

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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"But matter being indefinite, and never at rest with itself, and being borne along to every form, in every direction, and easily led everywhere, becomes multitudinous by its generation and transition to all things. And after this manner it possesses the nature of bulk."

— PLOTINUS: *On Matter*: xi. Translation by Thomas Taylor

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PROBABLY in my words I give but little, but I hope that in my enthusiasm, in my earnestness, with the pictures that I present, I may bring my readers to a realization that Humanity is close to the top wave of victory; that just beyond, where the eyes cannot see, where the ordinary reason cannot follow, one is almost touching the fringe of the universal truths that are waiting for all. One can find them in Nature and in the deeper side of one's own being; there are touches of them here and there, so that when the mind is clear and the vision made broader and larger by unselfish thought, there comes that which, in the mortal aspect of things, one sometimes sees in the faces of little children.

I think the smile of a little child is one of the most beautiful and superb things that can come to us. Behind it sleeps the spiritual nature; the soul has passed through its former experiences; it has just entered a new life and under the pressure of taking control of its body it has no memory of its old sufferings, its disappointments and its heartache; it is feeling all the splendid divine things of life, the infinite forces that are so fine that, so long as our minds are fettered, we cannot touch them. But somehow one finds a little child, without any attention or recognition, smiling, always looking outward and outward: and if one gets a glimpse of those eyes they will preach a sermon to one, if one understands Theosophy; they will bring home to one the consciousness of the soul, which is awaking in that life, seeking to find the sweeter expressions of human experience, that it may grow and serve. Then as the child grows older, he contacts the psychological outer influences of the world, and these hold him down.

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There are the limitations in the human family: father goes one way, believes in the dogmas of one sect; mother goes another, belongs perhaps to another sect; and the letter of the law is laid down to that child and fear is inculcated by the constant repetition of: "you must not do that, it is wrong"; and when they explain the wrong, the child grows timid and fearful, and the Divinity which is seeking expression in that young life falls back awaiting another opportunity to find itself and to become.

The heresy of man's unbelief stands ever ready to crucify the life of humanity, ever seeking to hold in bondage the souls of men that are a part of the great divine life, imposing limitations and presuming to touch young souls just coming into the arena of life through Reincarnation, by laying down the law and saying, "My father taught this and I teach it and so must you!" Think of the home with a young life in it, and the inharmony and dissension that come into that life.

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In my opinion, if in a home there is anything that does not express the divine part of man, if there is one note of disharmony, it is not a home in the truest sense, and those who live in it and take part in its life must some day realize that there must be a re-arrangement, a readjustment, to bring it to that point of harmony that it should have. To do this there must be knowledge of the self. How is the poor mother who is weighed down with the heresy of unbelief, though she has the determination to do right and is ready to offer her life for her child—how is she going to lift the veil and give her child the best instruction, with the limitations of the one life, and a one-sided, one-angled view of truth? She yearns to do it, and the soul is ever fanning that yearning. Even the father, burdened with business cares, may love his family and be ready to work to the point of suffering, in order to keep the home, pay the rent, take care of the house, supply the food and everything needed; but as two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, the spiritual laws that he is seeking by the power of his heart cannot express themselves. Their meaning cannot be found by reason alone. There is not sufficient understanding of the divine life in those two — the father and the mother — to bring them to the point of harmony with the spiritual laws. They are part of the universe, but the inner life cannot express itself because their minds are weighed down by all the outer desires, the competition of the world, compelling the use of every effort to bring success to the personal self on the outer plane.

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When I have seen the great intellectual lights of the age — and intellectuality truly has its place — I have often thought that men cannot become that which

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they desire until there is the light of the soul to show them the way. They move to a certain point of success and then can go no farther. There remains to them only the memory of what they have done, which is so very little in comparison with what they might have done. Yet there can be no question that those who have arisen to a certain point of success (I do not mean under any camouflage of fame or show or popularity) and done wonders, so to say, could not have done even what they did, if they had not had manifestations here and there of the Divine Light that comes from the soul.

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Humanity is weighed down by doubt and unbelief, and even the brightest minds fall short of their possibilities. We see the lives of little children cut off before they have had any chance, and we do not know what to do. We question about it: How could it happen? Is it from a personal God who blesses and punishes? We are in hell, surely, with these problems before us, and certainly we have had evidence enough in the past few years that the lower side of human nature can carry man to his destruction. We have observed this quite recently in the race-war in Chicago and other cities.

We have all these pictures before us, but it is not enough merely to note the general conditions: we must get down to the causes; we must trace the errors analytically. I have no question that there are thinkers and workers who are seeking the remedy for these conditions; but not on that line that I am speaking of, with a knowledge and a conception of the spiritual laws. I have seen the working of these laws in human life— in the jails, in the prisons, with the condemned man who is to be hanged by our human law, legalized murder. I have seen all these things. I have seen the street women and have traced the causes of their downfall and hopelessness; and when I found the causes I had the key to save them just as far as the law of Karma would permit.

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The law of Karma declares that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and when one has worked and worked and worked and done everything possible and then results outwardly do not come, we can only wait patiently for the harvest. We may find ourselves blocked by our reasoning and our weaknesses, and the one we are seeking to help we may have to leave, in the outward sense, alone; but the seeds of truth will have been planted and the harvest will be reaped in time. The records tell of wonderful changes in human life, that have come from the inspiration of the teachings of Theosophy, from the great doctrine of Reincarnation, with the words 'Another Chance' implanted in the

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mind; from realizing the justice of the law of Karma, and the beauty and grandeur and uplift of the teaching that man is essentially divine.

In the teachings of Theosophy there is a glorified inspiration which, once it touches the heart, can lift man — even the fallen and the outcast — to the knowledge of himself and his divine heritage.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

EDITOR

ALMIGHTY PROTOPLASM

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

TURNING over some old papers, we chance upon a scientific article, containing among other things an account of Protoplasm. This is defined as the essential substance common to plants and animals alike; it has certain general and primitive properties, and numerous special properties which it acquires in response to various conditions. But we come upon the somewhat dogmatic statement that some time within the last hundred million years — or, to be exact, about sixty million years ago — Protoplasm came into existence on the earth in a manner wholly unknown. We find ourselves somewhat in doubt as to what is known and what is not; and the statement would seem to imply that it *is* known that this substance came into existence on the earth sixty million years ago, but that it is *not* known how it came into existence.

Protoplasm was probably in the form of small specks of a jelly-like substance, of structure complicated indeed but not so complicated as the Protoplasm of our day. As it was extremely liable to injury, it became necessary for it to make continual adjustments to the natural forces that impinged upon it; and it was this admirable power of harmonizing itself with its surroundings that has enabled it to survive until today.

Now this Protoplasm, having tried to achieve many things, but having also achieved many failures, was finally successful in two lines of effort, whereby it produced (1) the vegetable, and (2) the animal kingdom.

What was the primal quality that enabled Protoplasm to harmonize itself with its surroundings? The orthodox moralist will be somewhat aghast at the reply: it was *irritability*. This amiable and efficient quality, combined with a power of perceiving changes in the intensity of light, heat, moisture, etc., enabled Protoplasm to harmonize itself with its surroundings. Thus the long-continued play of evolutionary forces gradually led to its development into forms which would serve the organ-

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ism better and better, until finally the process culminated in Man.

From an encyclopaedia we learn that the primal qualities of undifferentiated vital matter are contractility, irritability and automatism, reception and assimilation of food, metabolism with secretion and excretion, respiration, and reproduction. A very fair list of attributes with which to endow a primal rudiment; a very liberal set of postulates with which to start out on a chain of deduction.

Those who claim for science a rigorous adherence to ascertained facts, and an avoidance of all speculation and romance; and who are disposed to hold it up to Theosophists as a model for them to copy, while imputing to the said Theosophists the very faults repudiated in Science; these will find their faith shaken by such pronouncements as the above. A more highly speculative and romantic cosmogonical scheme it would be hard to imagine; and one may be pardoned for exclaiming: 'Verily, Protoplasm is God.' For it does all that God has been required to do, arriving on earth in the full plenitude of an almighty power, omniscient and self-create. Thus endowed, it produces the entire universe of creatures, of its own unaided will, including Man himself; and, like God, it —

'Moves in a mysterious way,
Its wonders to perform.'

Well may we say, with H. P. Blavatsky, that unless more rational views are adopted, there is no alternative but to admit special creation by an anthropomorphic deity in the old-fashioned way. For to start our system at the point where this mysterious jelly appears, fully endowed with all the potentiality of those marvelous creative powers which it subsequently manifests, is to assume practically the whole problem; nor would it be more wonderful should Man himself, with all his powers fully developed, have descended sixty million years ago, from an unknown source, upon earth, instead of that omnipotent if unpicturesque primeval slime. Nay, is not the slime more wonderful than Man, since it has produced Man, together with all the other kingdoms of Nature — a thing that Man himself cannot achieve?

Thus is brought forcibly home the inevitable truth that any attempt to derive mind from matter ends in a total reversal of the purpose proposed; inasmuch as we cannot set out on the argument without first postulating the whole of what we intend to prove. Give me the egg, and I will give you the bird; show me first your seed, and I will show you my tree. Ay, but there's the rub. The egg presupposes the bird; the seed, the plant. What is this Protoplasm but the entire scheme of animate creation done up in a small parcel, to be subsequently unrolled and spread out in detail? ● or what change have we made from the old-

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fashioned ideas, but to remove God from his celestial hovering over the waters of chaos, and his divine breathing on the lifeless clay, in order to shut him up, like a chick in an egg, within that very clay? Sixty million years ago God descended on earth in the form of minute specks of muci-lage! Why not Jupiter in the form of a snake? Why not an egg dropped into the waters of space by a great bird? In a word, where does mythology end and science begin?

Now, far as we are from accepting wholesale and without examination this drama of the earth and its primeval slime, let us for a moment assume it and see where we are even then. We find ourselves confronted with an ideal spectacle far more marvelous and inexplicable than any which mythology or theology has devised; for we find the entire animate universe arising spontaneously from a sort of chemical mud, which mud is endowed (as necessarily it must be) with all the powers of the mind, will, imagination, etc., etc., which, by racking our imaginations, we can possibly attribute to the most highest of all deities.

This is the result of materialism, which, for the present purpose, may be defined as an attempt to philosophize under the form of concepts derived from the five physical senses. We live in a world of the physical senses, and also in a world of the imagination which we have constructed out of the materials which those senses supply. Into our imagination we have projected an ideal three-dimensional space, together with a system of dynamical principles, which we have derived from the experience of the physical senses. And we try to conceive the universe and its origin and development under that form. The ancient Atomic Theory has accordingly assumed quite a different guise from what it had in antiquity. For us, the atom is a speck of dirt; and we are compelled to commit the logical absurdity of endowing it primarily with the very attributes to explain which it was postulated. We say that matter is composed of atoms, and owes its various properties to its atomic structure, of which those properties are functions; and then we say that the atoms themselves have these same properties. Absurd as this may seem, we feel bound to do it, because the only alternative is to suppose that atoms are *not* matter (which is obvious); and then what becomes of our materialism?

The same thing has found its way into biology; for here we are seeking a rudiment corresponding to the atom of so-called inorganic matter. Hence this Protoplasm, which, however, is a fact, so far as its mere existence goes, for we can see and study it. Some have sought to go beyond Protoplasm into specks within the cell, to which various names have been given. But the fact remains the same, that, unless we are to derive matter from itself, thus making it equivalent to the Causeless

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Cause, the God Uncreate, we must derive it from something which is not matter.

For ancient philosophers, then, the atom was not a mere particle of earth, but a Soul (if we may employ so inadequate and ambiguous a word). A materialist, unable to make his philosophy serve every need of his soul, may find no alternative but to jump at one bound from dead matter to the Supreme Deity, and to imagine that Deity as performing a special act of creation in every cell and every particle in his entire universe. But a more philosophical and less restricted mind will be willing to allow the Deity some mediate agencies. Finding mind within our own body, it is not unreasonable to infer that other bodies are also endowed with mind; and that the results which the lower kingdoms of Nature manifest are produced in the same way as our own actions are produced — by the operation of mind and will. The physical forces of Nature, such as heat and all the various manifestations of energy, must be either self-produced, in which case they are spiritual powers; or else they must be the visible manifestations of something that is invisible and immaterial. In short, they must be manifestations of mind.

Thus the ancient idea that the universe is animate in each and every part is seen to be the only reasonable and logical one. Since something must be assumed for a beginning, the only logical thing to assume is mind — the faculty with which we think — and from this as a postulate we must seek to derive everything visible and material.

To consider by way of illustration one particular case — if you are in the habit of pouring out water anywhere, you will find that all the trees in the neighborhood have discovered the fact and have sent out roots for many yards to fetch that water. How is this to be explained? If we wish to devise a materialistic explanation, we must resort to electrons, thrown off by the water, impinging on the trees, exciting reflex actions — and so forth in the usual way; all of which is surely more wonderful than Jupiter and Pan. But if we say that the tree has a consciousness of its own, which enables it to perceive the water and to do what is necessary to secure it, we have an explanation in harmony with the facts of our own experience as animate beings. If more explanation is sought, then how do we ourselves perceive things and act upon our perceptions? The one thing is not more mysterious than the other. We have to study Mind and its properties, if we would learn more about the mysteries of that universe which is the manifestation of Cosmic Mind. What are the primal properties of Mind? Are they more mysterious than those assigned to Protoplasm? If anyone says that we are too venturesome in our ideas as to the powers of Mind, we can only refer them to the powers attributed to Protoplasm, and say, 'What's sauce

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for the goose is sauce for the gander.' Mind, it would seem, has a primitive power of knowing where it is, what it wants, and how to get it. It is able to develop for itself senses and organs. It has a self-reproductive power, which it transmits to the organisms which it creates, so that they too are self-reproductive.

To understand evolution, we have to familiarize ourselves with a conception somewhat strange to the modern world — the idea of Monads, or Jivas, or Souls (to give them some of the names that have been applied). These are atoms or germs in the true sense; they are alive and conscious (though not with our consciousness). They are not material, not on the physical plane. With our physical means of research we can track them up to a certain point and no further: we can detect some speck or cell, and there come to the jumping-off place. Our authority could not get beyond his primeval jelly.

"The bud must be traced through its parent-plant to the seed, and the egg to the animal or bird that laid it; or at any rate to the speck of protoplasm from which it expanded and grew. And both the *seed* and the *speck* must have the latent potentialities in them for the reproduction and gradual development, the unfolding of the thousand and one forms or phases of evolution, through which they must pass before the flower or the animal are fully developed. Hence, the future plan, if not a DESIGN, *must be there*. Moreover, that *seed has to be traced*, and its nature ascertained."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 653

That all Nature is ensouled is an ancient and universal belief, from which, in times of mental obscuration, humanity departs for awhile. But humanity soon grows hungry and yearns to return to the truth. Is a poet or an artist a man who tries to delude himself with the fancy that Nature is sentient, and are the beliefs of children idle fancies which we encourage from policy? Or is it the scientists that have gone astray and deluded themselves with fairytales?

"I love indeed to regard the dark valleys, and the gray rocks, and the waters that silently smile, and the forests that sigh in uneasy slumbers, and the proud watchful mountains that look down upon all — I love to regard these as themselves but the colossal members of one vast animate and sentient whole — a whole whose form (that of the sphere) is the most perfect and most inclusive of all; whose path is among associate planets; whose meek handmaiden is the moon; whose mediate sovereign is the sun; whose life is eternity; whose thought is that of a God; whose enjoyment is knowledge; whose destinies are lost in immensity. . . ."

— E. A. POE, *The Island of the Fay*

Is not the poet — the artist — then, one who *feels* that he is in the presence of such a soul, and who tries to give expression to that which he feels?

It will be more conducive to man's self-respect, as well as to his happiness, to conceive himself as a member of a sentient whole, than as a hapless and irresponsible wight stranded on a dead and unfeeling clod of earth. If, instead of viewing the plants and animals as legitimate plunder, he can learn to feel towards them as an elder brother amid

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children, he will find more joy both in himself and in them. If unfortunate circumstances, due to the imperfections of humanity, constrain him to actions which are repellent to his sense of justice and mercy towards humbler creatures, he will submit to that necessity with a genuine reluctance that will free him from the need for sophistical attempts to justify cruelty, and will seek the merciful and harmonious road wherever possible. And instead of flying to art and music as one who tries to console himself with make-believes, he will find in them the true interpreters of Nature, and the inseparable partners of a science that deals, not with phantoms, but with realities; not with dead matter but living souls.

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R. MACHELL

IT is generally accepted that speech is one of the powers that most clearly distinguish man from the animals, and yet there are creatures that talk; and indeed it is open to question whether speech is not universal — speech of a kind. There is no question as to its being characteristically human, for we spend almost as much time in talking as we do in sleeping, while some people seem to talk unceasingly. But, when one listens to such a flow of talk, one is tempted to ask oneself: “Is this babble really speech?”

Is not speech something more than the utterance of articulated sounds? Does it not imply expression of thoughts previously formulated in the mind? The parrot talks; but has it truly the faculty of speech? Sometimes one is inclined to think it has as much right to claim that power, as have the mindless babblers who repeat the gossip of the day without any effort to think a thought, or to formulate an idea.

But then it is quite open to question whether the majority of men and women are really human yet. They have human bodies and brains, and many human faculties, which they occasionally try to use. But how many have begun to realize in themselves the full power of the human being? No need to look for the super-man till we have at least begun to realize our immediate possibilities as human beings. The first step in that direction is the effort to attain to wisdom, or spiritual enlightenment, which implies a recognition of the essential divinity of man. And one of the first steps in that direction is the control of speech. It was said of old that if speech was of silver, silence was of gold.

But if speech is a characteristic faculty of man, how can he progress

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to a full realization of his humanity without the use of this important faculty? The answer would probably be that before a faculty can be rightly used, its abuse must be stopped. Silence therefore has always been demanded from a candidate for wisdom. But if silence is expected from the disciple, speech is required from the teacher, who has achieved sufficient wisdom to be able to use rightly this great power. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of the general public have no idea of what that power really is, and that ninety-nine hundredths of them habitually misuse the faculty of speech.

There are times when the most thoughtless, if not entirely heartless, must have yearned for the power of true speech, in order to give help to some soul that is looking for the light, or to cheer one who is discouraged, or to tell the truth-seeker where to turn for clues. Who has not at some time realized his (or her) utter inability to express the emotions of his own heart? And who has not been reduced to silence by feelings that seem to demand expression beyond the power of ordinary speech? At such times people impatiently declare that language is incapable of serving the needs of the soul. But it would be more reasonable to admit that they have not yet acquired the faculty of true speech: for true speech is the power to express ideas; and ideas are motions of the soul, as thoughts are motions of the mind. Whereas words, as generally used, are but symbols for dead thoughts. The power of language to express ideas is measured by the power of the mind to formulate a symbol for the motions of the soul. The power of speech is infinite because it is united to and supported by the power of silence, which may be called spiritual speech. Between the sounds are the silences; and while the mind catches the spoken words the soul goes out in the silence; and the ideas that transcend thought find their expression in that medium in which the soul dwells.

The soulless speech of a cultured mind may interest and charm the minds of other cultured men and women; but also it may leave them with an unsatisfied feeling that baffles their analysis; because human beings are souls, whether they know it or not; and the soul seeks expression, and calls for Light. But a mind may be highly cultured and may yet be almost dead in a spiritual sense, and so the silences that pervade its speech are barren. Such a speaker is as one who has no message. It is just this message, which the true speaker carries, that makes his speech able to hold an audience spellbound, while the cultured intellectualist can do no more than soothe their senses or excite some interest in his mental agility and oratorical elegance. And it is thus that a Teacher may give help to hungry souls, and light to wanderers in the shadows of life, while affording no material for the delight of the intellectual dilettanti. The spoken words may be poorly chosen and faultily put together, while

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the silences may be vibrant with Light and Life; for the soul speaks in the silence, and the silence may be most intense in the midst of sound; sound being intermittent, and silence infinite.

Thus silence may permeate sound as the ether permeates matter, and this silence may be more eloquent than sound, for it is capable of acting as a vibrating medium in response to an appropriate impulse, thus conveying ideas of a higher order than those expressed in the words. Thus the old expression to 'read between the lines' is seen to have a practical meaning. This seems to suggest that besides the silences occurring between the phrases or words, there are silences within the words, which can be read intuitionally, and be interpreted by the soul, as readily as the meaning of the spoken or written words can be grasped by the mind. For man is a complex being, whose intelligence can function in many ways.

Poets and orators of the higher sort are constantly engaged in attempts to awake the mysterious powers that reside in the secret places, the caves of the silence, hidden within the vast mountains of sound. Sounds can be so organized and intensified as to awaken the Voice of the Silence, which is the song of the soul. But it must be obvious that souls are not all pure and bright, and that the powers of the silence may not all be beneficent. Therefore the Teachers of all ages have warned their disciples that 'discipline precedes instruction,' for they know that a man who has not mastered his own passions is powerless in face of the dark forces of Nature that function on the inner planes, and that a man who cannot control the workings of his own mind will inevitably be deceived, and will probably be destroyed, should he succeed in entering the state of consciousness in which the silence becomes audible and the darkness visible. And, as these forces exist whether we know them or not, so too there are powers in every man which he may occasionally employ unconsciously, thereby doing harm, or good, far beyond his intention. Knowing this, a wise Teacher has said: "Use with care those living messengers called words." (W. Q. Judge)

The misuse of speech is almost universal, and the woes of life are innumerable in consequence. For speech is probably the direct agent in the production, if not the cause, of the greater part of our woes. Evil-speaking, lying, and slandering are sins against humanity, so common as to be hardly looked upon as unusual or reprehensible. And the easy indifference we affect towards these evils is largely due to our ignorance of the power of speech. Of course we all know that evil talking may cause trouble; but few realize that the evil speech is in itself a power of evil; while the wrong caused by what is said is merely an evidence of the real disease, which was communicated by a direct contact established

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between speaker and hearer. Evil thought is more contagious than a physical disease, and speech establishes a contact between minds.

In the same way, kind words can heal by establishing a contact between a sick mind and a sane, or healthy, one: for health also is contagious.

If loose talkers could realize that their speech made contact between themselves and the object of their words, they might hesitate before thus connecting themselves with a hated person or thing. Patañjali says that the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates; thus a slanderer shapes his own mind on the pattern of that which he denounces, and his speech makes a bridge between himself and the hearer, along which can travel the evil of his own mind molded to the shape of the slander.

In all magical operations, tradition attaches great power to speech, by means of which thought is formulated and made potent on the physical plane. In religious exercises, again, the use of speech is general: but only where the object of prayer is the establishing of connexion between the devotee and the divinity. The realization of union comes only in the silence. So we find the Teacher instructing his disciples to avoid the vocal exercises of the temple-worshippers and advising them to retire to their inner chamber, there to adore the Father which is in secret.

Of course the loudest prayers are generally those that implore material aid or benefits, or that call for victory over enemies, or that demand vengeance. The silent prayer is an act of adoration or of aspiration, a losing of self in the Divine. The personal self is fond of noise. This self-forgetting aspiration is the awakening of the true impersonal self of All, reflected in the individual soul of the devotee. And one who has attained to such true self-consciousness, has also attained to true speech, the speech that is carried in the silence permeating the audible utterance of the speaker. When this state has once been attained the speaker can be understood by those that do not know the language in which his words are spoken. This is probably what was meant by the story of the apostles who received the gift of tongues: they had attained to the speech that is silent, the utterance of the soul.

The power of a speaker to hold an audience unfamiliar with the language employed is not so strange, when one considers how often a great orator uses language that is wholly beyond the comprehension of his audience and yet manages to make them feel his purpose and sympathize with his ideals. How is it done? if not by some such direct contact of mind with mind and soul with soul, as I have tried to suggest. How little does it seem to matter that the words of a song are more or less indistinguishable if only the music has the power of appeal! A

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popular audience will catch a melody and make words for it; but the converse rarely happens. So too a speaker may pour forth a torrent of unintelligible 'blatherums' and may yet stir his audience to wild excitement. Assuredly he does not owe his power to a right use of language, but to the contagion of his inflamed mind carried to his hearers along the vibrations of his vocal utterance. The sound of his voice may establish and maintain the contact of his mind with theirs; but the message passes in the silence that pervades the sound: for silence is inseparable from sound, and is unaffected by it.

Cessation of sound is not really silence; for when external sounds are not distinguishable, then the rushing of the blood makes a roaring in our ears worse than the loudest motor. Silence is usually understood as the space between sounds: but it is rather that in which sound occurs.

When a man tries to reach a higher state of consciousness he instinctively seeks a place where no sound will disturb him: but some students have found that the most intense silence could be reached by plunging into a condition of extreme activity, amid conflicting sounds, that seem to create vortices or centers of silence more profound than that produced by suppression of particular noises.

So too we find that the two schools of 'yoga,' that of action and that of inaction, were means of attaining the same goal; which was a spiritual state that transcended ordinary experience.

It was said that "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts." And this is quite in keeping with the Biblical allegory of the 'coats of skin' adopted by Adam and Eve in order to hide the nakedness of humanity fallen from its spiritual state. In that state thought must have been directly perceptible as the objective formulation of ideas. But when the spiritual body was enveloped in its physical envelope, allegorically and literally, its 'coat of skin,' then speech was probably invented to conceal thoughts, all men being then aware of their separateness and of their conflicting desires: for union exists only in the spiritual world, from which the early races, known as Adam and Eve, had fallen.

But be this as it may, it certainly is difficult for anyone to express his thoughts by speech in such a way as to avoid being misunderstood on almost every point by some one or other of his audience, and I attribute this to the lack of that soul-speech which should pervade the spoken words. The fact is that, while we can all talk, we have, few of us, acquired the art of true speech. How then can we hope to attain it? Surely by the intense desire of the soul to find expression, that is to say, to establish contact with the soul of humanity of which it is a part, and from which it feels itself separated by the prison-walls of personality. The Soul of Humanity is one, and, as said in the Persian poem, "there

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is no room in the tent for thee and me." In union there is no me nor thee: there is One.

When we talk we use words one to another, feeling that we are apart; but when the soul sings in the silence, other souls respond, and know that they are one.

When we attain to wisdom we shall attain to speech — we are told in *Light on the Path*. In the meantime we must so use the powers we have, that we may help one another to realize the object of our evolution, and make no more such grave misuses of our faculties as those that have resulted in the loss of our heritage, the knowledge of our own divinity and the power to communicate that knowledge, which is the faculty of true speech. We have become spiritually dumb, as well as blind and deaf: but we may regain the use of these functions, when we have mastered those forces that make a playground of the human mind.

Humanity lost the power of true speech when it plunged into the whirlpool of sensuous experience and sought the joy of life in the delusive region of sensation. The return to our rightful place in Nature is the path of evolution that leads up out of the intoxication of sensuous life and the gratification of desires, to the pure state of spiritual enlightenment and true joy. In that state we shall know that we are all rays of light from one Central Sun of Life; we shall not have any need to talk as we do now, but shall use that speech which at present seems like the breath of inspiration, the rhythm in the music, the essence of beauty that is undefinable, the soul of art, the language of genius that is the soul of poetry. That which we may call esoteric speech, must, in a higher state of evolution, become exoteric.

But this esoteric speech is not unattainable now: on the contrary, it is used by all who speak truly from the heart. And it can be understood by those who have hearts capable of responding to the appeal of a generous heart. It is of many kinds, and it may be heard in unexpected places. Sometimes we hear it in the voice of some ordinary individual, and again we may listen for it in vain while admiring the brilliant eloquence of some famous speaker or singer.

We instinctively listen for it in music; but how often do we hear it? We seek it in the verses of our poets, but too often we cannot find it. Nor does it ring out from the pulpit. But it may be heard even there, perhaps. For "the wind bloweth where it listeth," and none can say where the sweet sound will be heard. It may be that we ourselves are using it sometimes, when we are trying to express the deeper feelings of the heart in words that seem too poor to carry all we feel. And it may be that we can only hear it now when the whirl of thought is stilled, our ears are not deafened by the tumult of the senses, and there is Silence.

THE SOUL OF SOCRATES

MARTIN E. TEW

SOCRATES, gentlest of spirits and wisest, delightfully human;
Boyishly curious, seeking adventures in knowledge and wisdom;
Striving to rouse in the youth of your time a desire for virtue;
Modest exemplar of fortitude, temperance, justice, and reason,—
Well did you say that the searcher for Truth finds the noblest of music.
Truth has its opposite — falsehood, and music its opposite — discord;
Falsehood is discord and perishes; Truth is unchanging and deathless.

Clearly you saw through the low-lying fogs of the senses' delusions —
Through the false shows of material splendors and selfish indulgence —
That the Great Harmony dwells in the unclouded realms of the Spirit,
And that the soul when distracted by sense-born desires and sorrows
Must find its solace in truths that are changeless in goodness and beauty.
Pleasures and pains of the body are transient, but Good is eternal.
Poverty, calumny, death could not shake your firm faith in the vision.

Zeus and all the great gods of your day are now only a legend.
Gods are like players who have their brief hour on the stage of illusion;
Temples decay; even mighty Olympus is bare and plebeian;
But the free Truth which your reason illumined is one through all ages.
Twenty-four centuries have come and gone, yet the lamp that you lighted
Throws o'er the waves of men's stormy ambitions its rays undiminished.
In the clear light of your reasoning dogmas and creeds cannot flourish;
Bigotry shuns those bright beams, and intolerance slinks to the shadows.

O blinded multitudes! Why do you murder your teachers and saviors,
Who with clear vision, compassionate hearts, and unselfish devotion,
Toil to release you from bondage that you may possess your rich birthrights?
Why do you crown and enthrone cruel tyrants who bind and enslave you —
Who in their selfishness plunder, or worse, in their blindness debase you?
You are joint heirs to all good in eternity's boundless dominions.
Rise o'er your weaknesses; conquer the flesh-born desires that chain you;
Mount to the heights and possess your inheritance: YOU ARE IMMORTAL!

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.



THE Ancients well knew that the Great Adventure is the quest of the true self — of the eternal man. They recognised human life as a sacred drama of the embodied soul, ever seeking to find itself in the winding maze of many incarnations. The primeval truth is that the world is, solely to stage the adventure of spirit into blind and unknown matter. Life in all its phases was regarded as some part of the dual play between the spiritual and the material. Man's dual nature explained why he was 'half dust, half deity.'

The Ancients knew that Justice was a basic motive in the great drama, and that each soul was free to choose both the parts it would play, and just how it would play them. Moreover, each was to be the final critic of its own performance. The primeval teaching was that the curtain of creation, which rose in the dawn of time, would fall only when the souls could play any part, consciously and perfectly, as became a soul. The original conception of human destiny presented a superb vista, linking life after life. A majestic purpose was seen back of even poor, mean, and depraved human nature, since the real man began his incarnations with a birthright of divinity. Then, descending gradually to the depths of materiality, he must fight his way back again, up the ascending arc of the great cycle of evolution to the goal of perfection. At every step of the way, the higher law notes every victory and defeat, and, sooner or later, returns to each one his just due of strength or weakness, of passion or peace, of joy or suffering. Human character was recognised originally as the result of the continued contest between the overshadowing god and its animal body.

One of the old devotional books says: "Light and darkness are the world's eternal ways." And man, a world in himself, is the epitome of cosmic light and darkness. Each life is a shifting scene in a majestic drama staged for the soul — the divine spark — to find its illumined self, in spite of mental and material darkness. "Man, know thyself," was the Greek key to the primeval source of power and wisdom. Self-conquest was, and is, equally the final task for all men and for all times, and it is a struggle of ages. To find the real self, in the silence and darkness of the inner life, *that* was, and is, and ever will be, the supreme achievement — the great adventure.

It is the ancient truth that man is a soul, ingrained from the first

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into the very fabric of humanity, which vitalizes the universal seeking for an exact justice, an ideal beauty, the finer forces, the illumined knowledge, the final liberation, and the perfect peace. It is the actual existence of a perfected reality which provides the patterns for all its mutilated imitations and counterfeits. If truth did not exist and attract humanity, there would be no opposing disguise of falsehood to beguile it by the way.

It is the soul's strength and skill which would make visible signs in the perfect work of the artist, and no less in the handiwork of the artisan. It is the inner power and beauty and freedom which ever seek expression through hand and brain and heart, in the effort to manifest themselves in matter. Each soul, able to create its own human character, and to dictate its own destiny, is called upon to show its creative skill in the ways of a practical world. To dignify the duties of the common day with noble purpose is to work upon the higher creative lines of character-building. And character makes or mars the victory in the contest between the incarnating god and its animal body.

The servant who gives perfect service is a worthy example for the careless teacher. Each, in his own place, has equal chance to succeed in finding himself by serving the law of his own being. In the quest of self there is a cosmic equality of opportunity, however much perverted human nature may try to cheat others. And no one can evade or escape from the equalizing power of the just law, which, unwritten, is nevertheless stamped upon the face of all nature.

It is a long cry from the modern conception of life back to the ancient knowledge that the great adventure is the quest of the real self. Life, today, has become an adventurous whirl around the material levels, instead of a progression upward and onward. Earth and sea and air are ransacked in a reckless passion of seeking for the added force and freedom of a larger personal selfhood. We have become lost in a mental and physical maze of selfish ambitions and sensations. Having lost knowledge of Reincarnation — that connecting-link of life after life — and being indifferent or skeptical as to a hereafter, we fill the passing moment with exciting experiences that make us forget to look within, and make us afraid of the silence. The natural instinct of devotion, which even the savages try to express, is crowded out by our devotion to material power and possessions and sensations.

Undeniably the restless brain-mind is producing marvels of achievement, and the hand has acquired a cunning and skill that are uncanny. The world-war showed the modern flower of efficiency in full bloom — an unnatural growth watered with blood and tears. If humanity's fragrant, natural heart-life had been cultivated with a fraction of the same care, the nations, instead of coming together in war, would have been united

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in devotion to the common welfare. Would not an adventure into a new era of human solidarity be a most unique and splendid attainment for a race that had evolved for millions of years in a spirit of competition and separateness? It would be a miracle to most minds, for the world has been so long out of tune with itself that it is psychologized with discord, and has forgotten that harmony is the natural, healthy condition of civilized humanity.

Even the modern lines of travel and communication which make the antipodes our neighbors, are the visible signs of common interests which spring from the primal root of brotherhood. And the first step toward finding his brothers is for man to find himself — that self whose pulse is timed to the common heart-beat. The age has gone by for arguing with tooth and claw: the time is ripe for the world to realize that there is everything to gain by unity and everything to lose by conflict. Though man may have been a fighting animal once, he now has evolved a degree of mental power, which, used selfishly, makes for conflicting fiends. The impetus of life-forces impel him to action, and he must go on toward a godlike human perfection, or degenerate below the natural brute, into a being of fiendish cleverness and will-power. Katherine Tingley has said:

“We are indeed at the pivotal point of our world’s history, and we are called upon to act our part nobly, wisely, courageously, dispassionately, and justly.”

Though the war has been the most destructive and cruel one in history, the spiritual warrior in humanity has also been aroused to take a heroic hand in the eternal contest between light and darkness. Behind the suffering which seems to mock at faith and hope, there is a wide-spread seeking for the reality. Like headstrong children, who have wandered astray, there are many in the present confused, doubtful, and despairing world who are longing to find the way back home. The present generation has gone far afield, absorbed in a wild and unreckoning search of externals for means to make life *seem* freer, larger, and more intense. They have failed to look for the inner self who is ever conscious of *being* serenely strong, courageous, and full of light and buoyant life. The materialistic language of the times has few words in which to voice their cry for sorely-needed help. There is a hesitancy, a reticence, a shyness about spiritual inquirers today, as if they feared that their wants could not be understood in such a matter-of-fact world.

The heart-cry of humanity for light and liberation is largely inarticulate. But the great and growing need of a sound basis for faith and hope and courage is written large in the faces of every class and condition of men. Nor is it only the poor, the ignorant, and the deprived who

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stand sorely in need of help. There are few faces that, closely scanned, do not show a pitiful lack of the inner resources which alone can make life satisfying and worth while. Countless men and women of affairs, with every worldly advantage, and with a surfeit of all that can be bought with a price, are yet weary of it all and heart-sick and heart-hungry. Many of them have followed popular metaphysical fads, looking for a satisfactory philosophy of life and finding no inspiration to *make of themselves living examples* of the reality. They have been energetic and resourceful enough in supplying their many *wants*; but they forget that they must raise the quality of their efforts to find the higher level where their real *needs* can be satisfied. The world as a whole is in a state of spiritual devastation, and the crying need of the time is for a reconstruction of faith — faith of humanity in its better self. It is a crucial time, when every move counts for the side of light or of darkness. The brain-mind has been found wanting: only the heart can light the way to the safe path. It is the opportunity of ages to go forward and to help others. No soul is so humbly placed that its faith in itself, justified by the work of self-conquest, does not class such a helper with the saviors of discouraged humanity. There has never been a lack of printed and written and spoken philosophy in the world; but our practical age is calling for demonstrations of the *living* truth that man is something more than his body.

No one who has felt the touch of his mother's love can question the vital power and sweetness and liberation of the finer forces. No one who has felt the intangible comfort and warmth of a dear friend's hospitality, can doubt that the soul is sustained by something other than meat and drink. Pure love and true comradeship, compassion and devotion, and all the higher sentiments, take hold on the mysteries of vital force and speak the language of the inner life. It is the failure to provide a place for the silent soul in our every-day life, which leaves so many educated, well-to-do, traveled, capable men and women so pitifully poor and weak and lack-luster in the best phases of human nature. Surely

“the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance hap-peneth to them all.”

That the soul's task is to find itself fully in the changing guise of many bodies, is written even upon the face of the new-born. Earth-life, at best, is a dreary change from the soul's native light and joy and freedom. But the babe, as if sustained by memory of its recent home in the reality, meets the change undaunted, and nestles content in the home-like warmth of mother-love. There is an ethereal courage in the way the sensitive

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babe takes up the strange burden of human life. Before the tiny animal-body has time to dominate its companion soul, the little one's smile is like sunshine. It is as if this were but the beginning of a merry joust with solid matter, in which the finer forces were destined to be victorious.

The scientist who tries to tell in hard-and-fast terms that the child knows nothing before its brain and senses develop, is himself a child in knowledge of the inner life and of the finer faculties. Even a humble, devoted mother can tell him that the new-born, all ignorant of earthly things, is vitally aware of her brooding love. Its tender flesh is aglow with an inner something, so keyed to ideal conditions that it radiates an atmosphere of pure joy and satisfying peace. The mother-heart feels a magic touch of finer courage and larger patience and a greater love. She dreams dreams for her dear one who has brought into the workaday world the imprint of the ideal that is close at hand for those who believe in it.

The true mother gets touches of the unseen realities, which are beyond the ken of the scientist's brain-mind, and which elude the skill of his finest technique. In her travail of suffering, she goes beyond the reaches of cold reason and mere matter, so near to the curtain between life and death through which the incoming soul must pass, that some rays of the inner light seem to fall upon her also. Physiology has no words to describe the natural mystery of motherhood. It transcends the language of the physical nature. Certain it is, that only the sacred science of life can explain the universal instinct that feels the sacredness of motherhood and the refreshing touch of the incoming soul, ready for another expedition in the great adventure.

Since human life is ever a paradox, it is fitting that the weak and tender babe should show the high courage, the smiling trust, and responsive love, such as become a spiritual warrior. Mencius said:

"The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart."

The Râja-Yoga system of education established by Katherine Tingley at Point Loma, mindful of human duality, makes continued appeal to the child's higher nature. In a simple, natural way, the daily routine of the young warriors prepares them, through self-conquest, for the subtler temptations and fiercer fights of adult years. The little ones show that they can win some large victories. Their enlistment in the great tourney of self-conquest makes a closer and more sacred comradeship between them and the parents, and the tender tie becomes a strong bond of mutual helpfulness. A child is sometimes an older, wiser soul who has come to pay a karmic debt of gratitude, by showing parents how

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to find the kingdom of heaven 'within.' Did not a Teacher say: "A little child shall lead them"?"

In the soul's venture to bring to earth its own native sense of beauty and harmony, man is moved to express himself ideally in all the arts and sciences, in all the industries and economies, in social relations and in devotions. The soul is no inert ascetic. It is aglow with the joy of real life and would have us worship 'in the beauty of holiness.' It would unite men in the finer and more sympathetic relations of mutual understanding, of perfect work of voice and tongue and pen, of head and hand and heart. And so true art conveys a message of inner truth and beauty to all, even to those ignorant of art technique. The best music, in some degree, voices harmonies of the real life, and hints at the unifying power of perfect sound. The drama holds us with absorbing interest, as it pictures in miniature the passing scenes in the great cosmic play in which we are all engaged to learn the leading part in every cast. The responsive ease with which we live out the little plots with the actor on the stage, is suggestive of our latent power to be 'equal to the event' whenever the petty personality is forgotten and the real self is free to play the part. The best literature is vitalized with the soul's effort to find the words that will make the innately familiar story of its ventures here seem a part of the reader's experience, in sympathy, at least. In mathematics and architecture, the principles and working rules which govern their use are symbolic of the self-discipline by which the soul equalizes and adjusts its complex nature, and aims to build its changing body of perfected form and strength and flexibility. The real physician would find the healing touch of nature that can put in order the disordered forces of the body. But the physician who has equalized the forces of his own nature, brings into the sick-room the living formula of a faith that makes for wholeness. True science is not the cold, mechanical thing which the intellectual materialists have built around themselves, like a prison-wall shutting out the spiritual world of reality. The Ancients recognised Spirit as the primal cause of the existence of all things and creatures. In the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* Krishna says:

"Among that which is evolved, O Arjuna, I am the beginning, the middle, and the end; of all sciences I am the knowledge of the Adhyâtma [the highest spiritual knowledge] and of uttered sounds the human speech. . . . Among the wise of secret knowledge I am their silence."

The ancient Wisdom-Religion is presented today under the name of Theosophy. Eminently practical, as it must needs be to fit the times, it touches life at every point. It finds common ground for the separate and confusing theories of the leading political and social economists, by going back to the economics of nature and of human nature. The original plan provided for clean, strong, healthy bodies to costume the

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incarnating souls. The resources of the earth which staged the great play provided food and clothing and shelter for all the bodies; there was truth enough to inform all the minds, and there was peace and joy and love enough to fill every heart. The present chaotic state of things everywhere proves that something more than brain-mind is needed to maintain the balance of forces in man's make-up of body, mind, and soul. In the divine economy, nothing is lost; but when our overcrowded jails and reformatories and hospitals and insane asylums outweigh all other institutions, it looks as if the legitimate business of human life had degenerated into a huge salvage department-store. We are very absorbed and ingenious in vainly trying to save the pieces, when, by self-discipline, we might easily grow wise enough to control the destructive forces which, unconsciously, we now invoke.

According to Nature's reckoning, it is poor economy to be weak or diseased or ignorant or unclean or hungry or hopeless or vicious — all of which discounts our usefulness. But the soul is courageous enough to work through all our self-imposed handicaps, if only it is given a fair chance to find itself. Our management or rather mismanagement of both our individual and social affairs has brought us face to face with serious problems of all kinds. The results of our ignorant mistakes must be met, and to meet them rightly calls for the higher courage, lest 'a worse thing befall' us if we do not mend our ways. It is never too late to work for better results in the future, for the future is the direct continuation of the present, and we are living always in 'the eternal now.' While our own Karma may prevent us from changing conditions around us quickly, we can at once begin our individual betterment by changing our poverty of nature, our weak will, our diseased imagination, our pessimistic, or sordid, or unclean, or petty tendencies. Our opportunities cannot be measured by any conventional standard of measurement; sometimes a soul ventures to choose a life of hardships, in order to test and increase its power, just as an athlete trains for victory.

Katherine Tingley once said to her students:

"Fear nothing, for every renewed effort raises all former failures into lessons, all sins into experiences. Understand me when I say that in the light of renewed effort the Karma of all your past alters; it no longer threatens; it passes from the plane of penalty before the soul's eye, up to that of tuition. It stands as a monument, a reminder of past weakness and a warning against future failure. So fear nothing for yourself; you are behind the shield of your reborn endeavor, though you have failed a hundred times. Try slowly to make it **y**our motive for fidelity that others may be faithful. Fear only to fail in your duty to others, and even then let your fear be for *them*, not yourself. Not for thousands of years have the opposing forces been so accentuated. Not one of you can remain neutral; if you think you can and seek to do so, in reality you are adding your powers to those of darkness and lending your strength to the forces of evil. The cry has gone out to each, and each must choose. This is your opportunity."

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Among the few souls who, lives ago, attained to wisdom in the great adventure of self-conquest, *is* the lion-hearted H. P. Blavatsky. We do not say that she *was* alive, because though her body is dust and ashes, the compassionate Self of this noble woman always was and is and will be. That she consciously brought the light of the ancient truth to a world when its blind and unreckoning materialism was directing its progress toward unsuspected catastrophe, is proven by comparing her many writings with all the significant events of history in the last forty years. In 1889 she wrote these prophetic words:

“We are face to face with all the glorious possibilities of the future. This is again the hour of the great cyclic return of the tide of mystical thought in Europe. On every side we are surrounded by the ocean of the universal science – the science of Life Eternal – bearing on its waves the forgotten and submerged treasures of generations now passed away, treasures still unknown to the modern civilized races. The strong current which rises from the submarine abysses, from the depths where lie the prehistoric learning and arts swallowed up with the antediluvian Giants – demigods, though with but little of mortality – that current strikes us in the face and murmurs: ‘That which has been, exists again; that which has been forgotten, buried for aeons in the depths of the Jurassic strata, may reappear to view once again. Prepare yourselves.’ . . .

“We must prepare ourselves and study truth under every aspect, endeavoring to ignore nothing, if we do not wish to fall into the abyss of the unknown when the hour shall strike. . . . The strife will be terrible in any case between brutal materialism and blind fanaticism on the one hand, and philosophy and mysticism on the other – mysticism, that veil of more or less translucency which hides the eternal Truth.

“But it is not materialism that will gain the upper hand. . . .

“The spirit of truth is passing over the face of the waters, and in dividing them is compelling them to disgorge their spiritual treasures. This spirit is a force that can neither be hindered nor stopped. Those who recognise it, and feel that this is the supreme moment of their salvation, will be uplifted by it and carried beyond the illusions of the great astral serpent. The joy they will experience will be so poignant and intense that if they were not mentally isolated from their body of flesh, the beatitude would pierce them like sharp steel. It is not pleasure they will experience, but a bliss which is a foretaste of the wisdom of the gods, the knowledge of good and evil, of the fruits of the tree of life.

“The whole world at this time, with its centers of high intelligence and humane culture, its political, artistic, literary, and commercial life, is in a turmoil; everything is shaking and crumbling in its movement towards reform. It is useless to shut the eyes, it is useless to hope that anyone can remain neutral between the two contending forces. . . .

“This is the moment for all those to act who see the sterility and folly of an existence blinded by materialism and ferociously indifferent to the fate of the neighbor; now is the time for them to devote all their energies, all their courage to the great intellectual reform. This reform can only be accomplished by Theosophy, we say, by the Occultism of the Wisdom of the Orient. The paths that lead to it are many; but the wisdom is one. Artistic souls foresee it, those who suffer dream of it, the pure in heart know it.”


What other pen hinted at the coming struggle of the world which, today, is trying to find itself in the conflict? Every human soul is engaged in the Great Adventure, “and there is no discharge in that war.”

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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

VIII — THE BLACK-HAIRED PEOPLE

REECE shone between 478 and 348, — to give the thirteen decades of her greatest spiritual brightness. Then came India in 321; we lose sight of her after the death of Aśoka in the two-thirties, but know the Maurya Empire lasted its thirteen decades (and six years) until 185. Then China flamed up brilliantly under the Western House of Han from 194 to 64; — at which time, however, we shall not arrive for a few weeks yet.

Between these three national epochs there is this difference: the Greek Age came late in its manvantara; which opened (as I guess), roughly speaking, some three hundred and ninety years before: — three times thirteen decades, with room for three national flowerings in Europe — among what peoples, who can say? — We cannot tell where in its manvantara the Indian Age may have come: whether near the beginning, or at the middle. But in China we are on firm ground, and the firmest of all. A manvantara, a fifteen-century cycle, began in the two-forties B. C.; this Age of Han was its first blossom and splendid epoch; and we need feel no surprise that it was not followed by a night immediately, but only by a twilight and slight dimming of the glories for about thirteen decades again, and then the full brilliance of another day. Such things are proper to peoples new-born after their long pralaya; and can hardly happen, one would say, after the morning of the manvantara has passed. Thus in our own European cycle, Italy the first-born was in full creative energy from about 1240 to 1500: twenty-six decades; — whereas the nations that have held hegemony since have had to be content each with its thirteen.

— And now to take bird's-eye views of China as a whole; and to be at pains to discover what relation she bears, historically, to ourselves and the rest of the globe.

Do you remember how Abraham haggled with the Lord over the Cities of the Plain? Yahveh was for destroying them off hand for their manifold sins and iniquities; but Abraham argued and bargained and brought him down till if peradventure there should be found ten righteous

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in Sodom and Gomorrah, the Lord promised he would spare them. But ten righteous there were not, nor nothing near; so the Cities of the Plain went down.

I suppose the Crest-Wave rarely passes from a race without leaving a wide trail of insanity in its wake. The life forces are strong; the human organisms through which they play are but — as we know them. Commonly these organisms are not directed by the Divine Soul, which has all too little of the direction of life in its hands; so the life-currents drift downward, instead of fountaining up; and exhaust these their vehicles, and leave them played out and mentally — because long since morally — deficient. So come the cataclysmic wars and reigns of terror that mark the end of racial manvantaras: it is a humanity gone collectively mad. On the other hand, none can tell what immense safeguarding work may be done by the smallest sane co-ordinated effort upwards. If peradventure the ten righteous shall be found — but they must be righteous, and know what they are doing — I will spare, and not destroy, saith the Lord.

(He said nothing about respectabilities. I dare say there was quite a percentage of respectable chapel-going Sabbath-observing folk in the Cities of the Plain.)

And yet there must be always that dreadful possibility — which perhaps has never become actual since the fall of Atlantis — that a whole large section of mankind should go quite mad, and become unfit to carry on the work of evolution. It is a matter of corrupting the streams of heredity; which is done by vice, excess, wrong living; and these come of ignorance. Heaven knows how near it we may be today: I do not think Christendom stands, or has stood, so very far from the brink. And yet it is from the white race, we have supposed, that the coming races will be born: this is the main channel through which human evolution is intended to flow. — We are in kali-yuga; the Mysteries are dead, and the religions have taken their place: there has been no sure and certain link, organized on this plane, between the world and its Higher Self. Each succeeding civilization, under these circumstances, has run a greater risk.

Of what race are we? I say, of no race at all, but can view the matter as Human Souls, reincarnating egos, prepared to go where the Law bids us. Races are only temporary institutions set up for the convenience of the Host of Souls.

We see, I suppose, the results of such a breakdown in Africa. Atlanteans were segregated there; isolated; and for a million years degenerated in that isolation to what they are. But their ancestors, before that segregation began, had better airships than we have; were largely giants,

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in more respects than the physical, where we are pygmies. Now they are — whatever may be their potentialities, whatever they may become — actually an inferior race. And it is a racial stock that shows no signs of dying out. What then? — I suppose indeed there must be backward races, to house backward egos; — though for that matter you would think that our Londons and Chicagos and the rest, with their slums, would provide a good deal of accommodation.

Or consider the Redskins, here and in South America: whether Atlanteans, or of some former sub-race of the Fifth, at least not Aryans. Take the finest tribes among them, such as the Navajos. Here is a very small hereditary stream, kept pure and apart: of fine physique; potentially of fine mentality; unsullied with vices of any sort: a people as much nearer than the white man to natural spirituality, as to natural physical health. It is no use saying they are so few. Two millenniums ago, how many were the Anglo-Saxons? Three millenniums ago, how many were the Latins? Supposing the white race in America failed. The statistics of lunacy — of that alone — are a fearful *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* written on our walls, for any Daniel with vision to read. I think Nature must also take into account these possibilities. Does she keep in reserve hereditary streams and racial stocks other than her great and main ones, *in case of accidents?* Are the Redskins among these?

The Secret Doctrine seems to hint sometimes that the founders of our Fifth Root Race were of Lemurian rather than Atlantean descent. Nowhere is it actually said so; but there are a number of passages that read, to me, as if they were written with that idea, or theory, or fact, in mind. Is it, possibly, that a small pure stream of Lemurian heredity had been kept aloof through all the years of Atlantis, in reserve; — some stream that may have been, at one time, as narrow as the tribe of Navajos? — This may be a very bold conclusion to draw from what is said in *The Secret Doctrine*; it may have no truth in it whatever; other passages are to be found, perhaps, that would at least appear to contradict it. But if it is true, it would account for what seems like a racial anomaly — or more than one. Science leans to the conclusion that the Australian aborigines are Aryan: they are liker Aryans than anything else. But we know from *The Secret Doctrine* that they are among the few last remnants of the Lemurians. Again, the Ainos of Japan are very like Europeans: they have many physical features in common with the Caucasians, and none in common with the peoples of East Asia. Yet they are very low down in the scale of evolution; — not so low as the Australian Blackfellow, but without much occasion for giving themselves airs. A thousand years of contact with the much-washing Japanese have never suggested to them why God made soap and water. Like many

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other people, they have the legend of the flood: remember, as you may say, the fall of Atlantis; but unlike us upstarts of the Fourth and Fifth Races, they have also a legend of a destruction of the world by fire and earthquake — a cataclysm that lasted, they say, a hundred days. Is it a memory of the fate of Lemuria?

Is a new Root-Race developed, not from the one immediately preceding it, but from the one before? Is Mercury's caduceus, here too, a symbol of the way evolution is done? Did the Law keep in reserve a *Śishṭa* or Seed-Race from Lemuria, holding it back from Atlantean development during the whole period of the Atlanteans; — holding it, all that while, in seclusion and purity — and therefore in a kind of pralaya; — at the right moment, to push its development, almost suddenly, along a new line, not parallel to the Atlantean, but *sui generis*, and to be Aryan Fifth presently? — Is the Law keeping in reserve a *Śishṭa* or Seed-Race of Atlantean stock, holding that in reserve and apart all through our Aryan time, to develop from it at last the beginnings of the Sixth, on the new continent that will appear? Or to do so, at any rate, should the main Aryan stock fail at one of the grand crises in its evolution, and become of too corrupt heredity to produce fitting vehicles for the egos of the Sixth to inhabit?

When we have evolved back to Sanskrit for the last time: when the forces of civilization have played through and exhausted for the last time the possibilities of each of the groups of Aryan languages, so that it would be impossible to do anything more with them — for languages do become exhausted: we cannot write English now as they could in the days of Milton and Jeremy Taylor; not necessarily because we are smaller men, but because the fabric of our speech is worn much thinner, and will no longer take the splendid dyes; — and when that final flowering of Sanskrit is exhausted too — will the new Sixth Race language, as a type, be a derivation from the Aryan? Then how? — Or will it, possibly, be as it were a new growth sprung out of the grave of Fourth Race Chinese, or of one of that Atlantean group through which, during all these millions of years, such great and main brain-energies have not on the whole been playing as they have been through the Aryans; and which might therefore, having lain so long fallow, then be fit for new strange developments and uses?

— All of which may be, and very likely is, extremely wide of the mark. Such ideas may be merest wild speculation, and have no truth in them at all. And yet I think that if they were true, they would explain a thing to me otherwise inexplicable: China.

We are in the Fifth Root-Race, and the fifth sub-race thereof: that is, beyond the middle point. And yet one in every four of the inhabitants

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of the globe is a Fourth Race Chinaman; and I suppose that if you took all the races that are not Caucasian, or Fifth Race, you would find that about half the population of the world is Atlantean still.

Take the languages. A Sanskrit word, or a Greek, or Old Gothic, or Latin, is a living organism, a little articulate being. There is his spine, the root; his body, the stem; his limbs and head, the formative elements, prefixes and suffixes, case-endings and what not. Let him loose in the sentence, and see how he wriggles gaily from state to state: with a flick of the tail from nominative to genitive, from singular to plural: declaring his meaning, not by means of what surroundings you put about him, but by motions, changes, volitions so to say, of his own. 'Now,' says he, 'I'm *pater*, and the subject; set me where you will, and I am still the subject, and you can make nothing else of me.' Or, 'Now,' says he, 'I'm *patrem*, and the object; go look for my lord the verb, and you shall know what's done to me; be he next door, or ten pages away, I am faithful to him.' *Patrem filius amat*, or *filius amat patrem*, or in whatever order it may be, there is no doubt who does, and who (as they say) *suffers* the loving. — But now take a word in English. You can still recognise him for the same creature that was once so gay and jumpy-jumpy: *father* is no such far cry from *pater*: — but oh what a change in sprightliness of habits is here! Time has worn away his head and limbs to almost unrecognisable blunt excrescences. Bid him move off into the oblique cases, and if he can help it, he will not budge; you must shove him with a verb; you must goad him with a little sharp preposition behind; and then he just *lumps* backward or forward, and there is no change for the better in him, as you may say. No longer will he declare his meaning of himself; it must depend on where you choose to put him in the sentence. — Among the mountains of Europe, the grand Alps are the parvenus; the Pyrenees look down on them; and the Vosges on the Pyrenees; and — pardon me! — the little old time-rounded tiny Welsh mountains look down on them all from the heights of a much greater antiquity. They are the smallest of all, the least jagged and dramatic of all; time and the weather have done most to them. The storm, like the eagle of Gwern Abwy in the story, has lighted on their proud peaks so often, that that from which once she could peck at the stars in the evening, rises now but a few thousand feet from the level of the sea. Time and springs and summers have silenced and soothed away the start-ling crags and chasms, the threatening gestures of the earth at infinity, and clothed them over with a mantle of quietness and green fern and heather and dreams. When the Fifth Race was younger, its language was Alpine: in Gothic, in Sanskrit, in Latin, you can see the crags and chasms. French, Spanish and Italian are Pyrenean, much worn down.

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English is the Vosges. — Chinese is hardly even the Welsh mountains.

Every word is worn perfectly smooth and round. There is no sign left at all of prefix or suffix, root or stem. There are no parts of speech: any word without change can do duty for any part of speech. There is no sign of case or number: all has been reduced to an absolute simplicity, beyond which there is no going. Words can end with no consonant but the most rounded of all, the nasal liquids *n* and *ng*. There is about as much likeness to the Aryan and Semitic languages — you can trace about as much analogy between them — as you can between a centipede and a billiard-ball.

There are definite laws governing the changes of language. You know how the Latin *castrum* became in English *ciaster* and then *chester*; the change was governed by law. The same law makes our present-day vulgar say *cyar* for *car*; that word, in the American of the future, will be something like *chair*. The same law makes the same kind of people say *donchyer* for *don't you*; some day, alas! even that will be classical and refined American. Well; we know that that law has been at work in historic times even on the Chinese billiard-ball: where Confucius said *Ts'in* like a gentleman, the late Yuan Shi Kai used to say *Ch'in*. So did the Dowager Empress; it was eminently the refined thing to do. So we ourselves have turned *Ts'in* into *China*. — And that is the one little fact — or perhaps one of the two or three little facts — that remain to convince us that Chinese and its group of kindred languages grew up on the same planet, and among the same humankind, that produced Sanskrit and Latin.

But does not that suggest also the possibility that Alpine Aryan might some day — after millions of years — wear down or evolve back even into billiard-ball Chinese? That human language is *one thing*; and all the differences, the changes rung on that according to the stages of evolution?

In the Aryan group of languages, the bond of affinity is easily recognisable: the roots of the words are the same: *pitri*, *pater*, *vater*, are clearly but varying pronunciations of the same word. In the Turanic group, however — Finnish, Hungarian, Turkish, Tatar, Mongol and Manchu — you must expect no such well-advertised first-cousinship. They are grouped together, not because of any likeness of roots: not because you could find one single consonant the same in the Lappish or Hungarian, say, and in the Mongol or Manchu words for *father* — you probably could not; — but because there may be syntactical likenesses, or the changes and assimilations of sounds may be governed by the same laws. Thus in Turkic — I draw upon the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* — there is a suffix *z*, preceded by a vowel, to mean *your*: *pederin* is 'father'; 'your

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father' becomes *pederiniz*; *dostun* means 'friend'; 'your friend' becomes, not *dostuniz*, but *dostumuz*; and this trick of assimilating the vowel of the suffix to the last one in the stem is an example of the kind of similarities which establish the relationship of the group. As for likeness of roots, here is a specimen: *gyordünüz* is the Turkish for the Finnish *näikke*. — So here you see a degree of kinship much more remote than that you find in the Aryan. Where, say, Dutch and Gaelic are brothers — at least near relations and bosom friends, — Turkish and Mongol are about fifteenth cousins by marriage twice removed, and hardly even nod to each other in passing. And yet Turks and Mongols both claim descent from the sons of a common father: according to the legends of both peoples, the ancestor of the Turks was the brother of the ancestor of the Mongols. (Always remember that in speaking of *Turks* thus scientifically, one does not mean the Ottomans, who inherit their language, but are almost purely Caucasian or even Aryan, in blood.)

Now take the Monosyllabic or South-Eastern Asiatic Group: Chinese, Burmese, Siamese, Annamese, and Tibetan. Here there are only negatives, you might say, to prove a relationship. They do not meet on the street; they pass by on the other side, noses high in the air; each sublimely unaware of the other's existence. They suppose they are akin — through Adam; but would tell you that much has happened since then. Their kinship consists in this: the words of each are billiard-balls: isolated monosyllables, unchangeable, structureless, without formative elements, sung to a tone to give them meaning: — billiard-balls — and yet, if you will allow the paradox, of quite different shapes. Thus I should call a Tibetan name like *nGamri-srong-btsan* a good jagged angular sort of billiard-ball; and a Chinese one like *T'ang Tai-tsong* a perfectly round smooth one of the kind we know. — The languages are akin, because each says, where we should say 'the horse kicked the man,' *horse agent man kicking completion*, or words to that effect, — dapped out neatly in spherical or angular disconnected monosyllables. But the words for *horse* and *man*, in Chinese and Tibetan, have respectively as much phonetic likeness as *geegee* and *equus*, and *Smith* and *Jones*. As to the value and possibilities of such languages, I will quote you two pronouncements, both from writers in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. One says: "Chinese has the greatest capacity of any language ever invented"; the other, "the Chinese tongue is of unsurpassed jejuneness."

In the whole language there are only about four or five hundred sounds you could differentiate by spelling, as to say, *s h i h*, pronounced like the first three letters in the word *shirt* in English. That vocable may mean: *history*, or *to employ*, or *a corpse*, *a market*, *a lion*, *to wait on*, *to rely upon*, *time*, *poetry*, *to bestow*, *to proclaim*, *a stone*, *a generation*, *to eat*,

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a house, and all such things as that; — I mention a few out of the list by way of example.* Now of course, were that all to be said about it, Chinamen would no doubt sometimes get confused: would think you meant a corpse, when you were really talking about poetry, and so on. But there is a way of throwing a little breathing in, a kind of hiatus: thus *Ts'in* meant one country, and *Tsin* another one altogether; and you ought not to mix them, for they were generally at war, and did not mix at all well. That would potentially extend the number of sounds, or words, or billiard-balls, from the four hundred and twenty in modern polite Pekinese, or the twelve hundred or so in the older and less cultured Cantonese, to twice as many in each case. Still that would be but a poor vocabulary for the language with the vastest literature in the world, as I suppose the Chinese is. Then you come to the four tones, as a further means of extending it. You pronounce *shih* with one tone — you sing it on the right note, so to say, and it means *poetry*; you take that tone away, and give it another, the dead tone, and very naturally it becomes *a corpse*: — as, one way and another I have often tried to impress on you it really does. — Of course the hieroglyphs, the written words, run into hundreds of thousands: for the literature, you have a vast vocabulary indeed. But you see that the spoken language depends, to express its meaning, upon a different kind of elements from those all our languages depend on. We have solid words that you can spell: articles built up with the bricks of sound-stuff we call letters: *cat* cat, *dog* dog, and so on; — but their words, no; nothing so tangible: all depends on little silences, small hiatuses in the vocalization,— and above all, *musical tones*. Now then, which is the more primitive? Which is nearer the material or intellectual, and which the spiritual, pole?

More primitive — I do not know. Only I think when the Stars of Morning sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy: when primeval humanity first felt stirring within it the divine fire and essence of the Lords of Mind: when the Sons of the Fire Mist came down, and found habitation for themselves in the bodies of our ancestors: when they saw the sky, how beautiful and kindly it was; and the wonder of the earth, and that blue jewel the sea; and felt the winds of heaven caress them, and were aware of the Spirit, the Great Dragon, immanent in the sunlight, quivering and scintillant in the dim blue diamond day; when

“They prayed, but their worship was only
The wonder of nights and of days,”

— when they opened their lips to speak, and the first of all the poems of the earth was made: — it was song, it was tone, it was music they uttered,

**Encyclopaedia Britannica*: article, China: Language.

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and not brute speech such as we use; it was intoned vowels, as I imagine, that composed their language: seven little vowels, and seven tones or notes to them perhaps: and with these they could sing and tell forth the whole of the Glory of God. And then — was it like this? — they grew material, and intellectual, and away from the child-state of the Spirit; and their tones grew into words; and consonants grew on to the vowels, to make the vast and varied distinctions the evolving intellect needed for its uses; and presently you had Atlantis with its complex civilization — its infinitely more complex civilization even than our own; and grammar came ever more into being, ever more wonderful and complex, to correspond with the growing curves and involutions of the ever more complex-growing human brain; and a thousand languages were formed — many of them to be found still among wild tribes in mid-Africa or America — as much more complex than Sanskrit, as Sanskrit is than Chinese: highly declensional, minutely syntactical, involved and worked up and filigreed beyond telling; — and that was at the midmost point and highest material civilization of Atlantis. And then the Fourth Race went on, and its languages evolved; back, in the seventh sub-race, to the tonalism, the chanted simplicity of the first sub-race; — till you had something in character not intellectual, but spiritual: — Chinese. And meanwhile — I am throwing out the ideas as they come, careless if the second appears to contradict the first: presently a unity may come of them; — meanwhile, for the purposes of the Fifth Root-Race, then nascent, a language-type had grown up, intellectual as any in Atlantis, because this Fifth Race was to be intellectual too,— but also spiritual: not without tonalistic elements: a thing to be chanted, and not dully spoken: — and there, when the time came for it to be born, you had the Sanskrit.

But now for the Sixth Root-Race: is that to figure mainly on the plane of intellect? Or shall we then take intellectual things somewhat for granted, as having learnt them and passed on to something higher? Look at those diagrams of the planes and globes in *The Secret Doctrine*, and see how the last ones, the sixth and seventh, come to be on the same level as the first and second. Shall we be passing, then, to a time when, in the seventh, our languages will have no need for complexity; when our ideas, no longer personal but universal and creative, will flow easily from mind to mind, from heart to heart, on a little tone, a chanted breath of music; when mere billiard-balls of syllables will serve us, so they be rightly sung: — until presently with but seven pure vowel sounds, and seven tones to sing them to, we shall be able to tell forth once more the whole of the Glory of God?

Now then, is Chinese primitive, or is it an evolution far away and

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ahead of us? Were there first of all billiard-balls; and did they acquire a trick of coalescing and running together; this one and that one, in the combination, becoming subordinate to another; until soon you had a little wriggling creature of a word, with his head of prefix, and his tail of suffix, to look or flicker this way or that according to the direction in which he wished to steer himself, the meaning to be expressed; — from monosyllabic becoming agglutinative, synthetic, declensional, complex — Alpine and super-Sanskrit in complexity; — then Pyrenean by the wearing down of the storms and seasons; then Vosges, with crags forest-covered; then green soft round Welsh mountains; and then, still more and more worn down by time and the phonetic laws which decree that men shall (in certain stages of their growth) be always molding their languages to an easier and easier pronunciation,— stem assimilating prefix and suffix, and growing intolerant of changes within itself; — fitting itself to the weather, rounding off its angles, coquetting with euphony; — dropping harsh consonants; tending to end words with a vowel, or with only the nasal liquids *n* and *ng*, softest and roundest sounds there are; — till what had evolved from a billiard-ball to an Alpine crag, had evolved back to a billiard-ball again, and was Chinese? Is it primitive, or ultimate? I am almost certain of this, at any rate: that as a language-type, it stands somewhere midway between ours and spiritual speech.

How should that be; when we are told that this people is of the Fourth, the most material of the Races; while we are on the proud upward arc of the Fifth? And how is it that H. P. Blavatsky speaks of the Chinese civilization as being younger than that of the Aryans of India, the Sanskrit speakers,— Fifth certainly? Is this, possibly, the explanation: that the ancestors of the Chinese, a colony from Atlantis some time perhaps long before the Atlantean degeneration and fall, were held under major pralaya apart from the world-currents for hundreds of thousands of years, until some time later than 160,000 years ago — the time of the beginning of our sub-race? A pralaya, like sleep, is a period of refreshment, spiritual and physical; it depends upon your mood as you enter it, to what degree you shall reap its benefits: whether it shall regenerate you; whether you shall arise from it spiritually cleansed and invigorated by contact with the bright Immortal Self within. Africa entered such a rest-period from an orgy of black magic, and her night was filled with evil dreams and sorceries, and her people became what they are. But if China entered it guided by white Atlantean Adepts, it would have been for her Fairyland; it would have been the Fortunate Islands; it would have been the Garden of Si-wang Mu, the Paradise of the West; and when she came forth it would have been — it might

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have been — with a bent not towards intellectual, but towards spiritual achievements.

Compare her civilization, in historic times, with that of the West. Historic times are very little to go by, but they are all we have at present. — She attained marvelous heights; but they were not the same kind of heights the West has attained. Through her most troublous, stirring, and perilous times, she carried whole provinces of Devachan with her. It was while she was falling to pieces, that Ssu-k'ung T'u wrote his divinely delicate meditations. When the iron most entered her soul, she would weep, but not tear her hair or rage and grow passionate; she would condescend to be heart-broken, but never vulgar. In her gayest moments, wine-flushed and Spring-flushed, she never forgot herself to give utterance to the unseemly. There is no line in her poetry to be excused or regretted on that score. She worshiped Beauty, as perhaps only Greece and France in the West have done; but unlike Greece or France, she sought her Divinity only in the impersonal and dispassionate: never mistook for *its* voice, the voices of the flesh. She sinned much, no doubt; but not in her pursuit of the Beautiful; not in her worship of Art and Poetry. She was faithful to the high Gods there. She never produced a figure comparable to, nor in the least like, our Homers and Aeschyluses, Dantes and Miltons and Shakespeares. But then, the West has never, I imagine, produced a figure comparable to her Li Pos, Tu Fus, Po Chü-is or Ssu-k'ung T'us: giants in lyricism — one might name a hundred of them — beside whom our Hugos and Sapphos and Keatses were pygmies. Nor have we had any to compare with her masters of landscape-painting: even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* comes down flat-footed with the statement that Chinese landscape-painting is the highest the world has seen. — And why? — Because it is based on a knowledge of the God-world; because her eyes were focused for the things 'on the other side of the sky'; because this world, for her, was a mere reflexion and thin concealment of the other, and the mists between her and the Divine 'defecate' constantly, in Coleridge's curious phrase, 'to a clear transparency.' Things seen were an open window into the Infinite; but with us, heaven knows, that window is so thick filthy with selfhood, so cobwebbed and begrimed with passion and egotism and individualism and all the smoke and soot of the brain-mind, that given an artist with a natural tendency to see through, he has to waste half his life first in cleaning it with picks and mattocks and charges of dynamite. So it becomes almost inevitable that when once you know Chinese painting, all western painting grows to look rather coarse and brutal and materialistic to you.

But, you say, no Aeschylus or Shakespeare? No Dante or Homer?

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No epic — no great drama! Pooh! you say, where is the great creative energy? Where is the sheer brain force? —

It is to us a matter of course that the type of our great ones is the highest possible type. Well; it may be: but the deeper you go into thinking it over, the less certain you are likely to become as to the absoluteness of standards. The time to award the prizes is not yet; all we can do is to look into the nature of the differences. Warily let us go to work here!

Where, you asked, are the great creative energies? Well; in the West, certainly, they have flowed most where they can most be seen *as energies*. I think, through channels nearer this material plane: nearer the plane of intellect, at any rate. — No: there is no question where the sheer *brain* force has been: it has been in the West. But then, where was it more manifest, in Pope or in Keats? In Pope most emphatically. But off with your head if you say he gave the greater gift. — Or I will leave Pope, and go to his betters; and say that Keats, when he caught in his net of words the fleeting beauty of the world, was far nearer the Spirit than was Bacon when with tremendous intellectual energy he devised his philosophy: there was a much longer evolution behind the ease and effortless attainment of the one, than behind the other's titanic brain-effort. Yet, so far as the putting forth of brain energies is concerned, there is no question: Bacon was much the greater man.

So in all creative work, in all thought, we must call the West incomparably greater in brain energy. And I am not making such a foolish comparison as between modern or recent conditions in the two races. You see it if you set the greatest Eastern ages, the Han, the T'ang, the Sung, or the Fujiwara, against the Periclean, Augustan, Medicean, Elizabethan, or Louis Quatorze. In the West, the spiritual creative force has come down and mingled itself more forcefully with the human intellect: has had a much more vigorous basis in that, I think, to work in and upon. It has reached lower into the material, and played on matter more powerfully — and, be it said, on thought and intellection too.

We are so accustomed to thinking of spirituality as something that, outside the plane of conduct, can only play through thought and intellection, or perhaps religious emotion, that to speak of the high spirituality of China will sound, to most, absurd. On the whole, you must not go to China for thought or intellection. Least of all you must go there for what we commonly understand by religious emotion; — they don't readily gush over a personal god. It will seem entirely far-fetched to say that in China the creative forces have retained much more of their spirituality: have manifested perhaps not less greatly than in the West, but on planes less material, nearer their spiritual source. It will seem so

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the more because until very recently China has been constantly misrepresented to us. And yet I think it is pretty much the truth.

In all their creative art the Spirit has been busy suggesting itself, not through ideas, or the forms of intellection, but through the more subtle perceptions and emotions that lie behind. It gives us, if we are at all gifted or educated to see, pure vistas of Itself. Compare Michelangelo's Moses with the Dai Butsu at Kamakura: — as I think Dr. Sirén does in one of his lectures. The former is a thing of titanic, even majestic energies; but they are energies physical and mental: a grand triumph on what is called in Sanskrit philosophy the Rajasic plane. The second suggests, not energy and struggle, but repose and infinite calm. In the Moses, we sense warfare, with victory, to attain and to hold its attainment; in the Dai Butsu, something that has passed through all that aeons ago. In which is the greater sum of energies included? In the Dai Butsu certainly; wherein we see no sign of what we commonly call energies at all. The one is human struggling up towards Godhood; the other, Godhood looking down with calm limitless compassion upon man. Such need no engines and dynamics to remove the mountains: they bid them rise up, and be cast into the sea; and are obeyed.

Or take a great Chinese landscape and a great Western one: a Ma Yuan, say, and a — whom you please. To the uninstructed it seems ridiculous to compare them. This took a whole year to paint; it is large; there is an enormous amount of hard work in it; huge creative effort, force, exertion, went to make it. That — it was done perhaps in an hour. That mountain is but a flick of the brush; yonder lake but a wash and a ripple. It is painted on a little trumpery fan — a mere square foot of silk. Yes; but on that square foot, by the grace of the Everlasting Spirit, are 'a thousand miles of space': much more — there is Infinity itself. Watch; and that faint gray or sepia shall become the boundless blue; and you shall see dim dragons wandering; you shall see Eternal Mystery brooding within her own limitless home. Far, far more than in the western work, there is an open window into the Infinite: that which shall remind us that we are not the poor clay and dying embers we seem, but a part of the infinite Mystery. The Spirit is here; not involved in human flesh and intellection, but impersonal and universal. What do you want: — to be a great towering personality; or to remember that you are a flame of the Fire which is God? Oh, out upon these personal deities, and most ungodly personalities of the West! I thank China for reminding me that they are cheap and nasty nothingnesses at the best!

We rather demand of our art, at its highest, that it shall be a stimulant, and call to our minds the warfare in which we are engaged: the hopeless-

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heroic gay and ever mournful warfare of the Soul against the senses. Well; that battle has to be fought; there is nothing better than fighting it — until it is won. Let us by all means hear the snarling of the trumpets; let us heed the battle-cries of the Soul. But let us not forget that somewhere also the Spirit is at peace: let us remember that there is Peace, beyond the victory. In Chinese art and poetry we do not hear the war-shouts and the trumpets: broken, there, are the arrow and the bow; the shield, the sword, the sword and the battle. -- But — *the Day-Spring from on high hath visited us.*

What element from the Divine is in it, does not concern itself with this earth-life; tells you nothing in criticism of life. There is naught in it of the Soul as Thinker, nor of the Soul as Warrior. But surely it is something for us, immersed here in these turbid Rajasika regions, to be reminded sometimes that the Sattvic planes exist; it is something for us to be given glimpses of the pure quietudes of the Spirit in its own place. I am the better, if I have been shown for an instant the delicate imperishable beauty of the Eternal.

“We are tired who follow after
Truth, a phantasy that flies;
You with only look and laughter
Stain our hearts with richest dyes” —

They do indeed; with look and laughter — or it may be tears.

Now, what does it all mean? Simply this, I think: that the West brings down what it can of the Spirit into the world of thought and passion; brings it down right here upon this bank and shoal of time; but China rises with you into the world of the Spirit. We do not as a rule allow the validity of the Chinese method. We sometimes dub Keats, at his best a thorough Chinaman, ‘merely beautiful.’

I have rather put the case for China; because all our hereditary instincts will rise with a brief for the West. But the truth is that the Spirit elects its own methods and its own agents, and does this through the one, that through the other. When I read *Hamlet*, I have no doubt Shakespeare was the greatest poet that ever lived. When I read Li Po, I forget Shakespeare, and think that among those who sing none was ever so wonderful as this Banished Angel of the Hills of T'ang. I forget the Voice that cried ‘Sleep no more!’ and Poetry seems to me to have spoken her final word in what you would perhaps call trivialities about the Cold Clear Spring or the White Foam Rapids: she seems to me to have accomplished all she can in such bits of childlike detachment and wonder as this:

“The song-birds, the pleasure-seekers, have flown long since; but this lonely cloud floats on, drifting round in a circle. He and Ching-ting Mountain gaze and gaze at each other, and never grow weary of gazing”; —

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the 'lonely cloud' being, of course, Li Po himself. He has shown me Man the brother of the Mountains, and I ask no more of him. The mountains can speak for themselves.

He had no moral purpose, this Banished Angel for whose sake the Hills of T'ang are a realm in the Spirit, inerasible, and a beautiful dream while the world endures. Po Chü-i, says Mr. Arthur Waley, blamed him for being deficient in *feng* and *ya*,-- by which we may understand, for present purposes, much what Matthew Arnold meant by 'criticism of life.' But does it not serve a spiritual purpose, that our consciousness should be lifted on to those levels where personality is forgotten: that we should be made to regain, while reading, the child-state we have lost? Li Po died a child at sixty: a magical child: always more or less naughty, if we are to believe all accounts, especially his own; but somehow never paying the penalty we pay for our naughtiness,— exile from the wonder-world, and submersion in these intolerable personalities. You read Milton, and are cleaned of your personality by the fierce exaltation of the Spirit beating through. You read Li Po — type of hundreds of others his compatriots — and you are also cleaned of your personality; but by gentle dews, by wonderment, by being carried up out of it into the diamond ether. It seems to me that both affirmed the Divine Spirit. Milton waged grand warfare in his affirmation. Li Po merely said what he saw.

So I think that among the Aryans the Spirit has been fighting in and into the great turbid current of evolution; and that among the Chinese it has not been so much concerned with that stream, but rather to sing its own untrammelled expression. A great drama or epic comes of the presence and energy of the Spirit working in a human mind. A great lyric comes of the escape of the consciousness from the mind, and into the Spirit. The West has produced all the great dramas and epics, and will persist in the view that the Spirit can have no other expression so high as in these forms. Very likely the West is right; but I shall not think so next time I am reading Li Po or Ssu-k'ung T'u — or Keats.

— And I have seen small mild Japanese jujitsu men 'put it all over,' as they say, big burly English wrestlers without seeming to exert themselves in any way, or forgoing their gentle methods and manner; and if you think of jujitsu rightly, it is, to our wrestling and boxing, much what Wu Taotse and Ku Kai-chih are to Rembrandt and Michelangelo, or the Chinese poets to ours.

If we go into the field of philosophy, we find much the same thing. Take Confucianism. It is inappropriate, in some ways, to call Confucius a great thinker (but we shall see that he was something very much more than that). He taught no religion; illuminated in nowise the world of

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mind; — though he enabled millions to illumine it for themselves. He made hardly a ripple in his own day; and yet, so far as I can see, only the Buddha and Mohammed, of the men whose names we know, have marshaled future ages as greatly as he did. *Flow this way!* said he to history; and, in the main, it did. He created an astral mold for about a quarter of humanity, which for twenty-four centuries has endured. He did it by formulating a series of rules for the conduct of personal and national life; or rather, by showing what kind of rules they should be, and leaving others to formulate them; — and so infused his doctrine with his will and example, that century after century flowed into the matrix he had made for them. To create such a stable matrix, the Aryan mind, in India, worked through long spiritual-intellectual exploration of the world of metaphysics: an intensive culture of all the possibilities of thought. We in the West have boggled towards the same end through centuries of crass political experiment. Confucius, following his ancient models, ignored metaphysics altogether: jumped the life to come, and made his be-all and his end-all here: — in what was necessary, in deeds and thought and speech, to make individual, social, and political life staid, sincere, orderly, quiet, decent, and happy. He died a broken-hearted failure; than whom perhaps no man except the Lord Buddha ever succeeded more highly.

Laotse is his complement. Laotse's aim is not the activity, but the quiescence of mind, self, intellect: "in the NO THING seeking the lonely Way." You forgo everything — especially selfhood; — you give up everything; you enter upon the heritage of No Thing; — and you find yourself heir to the Universe, to wonder, to magic. You do with all your complicated egoity as the camel did with his cameltiness before he could enter the needle's eye; then — heigh presto! — it is the Elixir of Life you have drunk; it is freedom you have attained of the roaming-place of Dragons! — It amounts, truly, to the same thing as Aryan Theosophy; but where the latter travels through and illuminates immense realms of thought and metaphysic, Taoism slides gently into the Absolute; as who should laugh and say, *You see how easy it is!* And you do not hear of the Path of Sorrow, as with the Aryans; Tao is a path of sly laughter and delight.

Then from Japan we get Shinto; still less a system of metaphysics or dogma. The Shinto temple, empty but for air, is symbolic of the creed whose keynotes are purity and simplicity. Taoism, Confucianism, and Shinto are the three great native creations, in religion, of what I shall call the Altaic mind. There have been, indeed, profound thinkers and metaphysicians both in Japan and China; but their mental activities have been for the most part fruitage from the Aryan seed of Buddhism.

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A word here as to that phrase 'Altaic mind.' What business has one to class the Chinese and Japanese together, and to speak of them (as I shall) as 'Altaic' — the *Altaic Race*? In the first place this term, like 'Latin' or 'Anglo-Saxon,' has the virtue of being quite meaningless. It is utterly silly and inappropriate from every standpoint; but as I need a term to include China and all the peoples that have derived their historic culture from her, I shall beg leave to use it. Neither Japanese nor Corean belong to the billiard-ball group of languages. There is a syntactical likeness between these two, but none in vocabulary; where the Japanese vocabulary came from, Omniscience perhaps may know. -- A syntax outlasts a vocabulary by many ages: you may hear Celts now talk English with a syntax that comes from the sub-race before our own: Iberian, and not Aryan. So we may guess here a race akin to the Coreans conquered at some time by a race whose vocables were Japanese — whence they came, God knows. Only one hears that in South America the Japanese pick up the Indian languages a deal more easily than white folk do, or than they do Spanish or English. But this is a divergence; we should be a little more forward, perhaps, if we knew who were the Coreans, or whence *they* came. But we do not. They are not Turanic — of the Finno-Turko-Mongol stock (by language); they are not speakers of billiard-balls, allied to the Chinese, Burmese, and Tibetans. But the fact is that neither blood-affinity nor speech-affinity is much to the purpose here; we have to do with affinities of culture. During the period 2400 B. C. - 1250 A. D. a great civilization rose, flowered, and waned in the Far East; it had its origin in China, and spread out to include in its scope Japan, Corea, and Tibet; probably also Annam and Tonquin, though we hear less of them; — while Burma, Assam, and Siam, and those southerly regions, though akin to China in language, seem to have been always more satellite to India. Mongols and Manchus, though they look rather like Chinese, and have lived rather near China, belong by language and traditionally by race to another group altogether — to that, in fact, which includes the very Caucasian-looking Turks and Hungarians; as to what culture they have had, they got it from China after the Chinese manvantara had passed.

The Chinese themselves are only homogeneous in race in the sense that Europe might be if the Romans had conquered it all, and imposed their culture and language on the whole continent. The staid, grave, dignified, and rather stolid northern Chinaman differs from the restless and imaginative Cantonese not much less than the Japanese does from either. This much you can say: Chinese, Japanese, and Coreans have been molded into a kind of loose unity by a common culture; the peoples of China into a closer homogeneity by a common culture-language,


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written and spoken,— and by the fact that they have been, off and on during the last two thousand years, but most of the time, under the same government. As to Corea, though in the days of Confucius it was unknown to the Chinese, the legends of both countries ascribe the founding of its civilization and monarchy to a Chinese minister exiled there during the twelfth century B. C. — Japanese legendary history goes back to 600 B. C.; — that is, to the closing of the Age of the Mysteries, and the opening of that of the Religions: — I imagine that means that about that time a break with history occurred, and the past was abolished: a thing we shall see happen in ancient China presently. But I suppose we may call Shotoku Daishi the Father of historical Japan; — he who, about the end of the sixth century A. D., brought in the culture impetus from the continent. About that time, too, Siam rose to power; and soon afterwards T'ang Taitsong imposed civilization on Tibet. — So there you have the 'Altaic' Race; Altaic, as Mr. Dooley is Anglo-Saxon. To speak of them as 'Mongolian' or 'Mongoloid,' as is often done, is about as sensible as to speak of Europeans and Americans as 'Hunnoid,' because the Huns once conquered part of Europe. It conveys derogation — which *Altaic* does not.

I have compared their achievement with that of the West: we have one whole manvantara and a pralaya of theirs to judge by, as against two fragments of western manvantaras with the pralaya intervening. It is not much; and we should remember that there are cycles and epicycles; and that Japan, or old China herself, within our own lifetime, may give the lie to everything. But from the evidence at hand one is inclined to draw this conclusion: That in the Far East you have a great section of humanity in reserve; — in a sense, in a backwater of evolution: nearer the Spirit, farther from the hot press and conflict of the material world; — even in its times of highest activity, not in the van of the down-rush of Spirit into matter, as the western races have been in theirs; — but held apart to perform a different function. As if the Crest-Wave of Evolution needed what we might call Devachanic cycles of incarnation, and found them there during the Altaic manvantaras of manifestation. Not that their history has been empty of tragedies; it has been very full of them; and wars — some eight or nine Napoleons in their day have sat on the Dragon Throne. But still, the worlds of poetry, delight, wonder, have been nearer and more accessible to the Chinaman, in his great ages, than to us in ours; as they have been, and probably are now, nearer to the Japanese. And I do not know how that should be, unless the Law had taken those Atlanteans away, kept them apart from the main stream — not fighting the main battle, but in reserve — for purposes that the long millenniums of the future are to declare.

AFTER THE STORM

R. LANESDALE

FTER the storm there comes a calm that seems as if it were intended to wipe out all memory of the fury that raged so recently. It is quite different from the false calm that comes at intervals in the course of a long tempest. In such moments there is no peace, nor hope of peace, but just a temporary lull -- a moment of preparation for a fiercer outbreak, or perhaps a collapse of the elemental machinery; a failure of nature to respond to the stimulus of the storm -- in fact, a spasm of satiety. Such a pause in the middle of a storm is sometimes more appalling than the frenzy itself, for the imagination released from mere facts creates in the mind even more horrible pictures of what may follow when the storm begins again. There is no satisfaction in satiety. There may be in it a sense of hopelessness that is paralysing in its effects, but no satisfaction; there is no sense of finality in it, but a dull despair and an insufferable sense of impotence.

The end of the storm is a moment of triumph, full of hope, and pregnant with possibilities; the lull that comes during the course of the tempest is full of menace and imminent horror. It inspires fear. At first sight it might seem that the calm that follows the storm is but a temporary lull on a larger scale. But I think there is a real difference in kind as well as in degree. The storm is an epoch, an event, a complete expression of force, and its climax is triumphant. There is no sense of failure in it. It is an accomplishment of purpose: and as such it opens a door on to another plane of Nature, or of consciousness, and something happens. It is like striking a match: when light comes, the marvel is wrought.

After the storm there is a strange sense of finality, coupled with infinite hope. It seems for a moment as if all storms have ceased forever, and as if a new age had dawned more beautiful than any that went before. It is a moment of Realization mistranslated by the mind into terms of permanence, that are not appropriate to this plane of existence, where change is the law of life. In that moment of recognition there comes to the mind a gleam of Peace from the inmost heart of Nature (which is the heart of man), and the imagination makes of it a picture of perpetual Peace, such as belongs alone to that spiritual state in which the soul of man has its true home. The vision may be true and its interpretation false. The heart seems to tell us that there is Peace and Love in the heart of the Universe; while experience tells us that all things change on earth, and that storms are to be looked upon as part of the terrestrial program.

Without the deep insight of the soul, that illuminates the heart of

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man and fills it with the hope of an eternal Peace, the mind would learn pessimism from experience; and the truth of the world of matter would falsely express the greater truth of the spiritual life within. The anticipated recurrence of the storm would blot out the interior perception of eternal Peace, or make it imperceptible.

The ancient teachings of Theosophy, which in old times were called the Secret Doctrine or the Sacred Science, show the student the complexity of human nature, and reconcile the apparent contradictions that breed pessimism in the unilluminated mind of the materialist. The storms of life are not upon the same plane as that where reigns the Universal Peace to which the soul aspires. This truth alone would make men optimistic as to the future and pessimistic as to the present, if it were grasped unintelligently by the lower mind. And this is seen in the confused mentality of the ordinary religionist, who has no grasp upon the true philosophy of life; while others more selfishly intelligent would, and do, strive to escape their share of the storm and seek refuge in the inner Peace.

But the teaching of Theosophy is that the inner peace can only be attained by one who can realize his own identity with the universal soul of all, and who, in that realization, sees the impossibility of escaping permanently from the woes of life in any other manner than by accepting them fully as the price of his illumination. The task of a slave may be in fact less onerous than the labor of a voluntary worker who finds joy in the work that breaks the poor slave's heart. And this because the volunteer has seen beyond the labor to the purpose; and feels the joy of high achievement more keenly than the pain or labor of the task. His heart illuminates his mind and thus transmutes the struggle of material life into the glad experience of spontaneous expression, which is creation.

When facts like this are realized, men cease to struggle violently for peace, and look within to find in their own hearts the secret of order and the fitness of things. Then they become centers of force, but of the high force of order, that ordains and organizes all conflicting energies.

The man of science studies the wild forces of Nature and seeks to adapt them to his purposes, and to conform his conduct to conditions, so as to avoid disaster and to make use of opportunity. But when he approaches the higher science of Life, and learns more of the true nature of the Universe, in which he lives, and his own relation to it, he becomes aware of a great Purpose that is behind all forces and all conflicts, and he perceives a prevailing harmony that seems to surround a place of Peace which is the source of Light and Life, and to which he seems to be traveling through aeons of experience, and through eternities of toil. Then it may be that he will bend all his energies to the attempt to realize his place in the Great Work, and become a worker for Brotherhood.

FOR THE MEN KILLED IN WAR

KENNETH MORRIS

I

I COULD not but be shaken when I saw
Death ravening far and forth, his arrows shed
Broadcast a stricken world discomfited,
And his unfathomed and appalling maw
Glut with whole nations. Full of pity and awe,
I sought the Innermost, and with bowed head
To that deep-hidden Heart Dodona sped
Whenceforth we sense the splendors of the Law.

Then was I made aware that nothing dies.
Through all the bounds of being, starry-wrought,
From Regulus that rules the eastern skies
Westward to fiery-foaming Fomalhaut,
There is no exit out of being: naught
Goes down, but in its hour shall re-arise.

II


A Mercy mightier than the creeds have guessed
Governs the sequences of mortal birth:
All that we mourned of valor, ardor, mirth —
The martyrdoms, the genius unexpressed
Cut off at Death's immutable behest
Where the Seas weep betrayed, where tettered Earth
Lies anguished, yet shall bloom and burgeon forth,
Out of Death's tenderness re-manifest.

A Janus-headed Angel at the Gate,
He keeps that sanctuary from pain and strife;
His other face is birth; indeseccrate,
His silent temple chambers all are rife
With being and becoming. Hidden life
Bides there in peace its reflorescence. Wait!

*International Theosophical Headquarters.
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THE QUESTION OF SURVIVAL

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

HE question of survival continues to be discussed energetically by writers in *The Hibbert Journal*. In the July number C. D. Broad concludes that "in the long run, neither science nor common sense has anything to tell us that is logically relevant either for or against the probability of survival." He rejects ethical arguments as in principle vicious, metaphysical arguments as futile, and the evidence from psychical research as being susceptible of other explanations (telepathy from the living, the action of non-human spirits, etc.).

He says we find bodies without minds; never minds without bodies. This is one important point, to which we shall recur.

The most illuminating part of his discourse is where he suggests that a 'mind' is the result of the interaction of two factors, neither of which (therefore) is itself 'mind.' One factor is bodily and consists of a brain and nervous system; the other factor he is content to call simply "immaterial conditions." Denoting the bodily by C, and the immaterial by γ , he takes $C\gamma$ as the symbol for the mind. Thus, if C is destroyed, the mind is destroyed, but it does not follow that γ is destroyed. Survival may be represented by imagining a new combination of γ with another set of bodily functions, thus making $\gamma C'$. This second mind has a new brain, but yet it has a factor in common with the first mind. This leads us to consider the possibility of two minds in which, not the γ factor, but the C factor would be common — γC and $\gamma' C$. This possibility he illustrates by reference to the case of Miss Beauchamp. Sally Beauchamp claimed to be co-conscious with B_1 ; and this can be explained by supposing that Sally was γC and B_1 was $\gamma' C$. In other words, there were two immaterial souls using the same body at different times; and their community of memory is explained by the fact of their having the same brain. It may be remarked that, if reincarnation is the case of one soul with two different bodies, then the fact of loss of memory is similarly accounted for.

The whole question, as usual, seems to be one as to the meaning of personality or individuality or identity — not sufficiently considered, as a rule, we think. No one doubts that *humanity* survives; the important point is whether there is continuity of existence for me or for you. If we grant that my real Ego survives and takes to itself a new brain, the question is whether the new creature thus formed can be called *me*, or whether it should be considered as somebody else. It is all a question

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of the analysis of consciousness and human nature. And, as the writer says, we can approach the question on lines of metaphysical argument or on lines of evidence. The former method may well land us in infinite mazes of debate and raise more difficulties than it solves. As to the latter, we must ask, Where are we to look for the evidence? Where can we find evidence for the existence of a mind without a body?

“A knowledge of the occurrences experienced in former incarnations arises in the ascetic from holding before his mind the trains of self-reproductive thought and concentrating himself upon them.” — *Yoga Aphorisms of Patañjali*.

These Yoga Aphorisms calmly and scientifically set out a method of arriving at the very kind of evidence which our case demands. They are an ancient manual of instructions for ascetics desirous of attaining knowledge. The teachings are those of an adept, who gives the rules just as a chemical professor might give the rules for performing a chemical operation. Roughly expressed in modern language, the method is one for disentangling the soul from the mind. The mind is treated as an obstacle to the soul, preventing its vision. The body is carefully described, and the various means that are to be used for overcoming the obstacles it creates. The mind is described, and the means to be used for stopping its eternal restlessness, so that the soul may be able to act. And the various powers that are acquired, stage by stage, as the disciple succeeds, are described; and the above-quoted is but one out of many.

What a new light this throws on the subject! If evidence seems lacking for the existence of a mind without a body, or for the continuity of identity, here is where we may point for its acquisition. “We have no evidence,” says the critic. “Why not?” we ask. And we direct attention to the eminently reasonable contention of H. P. Blavatsky, in the introduction to Part III of Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine*, that, in order to acquire evidence of *facts* which transcend the limitations of the bodily senses, we must first acquire the use of superior senses.

Parts of this article remind us of H. P. Blavatsky’s famous essay on ‘Psychic and Noetic Action,’ wherein she discriminates between the mind of the brain, senses, and organs, and the mind that is superior to these; and shows what connexion each one of these minds respectively has with the body. It is most important to make this distinction, if we are to avoid endless confusion.

Evidence has to be sought within; we must study our own nature. For a creature, human or not, who lives in outer sensations, it does not seem to matter whether the question of survival is settled in the affirmative or negative.

Patañjali says that the ascetic, having reached a certain stage of

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his development, can understand the minds of other persons; and also:

“By concentrating his mind upon the true nature of the soul as being entirely distinct from any experiences, and disconnected from all material things, and dissociated from the understanding, a knowledge of the true nature of the soul itself arises in the ascetic.”

“The inner self of the ascetic may be transferred to any other body . . . because he has ceased to be mentally attached to objects of sense, and through his acquisition of the knowledge of the manner in and means by which the mind and body are connected.”

The problem had no insuperable difficulties for the adherents of this school, at any rate. The means of direct positive evidence were available. The soul's independence of the body is taken for granted, as being matter of common knowledge. Not only are past and future incarnations of the soul taken for granted, but it is allowed that the soul is not confined even now to any one particular body. Eastern philosophy and religion in general seem much more concerned about how to avoid reincarnation than about whether there *is* any reincarnation.

The *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* has summed up a great deal in the simple and pregnant words: “There is no existence for that which does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for what exists.” In other words, the mere personality disappears, but the Individuality remains.

Our author suggests the Theosophical teaching as to the triune human soul, in his ideas about the mind being a composite of two factors. That teaching is that the human soul results from the interaction of the immortal Ego with the bodily soul. Hence it disappears at death, for the union is then dissolved. But this is not all; indeed we must do the writer the justice to say that he admits it is not all. The reincarnating Ego takes to itself the gleanings of its earth-lives, so that it is not the same as it was before reincarnation, but more. The formula of $A+B=C$, denoting that the mind results from two factors, neither of which alone is mind, just as water results from hydrogen and oxygen, must therefore be changed for another. One analogy would be to compare the real mind to a light, and the bodily mechanism of brain, etc., to a ground-glass globe. Then the terrestrial mind would be the dim diffused light from this globe, which would disappear if the globe were removed. Or, taking the analogy of water, is it not pertinent to ask where was the water before the union of the oxygen and hydrogen made it manifest, and where does it go after it has been decomposed? Or where do the flame and light go when the candle is blown out? The invisible cause ever lurks behind the visible manifestation; life can only be known by its relation to that which is beyond it.

In the same number of *The Hibbert Journal* follows an article quoting largely from Isaac Taylor (1787-1865), whose ‘Physical Theory of Another

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Life' attempts to infer the conditions of that life from the conditions of this life. He finds that the constitution of man contains the promise and potency of a future life of infinite growth and active endeavor; and thinks that the soul will be able to create for itself a body perfectly adapted to its needs and free from the hindrances of its present natural body. Here he seems to have been unconsciously limited by the idea that the supernal life must necessarily be located in the future, and tacked on temporarily to the end of the present life. But why not suppose that man can achieve all this while still living in the present body? Why, in order to achieve freedom, must he wait until the dissolution of his corporal elements? Has not his soul even now those creative powers that would enable it to build itself a vehicle for its own better expression and self-realization? Such is indeed the teaching of Theosophy, and it agrees with the Yoga philosophy as quoted above.

And this connects again with still another article in this Journal on Freedom and Necessity, where it is shown that freedom is relative, and that, by loyalty to a higher law, we can achieve freedom as regards lesser restraints.

“The heart of the Universe is the fountain-head of freedom. What follows with regard to man? In what sense and to what extent is he free? He is free, with the full freedom of unfettered Nature, so long as he can draw life into himself from the heart of the Universe, so far as he can live in the infinite and the eternal, so far as he can make the soul of Nature his own. . . . If necessity is the law of the world without us, freedom is the law of the inner life of man. Compulsion from within, spiritual compulsion, the pressure on one exerted by one's own highest and widest self, is freedom.”

To sum up the whole question. The more one thinks over it, the more one loses interest in the question of a life *after* death, and gains interest in the eternal life of the soul (or real Self), which is independent of time. The important point is to indue man with a conviction of his own present and actual immortality; to convince him of the imperfect condition of his ordinary brain-mind, and at the same time of his power to transcend the limitations of that brain-mind. In other words, we must learn to live less in our personalities and in temporal interests, and enlarge our prospect by broad impersonal ideals and work. By identifying ourselves with humanity, which is immortal, we partake of that immortality.

And finally, it is not true that the dissociation of the immortal soul from the bodily mind at death destroys for ever all identity. For the Individuality of man is perpetuated, and it is only the delusions of bodily life — the mistaken identities, as it were — that disappear.

But, though we may not care much about the question of our own survival, we may be deeply concerned when it is a case of bereavement. Yet it is a fact that the healing hand of time removes this obstacle;

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and however intensely we might long for reunion with one recently departed, the lapse of fifty years, with all its changes, would entirely alter the matter. Which shows the extent to which feelings that are but temporal enter into our faiths. But there may be bonds that are not severed by death; so that the only bonds which death has power to loosen are those that are essentially impermanent.


In summing up the sense of these reflexions, we find ourselves arrived once more at a very familiar result — namely, that questions that seem insoluble in theory are solved readily enough in practice. Questions reduce themselves to matters of conduct. It is not so much what we are to *believe* about survival, as what we are to *do* about it. And it seems clear enough that what we have to do is to live more in the infinite and eternal, identifying ourselves with Nature, as the last writer says; so that thus we may strengthen the permanent parts of our nature, and actually achieve immortality without waiting for a future life.

“How much happier that man who, while strictly performing on the temporary objective plane the duties of daily life, carrying out each and every law of his country, and rendering, in short, to Caesar what is Caesar’s, leads in reality a spiritual and permanent existence, a life with no breaks of continuity, no gaps, no interludes, not even during those periods which are the halting-places of the long pilgrimage of purely spiritual life. All the phenomena of the lower human mind disappear like the curtain of a proscenium, allowing him to live in the region beyond it, the plane of the noumenal, the one reality.”—*H. P. Blavatsky*

Curious contrast! Here we are today debating whether there is any immortality at all; and the ancient philosophies accepted it as an obvious fact, and gave instructions relative to the means for realizing it.

WHY SHOULD WE LIVE AGAIN?*

R. MACHELL

HEOSOPHISTS, who accept the teaching of Reincarnation as the statement of a self-evident verity, as well as those who regard it as the declaration of a fact in nature, not perhaps self-evident, but as a truth revealed to them by teachers whom they respect, are sometimes puzzled to explain why this doctrine should be accepted by others, to whom it is not an obvious verity, or to whom it may appear as an unnecessary and even an objectionable theory.

Why should we live again? The question suggests another: Why

*An Address delivered at the Isis Theater, San Diego, California, on September 14, 1919.

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do we live at all? To this the answer is simple, though it may not be accepted as final. We live because we wish to live. When desire for life is quite gone, we die; that is to say, we cease living. Many people will deny this, particularly those who believe that they no longer have any desire to live, but who yet take their meals with considerable regularity. If they have no further use for life, why not stop eating? why breathe? why live? No! They have not lost the desire to live. That desire is not dependent on happiness: it is inherent in the body, and in all parts and particles of the body. Those particles go on living, in their own way, long after the body has lost its individual consciousness, when the ego has departed, leaving its discarded body to break up by reason of the intense desire for life in the disorganized millions of lives that collectively make up a human body.

It seems certain that we live because the desire for life is stronger than the desire for release from material existence. And it is probable that death is due to the same cause, though it may seem paradoxical to say so. When experience has brought its harvest of disappointments, when foolish hopes have been fulfilled, to the despair of the eager soul, that knew not what to hope for and so followed desire to its inevitable result — satiety, and realized the bitterness of answered prayers; when all the pleasures of life pall, and life itself seems but a weary burden: then the passionate soul demands release, not from life, but from those conditions of life that have proved so disappointing.

Death may be prayed for; but only in the hope of thus attaining to a promised state of endless bliss — another wild hope, as certain to end in disappointment as the rest; for no bliss is endless, except that which knows no beginning. Death is regarded, in these cases, as an entrance to a new state of experience, not as an end to life.

Being alive we cannot desire anything but a change of conditions. We may call it death; but it is only another phase of life that we seek, another opportunity to carry on the hunt for happiness, or to pursue the quest of self-knowledge. Whether we cling to life, or yearn for death and oblivion, it is the life-principle of desire which drives us on, to seek new experience in this world or in some other. We are life incarnate: and for that reason we live. But why live again? We do not. We never stop living; and so our new experiment in life is not really living again. It is merely another day in the greater life-time of the Soul. We live eternally; and even when we persuade ourselves that we have no faith in a future life, even when we profess to believe that our future state will be one of complete annihilation; we may observe that such terms as annihilation, being applied to our future state, merely express a conception of passivity, in which we expect to be at rest: but, however

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passive this state may be, it is a state or condition of existence, OUR future state. We cannot think of it as pure non-existence: for the human mind is a mirror, and a mirror cannot reflect nothing. We cannot really think of our own non-existence: for our consciousness rests upon the simple fact of self, or existence, which is the manifestation of consciousness. Consciousness in itself is eternally present. That which begins or ends is a particular *state* of consciousness.

We may speak of a life as having end and beginning, because by *a* life we mean a defined period of existence, a state of life, and not life itself. So I say that we really cannot actually believe that there will ever be a time when we cease to live. Truly, "End and beginning are dreams; birthless, and deathless, and changeless, remaineth the spirit for ever; Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems." (*Song Celestial*)

But in ordinary parlance our life is generally said to end with the death of the body, and to begin with its birth: and the continuity of existence is generally understood to consist in a continuation of these same experiences of birth and death, either in this world or in some other: and this recurrence of birth and death is spoken of loosely as living again, simply because the ordinary person has been taught to believe that he or she was created at the birth of the body, and will be destroyed at its death, unless miraculously saved by the intercession of some higher power. This superstition is based on ignorance and misconception, as much as on dogmas in which ignorance played but a small part: for many dogmas are veils, invented to hide truths, for which the people were, at some time, considered unprepared. So the allegories of creation, which are to be found in many ancient religions, were veils, that served to hide from the people the philosophical truths that were considered fit to be revealed only to the elect. This plan of teaching by allegories is one that is inevitable; but also one that easily becomes a veil for ignorance, rather than a guide to hidden truths.

The elect tend to fall from the high state of wisdom to one of mere pride, which blinds the soul and deceives the mind; and so the history of past religions records a constant veiling of truth behind allegories that tend to become materialized into stories of personal achievement, which in turn form the foundation for religious history and for the creation of false dogmas, which completely conceal the truth they may once have been supposed to veil.

To one who has accepted the common idea that life on earth is limited to one term that begins with birth and ends with death, the question of a future life is of real importance: and while many minds immediately accept the idea of Reincarnation, which, roughly speaking, is the doc-

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trine that the soul or real self of man lives through many lifetimes, and is born on earth in many bodies, that die and are forgotten, while the soul goes on acquiring experience and gaining higher knowledge of the meaning of life, there are also many people who do not see any need for a repetition of the bitter experiences of life on this globe, and who ask, "Why should we live again?"

To some it would be useless to answer, as I have already done, that, as we live eternally, our future life is as certain as the present: for they would not accept the continuity of existence as anything more than a mere speculation, however obvious and inevitable it may appear to others.

To answer the question, one must accept the terms in which it is put, and we must take life to mean life in a body here on earth, which begins at birth and ends at death. Then we are forced to ask, what purpose would that single life serve?

Taking the most reasonable explanations of life, one must regard it either as a means of gaining experience, or as a preparation for a future life. Either of which theories requires continued life here or elsewhere. For how can we suppose that the narrow limits of one earth-life can satisfy the need of experience of a soul that hardly succeeds, once in a lifetime, in making itself momentarily master of its bodily instrument? Looked at from the standpoint of the soul, how utterly futile must be nine-tenths of the lives lived by the ordinary run of people; how useless must be these lives devoted wholly to the work of providing for the needs of the body and mind without a thought of the needs of the indwelling immortal soul! What gain of experience for the soul can there be in a lifetime spent in repeated gratifications of the senses? And how many lives are spent in any higher way? If such lives as the majority of men and women live can be said to offer any experiences that can possibly be of value to the soul, it can only be collectively and in the mass.

If indeed there be no individual soul, then it may be argued that the sum-total of human experience may be attained by the universal spirit without the repetition of individual lives here on earth. But this can only be maintained on the supposition that each person is an incarnation of the Universal Spirit, which gathers to itself the essence of the experience gained by each of its individual incarnations, which otherwise would be lost. This is the Theosophical doctrine of incarnation, which, when regarded from the standpoint of the personal man, becomes known as Reincarnation.

The idea that it is the personal entity that reincarnates, is contradicted most emphatically by Madame Blavatsky and by all true Theosophists. Again and again she explains that the personal 'John Jones' or 'Mary Smith' has but one life, being merely the temporary appearance on earth

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of an immortal individual soul; and that the real spiritual Self is eternal and universal. The connecting link between this Universal Spirit and the personal man or woman, is the individual soul, whose relative immortality causes it to be mistaken by the personal man for the supreme Spirit, which is universal, and superior to the limitations of individualization.

The full explanation of this would entail an explanation of the seven-fold nature of man; and that I will not attempt; merely confining myself here to the three-fold division of body, soul, and spirit, which is familiar to every educated person, though frequently forgotten and generally misunderstood; for most people mix up soul and spirit, and many use the word spirit for the gross astral body or spook. So that it is necessary to insist upon a clear understanding of the fact that in Theosophy the word Spirit is used solely for the supreme eternal Spirit, that is as much beyond the individual human soul, as the soul is above the body.

And while there is a personal self, that lasts as long as the period of one incarnation, and which links up all the experiences of the entity from its first inception to its final disintegration, and which comes into visible existence with the birth of the body and disappears usually with the death of that instrument, and while this personality survives many apparent deaths, which we call sleep, and resumes, on waking, the thread of its personal experiences, undisturbed by the night of oblivion or of unaccountable dreams: so too there is an individual soul, which is not eternal, but which is relatively immortal; that is to say, it does not die with the body, but is like the actor, who, having played one part, puts it aside and plays another, and then another, and so on, temporarily merging his own individuality in the personality he for the moment identifies himself with; gaining from each such impersonation a new experience in the art of dramatic representation. Yet this soul, ancient though it may seem to the mind of personal man, is not eternal, any more than is the actor, who survives innumerable impersonations, and who has died innumerable stage-deaths, besides the figurative death of a forgotten part.

But beyond the individual soul is the eternal Spirit, the Supreme, in which resides the origin of all individualities and into which all pass; the universal source of all, which is apostrophized in the Gâyatrî as, “. . . Thou from whom all doth proceed, and to whom all must return . . .” and which has been materialized in various religious systems into a personal God, or monster man; but which the Theosophist declares to be superior to the brain-mind of man, and consequently beyond all attempts of the brain to express, except in symbol and allegory. For, being the source and sustainer of man in all his aspects, it must permeate in some sort even the mind of personal man, and so may inspire the

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dullest human being occasionally with a consciousness of his own divine nature, yet can never be grasped by the mind nor expressed, except in words that must be meaningless in their literal reading.

So the Theosophist refrains from any attempt to analyse the mystery of spirit by the aid of his intellect, and only seeks to reach upward through his own soul to a perception of his own individual identity with the Supreme. Feeling this spiritual identity with the Supreme, the Theosophist is one who lives his personal earth-life as if it were indeed a service to the Divine Spirit, which is his only true Self. To him all life is sacred, all life is beautiful, all life is noble. To him Life is Joy - - and that is the motto of the little children in the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma — Life is Joy! What a mockery that sounds, in view of the pandemonium that is now raging in the world, and which marks the climax of our civilization! And yet it is but a statement of fact. Life, true life, rightly lived, is in itself joy.

Why should we call that horrible thing LIFE, which is but a nightmare, in which the soul has no part but as a horrified spectator of a cosmic tragedy, or perhaps as the victim of a disaster prepared long since by mistakes, in which it shared? For the universe is a display of Karma; and Karma is action; or it may be called cause and effect, the drama of life in all its aspects. But though the soul has a wider vision than the personal man, and may grasp some measure of the meaning of the world-tragedy, yet the solution of the whole vast problem must lie in the Spiritual Intelligence of the Supreme, and so can only be dimly perceived by the mind of man in moments of spiritual illumination when the mind becomes a mirror in which the spiritual world can be reflected.

When this is realized, one is not so willing to heed the speculations of political exponents who undertake to explain the causes of all human ills, and who do not hesitate to apportion the blame for world-disasters, distributing responsibility among a few selected victims who know no more of the real causes of human woes than do the critics themselves.

A Theosophist must look deeper; he must quickly realize that the first step in the direction of an intelligent reading of the riddle of life lies in the doctrine of Reincarnation. Without it all is confusion or caprice; without it justice has no place on earth; and man is forced to console himself with fabulous superstitions discredited by his own reason and contradicted by his own observation and experience. With the key of Reincarnation in his hand he can unlock the door of his mental prison and step out into a path that may lead him to a true understanding of his duty and the purpose of his individual life. He will see himself as a personality gathering experience and gaining knowledge that will fit him to respond more readily to the promptings of his inner man, the soul.

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Gradually he will cease to look upon that soul as another being, and will realize that it is himself.

Then he will no longer ask why he should live again. He will know that one life-time is no more than one life-day; and though each such day, as it comes, is of great importance, yet it is but one of many, all of them necessary for the accomplishment of the great work. And that work will reveal itself to him as a great triumph to be achieved, no less a victory than the finding of the true Self, and the identification of his individual self with the Universal. For the accomplishment of such a task the little span of one earth-life will seem ridiculously inadequate; and yet each moment of it will become more precious as the days pass, and the years, and life follows life, while the magic mystery of Time eternally reveals the secret of the infinite which lies in the Present Moment.

There is no other moment in which man can act. There is but one present moment, but it never ceases while Time endures. There is no other life in which a man can live but the one in which he now is; for when the next one comes it too will be the present, and then be past. Life is eternal. Nor are such thoughts too metaphysical for practical use.

We need to realize the importance of the present moment and our own individual responsibility. We need to feel that we share the wrongs done in the world, and must do our share of thinking now, if we would find the world better when we come to it again for our next spell upon the wheel of Life.

It is an old symbol, that wheel of life, and full of suggestion. It may be pictured in a thousand ways; for life itself is lived a thousand ways, and more. The treadmill is not a more true emblem than the turning wheel in a squirrel's cage. Ixion's wheel is more dramatic; but in whatever way it may be represented, it will surely convey some image of the various ways in which men live. Some of them find themselves bound to a great wheel that raises them to fortune and sinks them in despair, while others turn the wheel themselves by their own efforts, but against their will, in order to save themselves from being crushed by its revolution, which they induce by their involuntary labor but which they cannot stop.

To most people the wheel of life suggests fatalism of the darkest kind, inducing pessimism; but this is because the symbol has been accepted as literal expression of truth, instead of being understood as an allegory, intended to suggest the recurrence of events produced by the constant flow of eternal life. What is needed in the understanding of this allegory, as of all others, is the realization that the true Self of all selves, the inner Spiritual Self, is universal as well as particular, and that the wheel of life, on which the particular personal selves seem bound helplessly to revolve, moves by the will of the Universal Self, which is the true self of All.

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In this Spiritual Unity lies the only true basis of that Universal Brotherhood which seems to most people a hopeless dream, but which is only an intelligent realization by man of his true position in life. The degree of his separation from his fellows is the measure of his ignorance of the meaning of Self. The strength of his belief in Brotherhood as a fact in Nature is the test of his intuitive perception of the identity of all selves in the one Universal Self. When one realizes that the real center of one's own selfhood is in the spiritual heart of the Universe, one can hardly be a pessimist; and one is not disposed then to rail against destiny, knowing that humanity reaps what it has sown, and will continue to do so in the future, when that future has become the present.

When one gets this wider view of one's own individual value in life, one must smile at the idea of life being limited to the little span of experiences gathered in one earth-life. And when one realizes one's own position in life as an expression of the Supreme Self, one must surely feel eager to make each day a stepping-stone to fuller knowledge of the purpose of life, to make each act worthy of the divine Self within.

As we realize more intelligently our own position in life, we shall inevitably raise our own standard of living, we shall adopt a purer code of morality, and higher ideals for the life of the community of which we temporarily form a part: for we shall become our own judge, and we shall know that we can blame no one else for our failure to live up to what we know to be right. We shall understand that duty is simply that which is due, that which is right and proper; and our standard of duty will be the measure of our perception of our own responsibility to our own true Self, the Self of All Beings. When this great truth dawns upon the mind the continuity of life becomes apparent, as an obvious reality, and one has no need to ask the question, "Why should we live again?"

CLASSICAL EDUCATION

MAGISTER ARTIUM

N the *Atlantic Monthly* a writer pleads for the study of Greek and Latin on the ground that it teaches us English. In support of his argument he gives a long list of egregious mistakes as to the meaning of English words, made by students in schools, who have not been taught Greek and Latin; and says that those who have been taught these languages do not make these mistakes. The following are examples of the kind of mistakes made:

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- Pomp* — a dancing slipper
Genealogical — gentle, kind
Chronic — a record
Phosphorescent — gaseous, bubbling
Stamina — an excuse
Cynical — circular
Diaphanous — strong-headed
Hieroglyphic — a hereditary gift
Chronic — A malignant illness
A disease
Cranky
Sudden or sporadic
Growlsome or quarrelsome
A skeptic
Severe, acute
A chronic person is a grouchy person
Some kind of a disease

These mistakes he considers due to an ignorance of the Greek and Latin roots, on which our language is so largely founded; an error which, he conceives, is avoided by those who have studied Greek and Latin. But, while accepting the facts, we doubt the explanation. Do classical students actually determine the meaning of English words by a reference to their derivations? If so, they must often be misled. In such words as *hypocrite* and *sycophant* — to borrow from the writer's own list — the derivation does not suggest the meaning. In others the derivation suggests a great latitude of meaning, as for instance in *chronic*, *dynamo*, and *paregoric*. In such cases as *cynical* and *symposium* it is necessary to know more than the mere derivation. And even in those words where the derivation does suggest the meaning, we may well question to what extent that fact is responsible for the accuracy with which the scholar defines their meaning. The real explanation seems to us to be otherwise. We would suggest that the study of ancient languages imparts a general accuracy, a power of abstraction as regards language, and an intimate sense of the relation between language and thought.

In seeking to simplify education, and to prune from it certain things which we deem unessential, we have perhaps unwittingly deprived it of elements which a truer wisdom would have regarded as essential. Curiously enough, some of the reasons given for abandoning classics are the same as those advanced for retaining them. We give them up because they are dead languages, and for the same reason we may wish to retain them. Because they have no *direct* bearing on our career, we eschew the classics; and their advocates recommend them for that very reason.

The materialism of the age has led us to worship the form rather than

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the spirit; the particular application rather than the general principle; the visible superstructure rather than the hidden foundations. We see it in those mathematical school-books which lay more stress on the performance of actual measurements of fields and houses, and actual commercial transactions, than on the acquisition of the abstract and fundamental principles of mensuration and computation. It is possible for a man ignorant of these general principles to acquire a rule-of-thumb and memorized method of working the formulæ needed in a particular avocation; but his knowledge is precarious. On the other hand, one with a modest but sufficient knowledge of the principles of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, can apply that masterkey to any lock which he may be called on to open. And the same with other studies. Now it may be contended that the study of ancient languages is a study of language in the abstract — of the general principles of language — and that it renders the student competent in his own language and in any other modern language he may wish to take up. The study of Greek and Latin brings out and trains many invaluable mental qualities lacking in those deprived of this study; and this is undoubtedly the real reason for the difference between the two classes of students.

The argument that Greek and Latin are dropped and often forgotten in after years will seem to have little force in view of the fact that we successively abandon, as we advance in life, the use of the feeding-bottle, the popgun, and the skipping-rope. Yet all of these articles had their use and have contributed in their several necessary ways to our present enjoyment of life. If my study of Greek and Latin have trained my mind, that is surely enough; and I may enjoy the result while abandoning the means.

If education is to be limited to those things which, in our short-sighted wisdom, we may conceive to be practical, it will become necessary for private enterprise to establish schools wherein the love of knowledge and the desire for culture may be satisfied. In such schools the favored subjects would naturally be those deemed unpractical; and in all probability the idea of practicalness, as thus understood, would acquire an unwelcome sound.

It is perhaps advisable, in these days of universal education, to make some distinction between those who are naturally students and scholars and those who are not thus specially qualified by nature. One's experience in teaching convinces one, however enthusiastic for classical education, that there is a certain proportion of cases where the attempt to impart it is fraught with so much difficulty as to constitute a waste of time and energy. This distinction is recognised in colleges where there is a classical side and a 'modern side,' each adapted to the requirements of the differ-

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ent types of pupils. The choice had doubtless better be left to the teacher than to the pupil.

The 'inductive' method of teaching, now so popular, doubtless has its advantages, but, like other innovations, has been overdone. For older students the usefulness of this method is more apparent than for younger; for one's experience tends to the conclusion that young children do not understand induction and have an appetite for dogmas and hard facts and things to be memorized. They would much rather be told that a thing is so than be told why it is so. This is a natural characteristic of the mind at that stage of growth. It is engaged in storing up and acquiring. Synthesis is then the great process; analysis will come later. In the old days we used to begin Latin by learning every single declension and conjugation before doing any exercises; but now we get a snippet of accidence, and then a snippet of syntax, and an exercise in composition, and an exercise in translation — all constituting one lesson. Students who have been through several years' course in this method have usually to be taken right back to the beginning again, for they are in the position of one who can read and write without being able to spell — the result of similar methods applied to the teaching of English.

In short it is still true that hard work, without visible results, precedes all proficiency; while impatience for results means inaccuracy, superficiality, and failure. There have been mistakes made in the way of cramming pupils with useless knowledge, but they can be remedied without plunging into worse mistakes in the contrary direction.

The necessity for a general education to precede all special instruction is recognised, and we consider that there is the best of reason for including a study of Greek and Latin in that general education. Many people who have been denied this study have since realized that it is competent to endow the mind with faculties not to be attained in any other way. It is to be observed, too, that we sometimes miss our mark by aiming too directly at it.

Classical education has been blamed for many evils that are due to other causes, and is thus in the position of a scapegoat. There is much indigestion in the world, but it is not quite all due to our indulgence in a particular food or drink; nor is it all curable by taking somebody's patent substitute. If our educational results are shallow in proportion to their width, there may be more potent causes for this than classical teaching. Thus we approach the question of education in general, on which much has been said in these pages. An application of the principle that good foundations must underlie every superstructure leads us inevitably back to the matter of *character*. Thus we arrive at the principle

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of the Râja-Yoga education, which lays the groundwork for every attainment. Discipline is essential, and the only true discipline is self-discipline, based on an understanding of one's own nature, whereby the will is set free from bondage to the weaknesses and caprices.

Just now, of course, after the war, people's minds are in a state of violent seesaw, due to the violent oscillations set up by the great shock. Thus we find, on the one hand, frantic appeals to strike out from the curriculum everything that does not seem calculated to fit the student immediately for a life of service in the cause of industrial maintenance and supremacy; while, on the other hand, we hear appeals as urgent in behalf of a cultivation of the higher values of life. Classical education, we suppose, would have no charms for the advocates of the first of these two policies; while, for the last, it would seem to be quite in order. The human mind, however, will certainly not consent to be chained down to material concerns, and will insist on having its predilections for knowledge attended to. So that, as said before, it will be necessary to cater for such as desire to study the *litterae humaniores*. The same controversy is noticeable in the scientific press, when it debates the relative merits of pure and applied science; and the advocates of the former are never tired of cataloging the instances wherein the devotion to pure science has administered to the expansion of knowledge. On the whole, it seems evident that a generous policy, a liberal ideal of education, and a desire to round out the whole nature of man, must influence us in favor of retaining classical studies, not only in our advanced curriculum, but even to some extent in the scheme of general education intended for all.

THE NEW TYPE OF MAN THAT THE WORLD NEEDS*

IVERSON L. HARRIS, JR.



WHAT the world needs is a new type of man who willingly, consistently, and earnestly strives to express in his own daily life that perfect balance of all the faculties - physical, mental, and spiritual — which it is the aim of Katherine Tingley's Râja-Yoga education to achieve. The world is challenged to offer a broader, saner, or better platform.

How is this balance to be attained? Those of us who have been privileged to live and learn in Lomaland since our tender years, have

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had exceptional opportunities afforded us under Katherine Tingley's personal direction. It is the greatest aim of our lives so to uphold her hands and make secure her efforts for all time, that thousands may share our privileges, where now only hundreds are directly benefited.

But until such time as the Râja-Yoga principles shall have become foundation-stones in the character-structures fashioned for our children in every home and in every school in every land under the sun, each of us may do his own little part in the right performance of the simple duties at hand. More than that none can do. We must so live, so strive, so serve, and so love, that we shall prove to those in our immediate environment that the effort to reach this Râja-Yoga ideal brings with it health, joy, wisdom, and compassion.

Then will our friends inquire of us the secret; our enemies will be silenced and converted into friends — if not from principle, then from policy. Our immediate friends will tell their friends, and so on and on, until the whole world shall be either our friends or the friends of our friends, and shall be asking the secret. Visionary, do you say? Perhaps. But believe me, it is the only way; and the process has already begun. It rests with all Theosophists to see that it is allowed to take its legitimate course and not interfered with by anything that is opposed to progress — least of all by any failure on our own part to fulfil our highest responsibilities.

What is the Râja-Yoga secret for attaining this perfect balance of all the faculties — physical, mental, and spiritual? Here are some of the things that the Râja-Yoga students are taught from childhood. You will be surprised at their simplicity, but if you are honest with yourselves, you will admit that, save in isolated instances, the world makes little effort to carry them out, and the effort is attended by even less success. But it is an effort which every parent and teacher can profitably help the young folk to make.

I will speak first of the proper physical development, though it will be impossible to confine myself to this one phase of our Râja-Yoga motto, for the reason that a proper physical unfoldment is unobtainable unless the mind is occupied with the right kind of thoughts, and the mind cannot be rightly occupied unless the thoughts are perfumed with the aroma of spiritual aspirations.

The Râja-Yoga children are taught from babyhood that cleanliness is next to godliness. Thus they learn at an early age to keep their bodies clean, and this includes brushing their teeth after each meal and on arising and retiring. The result is that most of our children have nearly perfect teeth. Several of the leading dentists in this city will bear me out in this. Ours is a school of prevention. The children do not eat between

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meals. This habit, acquired early, in time becomes second-nature to them, so that they lose any desire to eat between meals.

They have regular fortnightly inspections by a very successful physician of some forty years' practice, the Dean of our Medical Department. This, whether there are any visible symptoms or not. Of course, if any child develops symptoms between his fortnightly visits to the doctor, he has immediate attention. The students' diet is carefully looked after, and there is a proper balance between the proteids, the carbo-hydrates, the fats, and the salts. Much of the food is produced right on our own farm. It is all prepared under the most sanitary conditions by volunteer workers, who give their services as a noble, untiring, daily offering on the altar of humanity. And the same may be said of every other department in our wonderful institution. It is no small boast that, during the terrible influenza epidemic last winter, we lost not a single child or member.

The young folks are segregated into small groups and constantly watched over by competent, conscientious, volunteer teachers, who see to it that no bad habits are allowed to go unchecked. How few parents there are who realize that their children — yes, even *their* darlings,— unless very carefully watched and guided, are often undermining their health and laying the foundations of a life of unhappiness and possibly of viciousness, by indulging in secret habits which foolish pride, at times amounting almost to criminal negligence, refuses to see, or seeing, is ignorant how to remedy.

Keep the children's minds occupied with their studies, with their games, with their music, with their gardens, with any useful or innocent hobby, with Nature — the flowers, the birds, and the ways of the wood-folk. It is not a simple matter to bring up a child right, even from the physical standpoint. Most men take more pains in studying up the best way of caring for their prize dogs and horses than they do in guiding their own children aright. But unless humanity is ready to meet the enormous responsibilities involved in bringing children into this world, what chance have the children? The thoughtless and impulsive will take little heed of such warnings. All the more reason why the thoughtful should have right conceptions of their sacred duties.

It is in the formative period of a child's life that must be built the new type of manhood which the world needs, or our youth will drift into the old ruts, which lead to disease, to unhappiness, and often to crime and degradation.

Man is religious by nature, and we must satisfy the religious yearnings of our youth with knowledge that gives the joy which Epicurus promised, the courage and *self-control* which Zeno and Marcus Aurelius

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exemplified, the idealism which Plato expounded, the common sense which Aristotle preached, and the altruism and compassion which Buddha and Jesus glorified. And I make bold to say that Theosophy offers him these.

And what is Theosophy? William Quan Judge says:

“Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child. It is wisdom about God for those who believe that He is all things and in all, and wisdom about nature for the man who accepts the statement found in the Christian Bible that God cannot be measured or discovered, and that darkness is around his pavilion. Although it contains by derivation the name God and thus may seem at first sight to embrace religion alone, it does not neglect science, for it is the science of sciences and therefore has been called the Wisdom-Religion. For no science is complete which leaves out any department of nature, whether visible or invisible, and that religion which, depending solely on an assumed revelation, turns away from things and the laws which govern them is nothing but a delusion, a foe to progress, an obstacle in the way of man’s advancement toward happiness. Embracing both the scientific and the religious, Theosophy is a scientific religion and a religious science.”

I venture to say that the new type of man whom the world needs is the Theosophical type, though he may not go under that name. What is a Theosophist? H. P. Blavatsky has thus defined him:

“Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning toward the meta-physical; of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbor than in receiving help himself; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people; and who loves Truth, Goodness, and Wisdom for their own sake, not for the benefit they may confer -- is a Theosophist.”

How may one become a Theosophist? Not alone by merely joining our Organization, though this is a valuable means of aiding him in his progress, because it affords him, first, the guidance of a TEACHER; and secondly, association with fellow-aspirants. But the progress achieved really depends very largely upon one’s own efforts. We must climb step by step. A Teacher, in the following quotation, has indicated to us some of the essential rungs of the ladder, which no one can mount without helping to make of himself the new type of man whom the world needs:

“Behold the Truth before you: a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one’s co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction, a loyal sense of duty to the Teacher, a willing obedience to the behests of TRUTH, once we have placed our confidence in, and believe that Teacher to be in possession of it; a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principle, a valiant defense of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the Secret Science depicts — these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom.”

THE FEATHERED PENSIONERS OF LOMALAND

PERCY LEONARD

“Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.”— *Thomas Gray*



HE student of Nature with a watchful eye for the humors of bird life can very well dispense with the comic papers. The little, unassuming, drab-colored Anthony Towhee is one of the first to press his claims upon the newly-arrived resident in Lomaland. ‘His’ of course includes his spouse, for he is never happy unless there is at hand some meek, submissive hen over whom he may act the part of an affectionate despot.

Tony, as I have named him, is a bird of infinite leisure, but he occupies his time with such a multitude of futile trivialities that unless you are very careful he will succeed in passing himself off as a bird who is simply overwhelmed with responsibilities. The whole duty of a towhee may be summed up as follows: to chirp plaintively from time to time, to hop first this way and then that, to preen his feathers, to peck a little among the dead leaves, to take a bath and reprimand his wife; and yet he spins his occupations out so artfully, and does everything with such a serious purpose, that he often succeeds in acquiring a massive reputation for industry. He carries out the idea of always working at high pressure so persistently that he will not put up with the least delay in having his wants attended to; and if his crumbs are not scattered at the proper time he flies up to the window and, pressing his breast against the pane, utters insistent calls for immediate attention. In order to humor his ridiculous whim, I once made a practice of serving his crumbs immediately upon receipt of the recognised signal, so that in time he came to regard it as a sort of magical ‘Open sesame.’

We have heard so much about the wonderful doings of the birds, that we are apt to overlook *the things they do not do*, and it is worth noting that although his wife and a flock of about thirty white-crowned sparrows repeatedly saw him work his little trick successfully, not one of them ever made the slightest effort to imitate him. They would stand around expectant of crumbs, waiting patiently for Tony’s arrival, and when it suited his convenience to appear he always gave the signal with a most amusing air of fussy importance, as if conscious of being the sole possessor of the magical formula.

Certainly during the nesting season the towhees were really very busy, and as soon as building had fairly begun they ceased to frequent

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my free-lunch counter, so that I was quite hurt at their open slight of my hospitality. They were as much absorbed in their plans as if the welfare of an empire were at stake, instead of the rearing of a nestful of young towhees who would grow up perfect duplicates of their parents in form and character. As soon as the young were hatched, my saucer of soaked bread was liberally patronized, and had I cared to pry into their domestic secrets, I might easily have found their nest among the brush by following the line of flight of the parent birds; but as I knew that they would be brought to the saucer as soon as they could fly, I deferred the pleasure of making their acquaintance.

In due course the young birds, which equaled their parents in size though not in mentality, came clamoring to my doorstep for food, and although almost from the first they were perfectly able to help themselves, their overworked parents considered it to be their duty to fill their beaks for them. One unusually hot day I saw Tony sitting on the rim of the saucer in a state of utter collapse. His head was resting on his shoulder, his wings hung listlessly at his side, and he had all the appearance of one who, having been worsted in the battle of life, had decided to surrender without conditions. Suddenly the thought of his hungry brood broke in upon his consciousness. He gallantly stiffened his back, braced his shoulders, and stuffing his bill to its utmost capacity, he rapidly flew to the bush where his young ones awaited him. His love for his young overcame his sense of exhaustion, and I have always felt inclined to salute the little hero ever since.

On another occasion, in response to the usual peremptory luncheon order, I had set out a saucerful of soaked bread of the finest quality and was proceeding with my other duties, when I was surprised by the familiar 'flop' of a feathered breast against the window and the 'scattling' of claws upon the sill. That the signal for food should be given just after the serving of a bountiful meal seemed altogether preposterous, but on rising to investigate I found that a piebald cat was sniffing at the saucer. Of course I was expected to drive her away, although in so doing I was fully conscious that I was straining my hitherto friendly relations with the cat to the breaking-point. Tony's suspicions of the cat were about to be abundantly justified, for shortly afterwards I saw him scratching among the dead leaves in very low spirits, while at a little distance the cat was standing with one of his offspring in her mouth. It has been calculated that only five per cent. of the eggs laid ever reach maturity, and by this time Tony has doubtless realized that he is expected to furnish his quota to fill out the statistical tables of towhee mortality. In other seasons other nestlings will chirp and open wide their mouths for food, for the mold in which towhees are made is not

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yet broken and "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." You cannot blame the cat, for her regular vocation is that of bird-catcher, and we have it on the authority of Jack Falstaff that it is no sin for a man (or for a cat either) to labor at his lawful calling. The towhees themselves prey upon weaker lives, and in the nesting season they may often be seen with their bills packed full of inoffensive moths 'collected' (we will use no harsher term) on the banks of iceplant. It is appointed unto all that lives to die, and it may be that a sudden, unexpected death is preferable to the gradual failure of the faculties which would be the final fate of all the wild creatures, if it were not for the provision of the predatory animals and birds of prey.

The towhee is not so much absorbed in his own affairs as to be altogether unmindful of the welfare of others. A student working in the gardens one day was interrupted by an excited towhee, who insisted on his following him without delay. The eager bird conducted him to one of the common tragedies of out-of-door life — a snake devouring a rabbit. The interests of the towhee were in no way threatened; but he had sufficient public spirit to utter his protest when he saw what he considered a wrong being committed, and yet

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?"

Such cases of pure, disinterested conduct are rare in the animal world, and when found deserve to be put on record.

The family-tie among birds is a very loose one, and although their devotion to their young while in their helpless condition is almost limitless, as soon as they reach maturity they not only cease to give them any assistance, but actually force them into independent habits by driving them away.

Although the labor of feeding their young is excessive, I believe that it never becomes irksome or is ever regarded as a painful duty. The strength of their affection entirely drives out the idea of external compulsion, even as among ourselves the most arduous exertions are cheerfully undertaken from pure choice in the pursuit of sports of various kinds. It is probable that the humblest duties in the way of so-called menial services would become pleasant and interesting to one who really loved humanity; but so long as one's fellow-creatures are regarded with feelings no more genial than the barest toleration, the duty of ministering to human needs will continue to be a distasteful task.

And so borne down the flowing stream of life the towhees pass their happy days. They live in perfect harmony with Nature's laws and never have to face the terrors of offended conscience or the biting tooth of

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pitiless remorse. Illumined by the lamp of instinct, which is merely intuition burning low, they never make an error in the practical affairs of life, nor meet a problem which they cannot solve.

By our opening quotation we have implied that the towhees are to be classed among the poor; but perhaps they are really better off than many millionaires. True — the towhee has no property; but he has the free and unrestricted enjoyment of all the sources of happiness of which bird-life is capable. His nightly roosting perch is exempt from rent and taxes. Free from all charge he may enjoy a bath at any time of day; without the slightest exertion he produces a new suit of clothes every year; fresh food in the best possible condition may be picked up for nothing in the nearest heap of dead leaves, and he could not enjoy a freer use of woodland lot or garden ground if he had the title deeds in his strong-box. Whatever desires are natural, he can gratify without asking leave of anyone, and should his mate be struck down by a hawk, he can procure an almost identical substitute at the shortest notice. The petty trifles which fill his happy hours are of the most absorbing interest to him, and death when it comes will summon him in the full tide of his affairs.

Child of the Universal Life, you are the ward of all-embracing law, and as you pass from life to life in the ascending spiral of a limitless advance, the tie that binds us both can never be dissolved. Spark from the Primal Flame, I will not say goodbye, for space and time dissolve in Here and Now, and you and I are fellow-travelers till the far-distant twilight of the gods.



“ THERE is the synchronistic table of Abydos, which, thanks to the genius of Champollion, has now vindicated the good faith of the priests of Egypt (Manetho's above all), and that of Ptolemy. In the Turin papyrus, the most remarkable of all, in the words of the Egyptologist, de Rougé:—

“ . . . Champollion, struck with amazement, found that he had under his own eyes the whole truth. . . . It was the remains of a list of dynasties embracing the furthest mythic times, or the REIGN OF THE GODS AND HEROES. . . . At the very outset of this curious papyrus we have to arrive at the conviction that so far back already as the period of Rameses, those mythic and heroic traditions were just as Manetho had transmitted them to us; we see figuring in them, as Kings of Egypt, the gods Seb, Osiris, Horus, Thoth-Hermes, and the goddess Ma, a long period of centuries being assigned to the reign of each of these.’ ”—H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 367

AWAKENING

R. MACHELL

CHAPTER VI



S Beatrice crossed the hall to reach the staircase the butler met her and pleasantly announced, "Captain Carothers is in the library, ma'am."

She stared at him vacantly, and he repeated, "Captain Carothers has just arrived, and he is in the library, ma'am."

She recovered herself and thanked him, and he opened the library door for her.

Carothers stood before the fire alone warming his hands. He turned his head as the door opened and started to meet his wife, but something in her manner checked him and he uttered a formal greeting for the benefit of the butler, who discreetly closed the door, and went about his duties.

"Why have you come?" she asked in a low voice. "You promised me —"

"I know: but when you did not write, I grew uneasy. I could not keep away." He came close up to her and said: "You're glad to see me, now I'm here?"

It had the inflexion of a question, but seemed almost a command. She felt his eyes take hold of her, and shuddered slightly; the day grew darker.

"You promised to wait —"

"Oh yes, I promised. What of that? a promise will not put out a fire."

His breath was on her cheek and seemed to burn her very soul. He meant to take her in his arms, but there was a new power in her that held him back, and chilled him with a kind of awe, such as he had not known before in all his wide experience of women. He hesitated and turned to the fireplace; his wife stood looking at him coldly, almost curiously. He grew impatient and broke out into a reproach, but, facing her again, he seemed to be suddenly struck by a change in her, and asked more gently:

"Have you been ill? — What has happened here? — Is someone dead in the house? Why don't you speak? —"

Again he took a step or two as if to touch her, and she did not move. She was amazed to find that she no longer trembled when he came near her.

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It seemed as if an incarnation must have intervened since last she met this man who once had been her husband. Calmly she answered him, pointing to a chair. "Sit down," she said, and he obeyed.

She slowly went over to the window and looked out, then turning faced him and said quite deliberately:

"This is the end. Yes, I am glad you came, although you broke your word to do it. —Have I been ill? Yes, dangerously ill; but no one knew it; now I am well, most wonderfully well. Yes! This is the end."

"Beatrice! Are you mad?"

He leaned toward her trying to see her face, which was but a shadow against the sky, as she still stood by the window facing him.

"I have been mad," she answered, "but that is past. And what is past can never be recalled, although its consequences may follow us till death and after. This is the end: and you are free once more. Our marriage was but an incident in your life, one among many; now it is ended and the incident is closed—"

Carothers sat back in his chair, speechless. Who was this woman who spoke to him as from another world? No woman had ever looked like that or spoken like that to him. He stood up as if to assure himself he was awake, looked round him, faced her again and then put up his hand to his forehead to clear away a cloud that seemed to be gathering over him, and sat down again, with his head in his hands.

Beatrice spoke quietly with a peculiar tone of absolute certainty in all she said, that silenced him.

"It could not possibly continue. Our marriage was madness . . . it was worse . . . I see that now. I am not blaming you. You are just what you are. I did not understand. I did not know myself, but now my eyes are open and I see the truth. We are as far apart as human beings can be. There is nothing more to say. We have to recognise the fact."

With his head still in his hands he answered:

"You are my wife, that is the fact you ought to recognise."

She looked at him and answered calmly:

"As to the legal situation, I leave it to you; it does not interest me. Do as you will about it. I shall take no action. I go my way, and you are free to follow your own ideas of life, without the least reference to me. I shall not trouble you in any way. If you apply for a divorce, I shall not oppose it. You are free."

He rose and struggled with his indignation, trying to speak quietly.

"You think you can dismiss your husband as if he were a servant. You would be free, and are not ashamed to say so. You are tired of me, and offer me my liberty. Have you no shame at all? You can stand

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there and speak as calmly as if you really believed that I too forget. No, I do not forget."

Moving swiftly to her side he laid his hand upon her arm and almost whispered:

"Have you forgotten?"

She looked him straight in the eyes and answered thoughtfully:

"No. I have not forgotten. Some things have fallen from me as if they never had been; but there are others that you know nothing of, and that I scarcely seemed to know myself, which now are clear to me. These I have not forgotten, nor shall do till I die: but you have nothing to do with that. My marriage was madness — yes, I was mad then. Now I am well again. There is no need for me to hold the memory of a hallucination. We do not remind a convalescent of things said or done in the delirium of fever. We allow him to forget. Let me forget. My frankness wounds you; but I think that the wound goes no deeper than your vanity. I must speak plainly, that there may be no more misunderstanding."

"You call our love misunderstanding?"

"Yes! Misunderstanding."

A gong sounded in the hall. She turned and gathered up her gloves, and said quite naturally:

"That means that tea is in the drawing-room. You will find my mother there. Good-bye."

She swept out of the room calmly, and he stood staring at her in utter bewilderment. The door stood open, and he saw her pass slowly up the old staircase, as calmly as if she had but parted from a casual visitor.

The butler, seeing him, entered and said that tea was in the drawing-room, and went before to open the door for him. Merely from force of habit Carothers followed, and greeted his hostess politely, almost as if indeed he were no more than a mere casual visitor.

His mind was shaken from its base of natural self-confidence. Ever since he was a child he had been allowed to have his own way: as he grew up he became more exacting, claiming as a natural right the admiration of women generally, and in particular the adoration of those on whom his own choice fell. He never felt that their love gave them any claim on him; and he had never allowed consideration for their feelings to hold him when his interest was attracted by some new aspirant for the doubtful honor of his preference. He was entirely unconscious of his own absolute selfishness, and believed himself free from any such ridiculous weakness as vanity. He was too wholly self-absorbed to be self-conscious.

Now, for the first time in his life, his power of fascination failed him, and his authority was set aside; and the woman who thus humiliated

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him was his wife. He could not grasp the situation; the whole thing seemed incredible.

His power over women was nothing extraordinary in his eyes; it was merely a part of his life. Not that he thought of it as power and authority: he called it love; and, until now, nothing had ever given him reason to doubt that the love of women followed naturally upon the declaration of a man's choice.

The very foundations of his life seemed shaken beneath him, even his vanity was momentarily paralysed, and Mrs. Cranley plainly saw that something had happened, although the force of habit enabled him to behave easily and with perfect courtesy. She hated anything like a 'scene,' but feared some sort of explanation would be inevitable and resigned herself to meet it as she met all her difficulties. The result was that nothing happened. Her husband arrived, fidgetted around a little while, and took his son-in-law off to the billiard room to smoke a cigar.

He, also, feared the inevitable and prepared himself as well as he knew how. He liked Carothers, but Beatrice must be supported, right or wrong, there was no doubt about that in his mind; and Carothers perhaps felt something of the sort: but in truth no one more carefully avoided the unpleasant things in life than he did; he was an adept at escaping embarrassing explanations: but this was a situation that would have to be faced sooner or later. His father-in-law gave him an opportunity by saying cordially:

"You're going to stay a week or so I hope, now you are here. I know it's hard to get leave just when you want it, but there are plenty of partridges; none of the boys have been at home lately to shoot them."

Carothers answered in the same strain, but said he could not get leave for more than a couple of days just now, so many men were off for the shooting.

"I suppose you will take Beatrice back with you. We miss her terribly when she is away."

"Well, that is just the point. Of course I wanted her to come back, but she seems set on staying a little longer, and of course your claim has precedence, in this case. I mean, it is quite natural she should want to be with her parents. . . ."

Carothers felt that he was blundering towards an explanation; and the nearer he got to it the more he was tempted to put it off at any cost. He laughed a little nervously, perhaps, and went on rather apologetically:

"In fact, to tell the truth, I did not mean to trouble her at all. I was on my way to Abbot's Lane for a day's shooting with Jack Ribblesdale, but missed the train at Trentham, and decided to run down here and see if Beatrice would not come on there with me. I wired Jack that I would be

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there in the morning and would stay tomorrow night, so that this is merely a flying visit. I would have let you know I was coming if I had known it myself earlier, but I just saw the train coming in and made up my mind then and there to run down here, pick up my wife, and take her along with me. But of course if she wants to stay here longer, I have nothing to say. A husband is not supposed to have any authority over his wife in these progressive days."

Augustus Cranley admired the readiness of the invention, but was not in the least deceived by it. Evidently things were in a bad way between them, and Beatrice had refused to go back to her husband. Well; she should stay as long as she saw fit, and not be bothered by anyone if he could prevent it. He took the story at its face value, expressed regrets that the visit was to be so short, proposed a game of billiards to occupy them until it was time to dress for dinner, and did his best to make his guest feel quite at ease.

Beatrice astonished everyone by coming down to dinner as if nothing had happened or were about to happen. She was by far the most self-possessed of the small party and merely appeared rather more grave and dignified than usual.

Her self-possession made her husband furious; it galled his pride, and made him feel small and mean. He almost hated her, and yet the thought of losing her was intolerable. She seemed already to be beyond his reach, but he could not yet believe that any woman was entirely beyond his influence, if he were bent on holding her — and yet there was a gulf between them, a gulf he almost feared to fathom. At times his feeling would flame up and he would swear internally never to let her go; and then he saw her where she sat at the same table, and knew that he had no hold upon her even now. She had escaped him in some mysterious way, and now stood calmly on the shore while he was struggling in the torrent, which would soon sweep him from her sight for ever.

The evening passed most uncomfortably for all concerned, but most of all for the unfortunate man, who had to begin to learn the alphabet of moral discipline at an age at which his education should have been well advanced. His wounded vanity, his thwarted emotion, and his unconscious love of power, made a veritable whirlpool of the current of his thought, and as the ladies rose to retire he was almost beside himself with rage; nothing but the presence of the butler kept him from letting fall some biting sarcasm directed against his wife, who took her mother's arm and passed slowly up the stairway out of sight.

His host invited him to the billiard room, which served for a smoking-room generally, and almost hoped his son-in-law would excuse himself: but he was disappointed. Carothers was raging internally, and wanted

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to vent his rage on someone if he could get an opportunity for doing so.

They spoke of general matters and mentioned a scandal that had just occurred. It was a most unfortunate subject, and the older man tried to turn it aside, making some rather lame excuse for the poor woman.

"The poor woman!" Carothers ejaculated. "Oh yes, the poor dear woman, think we are mental about man in such not pity the just for a

"Because always on the

"Where it longs. . . ." viciously, and felt the vent. He was for a quar- it, but the in his veins scornfully:— great deal than usually



of course. I all too senti- the poor wo- a case. Why poor man, change?" the blame is woman." usually be- This was said Mr. Cranley om of the re- not looking rel, far from blood tingled and he said "Where a more falls belongs. —

Men are not very chivalrous to women nowadays."

"Men would be chivalrous enough if women were what they should be. How can a man be chivalrous to a woman who plays fast and loose with him, and rather more loose than fast? Bah! Women are all alike —"

"Do you remember, sir, that you are speaking to your wife's father?"

"I do remember it, sir, very well, and very much regret that it is so."

"This is outrageous. You forget yourself. If I could forget that you are her husband and my guest, I would — well, let that pass. You know the way to your bedroom, and the coachman has orders for the morning. I trust, if it should be necessary for you to visit Comberfield again, that you will let me know in order that I may be absent at the time. I wish you good-night."

The old man rather unsteadily lighted a candle and went to his dressing-room, with the blood surging in his brain as if his head would burst. The effort to control himself had been the greatest struggle of his life, and was the last. He sank into an arm-chair by the fire, where an hour later he was found in an unconscious state, from which he never rallied.

(To be concluded)