sacred, and Poetry was the very

voice of the Gods: not to be ensued for money or praise or fame, or even for the delight of using it; but for the sake of Gods and men.

Not less now than then there are souls to the nations, and those souls divine: we all have our national pantheons. But our relations to such divinity are somewhat cold, unconscious, and remote. Our patriotism, which might be a sacrament and veritable partaking of sacred elements, is commonly a form of selfishness, or a windy sentiment to flap flags in upon national occasions. I believe we might love so well as to tap the memory of the Race Soul, and have satisfying access to ancient wisdom and glory. These things now but drift down to us by little, dwindling as they pass through uninitiated brains as philosophy, as the electrical quintessence of poetry; so that we get at best fitful gleamings, and a hazy notion that there is light. As for knowing what that light is, in its full splendor, you might as well try to make sunlight by lighting seven lamps, each with glass of a different prismatic color. But in the Mysteries the light streamed from the sun itself: direct and radiant from the soul of the nation. Where with us some genius will arise, now and again, to express a line or two of the transcendental wisdom, and claim for humanity some little gem of its vast heirloom; with them, the unfallen ancients, all that heirloom was consciously held in charge by its acknowledged guardians, the hierophants of the Mysteries; and whosoever was fitted, might have his proper share. Fitted, of course, by his own degree of evolution, his aspirations and efforts upward. That was what was meant by education, in those days.

Each people had its Mysteries; they were national institutions: the innermost of the nations. Among the Brahmins; at Stonehenge; Eleusis; Luxor; Bibracte; or Brugh-na-Boyne; they would have been the same, yet different: as light, of equal glory, and with the same fountain in the sun; but flashing now from the heart of the diamond; now glowing through the ruby; now mysteriously burning in the opal. In the core of every nation, and the most sacred thing there: not to be spoken of, but to be lived, loved, and worshiped, was this wisdom and redeeming life. Initiated into the national Mysteries, you partook of the being of the national Gods; from merely sharing in the benefits of citizenship, you became a direct channel through which the spiritual part of those benefits flowed out to your compatriots.

Generally speaking, we may surmise that men were not usually

initiated into the Mysteries of other lands than their own. There were very many exceptions: Pythagoras had been initiated in India; and was taught by the mystic Afarwy, of Gaul or Britain, the wisdom of the Druids. Such a man, with such a mission, would have had hierophantic standing, and right of entry anywhere. For between the grand hierophants no doubt there was conscious brotherhood; thus I believe there is evidence of communication between Stonehenge and Eleusis even in later times. No doubt both were in active touch with Scandinavian and Egyptian centers, and with holy places on the Ganges and Hoang-ho, and where now is the desolation of Shamo.

By this time, perhaps, you will be demurring: what knowledge we have, you say, warrants none of this. The truth is "we" have no knowledge of the Mysteries at all; only scraps and fragments of information about the last days of their decline. They have not been in their prime during the last five thousand years, one would say. Twenty-five centuries ago, there or thereabouts, they had so fallen and become corrupt, that a new age and method of teaching had to be inaugurated. It was then that the Buddha founded his Order in India; Pythagoras his school in Magna Graecia; and, a little later, Laotse and Confucius were teaching in the far East. Had the Mysteries been effective, there would have been no need for the work of these Teachers; whose "religions" or philosophies were designed to take the place to some extent, in the baser ages that were to come, that the Mysteries had held in the far past. It would appear that Khuenaten, centuries before, had made a like attempt in Egypt, and failed; his work was swept away within a few years of his death. Her Mysteries having grown effete, and the new method, the religion of Khuenaten, having been rejected, Egypt fell; she could not maintain her greatness above the waters, nor pass unswamped the great trough of the years. India, on the other hand, accepted the greatest Teacher of them all, the Buddha, and followed his path for some centuries; during which time she prospered. Then she turned, persecuted, and expelled the Buddhists; and Karma wrote down for her that she should soon herself wither and shrivel under a hot blast from the Arabian desert. Greece, within a generation or so, turning upon the Pythagoreans, rejected a life-line thrown out to them on the troubled waters; and thereafter not Plato nor Socrates, nor all the Periclean teachers, could save her. But China clung to her Confucius, and in her better moments, to Laotse — and persists.

It would have been some five thousand years ago that the Mysteries began to decline. Krishna died in 3102 B. C.; and at his death Kali-Yuga, the Iron Age, began. (Oh, don't deny that this is an Iron Age: surely you can aspire after nothing worse!) By "decline" one means, I think, to lose touch with and influence over the life of the people. Between Krishna's death and the Buddha's coming, age by age the Gods had been withdrawing into the Mysteries, as with the descending cycle it became less and less possible for them to walk openly among mankind. The great ceremonies became more secret and remote; fewer of the people were initiated into them; more and more, after receiving initiation, failed, and turned back to the world. Heaven knows how recently there may have remained some connecting link between the Gods and the Mysteries; some far, thin strand of influence flowing between the temples and their hierophants, and the Masters of the World. Julian the Blessed Apostate was an Initiate of the Mysteries of Eleusis, which must have been a nigh extinct fire in his time; and yet that he came forth from it, shows that there was still living, glowing heat among the embers; though all was black and ash-choked to the view from without. When Valentinian or Theodosius finally suppressed them a few years later, there was probably no spark of living flame left to extinguish. But the Age of the Mysteries had closed, and the Age of the Religions had opened, a thousand years before.

Instead of an active center in each nation, wherethrough divine help and leading might pour continually, there remain to this age but sacred books: precepts and doctrines left by the Teachers: churches, and traditions. Thought always tends to ossify; what in one generation was the best possible expression of the Divine Wisdom, in the next has become a meaningless dogma. The Gods can only send their messengers when the cycle permits: when these are with us, they stir things and give the great impulse to growth; when they depart, commonly scourged, we make haste to deify them and nullify their work. So they must come again and yet again. Six centuries after the Buddha, came Jesus, and tried to do something for the West; six centuries after him came Mohammed, to purge and scorch away some of the corruption that had arisen in his name. As much after Mohammed, and we find Jelaluddin-er-Rumi preaching the Secret Doctrine in Persia and Turkey; and Frederick II opening the doors of Europe to enlightenment. Six centuries from Jelaluddin brings us to our own

times, and the mission of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley to Europe, America, and the world. Please the Law, the coming twenty-five centuries shall be the Age, not of warring Religions, but of Universal Brotherhood, which is Theosophy; and shall usher in a Golden Age of the Mysteries again.

THE ANGEL AND THE DEMON

Read at the regular weekly meeting of the William Quan Judge Club, March 30th, 1915, by Miguel Domínguez, a Cuban Student of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California.

NE of the most interesting and instructive of the Theosophical Handbooks is the one entitled "The Angel and the Demon." A conscientious study of this Manual will lead us into that world of good and evil which we call ourselves. In this world presides a king, although he seldom goes by that name, and a demon lives here too. When your conscience ceases to trouble you even about little things, when you no longer feel that pang at your heart after a wrong-doing, then be careful; you are getting estranged from the king, the real ruler. If you ignore the warning and lose all sense of right and wrong, then be sure that the king's place has been usurped, and nothing can save you unless you recall him.

The government of this inner kingdom is a moral autocracy, and the better part of the inhabitants, realizing this to be the only good form of inner government, readily uphold the king in his efforts. But the pretender is a good diplomat. He will offer freedom to a passion, or promise ambition the fulfilment of its goal if they will help him in his designs. If he succeeds the whole kingdom is disrupted and the king has to flee, and then the pretender comes forward and claims the right to rule. But the conspirators now call themselves a free people and will have no ruler. There is quarreling and fighting, and the king slowly begins the work of re-conquest. The demon, however, is never annihilated. I believe he is meant to be trained and made useful; he has his place in the scheme of this world, but of course he cannot be trained until he is conquered.

This demon is very resourceful, and when the king thinks he has subdued him, he laughs at him in another form. If the king is an Othello he will confound him with suspicion, or if a Hamlet destroy him with uncertitude. He ignores his good points and pampers to his weaknesses. He knows all the weak places in the ruler's armor better than the latter does himself, and he takes full advantage of it.

A study of the history of this world which we have just been reviewing will help us to overcome many undesirable things. We can step into this world whenever we please; other people may be able to give us generalities about the place: its government and its inhabitants; but we alone can be in intimate intercourse with it. No one else

is admitted. Here we need not cry for more worlds to conquer, for indeed, there is more in our five feet and a few odd inches of clay than in the twenty-five thousand miles that encircle the globe.

In this, the real world, we see performed the deeds of the ancient heroes: Hercules daily does his tasks, and Theseus slays the Minotaur. Here also "Macbeth" is enacted, and King Arthur overthrown. Here are scorching Saharas and frozen regions and Indian jungles, and they are all ours, ours to make beautiful. As you ride through your kingdom you will find the kind of work that will train the demon. Set him to it and keep him at it, and you will not envy Napoleon his conquests.

Whenever we read of the old kings and heroes, let us not regret that their time is past, but remember that every hour of the day we have the same opportunity for achieving even more glorious deeds.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XVII

A Story of Count Saint-Germain

THIS story of the renowned Count Saint-Germain possesses an interest beyond that of a mere tale to while away a passing hour, and we therefore reproduce it exactly as it appeared some thirty years ago in a German magazine. There are two sides to such incidents, for reasons obvious to those who have seen and can see the dangers into which the fascination of the psychic and the marvelous have led, and especially today, are leading, many who cannot realize that "there is any harm in it." On the one hand Saint-Germain could if necessary explain and control such things, and on the other he was anxious to avoid the responsibility of encouraging others to dabble in them to their ruin. What he could do and where he could guide, others were sure of being wrecked, especially those who delighted in their "powers" and "success" in psychic affairs.

This necessity for *concealing* is one of the great keys to the strange history of that great man. He could heal the wounds of humanity if allowed to do so (which was rarely the case), but only by concealing all that would have been and was used to counteract his efforts.

One thing he would not permit himself — no decent man would do so, much less one such as he — was the influencing of others' judgment by other than the most legitimate methods of argument and demonstration, always leaving the conclusions to be deduced rather than giving them, unless asked by sincere inquirers.

His friendship with Louis XV, and the favorite, Madame de Pompadour, was a lasting amity, partly accounted for by the fact that the King *knew who he was in reality,* and could treat him as an equal and a friend of the royal house of France, as though he were a royal exile. Saint-Germain's motive for cultivating such friendship was simply the fact that France was even then passing through the alchemical stages that were to lead to the stern refining of the revolutionary melting pot. He was trying gently to lead the heads of the nation to undertake voluntarily the work of national regeneration and so divert the accumulated charges of political and social electricity into a safe channel — to ground the current, so to speak.

How was he to do this? His family prestige could not be brought into play, except personally and very privately, on the rarest occasions, for half-a-dozen prohibitory reasons. He could display immense wealth, as men count wealth. At one time he wore to a ceremony something like two hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds. He had pearls and opals, rubies and sapphires to rival the treasures of Aladdin, but like the physician who apparently cannot heal himself, he appeared to use these solely for the benefit of others who were really deserving and in need, for the furtherance of his humanitarian work, or for ornament. He made magnificent presents to kings and princes, for no other benefit it would seem except to attract their attention to his duties, and if possible to lead them to evince a willingness to devote themselves, however humbly, to humanitarian work.

He himself lived on almost nothing; for personal purposes he was by no means rich, because " whenever he had any money he gave it to the poor." The display he occasionally permitted himself was purely for purposes of state. In any case a touchstone of his character is that he never received, but he always gave. By this alone he may be put in his proper place in comparison with others who have been foolish enough to claim some smack of his quality.

To return to our story. We have here a little sidelight on the manner in which he was forever improving the occasion, not to influence but to lay before those who really counted, the steps they

might take to become tenfold more purposeful in the world, to identify themselves with the interests of humanity. For that time the Rosicrucian body was probably one of the highest in Europe as regards their possibilities of leading thought and so directing the course of history into safe channels, if they wished. The delicate, impressive way in which Saint-Germain indicates the open door is characteristic. Instead of a lot of talk (though he could and did use this on occasion) he chooses a striking incident which would drive the remark home with such irresistible force that while life lasted it could never be forgotten.

Such was one of the methods of this grand character, and such was the use he made of his remarkable powers — to burn ideas into the muddy brains of those he met around him, leaving them always free to choose whether they would take the obvious course or not, and to escape the influence of mere curiosity if they could.

It might seem superfluous to remark here that such a man was not neglectful of the side issues and secondary effects of any action or situation. Just when his actions seemed most obviously foolish was often the time when they fulfilled their purpose best. Their true purport was *concealed.* We have seen such a case remarkably exemplified where Baron von Swieten was led to tremendous results for science, for progress, for himself, by an apparently theatrical show he never even saw.

If Louis XV did not find his way to the "Rosicrucian degree," it cannot be doubted that the tale, spreading like lightning through Paris, reached with an intensely vivid force the minds of some who might otherwise have never contacted Freemasonry as it then was, and must have led them to associate themselves with the possibility of staving off the Revolution and the certainty of avoiding greater disasters. Need any more be said?

Dark Secrets: by Hugo Castel

(From *Ueber Land und Meer.* Stuttgart 1882, No. 13. Reproduced by permission)

Maître Dumas

In the first half of the last century there took place in Paris a mysterious affair which roused the greatest interest even in the highest quarters, and in spite of the most eager and repeated investigations was only half cleared up; that is, certain facts were settled; but an impenetrable veil remained suspended over their connexion.

Even today it is unremoved and the future can hardly be expected to lift it.

In the archives of the secret police of Paris which we once received permission to search in reference to this remarkable incident and which probably will disappear in flames during this destruction period of the Commune, the following particulars are recorded.

At the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries there lived in the Rue de l'Hirondelle at Paris in a house which was called the house of Francis I, and in which also the Duchess of Chateaubriand had lived, an attorney of the judicial court of Châtelet, named Dumas.

" Maître Dumas," (this was the title they used to give him at that time), was an extraordinarily rich man. He was a widower, and in his house there lived with him a son and a daughter; but he was considered very parsimonious, because there was only a single maidservant in the house to wait on three of them. Her name was Marguerite, and, as the investigations of the police showed, she received only twelve dollars a year in wages. For this she had to look after the service of the house by herself alone, attend to the cooking, the washing, and the cleaning of the rooms. She had to fetch water and even feed and groom a mule which Maître Dumas and his son Eudes used for their excursions; she also had to accompany Mademoiselle Dumas when the latter went to Notre Dame to hear mass, or visited her friends in the neighborhood.

Perhaps it was this economy in the household affairs of Maître Dumas which caused the fame of his wealth to grow into the proportions of the treasures of a fairy-tale; people said that he understood magical arts, and that he stood in relations with the devil. This rumor was yet further strengthened by the fact that no one ever saw him in a church and that he had never had a confessor. He studied in old books a great deal and had had built for himself a kind of observatory on the roof of his house where he observed the stars at night, certainly more in order to consider their astrological constellations than for the purposes of legitimate astronomy, for he also understood the art of casting horoscopes; and mysterious people often came to him by night in order to have their future told by the astrological attorney.

Every Friday, exactly at three o'clock in the afternoon, this remarkable man shut himself up in his room and no one, not even his son or daughter was allowed to enter. Always, too, a few minutes after Maître Dumas had locked himself in his room, a rider on a mule came down the street; the mule was big and strong, beautifully built and with shining well-groomed coat, but on his left side one could see a great open bleeding wound, the sight of which made one shudder, and yet it did not appear to hinder the animal in its regular sturdy pace. The rider was a big strong man, well dressed; his pale face with its dark eyes had a proud and haughty look, and people would have taken him for a country nobleman who had come into the town on business, only there was something wonderful and mysterious about him, for on his broad white forehead one could see three bloody wounds which glowed like fiery coals and filled all the passers-by with horror, so that whoever met this remarkable rider turned his face away, and no one in the street stood at the window at the regular hour for his passing.

Everyone knew this rider and the time of his arrival, for he had appeared

always at the same hour for the past thirty years. This rider stopped at the door of Maître Dumas, dismounted, and led his mule into the yard, where it quietly stood without being tied; the rider himself went upstairs, opened without knocking the door of Maître Dumas, which was bound with iron and doubly locked, and remained for an hour with the mysterious attorney. Then he went downstairs again, mounted his mule and rode away at a sharp trot. No one was ever able to find out where he rode to; several times curious people followed him but all said that they had lost trace of him in the neighborhood of the churchyard of the Innocents.

Maître Dumas remained quietly in his room and only came out when the bell rang for supper, as it did daily.

As we have said this happened regularly for thirty years, and people had gradually accustomed themselves to the peculiarities of the house of Francis I. Maître Dumas was now eighty years old and his son was fifty; year by year the attorney spoke of getting him married without this ever happening; the daughter was forty-five years old, very pious, and quite the opposite of her father; she often went to mass, and stood on good terms with all the religious people; and yet she passed among the neighbors for a malicious, intolerant, and slanderous woman.

In spite of his great age Maître Dumas was uncommonly healthy, vigorous, and active; no weakness seemed to disturb him, and his step was as quick, sure, and springy as that of a young man.

That was how things stood on December 31st, 1700. This was a Wednesday, and to their astonishment the inhabitants of the Rue de l'Hirondelle saw the mysterious rider on his bloody mule appear in the street at ten o'clock in the morning and stop in front of the house of Francis I. Maître Dumas was in his usual workroom, and his son and daughter also were not a little astonished to see the mysterious stranger appear at this unusual hour; they had never of late heard anything of the relations of the latter to their father.

As usual, the unknown left his mule standing in the yard, asked for no one, but went straight to the attorney's workroom. As he opened the door and stepped into the room, Dumas' son heard his father utter a cry of terror and the door was quickly shut. Loud and positive voices could be heard all over the house, apparently engaged in obstinate and bitter strife.

This altercation lasted a long time; neither the children nor the maid dared to enquire the cause of it since it was strictly forbidden for any of them to enter their father's room. At last the gloomy stranger appeared again, shut the door, mounted his mule and rode away so quickly on it that the neighbors said afterwards that they could not follow him with their sight.

After some time Maître Dumas appeared among his children, but they were terribly frightened when they looked at him. He was no longer the strong positive bright man he usually showed himself, but his face was pale as a corpse, his eyes were dull, his voice sounded hollow; he was the picture of a decrepit old man, and death appeared to have set its seal on his brow. He said in a shaky, trembling voice that he would not have dinner with them, and wanted

to go immediately to the room where he was accustomed to receive the visits of the stranger with the wounds on his forehead; meanwhile he was so weak that he could no longer mount the stairs. His son and his daughter supported him and took him to the door of his secret room; here he left them, telling them to come at four o'clock to take him down, for he could not descend the stairs again by himself. Then he bade his son doubly lock the door from outside and to take the key with him.

After a while there came several business friends of the old man who wanted to speak to him; the son, however, in accordance with his father's wish, kept them until four o'clock and then went with them upstairs in order to carry out exactly the old man's instructions to bring him downstairs at that hour.

He opened the door — they entered — but to the astonishment and terror of all they found the room which was on the level of the roof and had no other exit, quite empty; there was not a trace of Maître Dumas to be seen, not a spot of blood on the ground which could suggest a crime; the windows were locked, and in any case it would have been impossible for the weak old man to have attempted to get out that way.

The affair made a terrible uproar. There were people who accused the children of the murder of their father; the authorities held a strict investigation; the children spent large sums in the endeavor to discover some trace of their father. Workmen searched the room from which the old man had so mysteriously disappeared, the floor was torn up, the walls were stripped; the beams and walls were minutely examined and pierced, but nothing was discovered, and all investigations, both private and official, were without result; and even if the general investigation gave ground for no suspicion of the children, yet the disappearance or death of the old attorney remained completely unexplained.

The mysterious rider on his mule appeared no more and no one ever saw him again in the street or in that part of the town. The son and daughter of old Dumas died after a number of years, the whole matter fell into oblivion and only remained in the tales which people tell at twilight by the fireside, until the general interest in the matter was aroused once more in a quite peculiar way and the story became the subject of the day, in all conversations.

Old Marshal de Villeroy, the tutor of Louis XV, in order to make himself agreeable, used to tell all the latest Parisian society news to the royal lad whose guardianship was entrusted to him. In this way he had told the little king, on whom mysterious and gruesome stories had a peculiar fascination, the story of the disappearance of old Dumas which was then agitating all Paris; perhaps he added a few decorations, and with the suggestion that was popular at that time that the devil in person had carried the old godless astrologer away with him through the air.

This story had made a deep impression on the lively fancy of the young king, and in later years when at court the conversation turned upon mysterious incidents, he was accustomed to bring this forward as a proof that even in the enlightened and skeptical age of Voltaire wonderfully mysterious things could happen, things which mocked the investigations of the most keen witted of men.

One day the famous Count de Saint-Germain was in the king's inner court circle. The Count de Saint-Germain, as is well known, maintained that he possessed the Elixir of life, and that he could always rejuvenate himself with it; and that he knew how to rule and search into nature by the power of his secret mysterious knowledge. The conversation turned on supernatural and inexplicable effects of mysterious powers in the world and among men, and the king told, as he usually did on such an occasion, the story of the wonderful and unexplained disappearance of Maître Dumas.

"If your Majesty is interested in knowing what became of Maître Dumas," said the Count de Saint-Germain, "it will be a pleasure to me to satisfy your curiosity."

The King shook his head smiling incredulously. The Marquise de Pompadour, however, immediately took the Count at his word and pressed the King to obtain from him the proffered explanation.

The Count de Saint-Germain withdrew for an instant into a corner of the room and appeared to sink into a deep rêverie while he murmured unintelligible cabalistic formulae to himself.

After a little while he again came to the King, and said:

"The matter is simple, sire. The people who undertook to examine the room from which Maître Dumas disappeared were either bribed or had not the ability to see anything that was not staring them in the face. The threshold of the door to the room was moveable; at the side of the door there is a spring, and if it is opened one can see the first step of a stairway which leads down through the walls of the house. If you go down these stairs you come into a cellar which has no other exit; Maître Dumas went down into this cellar."

"But according to the statement of his children he was so weak," said the king, "that he could not go up the stairs again without aid."

"He had drunk a solution," replied the Count, "which gave him the strength to descend into the cellar. Once arrived there he drank an overdose of opium and sank into a sleep from which he awoke no more."

"And do you really suppose I shall believe this story?" said Louis XV shaking his head incredulously.

"Your Majesty," replied the Count, "will do whatever you like. Meanwhile what I have said is nothing more than the exact truth."

"We shall see," exclaimed the King, and immediately sent for his Minister of Police. He gave him the order to have the house of Francis I in the Rue de l'Hirondelle again searched most carefully on the next day, according to the declaration of Count Saint-Germain.

They awaited the next day in the greatest curiosity.

At last the Minister of Police came, and to the utmost astonishment of the King and the Marquise de Pompadour reported that they had actually found the moveable threshold and had discovered the stairway described by Count Saint-Germain under it. They had descended the stairs and passing through the foundations of the house had come into a cellar. When they had lighted it they had found therein among a number of physical and astrological instruments the skeleton of a man, which was dressed in the almost completely preserved clothes

of Maître Dumas; beside the skeleton there was on the ground a cup of agate which had been broken to pieces and a bottle of crystal which was likewise smashed. In one of the fragments of this glass there was still preserved a film of dried opium.

The King was amazed. He immediately sent for the Count de Saint-Germain and in his presence had the report of the minister of police repeated.

"I knew Your Majesty would be convinced of the truth of my statement," said the Count.

"But, my dear sir, I am not at all satisfied with the explanation," said Louis XV. "You have only aroused my curiosity still more. If we know now that Maître Dumas went down the secret staircase into his hidden cellar, it still remains just as inexplicable as ever what could have induced him first by means of a secret drug to gather strength to go down and then by means of another to put an end to his life in such an extraordinary fashion. In any case he must have known the distress his mysterious disappearance would have caused his children, and if he wanted to die would have been able to do this in some other manner. And then again what is the connexion with all this of the mysterious horseman, the man over whose appearance all the neighbors had so unanimously expressed themselves so positively?"

Count Saint-Germain shrugged his shoulders.

"If your Majesty were gracious enough to enter into the Order of Freemasons and proceed to the Rosicrucian degree, the last veil would fall from before your eyes, and the secret would be clear to you. I can now reveal no more than what I have already told you, for every word would expose me to the greatest danger."

In spite of all importunities, in spite of all entreaties on the part of the Marquise de Pompadour, the Count Saint-Germain was not to be prevailed upon to make any more revelations, and the mysterious story became, through what he had said, more mysterious and more inexplicable than before.

The Police investigations remain entirely fruitless, for almost all the witnesses of the time in which the disappearance of Maître Dumas took place were already dead, and it was never really ascertained with legal certainty whether the skeleton found in the mysterious cellar was really that of the vanished attorney of Châtelet.

All Paris talked for some weeks of the mysterious story of the lost Maître Dumas, then it sank again into oblivion.

We have related this story to our readers just as it is reported in the Archives of the secret police of Paris and must give up searching for the key to the riddle which has now for nearly two hundred years remained unsolved.

(From the *Genealog. Archivarius* for 1736. Published by M. Ranfft, Leipsic, 1736)

ADDITION TO THE FORMER PART OF THE GENEALOG. ARCHIVARIUS

A will of the deceased Prince Rágóczy, dated 27 October, 1733, has just come to light. . . . If we are to credit the author of this monthly publication, the Prince died not in 1734, and not before 8th April, 1735, at Rodosto. From it we gather: (1) that his eldest son, George Ragozzi, called Duke of Makowicz, married a French lady, from which it follows that the younger, who fled from

Vienna several years ago, and has since resided in Italy, was rightly named by us Francis; (2) that King Louis XIV bought for Prince Rágóczy, from the widowed Polish Queen, half of her property at Jaroslau, under the name of the then Crown Grand-Marshal, but which he had to pledge to her later from necessity; (3) that his agent and minister, the Abbot Dominicus Brenner, in whose name he had invested the income of that sum which the King had invested for him in the Hôtel de Ville at Paris in place of the remaining subsidy, when the Prince went to Turkey in the year 1717, cheated him out of such amounts that he had him put in the Bastille by the then Regent, where he (the agent) cut his throat in despair; (4) that he made his eldest son universal heir of all his property and claims, but he did not mention a word about the younger son in his will, perhaps for the reason that the latter was then still in Vienna under the Imperial protection; moreover he remembers with considerable legacies on the monies to be demanded from the crown of France, his steward Nicolaus Zibric de Skarvaskand, his dearly trusted, the first Chamberlain Mikes de Zagony; his first Almoner, the Abbot Radacowitz; his General-Lieutenant, Count Ozaky; besides various other trusted adherents; (5) that he named the Dukes of Bourbon and Maine and the Counts of Charleroi and Toulouse as executors of his will, and to them also he most highly commends the chamberlain Ludwig Molitard, whom he had educated (and who presumably was his natural son; he also remembered him with a considerable legacy); and (6) that he himself formerly resided in France under the name of Count von Saros.

Let a wise man blow off the impurities of his self, as a smith blows off the impurities of silver, one by one, little by little, and from time to time. . . .

There is no fire like passion, there is no shark like hatred, there is no snare like folly, there is no torrent like greed.

The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive; a man winnows his neighbor's faults like chaff, but his own fault he hides, as a cheat hides the bad die from the gambler.

If a man looks after the faults of others, and is always inclined to be offended, his own passions will grow, and he is far from the destruction of passions.

He in whom this feeling is destroyed, and taken out by the very root, finds rest by day and by night.— *Dhammapada,* ch. xviii. Trans. by Max Müller

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER IX

AN INNOCENT VICTIM

"WELL, good people," said Jasper Raymond, coming into the room where Mrs. Weitman's usual party of friends were assembled, "I suppose you have all heard the latest sensation."

"If you allude to the dreadful affair on the waterfront which led to the disclosure of the real perpetrators of the murder for which poor Jimmy Hewit was hung," said Mrs. Rogers, "we have just been discussing it."

"But isn't it awful!" cried Florence Vining. "Just think of that boy being executed when he was innocent. I should think his mother would become insane."

"And that pretty girl he was to have married," added Hylma. "His mother was right"; said Mrs. Weitman, "I felt that she was. Oh, if he only could have had a short reprieve! I have been to see Mrs. Milton. She is utterly prostrated."

"Did she ever hear how the old woman cursed her husband?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Weitman. "Though she was ill and confined to her room some kind friend sent her the papers, marking all the most sensational passages."

"I should be more inclined to think," said Dr. Jordan, "that they were sent by some of the Governor's enemies."

"I shall never vote for a Governor who believes in capital punishment," said Dr. Desmond. "I consider him directly responsible for the killing of two men within the last six weeks, both of whom, under humane laws, might have become good citizens. A petition for a few months' reprieve was sent in to him the morning of the execution, in time for it to have been stayed, signed by many prominent citizens; but Milton's obstinacy is so great that if he had known the boy was innocent he would not have reprieved him after he had once refused to do so."

"And the horrors attending the execution of Joe Barty last week!" said Mrs. Weitman. "I never heard before of anything so ghastly."

"I have not been able to sleep well since," said Mrs. Hadley. "I'm afraid to be alone in the dark."

"And someone gave the papers to Barty's sister and she read every word of it," said Miss Edison.

"I should think it would have killed her," said Hylma.

"In Barty's case, too," said Dr. Desmond, "Milton was asked to commute the sentence. Barty was not a bad man, and he never drank before. He and Billy Clark were the best of friends and never had had a quarrel in their lives. When he came to a consciousness of his deed his horror and remorse were unbounded. His sister still clung to him, and robbing her of his protection and support just when she needed him the most after the tragic loss of her husband, was an act of unparalleled cruelty. Or rather, unfortunately, there are only too many parallels to it."

"If only impartial justice were considered," said Dr. Jordan, "such measures of barbarous justice could not possibly occur."

"Why," cried Florence, "I can't see *any* justice in it at all. What right has the law to bring such terrible suffering upon innocent persons for the purpose of punishing one person who has done wrong? I call these laws inhuman."

"So do I," said Hylma.

"Well, you see the law doesn't take much account of friends and relations," said Mr. Rogers.

"It ought to then," retorted Florence.

"Yes," said Mrs. Rogers, "why will it deal out lifelong disgrace and sorrow perhaps to many and drive whole families to poverty, it may be to ruin and insanity? Oh, it's wrong."

"It's a relic of barbarism certainly," said Jasper.

"Then why isn't something done to break up these horrors?" asked Mrs. Hadley.

"Because of the intense selfishness of the world," replied Mrs. Weitmann. "We have become set and hardened in it as in a mold. There is but one remedy for all these evils, and that is to teach the people the doctrine and practice of universal brotherhood."

"Then I'm afraid these evils will remain," said Mrs. Rogers.

"No," said Dr. Desmond; "the world has swung into a new cycle in its evolution, and no matter how discouraging things may appear at present it is on the upward grade. The teaching, and more than all else, the spirit of true brotherhood has been brought into the world and it has come to stay and do its work. An immense amount of work along that line has already been done."

"But," said Miss Edison, "how all these dreadful happenings must retard the better work."

"True," admitted the doctor, "but no great reform was ever begun or carried out without arousing bitter and inveterate opposition."

"But why is that, doctor?" asked Mrs. Hadley. "I should suppose that every sensible person would like to see abuses reformed. Why then put themselves in opposition?"

"Many reasons might be assigned," said Dr. Jordan, "but they are all summed up in the reason given by Mrs. Weitman — selfishness and indifference."

"Well, it all seems hopeless to me," said Mrs. Rogers.

"Still, some headway is being made," said Miss Edison, "and we must keep on fighting. We are doing much good in our work. But there is so much, so much more to be done."

CHAPTER X

In the Pine Woods

After the tragedy in Mrs. Hewit's life, things seemed to settle into their wonted grooves and run smoothly on as before. But there had been inner changes made which were to spread, in ever-widening circles through the lives of many people, for who could calculate how many ages?

Anne was an orphan and had lived with an aunt who had recently died; therefore she remained with Jimmy's mother as he had desired her to do.

Dave Warnock, also without near relatives of his own, became the self-appointed protector and friend of the two lonely women. He had a cabin in a little glen a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Hewit's. His orchard-trees and garden furnished fruits and vegetables for himself and neighbors; and in the fields, which he managed for both, corn, beans, pumpkins, and squashes flourished with little care or labor. He used his spare time gathering wild honey and nuts, which found a ready market at the town twenty miles distant.

Anne had grown grave and silent. She could not be persuaded to attend the dances and merrymakings of her mountain neighbors, and with an innate delicacy of feeling they ceased to urge her.

But it was in Mrs. Hewit that the change was the most marked. At sixty she had been a hale, fresh-looking woman, her figure upright and agile, and her dark hair but lightly touched with silver.

With Jimmy's death, old age had come suddenly and heavily upon her. Her form was bent, her step slow and heavy; her eye had lost its fire, her brow was wrinkled, her hair snowy white.

It was difficult to tell the state of her mind, for she seldom spoke, excepting a few words on trivial commonplace matters. But she would sit silently brooding for hours, and would often spend hours wandering about the forest, visiting all the spots Jimmy had loved the most. When the girl became anxious at her prolonged stay and sought her out she would find her frequently sitting on the logs by the spring, and often at the grave under the silver fir.

Dave had set up a plain marble slab with Jimmy's name cut on it and the dates of his birth and death. He had also inclosed it with a rough railing of unpeeled saplings, and Anne had planted Cherokee roses and wild honeysuckle about it. One of the neighbors had offered her roots and seeds of bright garden flowers; but she shook her head, saying; " I think Jimmy wouldn't like 'em as well as the wild things. He always loved everything jist as it growed wild." So the wild roses and honeysuckle vines covered the rude railing and clambered over the great fir and mingled with its silvery branches.

But one summer a change came to the cabin and its inmates. A party of people from the city came up into the hills to camp for a month's rest and recreation. One of the men went to Dave asking permission to make a camp near them. Dave thought only of Aunt Polly, as they called Mrs. Hewit, and he went to speak to Anne about it. Although they stood on the porch and spoke in low tones, Mrs. Hewit heard them, and coming to the door she said:

" No; no folks can come here."

" But, Aunt Polly," said Anne soothingly, " they don't want to come right here — only to camp somewhere 'round here in the woods. Some of 'em are sick an' want to rest an' try to git well. They won't be no trouble to us, an' I can sell 'em chickens an' aigs an' butter."

" Oh well," said Mrs. Hewit, turning wearily away, as if she had already lost all interest in them; " put 'em 'round the hill out o' sight, an' they mus'n't come near the spring an' logs, nor 'round Jimmy's place."

It was thus she always spoke of the little inclosure.

So the camp was made and Dave furnished them garden produce and honey, while Anne supplied butter and eggs.

As if fearful of meeting some of the strangers Mrs. Hewit con-

fined her wanderings to a smaller area. But one day a lady had wandered farther than usual from the camp and became confused in the intricacies of the forest.

Mrs. Hewit, coming out of the little gate, heard a footstep and looking up found herself face to face with the intruder. She gazed at her a moment, then putting one hand to her forehead she staggered back and leaned against the railing. She was trembling as one in an ague.

"O dear Mrs. Hewit!" cried Mrs. Weitman, for she it was, "I'm so sorry to have startled you so. I lost my path and was looking for a way back to the camp. Are you faint? Can I do anything for you? Do you wish me to leave you?"

"No, no!" said the old woman in a hoarse whisper, stretching out one shaking hand which Mrs. Weitman clasped in both her own. "Don't go — I know you — you tried to help us. You cried — an' you was sorry for me an' Anne; an' you was sorry for Jimmy, too."

"Indeed I was sorry for you all, and am still," said Mrs. Weitman, tears welling up to her eyes.

"Yes, I knew it," said Mrs. Hewit simply. "But they done it all the same. This is Jimmy's place; you may come in, if you want to. He'll not mind you."

"May I come to the house and see you?" asked her friend.

"Yes; Jimmy'd like it 'cause you was sorry."

Just then Anne came hurrying toward them; but finding the two women standing with clasped hands her troubled look disappeared.

"O Mrs. Weitman," she said, "how did you find Aunt Polly? an' she's glad to see you, too."

"Yes; she says I may come to see her in her home. You will not mind, will you?"

"I want you to come," replied the girl.

They walked slowly to the cabin, and after this Mrs. Weitman came almost daily. She sat in the clean kitchen watching Anne while she molded the butter into golden bars, kneaded the sweet home-made bread, and ironed the linen for the camp people, linen which was fragrant with the balmy odors of forest and field.

Dave sometimes sat with them and he, too, watched Anne with a look in his eyes that awakened the visitor's sympathy for him; and she wondered how much the girl divined of his feeling for her.

Though Mrs. Hewit always seemed pleased to have Mrs. Weitman

in the house she seldom joined in the conversation. Yet frequently when sitting apart, apparently absorbed in her own thoughts, Anne noticed that she was intently listening to the words of their friend. And these words were gradually awakening a new world of thought and meaning in the minds of both Dave and Anne.

In words as simple as she could find she told them of the great Life and Soul and Spirit that pervades the world, linking all together in the eternal bond of brotherhood. She told them of the many lives each soul has to live in order to know all that can be obtained on this earth, and of the Good Law which at last brings equal justice to all. To Mrs. Weitman's surprise she found that these simple, untaught inhabitants of the hills who had lived close to nature's heart appeared to grasp and hold these ideas more easily than many other persons.

"Do you know, Anne," said Mrs. Weitman one day, "that our camp must soon be broken up?"

"Why?" asked the girl with a startled look.

"Why, my dear! because these people must return to their homes and their work. I wish I had a house here in the moutains and I would spend a part of every year here. I don't wish to go now."

"Couldn't you have a house built?" asked Dave, who was sitting on the doorstep.

"Well, why couldn't I?" said the lady. "Where is the nearest place to get lumber?"

"It's twenty miles off," replied Dave; "but what do you want lumber for? Wouldn't logs and shakes do better?"

"Why, do you think they would?"

"Well, I reckon a cabin would suit in with the trees an' rocks better'n a fine frame house would."

Mrs. Weitman was silent a few moments; then she said:

"You are right, Dave. Your artistic instinct is truer than mine. We will have it a log cabin. And we will have Cherokee roses and woodbine and not a single cultivated plant or flower about it. We'll have rustic chairs and benches made of saplings and bark, and a hammock made of grapevines. We will make it as much a part of the pine woods as possible. I am in love with the thought of it."

After supper that evening while Dave was fitting a new handle into the hammer and Anne was washing up the dishes, Mrs. Hewit startled them by saying:

"We might use the logs at the spring for Mrs. Weitman's cabin.

Jimmy wouldn't mind her a-havin' 'em, I know. Would you mind it Anne?"

"No, Aunt Polly," replied the girl, "I'd be mighty glad to have her there."

"Yes," said Dave, "she has done us all a powerful lot of good."

"Jimmy'd like it," whispered Mrs. Hewit, staring absently into the fire. "Yes, Jimmy'd be glad we had the lady that was sorry right here close to us."

(To be continued)

FROM THE "GOLDEN PRECEPTS"

NO seed but ripens into grain,
No deed but harvests joy or pain,
No word but soon comes home again,
Or after many days.

The thistle-down will yield no corn,
Sweet jasmin's silver star no thorn;
No rose from pepper plant is born:
Kind law in kind repays.

Take then what merit hath in store,
No virtues boast, no faults deplore,
But go in peace and sin no more:
The Warrior cannot fail.

Exhaust the bad, increase the good,
Work, work for human brotherhood,
You only stand where saints have stood,
Before they passed the Veil.

Give up thy life if thou wouldst live.
If Fate seems harsh with flail and sieve,
Have only grain not chaff to give,
At Time's great harvest-home.

So reap the past with patient heart,
Not seeking to escape thy part,
But sow the future where thou art,
Until Thy Reaper come.

Adapted by P. A. M. from
The Voice of the Silence of H. P. Blavatsky