

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations to be induced to rise, but immediately shines and is saluted by all: so do you also not wait for clappings of hands, and shouts and praise to be induced to do good, but be a doer of good voluntarily, and you will be beloved as much as the sun.”—EPICETUS: *Fragments*; translated by George Long

LIFE AND DEATH

LIFE AND DEATH

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

THE duality of human nature is often mentioned in Theosophical writings; but it cannot be mentioned too much; for its importance is supreme. Yet one is apt to undervalue its importance, because, like other profound truths, it sounds so simple. To borrow a familiar simile, we may compare it to the ocean, which is shallow enough at its shores for a child to play in; while in its depths it could swallow all earth's mountains. And so the duality of human nature manifests itself in simple and familiar forms to the dullest observation; and yet this great truth can be applied as a key to solve the deepest problems touching human nature.

Let us take, for example, the question of immortality. Our judgment will not consent to the idea that our present earthly personality, in all its imperfection, is immortally preserved; nor, on the other hand, can we brook the notion that we shall be wholly extinguished. The teaching as to the duality of man enables us to understand how one part of our soul may be mortal, and the other part immortal.

The personal self, or personal ego, which we call 'I', is not the real Self, but only a sort of reflexion thereof. In explaining this, H. P. Blavatsky has used the simile of a lamp throwing its light on a wall. The lamp represents the real Self; the light on the wall, the fictitious self; and the wall, the body. The real Self, which in its one sphere is single, becomes dual at reincarnation. A portion of it attaches itself to the brain of the nascent child, and becomes the seat of the personal ego for that incarnation. Around it grow up impressions received through the bodily senses from the outer world. Its source and origin is forgotten,

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and it wakes up (as it were) in the new world of its terrestrial life. But above and beyond this personal ego is the other part of the real Self, which has no direct connexion with the body.

In Theosophical terminology the real Self is called *Manas*, which is a Sanskrit term meaning the Thinker; and to the personal ego is given the name *lower manas*. In many ancient allegories the Self is said to sacrifice himself and to take on the sins of the lower self. He is also said to redeem the lower self. The meaning of this is that it is man's destiny to "raise the self by the Self," as the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* says; it is his destiny consciously to accomplish his own evolution by raising the personal ego in aspiration towards its divine counterpart the Higher Ego.

This teaching constitutes the essence of all religions and of all the great practical philosophies of life. We find it abundantly in the Bible. John refers to it in his frequent mention of the 'Father' and the 'Son.' The Son is sent by God into the world to save it; the Son shall make you free; he that hath the Son hath life; and so on. Paul is full of the doctrine, in his teachings about the natural man and the spiritual man. Jesus' interview with Nicodemus, an inquirer who came to him for instruction, deals with the same topic; he speaks of the second birth; of how a man is first born naturally, and then takes a further step like a spiritual birth. It would of course be possible to give instances from a great number of other sources, sufficient to fill volumes. This has been done in Theosophical writings, especially by H. P. Blavatsky. "As a familiar example we may mention the myth of the heavenly twins, Castor and Pollux, separated while the one is on earth, and otherwise united; they stand for the Higher Manas and the lower manas.

We are all 'Sons of God,' though this term applies in a special sense to those Teachers and Initiates who have attained to conscious union between the higher and lower manas. The records of Jesus would indicate that he was one of those 'Masters of Wisdom,' and that his object was to lead his disciples on the Path which he himself had trod.

The word 'Path' brings us to the next point: that between Manas and its lower earthly counterpart there is a bridge or link, often referred to mystically as the Path or Way. It is this that makes it possible for man to achieve his salvation, to accomplish his higher evolution. The Self, by its incarnation in a body, and by its connexion with terrestrial life, is able to garner a harvest of experiences that can only be attained in earthly life, and to assimilate these experiences to itself. From the personal life on earth, the real Self gleans the *aroma* of all the best and purest and noblest and finest aspirations and deeds.

This will make it clear that, even in our earthly make-up, there are many elements that are immortal; and also that the degree of our immor-

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tality depends on the use we make of our present opportunities. For we may either concentrate our affections and energies on the perishable things of this life, or raise our thoughts to what is imperishable. But mark, this is not to be taken in a sour ascetic sense — that we should eschew the harmonies and graces of life, and fix our sad thoughts on death and heaven. Nothing of the kind; it means that we should wean ourselves from all that is narrow, sordid, and selfish, and espouse those things that are generous and spacious and unselfish.

Death does not mean the destruction of Individuality. What it does mean is that that fleeting image, the personal self, will fade out, leaving the true Self shining like the unclouded sun. And it means further that the Soul which has been released, carries with it riches that it has garnered from the best thoughts of its earthly life. In this we find a glimpse of the eternity of true Love. Passions are evanescent, but in a pure genuine love, that has outlived all mere attraction and is rooted deep in well-trying experiences, we feel there is an eternal quality.

It also becomes evident that the simulacrum evoked in *séance*-rooms is not the real man, but an image made up of undecayed remnants of the deceased personality, or perhaps merely an impersonation by some of the non-human denizens of the astral plane. The Soul cannot be evoked or dragged down to earth. Rather than try to drag it into our murky atmosphere, we should strive to raise ourselves to the plane on which it rests.

The world at the present time is full of strange theories and new crazes, and people are trying to find some new anchorage to replace that which they have lost in the recent upheaval. But this doctrine that we are explaining here is no new theory, no passing fad. It is simply a very ancient and well-known teaching, which however has been lost sight of during dark cycles of human history, from which we have not yet emerged. The human intellect is a grand thing, but it has spent its energies too much in one narrow channel. It has been occupied in trying to trace the heredity of man back to primitive animal types. And whether its conclusions in this respect are true or false, in either case it has practically ignored the higher nature of man. Nevertheless this higher nature is a *fact*, and this fact cannot safely be ignored any more than any other fact. If men do not learn anything about the nature of this marvelous intelligence with which they are endowed, they will be at the mercy of fads and superstitions.

That part of Manas which is shut up in the human brain acquires a marvelously acute intelligence, but it is of a one-sided character. It is competent to systematize and organize knowledge and to fit us to cope with the conditions of the physical world. But it is unable to solve

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questions concerning the deeper problems of life. It cannot deal with ultimates. Its function is to doubt, rather than to discover. It evolves agnostic and materialistic systems, and does not inspire that faith and certainty which is so essential to our well-being. Hence we need light from another source. Now, bearing in mind that there is a higher aspect of our mind, about which science tells us nothing, and which even religions generally ignore, we begin to realize that the power to *know* lies within our reach.

There are doubtless some who find satisfaction in simple faith in religion; but it has to be admitted that their number is comparatively few, and that a majority of people live in a state of darkness as regards the meaning of life. They do not know what man is or why he is here or what power rules a universe that seems blind and ruthless and without law. But this state of affairs is not right, and it need not be so. The ways of God are not inscrutable; it is possible for man to enter on a path that leads ever nearer and nearer to light and liberation.

This path is the old one, taught in all the great philosophies: to rescue Manas from its imprisonment and to bring it into closer union with its spiritual prototype.

The importance of educational work, especially in its earliest stages, is paramount. It is in the young child that Mind takes its first lessons in the new life that is before it. How important that these first steps should be directed aright! The ignorance or heedlessness of parents pampers the instinctual animal selfishness, because at that tender age its manifestations seem so harmless and pretty. But it takes root and waxes strong, until in after years it has become the tyrant of the life. A little knowledge, a little loving self-sacrifice, on the part of the parent, would have enabled him or her to discriminate between the good and evil natures of the child, and to help the one while restraining the other. The child should be taught early to regard the Higher Self as the true seat of wisdom and authority, and how to summon his own will to the conquest of his own weaknesses.

Many materialistic philosophers cannot separate the mind from the brain. The reason is that they are not aware of the duality of Mind. They are studying only its lower aspect — that part of it which is lodged in the brain. But a truer philosophy has for ages been aware of the duality of Manas.

The conditions which we call *life* and *death* are nothing more than changes of state. Neither of them is true life nor true death. For true life is a “conscious existence in Spirit, not Matter” (H. P. Blavatsky); and real death is the total loss of this. Hence the attainment of real life is seen to be independent of those alternating states which we call life

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and death. How this alters the whole question as to immortality! "I will give you eternal life." This has been construed to mean a promise of perpetual existence in heaven. What it really means is a promise of attaining to Spiritual consciousness, both during life and during the periods when we are supposed to be dead.


It will not of course be thought by reasonable people that we are attempting to show any short cut to bliss. Theosophy has nothing to do with false methods of so-called self-development or meditation which promise ecstatic states or personal advantages of any kind. Such things may be left to the quacks and cranks. What Theosophy does is to point out the true goal of humanity. However far ahead may be the realization of our ideals of perfection, it is necessary that we should have those ideals right, and keep our eyes fixed on them. Men will have ideals of one sort or another; if not right, then wrong. It is enough to know that people who are in darkness and almost despair, through their loss of faith in life and in themselves, can regain their hope and confidence. It has been said that, if you cannot see anything good in yourself or in others, it is because you have not searched deep enough. Search deeper, and you will find that there is a fountain of faith, hope, and charity in your own heart, as in those of others. For the basic laws of the universe are righteous, and the evil is superficial and impermanent. As long as we hypnotize ourselves with the notion of our own impotence, we can do naught; but once we get the idea that the Path is to be found by those who earnestly seek it, we have already raised ourselves many degrees out of our despondency.

Manas is a principle which becomes dual during incarnation, because it is attracted both by the divine and spiritual from above, and by the animal from below. The soul of man may be said to be threefold: spiritual soul, human soul, animal soul. This last is a pure animal, full of instinct and concerned with its own wants. If it gets the predominance, the man becomes a low and sensual type; his Manas has been made the servant of the animal. The mind should be united with its divine prototype, and then the God rules, and the animal becomes the servant. To conclude with a quotation from H. P. Blavatsky:

"The 'harvest of life' consists of the finest spiritual thoughts, of the memory of the noblest and most unselfish deeds of the personality, and the constant presence during its bliss after death of all those it loved with divine spiritual devotion. Remember the teaching: The human soul, lower Manas, is the *only* and direct mediator between the personality and the divine Ego. That which goes to make up on this earth the *personality*, miscalled *individuality* by the majority, is the sum of all its mental, physical, and spiritual characteristics, which, being impressed on the human soul, produces the *man*. Now, of all these characteristics, it is the purified thoughts alone which can be impressed on the higher immortal Ego. This is done by the human soul merging again, in its essence, into its parent source, commingling with its divine Ego during life, and reuniting itself entirely with it after the death of the physical man."

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C. J. RYAN

CIENCE," said Huxley, "is organized common sense." Theosophical students, many of whom are well acquainted with the achievements of modern science, while willing to accept that definition as reasonably illuminating, feel inclined to ask why so many eminent scientists confine their researches to the collection and discussion of facts pertaining entirely to the world of the senses. Great and significant departments of nature are disregarded or quietly relegated to poetry, religion, or metaphysics, as if of no practical importance. It is strange, by the way, that even the most practical sciences, such as physics and chemistry, are riddled through and through with metaphysical theories. Those who have studied the new electron theories of matter or who have even a superficial acquaintance with Einstein's suggestions about space and time, will appreciate this. One instance may be given: we are told that the ether of space is denser than steel and presses on every square inch of matter with perhaps an equivalent of seventeen million million pounds. Yet it is so rare as not to hinder the lightest puff of air, and we should be entirely ignorant of its existence if it were not a necessary hypothesis to explain the problems of light and heat.

But when such matters as the soul, immortality, and pre-existence, are discussed, the existence of inhabited planes of being inaccessible to the physical senses, the moral and spiritual foundation on which the universe is built, etc., modern scientists, with few exceptions, declare they have nothing to say — such things are outside their province — and, as a matter of fact, a considerable proportion of them (*a big majority* of the psychologists) go farther, and deny their possibility.

Theosophy takes a more generous grasp of natural law; as a science it includes a far wider range. William Q. Judge, the successor of Madame Blavatsky as Leader of the Theosophical Movement, wrote:

"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."

According to Theosophical principles a science worthy the name cannot be confined within artificial bounds; the facts of nature cannot be properly understood if the material side only is studied while the moral and spiritual are ignored. To draw a chalk-line and say science may not

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step over it, is not, in fact, reasonable, and there are signs that the barriers are breaking down.

According to Theosophy, the great, divine, and over-ruling law of Karma, of Cause and Effect, that what is sown shall be reaped, governs justly in all aspects of nature, moral as well as material. This is the basis of Theosophy as Science.

Ask the scientist who confines his attention to the material plane what reason there is for one child being born into a good home, and having wise parents, good health and intelligence, and moral tendencies; while another sees the light in a foul, unhealthy slum, is infected with disease from birth, and has ignorant or criminal parents and low natural tendencies. The only answer we receive to this testing question is 'chance.' Turning to the church we are told "It is the will of God, into which it is impious to inquire." Theosophy, however, will say to the scientist: Why do you confine the great scientific law of Cause and Effect to the material? You tell us that every natural phenomenon has a rational cause; that the law which rules the motions of the distant star controls the fall of a leaf; and that the universe could not exist for a moment if the continuity of law were broken. We agree; and we declare that the child that was born in the happy home was there because it had a lawful claim to that heritage, and that the other had no such right and could not occupy a better place than the unhappy home without breaking the law of justice. This, of course, implies the pre-existence of the soul. There is no alternative except lawless, blind chance.

To those who would forbid inquiry one might say: What right has any man to prevent reasonable and reverent inquiry into matters of vital import, ignorance of which is driving millions into blank infidelity? And above all, what reason can there be to object to inquiry which brings about a higher faith in the Divine Order, and which gives a helpful glimpse into the working of the laws of God as they affect us in daily life?

So Theosophy as science speaks of the law of Karma, Justice, as the foundation upon which real knowledge of the meaning of life is built. The evolution of the human race is no haphazard affair. By a recent attempt in another State to pass resolutions prohibiting in state-supported institutions the teaching of the animal-ancestry theory of man's origin, the attention of the country has been focused on the subject of Darwinian evolution as opposed to the Biblical story of the special creation of Adam by the hand of the Personal God of the ancient Hebrew tradition. The two theories are totally at variance, and if one confines oneself to what is taught in Western countries and ignores the many ancient writings of the Orient which are unfamiliar to most of us, one has no other choice. As the animal-ancestry theory of man's evolution is the culmina-

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tion of a very carefully worked-out and impressive scheme of animal evolution, it is no wonder that so many intelligent persons have accepted it in preference to the Hebrew legend. But the Adam and Eve story contains something totally lacking in the modern scheme -- the spiritual element.

Now, a little research shows that the old religions and philosophies were united in one conception -- that more or less primitive and *incomplete* mankind was endowed at some remote age with an intelligence superior to that of animals, a 'living soul,' not by the gradual growth of the germs of mind found in the lower kingdom, but more as an endowment from a higher source. This principle is, of course, at the base of the Theosophical teaching of man's inherent divinity and the duality of his nature. It is one of the leading features in Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*. The famous Dr. A. Russel Wallace, co-discoverer with Darwin of the principle of 'natural selection' and the 'survival of the fittest,' was convinced of the fact that man had at some period become really human through a process which endowed him with a soul. He proved that nothing in the theories of materialistic evolution can account for the higher soul-qualities in man. 'Blind chance variations' cannot explain them. Theosophy as science faces the problem of the entire nature of man, and shows that, in the words of Wallace, "It is not life and consciousness that is the result of the organization of matter, but life that is the cause of organization." Wallace was a student of Madame Blavatsky's writings and expressed the highest appreciation of her profound knowledge.

Theosophy as science, being without theological or materialistic bias, finds that there is far more than is commonly supposed in many ancient historical traditions. Take, for instance, the well-known legend of a lost continent in the Atlantic Ocean, which is found widely scattered and by no means depends entirely upon the account Plato received through the initiated priests of Sais in Egypt. The existence of such a continent in the Tertiary period of geology and its habitation by man is definitely taught in Theosophy, though until lately it was repudiated by modern science. Recently, however, many geographers and geologists have accepted the fact of the lost territories, though the question of human habitation still remains open. Modern studies of the distribution of living and fossil animals and plants around the shores of the Atlantic and in its islands, the examination of deep sea soundings, and of the geological structure of the Atlantic islands, and even the significant dates carved on the ruined buildings of the Mayas in Central America, have provided strong evidence of the submerged continent. Particulars of these interesting matters can be found in recent Theosophical literature with full quotations from modern scientific authorities.

The existence of Atlantis has been referred to because the fact, as

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taught by Theosophy and supported by tradition and a mass of archaeological evidence, that a high civilization flourished there at the epoch when man is erroneously supposed by the biologists to have been in an ape-like state, illustrates a fundamental law in nature which Theosophy as science draws attention to because of its far-reaching and great practical importance — the law of cycles or rhythmic progress. Modern science makes far too little of this. In *The Secret Doctrine*, the work in which Madame Blavatsky placed the fundamental scientific teachings of Theosophy, we read that Eternity is “the playground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing.” “The appearance and disappearance is like a regular tidal flux and reflux.” This, in its lesser manifestations, is shown in the absolute universality of the law of periodicity, ebb and flow, which science has recorded in all departments of nature.

“An alternation such as that of Day and Night, Life and Death, Sleeping and Waking, is a fact so common, so perfectly universal and without exception, that it is easy to comprehend that in it we see one of the absolutely fundamental laws of the universe.”— I, 17

The civilization of Atlantis was followed in the course of natural law by a decline, during which nearly the whole world reached the more or less barbaric state called the Stone Age culture. Modern science proves that the Stone Ages lasted at least a million or more years in Europe, but it has not answered the puzzling question: Why did mankind make little or no progress during that immense period? A startling discovery has lately been made in England of carefully worked stone implements older than any hitherto known, found in the very ancient geological period called the Pliocene. These articles, which demonstrate the existence of intelligent man at the *earliest period in which science has yet any evidence of human life*, have been definitely admitted as authentic by the most conservative authorities. A modern type of jawbone was found there also. According to the natural law of periodicity and under the sway of Karma, Cause and Effect, the decline into and slow upward rise from the Stone Ages is exactly what we should expect after the destruction and disappearance of the Atlantean civilization. Similar events may be looked for in future, though the cycles of power and intelligence will steadily become higher and more spiritual until the real end of the material world, which will arrive when it has fulfilled the purpose for which it came into being.

One more illustration of Theosophy as science is shown by its attitude toward a subject so long neglected by the academies of science — psychic phenomena. When Madame Blavatsky began her philanthropic work in 1875 the condition of the western world was a curious blend of

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materialism and theological narrowness. A short time before the Theosophical Society was established Lord Lytton wrote:

“Look where we will around us in every direction the sources of pure spiritual life appear to be either altogether stagnant, or else trickling feebly in shrunken and turbid streams. In religion, in philosophy, in politics, in the arts, in poetry even — wherever the grandest issues of Humanity are at stake, man's spiritual attitude towards them is one either of hopeless fatigue and disgust, or fierce anarchical impatience. And this is the more deplorable because it is accompanied by a feverish materialistic activity . . . perhaps the dreariest thing is the . . . helpless lamentation made over it by the theologians who croak about their old dry wells where no spiritual life is left.”

Between the conflicting forces of science and theology Theosophy came with a new message, as a reconciler. While admiring the intellectual honesty and courage of the great scientific leaders who followed the light as they saw it, Madame Blavatsky declared that they were going too far in the materialistic direction and that they were blinding themselves and others to the controlling spiritual forces and to the inner life of the universe. To the theologians she said they had lost the deeper, esoteric meaning of their sacred writings. Theology had become divorced from science and both were wandering for want of the link, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy. At the same time psychic phenomena were attracting attention and arousing contempt, opposition, and also ardent support from different sections of the public. Here, Madame Blavatsky quickly perceived, was something which would prove of service in breaking up the growing tendency towards crass materialism, and so she gradually brought forward the illuminating and scientific teachings of Theosophy which explained genuine psychic phenomena as being produced in most cases by unsuspected faculties in living persons and not by the spirits of the departed. Theosophy as science has studied these matters as a part of nature, and it is almost pathetic to see worthy and intelligent persons apparently unaware of the recorded wisdom of past observers. A little study of Oriental psychology or of the Neo-Platonists, would surprise many who behave as if our generation is the first to consider the subject in a scientific manner. The wise Teachers of old knew and taught the foolishness and danger in attempts to unveil the mysteries of other planes of existence without long and impersonal preparation under instructors who possessed real knowledge. Personal curiosity to penetrate into arcane realms or even the natural wish (to some) to bring their departed friends back was by no means a sufficient reason for admission into the closely guarded doors of initiation. The teachings given by H. P. Blavatsky concerning the complex nature of man sufficiently explain the philosophy of the subject, and their accuracy is being daily confirmed by modern research.

For instance, Theosophy has always taught that so-called ‘materializa-

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tion' of spirits, when not fraudulent, is a psychic illusion, the image being a plastic representation of the human form, molded by subtil forces out of an 'astral' or semi-physical substance issuing from the medium. The image being lifelike and at times imbued with a certain measure of intelligence is easily mistaken for a 'materialized spirit.' The simple, scientific explanation, given many years ago by Madame Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, was not well received by psychists; but what do we find today? Prominent and careful investigators, such as Professor Richet and many others, explaining, as the result of their researches, the appearance of tangible forms and faces in precisely the same way, in almost the very words of the Theosophical teachers. To be sure, they do not use the time-honored word 'astral' substance to describe the singular living material out of which the apparitions are formed; they prefer the newly-coined word 'ectoplasm': it looks more learned, perhaps, and the use of such words conveys in a subtil manner the impression that *we* are the first to handle the subject in a convincing, scientific manner. As a matter of fact, however, the ancient and well-considered teachings of Theosophy about the so-called 'materialization' of pure spirits have been fully justified by independent outsiders. The limits of our space will not permit further illustrations of recent confirmations of Theosophical teachings about psychic phenomena, but the reader who has followed the trend of scientific thought and research during the past few years will easily be able to provide them for himself; and, anyway, the subject is not of primary importance.

How often we have been told that the universe has no plan, no aim; that nature blunders along somehow in a happy-go-lucky way; that after ages of non-intelligent life man evolved from the beast by some combination of accidental variations; and that a very small change in terrestrial conditions would extinguish the human race. Huxley's famous remark was that, under the law of the survival of the fittest, if the Thames Valley in England changed its climate and became arid and hot, the 'fittest' would no longer be Londoners but lizards. Theosophy teaches that, while the 'survival-of-the-fittest' principle has its place in the scheme of nature, the fundamental principle of evolution is that "Nature exists for the soul's experience," and that conditions are largely controlled by the needs of the evolving soul of the race.

In contrast to the purely unspiritual view of things there was what theologians call the Plan of Salvation, derived from misinterpreted Biblical allegories, in which Adam, a complete human being, so created, fell into sin and condemned the entire human race, which was utterly lost until a Divine Being came down from heaven to redeem the few who would or could accept his sacrifice. No hint of evolution, no suggestion of another

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chance for erring mankind through the opportunities of reincarnation, was offered by the makers of creeds.

Now Theosophy as science deals with the deeper meanings behind the forms of religion and world-history found in the Sacred Books of the Ages, and we feel no hesitation in saying that unless these matters are studied reverently in the light brought by Theosophy they will lose the attention of intelligent minds and the religious world will suffer profoundly. When we see eminent church dignitaries abandoning forms of belief which until lately were universally held as essential to professing Christians, such as the Hebrew story of Creation, the Temptation of Adam by a serpent, the Fall, the Divinity of Christ, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, etc., we feel it is time they learned something of the profound historical and philosophical meaning of such matters as shown in Theosophy.

So as not to be misunderstood, let me say that Theosophy is not a modern invention by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, nor by Those who sent her forth; it is not the result of an ingenious piecing together of snippets from ancient creeds and philosophies so as to make a plausibly intellectual coat of many colors. It is the root or underlying body of wisdom from which world-religions have derived the living truths they contain about the spiritual nature of man and his relation with Divine laws. These truths have been terribly obscured and overlaid with man-made errors. Madame Blavatsky says:

“For the Esoteric Philosophy [Theosophy] is alone calculated to withstand, in this age of crass and illogical materialism, the repeated attacks on all and everything man holds most dear and sacred, in his inner spiritual life. The true philosopher, the student of the Esoteric Wisdom, entirely loses sight of personalities, dogmatic beliefs and special religions. Moreover, Esoteric philosophy reconciles all religions, strips every one of its outward, human garments, and shows the root of each to be identical with that of every other great religion. It proves the necessity of an absolute Divine Principle in nature. It denies Deity no more than it does the Sun.”— *The Secret Doctrine* Vol. I, xx

Students of Theosophy, on comparing the various ancient allegories of the creation of man, recognise that they are not the lispings of infant humanity, for, when interpreted in the light of *The Secret Doctrine*, they stand out as more or less veiled accounts of real events. While it may not be easy for us, under present conditions, to realize the fact, yet it is well known that most, if not all, of the ancient religions had a secret and esoteric meaning, the kernel, of which the outer form was a husk, palatable enough for the masses but intended to be penetrated by the more intelligent and intuitive who felt that there was a sweet fruit within, the fruit of the tree of life. The teachings of the Hebrew, the Moslem, and the Christian scriptures contain the same treasure, though it may be hard to find without the key. The deeper meaning of religious allegories is part of the study of Theosophy, which shows the kernel of truth in each.

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It would be interesting, did space permit, to trace some of the deeper meanings of the Old Testament allegories, and to compare them in the light of Theosophy with similar stories in other Oriental sacred books. We should find profound truths in the so-called rival 'Wet' and 'Dry' accounts of Creation, in the meaning of the trees of Life and Knowledge, in the extraordinary story of God making "coats of skin" for Adam and Eve, even in the reference to non-Adamic races in the strange statement that Cain took a wife from the land of Nod at the time when Adam and Eve and their two sons were supposed to be the only inhabitants of the earth. We should find unexpectedly valuable historical records in the deep sleep of Adam, the drunkenness of Noah, the tragedy of Cain and Abel and, above all, in the Flood with its account of the destruction of Atlantis and its giants and "mighty men of renown."

Later on there is the narrative of the raising of Solomon's Temple, a transparent allegory of soul-life, and the Book of Job, a hardly-veiled account of the trials and initiation of a candidate for the Mysteries. Still later came Paul, who speaks of himself as "a wise master-builder" which signifies much. The central feature of his teaching is that real life is only to be found by the union of the purified personality with the divine inner Self, the Christos. He says he travailed that "Christ be formed within you." It is noteworthy that Paul disregards the personality of Jesus; he shows no acquaintance with the Virgin Birth, the miracles, the portents at the crucifixion; he always speaks of the Christos as a divine principle which dwelleth in every man, "the power and wisdom of God," and he constantly urges his hearers to seek within themselves for the light. His word-picture in the thirteenth chapter of *1 Corinthians* is one of the most impressive descriptions of the life of the true disciple in all literature. It is absolutely pure Theosophy, pure Brotherhood. How different the world would be today if it had been acted upon! What Paul's more private teachings were we can only guess, for he says he only spoke the deeper wisdom among the perfect, or initiated. Throughout the whole Bible we find hints of a secret meaning, but Jesus and Paul made it perfectly clear that it could be spoken only among those whose spiritual development permitted them to understand it.

Theosophy as science throws a much-needed light upon the nature of man; not the physical alone but the complexity of the inner man. This cannot be touched upon now, but it will be found fully considered in Theosophical literature.

A few closing words must be given to the most important aspect of Theosophy as science - - Theosophy as the Science of Life. Theosophy stands firmly upon the principle that Brotherhood is not a sentiment but a positive fact in nature which must be recognised and then acted upon

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in the personal lives of men and women before real progress can be made in any worth-while direction. The future evolution of the human race consists in the evoking of the higher spiritual powers in man. All the powers of the universe lie awaiting us in the soul. They must be evoked in the only way possible; by our own efforts in controlling the lower nature so that the soul can stand forth in its greatness. The light is there; we have to clean the lantern or it cannot shine. Now the meaning of Brotherhood is, of course, that all men possess the light and are therefore united in the inner selves. They do not recognise it, except very partially, because they have willingly followed the lower path of the ordinary worldly life. Theosophy echoes the old saying: Man, know thyself! This means purification of the covers of the soul so that the real Christos shall be made plain — glorified. Mankind is slow to learn and stubborn. If we are honest with ourselves we must admit that.

Contrast is one of nature's favorite methods of teaching. To attain self-knowledge it is necessary to experience its opposite; the Fall of Man in the Bible story is the way the ancients put this profound truth. Man could make no progress in the Garden of Eden, but when he ate of the fruit of knowledge and was driven out into the waste places of the earth he began to learn through suffering. In order to know the beauty of the perfect social life, to understand what power and happiness may come to mankind, we have to go through a period of misery and suffering arising from greed and selfish egotism. But why should this continue? Every intelligent person has the power to step out of the common life: the only way out is upwards.

Theosophy has come again in a new and more complete form, to arouse the slumbering nations to the fact that man is really divine and that the time has come to put on the armor of light. Action and Thought are the outcome of Feeling. Change the feeling of a man and his thoughts and deeds will be transformed. Notwithstanding the splendid efforts of thousands of true-hearted and compassionate souls the prevailing feeling in the world around us is of greed, personal gratification, money, money, money. Even in religion what has been the aim of so many if not to save their own souls, a personal and selfish object when made the leading motive? It was never the purpose of the great Teachers to offer easy short-cuts to heaven. But we say, let the feeling of Brotherhood, which is in the hearts of nearly all, become the motive power, and see a marvel.

Co-operation is the natural means by which great deeds are fulfilled. Even in the recent terrible war, under the stress of necessity, there had to be a certain co-operation, a sinking of personal desires. Why have we not learned to apply this principle to the finer things of life! Here and there, in a few lines of business, the co-operative principle has been

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adopted, and the elimination of brutal competition has not resulted in the lowering of the quality of the product — quite the reverse — nor has it destroyed initiative or progressive development. When such a thing as a great factory or a farm is to be developed the first necessity is to have a clearly defined plan of operations. The object in view, the materials to be used, the difficulties to be overcome, must be understood. Theosophy, as the science of life, fully understands the needs of humanity today; it knows the nature of the materials — undeveloped human beings, ourselves — that have to be worked up into the finished product, true manhood and womanhood, and it offers the most reasonable, the most efficient, and the most soul-satisfying plan of work. Study it, live it, and prove its value by its results in your own life and that of others.

DID MAN'S EYE DEVELOP HIS BRAIN?

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



Notice in the report of a lecture on the evolution of the human intellect the following statement: “No one can deny that the emergence of human traits was the result of changes in the brain.” Man is believed to be the descendant of a chain of animals beginning with a primitive mammal like a jumping shrew, and going through lemurs, lemuroids, monkeys, and tailless apes. At a certain stage the brain changed and developed, the result of which was the emergence of human intellectual traits.

As to the quoted statement, we might be permitted to suggest the alternative view that the changes in the brain were produced by the arrival of the intellect.

But, taking the opposite view, that the intellect was produced by the changes in the brain, it becomes necessary to inquire, What induced the changes in the brain?

The lecturer comments on the strange reluctance shown in attacking the essential problem in human evolution — namely, how did the human family acquire its intellectual predominance? He mentions certain theories regarding the influence of the erect attitude, the liberation of the hands from locomotion, the loss of the tail, the acquisition of articulate speech, and the loss of the hairy coat. But these changes, he considers, *were consequent upon* the development of the brain. Thus he regards them as effects or symptoms; whereas he regards the development of the brain

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as a cause. The erect attitude and the perfection of the hands were results of the attainment of human rank and of the acquisition of a developed brain. How then did this peculiar brain come to exist? The lecturer states that study and research have made it clear that the essential factor in bringing about this result was the special cultivation of vision by a simple generalized arboreal animal.

It is difficult to find a reason for rejecting the erect attitude and the use of the hands as possible causes of cerebral development; and yet accepting this theory about the use of the eyes. Also we are still left in the dark as to how or why the animal took to using his eyes in this particular manner, or why other animals did not do the same. The idea that the brain does now develop, or ever has developed, the intellect, is, we fear, untenable. It is surely the other way round: the intellect develops its organ, the brain. And the notion that the use of vision developed the brain is equally hind-before. It seems inevitable that the animal acquired his intellect first, and thus developed his bodily instrument and faculties.

Every animal is a conscious intelligent soul in a physical organism; and the conscious intelligent soul acts upon the organism and informs it and actuates it. But our evolutionary theorists will not admit that mind can exist apart from the physical organ which manifests some of its activities. Hence their difficulties. They are trying to represent mind as a result of body; and they have nothing left to put before body as a cause.

Mind moves matter. If, on the contrary, it is matter that comes first, then man is a chemical process, and his mind would seem to be a superfluous epiphenomenon. The way to begin is to study oneself, according to the ancient and oft-quoted maxim. Man is a miniature copy of the universe, having within him all grades of spirit, soul, mind, and matter.

The ancient doctrine of evolution, to which we shall sooner or later return, affirmed that man existed as a spiritual being before he had a body at all. There is an evolution downwards (if we may use the term) from spirit into matter, besides the evolution in the contrary direction. In man these two chains of evolution meet. The future progress of anthropological discovery will not bear out the theory that man has evolved physically by gradual stages from a brute-like ancestor; we shall continue to dig up, as we dig up now, a various assortment of human remains; proving that, in the past, as in the present, men of different stamps have lived on earth. The various lines of research conducted by science must inevitably converge towards the establishment of the Theosophical teachings—that civilization dates back millions of years.

ALONE WITH THE MYSTIC DESERT NIGHT

M. G. GOWSELL

AGAIN the Sun-God's bridge of gold, between
Tonight and yesternight, has disappeared,
Amid new dreams of beauty and delight.

Down through the slowly fading afterglow,
Bright Venus, like another light of day,
Is once more westering in trailing robes
Of blazing splendor. Weary twilight winds,
That woke the daylight-sleeping faery folk
To minikins of music, lay them down,
Again to slumber till the call of dawn.

Far out upon the opal-tinted plain,
A gleam of burning day still lingers round
Unutterably desolated hills.
These are the aged hills of mystery,
The old, old shepherds of the wandering dunes,
Where now, about their feet, the dunes lie hushed,
Their wayward flocks reposing fleece to fleece.

A lonely cricket on the dim-lit waste
Foregoes at last his long-unanswered chirp,
And all is still as death. The purple pall,
That nightly smooths the furrowed brow of hill
And mountain, falls apace. Eastward afar,
Beyond the wind-broomed level of the wild,
The wizard hills, that show no fixed abode
By day, but come and go, now here, now there,
Stand spellbound 'neath the witcheries of Night.

Before the phosphorescent moon appears
In weird array, the mountains draw aloof,
And in archaic council, reavow,
Forever, their allegiance to the stars.
'Tis now Night's glittering dome is arching low;
The mansions of the gods that seemed afar,
Are near. The great Highway amid the stars,
The Red Man's Road of Souls, lies like a veil,
A murmurless, mysterious river's mist,
Whose gathering awaits the winds of dawn.

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Deep sleep infolds the trackless distances.
Yon eastward-lying hills are crouching low,
Waiting the moonbeams of the midmost night.
And while the vast Undesecrated dreams,
The fathomless and old unmeasured hush
Puts forth its immemorial Genius,
To sentinel the transcendental hour.

'Tis now decreed the midnight glories pass;
Night's nearby diamond diadem o'erhead
Is moving back to distances afar.
That fabled friend and patron of the ghoul,
The desert moon, resumes her eerie search,
And soon will walk the remnant of the night.

Yet, as in fear, or doubtful of the hour,
This weird and uninvited midnight guest
Seems loath to brave the silent wilderness.
One wavering glance above the distant rim,
A vacillating, momentary pause,
Then, unabashed, though robed in stolen light,
Reaved from the desert's dying yesterday,
She comes, slow creeping o'er the low, lorn hills;
A thing awry, fantasmal and uncouth.

A red-gold mist falls o'er the sleeping leagues,
And all the waste is turned a shadowland,
A place of phantasies. Above the hills,
Grown phantom-like, earth's haggard satellite
Is casting off her mantles, saffron-hued,
And soon will sail away in filmy veils
Of phosphorescent silver: her wasted form
Be rainbowed round with zones of amethyst
And violet.

No breath of air's astir.
Bereft of sound, and every power of sound,
The still, still reaches of the slumbering waste
Are turned into an awesome sepulcher,
In whose stark tomb of vaulted memories
No ghostlet of a sound has power to stir.
Beneath the pale-green, phosphorescent sheen
The sleeping dunes seem things of eerie dreams,

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And sun and moon and star-drenched solitudes
Are but the thralls of necromantic Night.

The weirdness grows, and imageries are rife.
Hither and yon, where, flock-wise, dream the duncs,
Things come and go: thin, spectral glimmerings,
Slow moving through the meager-lighted gloom;
As though the spirits of the dragon dead
Patrolled the silent dune-fold through the night.

The magic of the hour is undisguised,
And whatsoever cryptic powers hold sway
Play fast and loose with seals of secrecy.
The moments of enchantment wax and wane,
Till, one by one, the shrouds of mystery
About the realms of birth and death are gone,
And scenes are wrought, as in an air-drawn dream.

Twilights of bygone dynasties divine,
Their pomp and circumstance, are glassed again;
The ancient quietudes made manifest.
Dim semblances of peaceful folk draw nigh:
Appearances that tarry not, but pass,
In silent, unsubstantial pageantry.

Charmed from their sun-sundered slumberous keep:
Slowly, and looming wide, gray, faint and dim,
As from the floors of deep, dark seas forgot,
The stately shades of ancient cities rise.
And with the old abodes, their once-named throngs
Take shape, and mirror back the whilom days,
The tasks that were, the solemn dignities.

But hereabout are sundry sombrous ones,
A darkling brood, age-old and hallowless:
Unshriven, starveling wraiths; their pottage now
The dregs and moon-nursed lees of evil deeds:
Dire deeds and giant sorceries of yore,
That left a nameless bane upon the waste,
To feed o' nights these creeping things of fear,
Until the ancient deities return.

The eerie drama of the hour has ceased;
Its arcane keys are spirited away,
Arid fields of phantasy and icy shades

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From out the old eternities, are gone.
Once more the mausolean haunts are bare.

'Tis late. The rainbowed moon holds overhead;
But as the stars are dimmed upon the face
Of Night's great horologue, the time is lost.
The tickings of eternity seem stilled,
As though o'erfraught with Night's impending doom.

Foretokening the dawn and golden day,
The outlines of the wild grow more benign.
Vague airs of old delicious memories
Seem wafted from Oblivion's deep abyss;
And from her caverned halls of magnitude —
Dark halls, once warmed of suns that shine no more —
Dim tapestries of Time reveal the warp
And woof of unremembered radiances.
Foregathered chords of wondrous harmony
Infold one like a mother's fond caress,
And quietudes, of hearts long passionless,
Descend, as benedictions in a dream.

The Titan battle for the day is on.
Earth's sovereign source of light that circled forth
In days when gods were young, is still afield,
And scales again the ramparts of the night.
Chartered hierarchies of the Dark array
Their black dragoons against the foe in vain.
Unsceptered now, dethroned: Night's panoplies
Pierced through and through, its armies overthrown,
The vanquished gloom gives ground before the Day.

Again the long-drawn reign of silence ends,
While now the routed legions of the Dark
Are uttering their murmured dirge of woe.
Over illimitable, listening leagues
Of ghostly-lighted loneliness, the far,
Faint echoes of the mournful strains return,
But in an ululating undertone;
In-mingling sounds of myriad warworn feet,
Faring adown unto the outer void —
The viewless, vast Necropolis of Nights.

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INSTINCTS AND IDEALS

RALPH LANESDALE

MAN'S claim to superiority over the animals is generally based on his possession of the faculty of reason, which faculty he denies to the brute creation. He is sometimes hard put to it to explain just what differentiates reason from instinct, and if the animals could talk our language they might make man's claim appear something very like 'bluff.' Certainly there are times when man's reason is 'left guessing' by animal instinct, and when it might be asked if the reasoning faculty were after all superior to instinct or only different.

Of course man's reasoning faculty is very unequally developed and is very variable in quality, so that the gap between the lowest man and the highest may seem greater than the distance between the highest animal and the lowest man.

Comparisons of this sort are not easy to establish, because some of the higher animals have been so long and so intimately associated with man that they seem to have developed a faculty which is in reality only borrowed from him, and which is not truly a development of mind on their own account. Then too it is reasonable to suppose that, while in evolving mind (the reasoning faculty) man has neglected the use of instinct to a great degree, he has not entirely lost that which the animals still maintain in a high state of efficiency.

Indeed, when we study human nature we are forced to admit that large masses of people seem to be guided almost entirely by the collective tendency of the mass, by what has been called the 'herd mind,' rather than by reason; and the human herd-mind is very like instinct.

The origin of those impulses that supply the motives for most men's lives is assuredly more instinctual than rational; and even in his reasoned actions man may be suspected most frequently of acting on impulse, or from desire, and then using his reason to invent a satisfactory motive for his actions, that shall not shock his own sense of self-respect and conscious superiority. For a man must always have a good motive for his own acts, no matter how low may be his estimate of the ideals of other men. It has even been said that this task of providing man with a plausible reason for his acts and thoughts is the chief function of mind.

But man has ideals as well as impulses; and it seems fair to assume that the animals are not idealists. What then is an ideal? Is it a creation of the mind, a fiction of the imagination, or is it a gleam of higher intelli-

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gence from the realm of Truth? Is there a realm of Truth; and is man capable of receiving light from that source?

To that the answer of Theosophy is 'yes.' Indeed, we learn from Theosophy that it is just this possibility that makes man what he is, or what he should be, a conscious mediator between the worlds of spirit and the worlds of matter. Theosophists use the word spirit in a very high sense, and regard man as essentially divine. That is to say they learn that man can individually receive through his own heart light that shall illuminate his mind and inspire him with ideals of conduct not derived from his desires or instincts.

It is this possibility that makes man such a puzzle. It is this duality that makes man a hypocrite or which makes him appear like one: for it is doubtful if any man is consciously a hypocrite. The high ideals that he uses to mask his vices may be borrowed for that purpose; but even so they could hardly even be borrowed if there were not some part of his nature that recognised their truth and beauty. The most accomplished hypocrites probably owe their success to a certain temporary sincerity which accepts a high ideal as a truth that would be a most desirable standard of action if the desires of the lower nature would permit of its use.

The real hypocrite has probably at some time had his moments of genuine enthusiasm for a high ideal, and having failed to live up to it, has decided to make use of that experience as a mask behind which he can hide his failings.

But, if there are few out and out hypocrites, there are also few, very few, whose characters are absolutely sincere, whose conduct at all times rises to the height of their professed standard of ethics. That is to say, there are few people who might not be made to look like hypocrites, if certain private acts were published and compared with the ideals upheld at other times. It is often said that hypocrisy is universal; and the general insincerity of men and women makes it hard to disprove the charge.

There is, however, a real difference between insincerity and hypocrisy; for the former is quite compatible with good intentions, but the latter is not. Insincerity is due to weakness in very many cases, whereas it takes considerable strength and cunning to be a hypocrite. The finest specimens of this vile race are probably insane with the insanity that results from intense selfishness. The self-righteousness that can justify the meanest thought, the vanity that can rise above the sense of shame, that can make a person impervious to disgrace, and unconscious of infamy, is surely insanity: that is to say it is the triumph of the lower elemental nature over the promptings of the soul. Such men are unbalanced; and sanity is balance of all the faculties.

It is true that insanity seems to imply irresponsibility, and that a

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hypocrite may seem highly intelligent, but I think that the cunning he employs is the intelligence of the elemental nature unguided by any ray of soul-light, if I may use such a strained term for what is really intelligence proper to human beings. The hypocrite is a pervert of the worst kind, for he has deliberately subverted his higher intelligence to the uses of the lower.

The man who simply rejects the prompting of his higher nature makes the mistake of trying to go back to a sub-human state; but the hypocrite recognises the higher law and uses its maxims as a blind to conceal the real nature of his motives as well as the baseness of his acts, thus becoming a false human, or a lunatic. He cannot become an animal. The animals are not insane because they seem to be untroubled with conscience and ignorant of remorse; they have their laws and their moral code, which is not the same as man's, but which they respect. An animal who breaks the law of its kind is promptly killed or at least exiled. I believe hypocrisy is impossible to an animal.

So too a man cannot with impunity defy the laws of his own nature. I believe "all the ills that flesh is heir to" in the human kingdom are due to man's ignorance of his own nature and to the deliberate perversion, at some time, of the natural law of his kind. For man suffers in the present for the sins of his former lives, as well as for the wrongs done in his present body. It is no cause of exemption that he may have no memory of his former sins, any more than a man who throws himself off a roof in a fit of delirium can get exemption from the law of gravity on the plea of temporary insanity or loss of memory. A man who gives a bond and forgets all about it cannot get exemption on the plea of forgetfulness.

There is a continuity in human consciousness, which transcends what we ordinarily call memory, but which is in fact memory of a subconscious kind and which reveals itself in characteristics of the individual as well as in the destiny of nations.

The laws of nature cannot be defied with permanent impunity though results may follow slowly. It was said of old that the mill of the Gods grinds slowly but it grinds exceeding small; and the man who perverts his own nature is surely well launched on the path of insanity.

In contrasting ideals and instincts we must remember that idealism is as natural to man as instinct is to animals. Idealism is not reason. The reasoning faculty is commonly considered to be the distinguishing quality of the human mind, although there are degraded races of men whose reason is about on the level of that which some animals display. For it is undeniable that animals do reason. It is even noticeable that plants show a degree of adaptation of function to conditions that is scarcely distinguishable from reason. The ingenuity of a climbing plant

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is not less remarkable than the engineering skill of the spider or of some of the nest-builders, though there are also in the lower kingdoms instances of extreme stupidity almost human in their lack of intelligence.

But idealism is peculiar to man, when he becomes really man. The existence of ideals requires a human mind capable of responding to impulses from a spiritual source operating directly on the individual intelligence. This implies a conscious connexion between the lower personal mind and the higher, spiritual, individual Self. There can be no such thing as unconscious idealism, and for that reason it is not correct to speak of an unconscious impulse to noble conduct as an ideal. Such impulses may come from other minds and may be acted upon, just as low impulses may come from other minds as well as from the lower mind of the person affected. For the human mind is dual and may receive impulses from both subhuman as well as superhuman sources.

The strange thing is that while a man may clearly recognise this duality of mind, and while he may distinguish between his higher self and his lower, HE himself is the thinker, and in a sense stands apart from these two opposites, yet inseparable from them. He is thus a trinity; and the object of every mystic is to attain to the state of unity which is the source of all. At this point thought becomes confused. The effort to know the self is like trying to bite the back of one's own head, to the man who relies alone upon the brain-mind and the reasoning faculty.

But there is a higher mind, and there is the possibility of direct perception of truth, though not by the brain-mind. And here lies the difficulty: to transcend the modes of the thinking mind without losing the thread of consciousness — a wonderful achievement. Volumes have been written on this subject, all of which serve at least to demonstrate the limitations of the thinking apparatus.

The attainment of this superior consciousness has been called ecstasy, Yoga, Sufism, Tao, and many more names, which seem to confound the state to be attained with the path of attainment, but all of them point to the same transcendental goal.

Another thing that is revealed by these voluminous writings is that in all these methods of self-realization there are infinite possibilities of self-delusion, as well as innumerable varieties of more or less deliberate imposture practiced by self-styled teachers. Then there are many schools of mysticism and philosophy, all aiming at the attainment of higher states of consciousness, and recommending different methods of self-culture. All these schools of philosophy recognised the existence of a spiritual world above and beyond the range of experiences open to the instinctual man or to the animal, and all are concerned with the relation of man to that spiritual world. The recognition of that relationship is

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the basis of religion, which covers as wide a field of speculation and experience as do philosophy or mysticism. But widely as the various religions differ from one another, all agree on the reality of a spiritual world to which their devotees aspire; and it seems to me that these aspirations are of the same nature as the ideals that distinguish man from the instinctual world of animals.

Ideals may be perhaps regarded as intellectualized aspirations; for it is possible to be moved by an aspiration which is not intellectually formulated, and which can hardly be called an ideal, but which is even less correctly to be described as an instinct.

In all cases the reason is a faculty that stands between and apart from both ideals and instincts, adapting them to the use of man. Without reason a man is a lunatic, be he ruled by ideals or by instincts, while a man with reason alone could not exist, for lack of motive power. All motives come from one or other of these sources roughly called ideals or instincts. Life is necessarily either instinctual or purposeful, or both. What is called rationalism is an attempt to ignore these motives, and to make life appear as a product of pure reason; which is rather like shutting off the motive power from a machine and holding on to the steering wheel. The motive power in life is of course desire, but desire in a very broad sense including every aspiration of the heart as well as every desire of the senses. The intellect is the steering gear and brakes and controls. Rationalism repudiates the spiritual world and makes man a mere intellectual animal impelled to action by instinct, and using reason to explain his acts to himself.

Theosophy explains the complex nature of man, and without that explanation life is frankly unintelligible. Many people are willing to have it so, fearing to take any responsibility for the regulation of their own lives; but this shirking of responsibility leaves them drifting on the tide of instinct while their inner life is but a dream. It might be interesting to know how many thousand successive incarnations may be wasted so before the soul wakes up and recognises the duty of self-directed evolution, which according to the teaching of Theosophy is the purpose of man's life on earth.

The difficulty that is found in accounting for the complexity of man's motives disappears when the real nature of man is understood. It then becomes evident that, while man has his instinctual animal nature constantly urging him to live as an animal, and his reason, which shows him that he is superior to all animals and able to assert his superiority over them, no matter how low may be his intelligence; yet his nature is vastly more complex than that of an intellectual animal and his motives and aspirations are frequently of a kind that seem opposed to both instinct

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and reason. Then too it is evident that men are not all equally endowed with reason, nor equally inspired by ideals; while some seem to be almost superhuman by virtue of the lofty and unworldly character of their motives, and their complete superiority to those desires and instincts that suffice as motives for the general conduct of the mass of humanity. All of this is explained in the teachings of Theosophy.

It is there shown that there was a time in the long evolution of the human race at which the spiritual self of man began to take definite control of the lives of individual human beings, until then not really man, but only potentially human. Since that time, millions of years ago, the path of human progress lay along the line of the search for self-knowledge, of taking and exercising individual responsibility, the path in fact of self-directed evolution, not in revolt against the divine law but in fulfilment of it and in the gradual realization of the divine nature of man's inner being.

The perfectibility of man is a Theosophical teaching, and the mode of its attainment is self-knowledge; first the awakening of a sense of individual responsibility as a member of the great human family, and then perception of the unity of all selves in the universal Self.

In the long process of this gradual awakening of man there are naturally many stages; and these stages are marked by the rise and fall of civilizations, which historically may be considered as experimental, and which have their cycle of birth, growth, decay, and death, like everything else on this planet. So at all times the earth is a stage, on which the drama of civilization is being played out, from the first act to the last, by the various theatrical companies we call nations, or human races; and thus at any time there must be found countries in which the various stages of the drama are being enacted; and it may be hard to say whether this or that nation or race may be entering on a new cycle of civilization, or may be at the close of a successful performance of the drama, which must come to its appointed end in the natural course of events. For we find races, nations, and individuals in all sorts of stages of evolution inhabiting this earth simultaneously: and we can easily see that the masses generally are living according to the dictates of their instinctual nature, even when conforming outwardly to rules of conduct established for their guidance by men of a higher type who are endeavoring to realize ideals, and perhaps are seeking to lead the masses to the path of progress.

But the path of progress is the path of self-knowledge and this path can only be entered by those who think for themselves, and who wake up to the fact that the light of Wisdom, the source of all power, the true Self, is within. From this source come all ideals, and to this goal all ideals point the way. "The kingdom of heaven is within," we are told. The way to reach that goal cannot be found by living like the animals, who

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have not yet attained to the human stage of evolution. It is the soul that must inspire man's life; and he must realize the highest of his ideals, he must know his own divinity, and so become truly man, fulfilling his high destiny as the leader of the evolution of life upon this planet.

True man is the expression of "the divine idea in the eternal mind." We may have far to travel on the path of evolution and that journey must consciously be undertaken if man is to fulfil his destiny. The mission of the Theosophical Teachers is to call man from his half-dreaming state of mere instinctual existence to a full consciousness of his divine possibilities. They seek to set man free from the tyranny of his desires and make him master of himself, so that the divine idea may be realized.

THE PROMETHEAN MYTH

A THEOSOPHICAL INTERPRETATION

GERTRUDE VAN PELT, M.D.

PROBABLY no myth has so stirred the heart and stimulated the imagination as this one. About it hangs a charm, an inspiration, a mystery, whose attraction all down the ages has not weakened. Mme. Blavatsky says that "myth was the favorite and universal method of teaching in archaic times." It embodies not only religion, but history, and she has shown that this one has worthily held the interest it has awakened, for in it are bound up the deepest secrets of man's nature and origin; the most stupendous events that ever befell humankind. "The allegory of the fall of man and that of the fire of Prometheus are also other versions of the myth of the rebellion of the proud Lucifer" (*Isis Unveiled*, I, 299).

Poet after poet has felt its mystic power without realizing its profound meaning, for the ancient lore is always buried during the dark cycles of human history, so that what was once common knowledge has been hidden even from the wise. For example, Shelley, though so sensitive to the charm and strength of this myth, has not conceived its inner significance, for he says he has presumed to imitate a license which many of the Greek tragic writers allowed themselves. He confesses that he was averse to reconciling Prometheus, the champion, with Zeus, the oppressor of mankind. He felt that "the moral interest, which is so powerfully sustained by the sufferings and endurance of Prometheus, would be annihilated if we could conceive of him as unsaying his high language and quailing

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before his successful and perfidious adversary.” Therefore he has departed from the story as given by Aeschylus.

But Mme. Blavatsky’s revelation of the true interpretation of this myth shows that just this reconciliation was a philosophical necessity. She also says that the myth is as old as man himself and in no wise originated with Aeschylus. This latter fact is of course well known by modern commentators. Yet he must be our model, as the most authentic narrator accessible today. Moreover, he had the advantage of living before the ancient Schools of the Mysteries had died out in Greece. He was an initiate and undoubtedly held the key to its translation. Only those could be in a position to alter the myth who knew the actual facts it symbolizes, and if, under these circumstances, they discovered parts whose truth time and distance had blurred.

Another difficulty in interpretation has arisen from the fact that in other dramas of Aeschylus, Zeus’s character has been so differently portrayed. It has been therefore guessed that he may represent the reign of justice, and that undoubtedly in the third member of the trilogy, now lost, Prometheus was shown as having been chastened by his long trials, and as having discovered that real freedom consists in obedience to law. But the ‘Prometheus Unbound’ could not have ended in that way. “Between Zeus, the Abstract Deity of Grecian thought, and the Olympic Zeus, there was an abyss,” says Mme. Blavatsky.

The story, as told by Aeschylus, is in rough outline as follows:

Prometheus, whose name signifies ‘forethought’ or ‘foreknowledge,’ is firmly bound by the order of Zeus. ‘Strength’ ridicules him for his stupidity in so sacrificing himself for ‘creatures of a day,’ and taunts him with being wrongly named; saying he will himself need the help of a Prometheus to free him from his chains. Prometheus, in soliloquy, bemoans his fate, but continues:*

“Behold what I, a god, from gods endure. (line 92)

. clearly I foreknow (l. 101)

All that must happen; nor can woe betide

Stranger to me; the Destined it behoves,

As best I may, to bear, . . .

. for, bringing gifts to mortals,

. Myself in these constraints hapless am yoked.”

A chorus of Ocean Nymphs appear to offer sympathy. To them he answers that Zeus will yet have need of him; that he holds a secret concerning Zeus’s prestige, which he will not divulge till he is released, and further:

*Extracts from Anna Swanwick’s *The Dramas of Aeschylus*.

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“That Zeus is stern full well I know; (l. 194)
And by his will doth measure right.
But, smitten by this destined blow,
Softened shall one day be his might.
Then curbing his harsh temper, he
Full cagerly will hither wend,
To join in league and amity with me,
Eager no less to welcome him as friend.”

On being begged to explain Zeus's action, he states that there was war among the gods, some wishing to hurl Kronos from his throne, that Zeus his son might rule, others determined that Zeus should never rule. Finally he, Prometheus, was instrumental in placing Zeus upon the throne. In this position of power, he took no care of mortals, but on the contrary was planning to destroy the race and plant a new one. But Prometheus alone championed their cause, and for this is being punished. Then he tells that he has hindered mortals from foreseeing death, and has given them fire, from which they “full many arts will learn.”

“Think not that I through pride or stubbornness (ll. 445-478)
Keep silence: nay, my brooding heart is gnawed
Seeing myself thus marred with contumely;
And yet what other but myself marked out
To these new gods their full prerogatives?
But I refrain; for, nought my tongue would tell
Save what ye know. But rather list the ills
Of mortal men, how being babes before,
I made them wise and masters of their wits.
This will I tell, not as in blame of men,
But showing how from kindness flow'd my gifts.
For they, at first, though seeing, saw in vain;
Hearing they heard not, but like shapes in dreams,
Through the long time all things at random mixed;
Of brick-wove houses, sunward-turn'd, nought knew,
Nor joiner's craft, but burrowing they dwelt
Like puny ants, in cavern'd depths unsunned.
Neither of winter, nor of spring flower-strewn,
Nor fruitful summer, had they certain sign,
But without judgment everything they wroug^{ht},
Till I to them the risings of the stars
Discovered, and their settings hard to scan.
Nay, also Number, art supreme, for them
I found, and marshalling of written signs,
Handmaid to memory, mother of the Muse.
And I in traces first brute creatures yok'd,
Subject to harness, with vicarious strength
Bearing in mortals' stead their heaviest toils.
And 'neath the car rein-loving steeds I brought,
Chief ornament of wealth-abounding pomp.
And who but I the ocean-roaming wain
For mariners invented. canvas-winged?
Such cunning works for mortals I contrived,

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Yet, hapless, for myself find no device
To free me from this present agony."

"Such were the boons I gave; and 'neath the earth (ll. 508-514)
Those other helps to men, concealed which lie,
Brass, iron, silver, gold, who dares affirm
That before me he had discovered them?
No one, I know, but who would idly vaunt.
The sum of all learn thou in one brief word;
All arts to mortals from Prometheus came."

The chorus urges him to try his strength with Zeus, but he answers:

"Not yet nor thus is it ordained that fate (ll. 519-521)
These things shall compass; but by myriad pangs
And tortures bent, so shall I 'scape these bonds;"

And again to the chorus, of Zeus he says:

"E'en he the fore-ordain'd cannot escape." (l. 526)

When they ask him what is ordained for Zeus, he says: "No further may'st thou question."

Io appears upon the scene and begs an explanation of Prometheus's plight. She recounts her sufferings, tells how she was driven from her father's home to wander, against his will and hers, but under instructions from the oracles. Zeus is enamored of her, and Hera, through jealousy, pursues her with wrath. She pleads with Prometheus to reveal to her what further woes await her. He hesitates through fear of paining, but finally declares in detail the long wanderings which lie before her. He traces her course toward the east through many places, quitting Europe over the Bosphorus to Asia, and adds:

"Seems not the monarch of the gods to be (ll. 756-760)
Ruthless alike in all? For he, a god,
Yearning to meet in love a mortal maid,
Upon her did impose these wanderings?
A bitter wooer hast thou found, O maid,
For wedlock bond; — for what thine ears have heard
Account not e'en the prelude to thy toils."

Following her bitter complaints, he adds that her sufferings are nothing to his agonies, which he must endure until Zeus is hurled from sovereignty. Eagerly she asks if this will ever be, but Prometheus, though he will not tell all, declares that a child of hers shall free him.

"Count ten descents, and after them a third." (l. 794)
"Is there for him no refuge from this doom? (ll. 788-9)
No, none; unless I be from bonds released."

Prometheus then reveals to her many terrible ordeals yet to come; warns her against the three old women with one eye and one tooth between them; the Gorgons, upon whom mortals cannot look and live; the

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hounds of Zeus, etc. Finally she will be led to a three-cornered piece of land,

“Encircled by the Nile, where 'tis ordained,
Io, for thee and for thy sons to found
A far-off colony;” (ll. 833-4)

He explains lines of descent, which will result in a kingly race in Argos, out of which a hero shall arise, who will free him. He predicts again Zeus's fall, which will fulfil his father Kronos's curse; says he alone can master Zeus, for “I know it and the way.”

“Such wrestler now, himself against himself,
He arms for battle;” (l. 941)
“. . . all is by me foreseen.” (l. 956)

Hermes then appears on the scene, as an emissary from Zeus.

“. . . the Father bids thee tell (l. 969)
What nuptials these thou vauntest of, by which
Himself shall fall from sway;”

Prometheus rises to the acme of defiance.

“Seem I to thee before these upstart gods (l. 981)
To quail or cringe? Far from it, nay, no whit.”
“No torture is there, no device whereby (ll. 1010-17)
Zeus shall persuade me to reveal these things
Before these woe-inflicting bonds be loosed.
Let then his blazing lightnings hurtle down;
With white-winged snow and earth-born thunderings
Let him in ruin whelm and mingle all;
For none of these shall bend my will to tell
By whom from empery he needs must fall.
Of old my course was looked to and resolved.” (l. 1019)

Unfortunately, only the second of the three trilogies of Aeschylus has survived. But in a fragment from the third and other sources, it is known that Herakles, who closes the line of earth-born heroes, was to be the liberator of Prometheus. Tradition has given us many stories of this hero. He is called the “Only-Begotten One,” and the Savior; is said to have descended into Hades (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 515 and I, 299). He it is, by the way, who was chosen as a model by the Christian church-founders for the building up of many of their dogmas. The analogies are numerous and striking. “Through the release of Prometheus, and the erection of altars, we behold in him the mediator between the old and new faiths” (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 515). He is the Sun in its physical aspect, and is said to be “self-born” — a significant phrase (*Isis Unveiled*, I, 131-2). The twelve labors which have been put into story-form in the legends, are the final initiations referred to in the Egyptian Book of the Dead (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 564).

The explanations of this myth have been various, and, for the most

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part, wide of the mark, depending upon the religious or philosophical bias of the interpreters. Some have put into certain phrases meanings directly opposite to each other. And this is not surprising, for the only explanation which could possibly fit is the real one, and this could never be guessed by any ignorant of the ancient knowledge which Mme. Blavatsky has brought back into the world. The relation between Prometheus and Zeus, without this, is baffling. It is just this relation which is the crux of the whole solution, and it is on this point that the various commentators have split. Prometheus is inferentially of a higher order of being than Zeus; he was instrumental in placing him on the throne, yet in some mysterious way has come under his power: while Prometheus plainly foresees that they will be reconciled in the end, and likewise, Zeus will be deposed. But if the bonds are burst at once, Zeus will continue to reign.

According to the ancient wisdom, the whole story is a condensed, exact, enduring statement of the evolution of man. Myths do not fade out, but become rooted in the race consciousness. Even though not understood they touch the deeper strings of life, and in some unknown way challenge attention. As age after age rolls by and succeeding races grow to an understanding of their message, there is unfolded to the mind's eye in the receding distance an endless succession of pilgrims who likewise have known the same truths. Real myths are sacred messages, whose echo never dies, winging their ways over eternity, bridled neither by time nor space, and linking all mankind in brotherhood.

It will make the interpretation more obvious, if in a few words man's early beginnings are given in large outline. The teaching is that the moon was the mother of this earth, and that the monads migrated from that planet to this. New life-energies mingled with the old; different hierarchies of beings, of which the chief were those symbolized and synthesized in Zeus, combined to evolve man as a physical being. After long eternities the human form was ready, but the mental and spiritual faculties were latent as in the animals today. Then it was at the end of the Third Root Race, about 18,000,000 years ago (our Aryan Race being the Fifth), that much higher beings, for which Prometheus stands, the product of earlier and greater planets — beings who were gods compared with our humanity — incarnated in these bodies voluntarily, for the purpose of carrying them beyond the animal stage up into that of perfect manhood. The process is still going on and will not be completed until the Seventh Race of the Seventh Round is passed; we being now in the Fifth Root Race of the Fourth Round.

Io symbolizes the moon or the mother of *physical* humanity. "At the same time she is the *EVE of a new race.*" "Io is the moon-goddess

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of generation -- for she is Isis and she is Eve, the great mother." (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 415; 416.) She is also the divine Androgyne (footnote p. 416). To continue her evolution she must unite with Zeus, who represents the principle of Desire. Through this, she is driven or spurred on from place to place, and her evolution is forced. His wish to destroy the then existing race, which Prometheus is represented as determined to save, refers to something which actually happened after earlier attempts to create a physical humanity — a course which Zeus evidently was tempted to imitate.

Prometheus is chained to the rock of matter, chained there until through his spiritual fire he can awaken the latent powers of nascent humanity. He has, of course, chained himself, and did so when he placed Zeus upon the throne through the incarnation. But inasmuch as it is the nature of Zeus which holds him, it is correct to say that Zeus chains him, and will continue to do so, until he alters that nature.

Now is born the mysterious human duality, the eternal struggle between spirit and matter. The lower elements of desire and brain-intelligence, arrogant, selfish, jealous, given to anger, and tyrannical, oppose the dauntless Titan who is heroic, all-enduring, capable of infinite self-sacrifice — the crucified Christ or Christos. Now also begins the rapid intellectual development. Note lines 445-478 and 508-514, closing with "All arts to mortals from Prometheus came." The ancient records show that the divine dynasties began at the close of the Third Race, and H. P. Blavatsky states that "Greek and Roman and even Egyptian civilizations are nothing compared to the civilizations that began with the Third Race" (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 429-430. Without this help humanity would still be latent, so to speak, as is the case with the Bushman, the Veddah of Ceylon and some African tribes. They, owing to certain karmic conditions, have never had the "Sacred Spark," and will have to wait for future cycles (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 421).

Zeus, with the assistance of Prometheus, has dethroned his father Kronos (Time), for the orderly sequences of time have in his case been set aside. His evolution is forced by virtue of his union with the Higher Mind. And, of course, with the gift of Prometheus, comes the curse of Kronos (lines 931-2), for now he bears the fruits of self-consciousness; the tortures of responsibility; the knowledge of good and evil; with, at the same time, all his lower tendencies dragging him toward matter. For every misstep he must suffer, and, as his knowledge grows, so are his punishments under the law of Karma intensified. There will be no peace either for Zeus or Prometheus until they are harmonized. During long ages Zeus seems the stronger, since he fights on his own territory, where physical energies rule, and where he is master of all the cosmic and lower

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Titanic forces. Prometheus is an exile from Heaven, therefore in the drama, though to the last defiant of Zeus's thunderbolts, he has to be shown physically conquered. Zeus has bound him.

“This drama of the struggle of Prometheus with the Olympic tyrant and despot, sensual Zeus, one sees enacted daily within our actual mankind: the lower passions chain the higher aspirations to the rock of matter, to generate in many a case the vulture of sorrow, pain, and repentance.”— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 422

But the indomitable Titan is ever the sovereign, long suffering, fore-knowing, assured of victory.

The only possibility of Zeus retaining his authority lies in his unloosing Prometheus's chains, which the latter frequently states. United with Prometheus, under the great law of growth, he must in the end yield. That is, when Prometheus shall have accomplished the purpose of his sacrifice; when he shall have redeemed the lower man, and brought him to the point of being “one with his father in heaven.” Then he (line 200) “full eagerly will hither wend,” to Prometheus, who will none the less eagerly welcome him. This reconciliation is the consummation of the human drama. To change this ending, as has been done, is to rob it of its wonderful meaning.

Very significant in connexion with Zeus' downfall is the line (941) “himself against himself he arms for battle.” What other interpretation could possibly fit it? The time comes as self-consciousness develops when the lower ego longs to place itself under the guidance of the higher. Nothing precedes very rapidly until this begins, for the whole scheme of salvation rests upon the fact that each must through his own will accomplish his own delivery. Zeus could not develop if the work were delegated to the gods. But the manifold tendencies in him are at variance, and he has to arm “himself against himself.” The stronger and purer one part of him grows, the more terrible will be the resistance of the other part, until finally Prometheus says: “Against this evil stumbling Zeus shall learn how wide apart are sway and servitude” (lines 947-8).

Criticisms have been made that Io's wanderings — which are given in considerable detail — are not consistent with our known geography; especially the lines referring to the river Aethiop, by following which she is to reach the Nile. The translator of the *Prometheus Bound* thinks these directions were caused by mistaken geographical theories of the earliest Greeks, due partly to Alexander the Great having seen crocodiles in the Indus, and thereby inferring this river to be the source of the Nile, an error echoed by Vergil. But H. P. Blavatsky says:

“Both Alexander and Vergil may have erred . . . but the prophecy of Prometheus has not so sinned, in the least. . . . When a certain race is symbolized, and events pertaining to its history are rendered allegorically, no topographical accuracy ought to be expected in the

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itinerary traced for its personification. Yet it so happens, that the river 'Ethiops' is certainly the Indus, and it is also the *Nil* or *Nila*. It is the river born on the *Kailās* (heaven) mountain, the mansion of the gods."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 417

"The race of Io, . . . is then simply the first pioneer race of the Aethiopians brought by her from the Indus to the Nile (which received its name in memory of the mother river of the colonists from India)."— II, 418

This explains the confusion as to topography. The whole is a description of

'the journey and wandering from place to place of the *race* from which the 'tenth' or *Kalki-Avatāra*, so-called, is to issue. This he [Prometheus] calls the 'Kingly race born in *Argos*' (line 888). But *Argos* has no reference here to *Argos* in Greece. It . . . is the mystery name of that region which extends from *Kailās* mountain nearly to the Shamo Desert — from within which the *Kalki-Avatāra* is expected. . . . It is now said to have been situated between the Sea of Aral, *Baltistān*, and Little Tibet; but in olden times its area was far larger, as it was the birth-place of *physical* humanity, of which *Io* is the mother and symbol.'

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 416, footnote

From the point then at which she starts, traveling over the globe, undergoing trials which words try to depict in describing physical horrors and difficulties, she returns to the same spot, bringing a redeemed humanity.

Zeus represents the lower side of human nature — what is known in Theosophical literature as *Kāma-Manas*. He is therefore

"the intellectual tempter of man — which, nevertheless, begets in the course of cyclic evolution the 'Man-Savior,' the solar *Bacchus* or 'Dionysos,' *more than a man*."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 419

The perfection of development is concentrated in the Deliverer, but such could only come to a humanity prepared. The liberator then refers to humanity as a whole, which has strengthened and purified itself through its infinite experiences. Of this Being, H. P. Blavatsky continues:

"Dionysos is one with Osiris, with Krishna, and with Buddha (the heavenly wise), and with the coming (tenth) *Avatār*, the glorified Spiritual *Christos*, who will deliver the suffering *Chrestos* (mankind, or Prometheus, on its trial). This, say Brāhmanical and Buddhistic legends, . . . will happen at the end of the *Kali-Yuga*. . . . Then will *Brahmā*, the Hindū deity; *Ahura-Mazda* (Ormazd), the Zoroastrian; *Zeus*, the Greco-Olympian *Don Juan*; *Jehovah*, the jealous, repenting, cruel, tribal God of the Israelites, and all their likes in the universal Pantheon of human fancy — vanish and disappear in thin air. And along with these will vanish their shadows, the *dark aspects* of all those deities, ever represented as their 'twin brothers' and creatures, in exoteric legend — *their own reflexions* on earth — in esoteric philosophy. The *Ahrimans* and *Typhons*, the *Samaels* and *Satans*, must all be dethroned on that day, when every dark evil passion will be subdued."— II, 419-420

We have yet 427,000 years of *Kali-Yuga*, our present age. When *Io* was driven from her father's home "as consecrate to heaven," by orders from *Zeus*, she says:

"Forthwith my shape and mind distorted were." (l. 691)

Humanity moves amidst the clouds, living in a world of illusion, unable to see anything as it actually is. As *Io*, in her karmic wanderings, comes in contact with *Prometheus*, these are for a brief interlude lifted;

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her intuitions are awakened; she breathes a clearer atmosphere as she demands help and knowledge from Prometheus, her own higher ego. But as she leaves his presence to continue her destined course, she says:

"Ah me! ah woe is me! (l. 896)
Brain-smiting madness once again
Inflames me, and convulsive pain.
.
.
.
My tongue brooks not the rein,
And turbid words, at random cast,
'Gainst waves of hateful madness beat in vain."

Very suggestive then becomes the prophecy of Prometheus to Io, referring to the time of delivery:

"At Neilos' very mouth and sand-bar,— there,
Zeus shall restore thy reason,— stroking thee
With touch alone of unalarming hand." (ll. 867-9)

The Vishnu-Purâna closes an ancient and, in the light of present developments, astounding prophecy, with these words: "and the minds of these who live at the end of Kali-Yuga shall be awakened, and shall be as pellucid as crystal. The men who are thus changed, . . . shall be as the *seeds of human beings*, and shall give birth to a race who shall follow the laws of the Krita Age," or Age of Purity.

THE PRINCESS LIBUŠE — A LEGEND OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

GRACE KNOCHÉ



THE beginnings of a nation are always dawn-lit and mystical. A nation born of time, that is, and not of treaties or a prim, new constitution, made today and perhaps unmade tomorrow. Hard outlines are softened by time and details lost in the dim aerial glow and haze that purples everything distant, go we back distantly enough. And nowhere do we find the dawn-light gleaming forth in more mystical and measureless beauty than in the legends of early Čechie — long incorrectly Bohemia, but now coming by its true name. There is a wealth of these legends, practically unknown they are too, outside of the land of their origin. Many are largely historic, even using the word in a limited sense, and between and within the lines of some we get rare glimpses of the Mysteries, of the light of prophecy and illumination, and of the lofty and beautiful figures of Initiate Kings and

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Queens, to follow whose guidance meant prosperity and peace, and to cross which meant decay.

One of these was the Princess Libuše, the "mother of Čechie," a beautiful pagan figure shining out in the dim though historical past like a spiritual Lamp of the Law. Walking with Libuše, we touch the true heart of Čechie, we enter the halls of the Mysteries, we search and search fruitfully through those long vast layers of memory that lie in the mountains of the soul. And the legend of her runs thiswise — only that we must precede it with reference to historic accounts that tell us who Libuše was. For Libuše is no myth, but a great historical character, as was Krok, her father, and Samo the warrior before him. It is only with Čech that we have to trust to legend, though this may not be for long, since the springs of archaeology in the land of Čech are now being eagerly tapped.

According to Professor Matiegka, Professor of Anthropology in the great University at Prague, the land now called Czechoslovakia is an ancient land, with proofs of the existence of man as far back as the last ice-age. Neolithic man lived there later, and a bronze age of high development, as we know from rich finds, lasted until about the eighth century.

In due course, however, a great Slavic stream began to pour down. Infiltrated with Celtic blood from at least two invasions, and touched with Roman culture, it nevertheless remained predominant, and from one of its strong tribes — the Čechs — both land and people finally took the name which is still retained. So much for the dawn-mist history of Čechie, which without the accumulating evidences of rich archaeological finds would be grievously incomplete.

The leader of this tribe was Čech, who ruled his people wisely, so wisely indeed that Brotherhood was their guiding rule of conduct and honesty a commonplace of their life. No fences had to be raised to set off my land from thine, only the *balk* was left: a foot-wide strip of soil that belonged neither to thee nor to me but was neutral between us two with a neutrality that all held sacred. For those were days when the Mystery-light still burned in Čechie, though it had long been quenched in other and older lands and practically the whole of Europe was whirling to the pit of a cycle, ten centuries long about, that was awful with grovelings and terror, and black with ignorance and sin. But in wide mountain-rimmed Čechie, the land of tarn and lakelet, of luxuriant forest and fen, of sacred mountain and holy stream, with the dear gods never further than the solitude of a wind-swept hill or the silence of a holy place — in Čechie, pagan Čechie, the Ancient Wisdom was still believed and many of the old truths known. The gods lived very close to human ways, and there were always those who by the purity of their lives found it possible to

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commune with them. Magic was believed in and revered as an art that was high and sacred, and only to be followed for the uses of the soul.

Save for wars of defense and protection, the years passed on in peace, and at length we find the warrior Samo chosen king for his valor in ridding the country of the bloody Avars. The seventh century, this was, the latter years of which covered the rule of Krok, a son or grandson of Samo, and the father of Libuše. All of which is sober history, as said.

Krok was a magician, a good and very wise man, who came to the throne when a spirit of disorder had begun to take possession of the people. But in no long time he had order re-established and every man's hand off his neighbor's duty and strictly upon his own. Naturally, peace came back. Finally, desiring to know the future for the better protection of his people, Krok sought three days of solitude and communion with the gods, who told him that his castle was threatened and would not stand long, and that it was best to leave that part of Čechie and seek another home. Krok told his people, and told them also they had naught to fear for the long journey forth: when the destined spot was reached, the gods would give them to know it.

So Krok and his people set out, and came to the wide Vltava (the modern Moldau). As they climbed the high hill that overlooked its waters, the promised revelation came upon them like a flash of light. "This is the place," they cried with a single voice. "The place is here," said Krok; and here they pitched their camp. Here was erected, in due course, Vyšehrad, the mighty fortress-castle within whose walls the entire people could assemble, the acropolis of the future Prague, the residence of Libuše who was to come, and the council-chamber of the gods.

Krok died after a reign of thirty years and Libuše was chosen by the people to succeed him — Libuše, "wiser than her father and more beautiful than her mother," said they, and the youngest of Krok's three daughters. All three were 'wise women' in the ancient and mystic sense, wise not only in the learning of the schools but in the secret Wisdom of Antiquity, versed in spiritual magic taught them by their father. Girls and boys had equal opportunities for education in Čechie in that day — a notable thing, for in the whole of Europe, with the single exception of Italy, such a thing was not to be known for centuries, and in parts of Europe is not known as yet. In Čechie, however, as always in nations where the light of the Mysteries shone in full brightness, the position of woman was unquestioned and very high. But though there were many learned maidens in the realm, Libuše and her sisters excelled them all in learning, gentleness and grace. Kazi, the eldest of the three, was a wonderful physician, skilled in all the magic of the healing art, which in ancient days was a department of the Mysteries. She could heal the sick

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with the spoken word alone; she could bring the dead back to life. Teta (or Tetka) was the priestess of the nation, teaching the people the Wisdom of the Soul. But Libuše transcended her sisters in wisdom and beauty both and was the people's eager choice, becoming thus Krok's successor, and Čechie's ruler, lawmaker and judge; and this is

THE LEGEND OF LIBUŠE¹

As in elder days the people went to Krok with their disputes, so now they came to Libuše, who, judging wisely, rendered just decisions. One day two elders of the tribe came to fierce quarreling, each claiming for himself the narrow neutral strip or *balk* that lay between field and field. Neither would yield his claim, their hatred grew apace, and soon the families of both were at hot enmity. Quickly they hastened to Vyšehrad when the time drew near for the opening of the court, Libuše presiding. There sat the Princess in judgment, there under the spreading branches of a wide-armed linden tree, a snow-white fillet bound about her hair. Twelve men of years and power, brave and white-bearded, sat beside her; on her right hand they sat and on her left. A vast multitude had assembled there besides: masters and servants, elders of the tribe and many others, some to bring suit on their own behalf, others to testify for their friends. Soon the two disputants stood before the Princess and her court, the younger, with grievous complaint, accusing the older man. But he, full-bearded, fierce and dark of face, demanded that his will be done forthwith, that to him be given both the field and *balk*, recking naught of the injustice that might follow.

Libuše heard the cause, weighed well the evidence, and announced her decision to the leader of the twelve lordly men who sat upon her right hand and her left; and these counseled each with other, and agreed that the decision was just, for Libuše found, and truly, that a great wrong had been done the younger man. But ere she could finish her words the elder, mad with rage, eyes blazing and with tongue oath-bearing and fierce, struck thrice his heavy staff upon the ground and stormed as though a torrent had sped loose, saying:

1. A free but faithful version from the Czech original of Alois Jirásek, translated by Mrs. Bessie Barborka, a Czechoslovak student at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California, to whom the reader is indebted also for a number of facts in this article not as yet to be found in any English work on the literature or history of Čechie. The legend has been somewhat shortened in the descriptive passages from space considerations, and some liberty has been taken with the literal rendering, a necessity that students will appreciate, since where idiom rarely matches idiom to save the letter is usually to sacrifice the spirit. But the legend has not been changed.

As to the pronunciation: *a*, *e*, *i*, and *o*, are given the Roman sounds; *u* is short *u*, as in *bush*, while vowels that are elided in pronunciation are sensibly omitted in the spelled word, as in *Vltava*, *Přemysl*, and so on. *š* and *č* are *she* and *che*; *j* as *y* in *you*, and *ž* as *z* in *azure*. Thus Libuše is pronounced *Li-bu-she*, the first syllable stressed; Vyšehrad, *Vy-she-h'rad*: Čech, *Cech*, with the first *ch* soft as in *chair* and the last *ch* aspirate, *e* as in *end*; Čechie, *Cech-ye*.

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“Such is the justice of our law! Know you not the reason? A woman sits over us in judgment — *a woman*, shame be upon us! Long of hair forsooth, but short of wisdom! She may spin, she may sew; but let her not presume to judge! Shame upon us who are men!” as in passionate fury he wildly beat his head. “Shame be upon us! Where else than in our land rules a woman over men? We only are so ruled, we alone, and have been made a laughing-stock, a jest!”

A flush of shame and sorrow rose to Libuše's fair cheek. Cruel grief at such ingratitude now pierced her heart, but patiently, calmly, she waited, that others might be first to rebuke the offender. But alas! all stood there as though paralysed, so wild and hot had been the speech.

At length Libuše spoke, great majesty and dignity resting on her as she said, “I am a woman, true, and as a woman I judge. That I do not enforce my judgments with the iron whip — it is this gives you cause to say my wisdom is but little. You need a ruler more severe than woman, and you shall have him. Now go ye home in peace. A congress shall be called of all the nation; it shall choose a leader and ruler, and on whomsoever the choice shall fall, that one will I take for a husband.”

So saying, Libuše went out from the court to her castle, sending messengers to the castles of her sisters, bidding Kazi and Teta come.

Within the castle garden, shadowed by dense verdure and a wide-armed linden tree, was a sacred spot, a spot where none but Libuše and her sisters ever presumed to go. An arbor-temple stood there in the deep linden shade, a little temple, sacred to aegis-bearing Perun.² This temple Libuše entered, and there remained in silence and alone till darkness fell and the night-breeze whispered in the leafage. Silent as a statue she sat within it, meditating, reflecting, counseling with the gods.

Suddenly there in the gloom stood Kazi and Teta before her. Guarding the distant garden-gate stood the old keeper of the castle; no one beside. What Libuše confided to her sisters, what they considered and said to her, what the three, all gifted with prophetic power, resolved and counseled in that sacred spot, no person ever knew. The whole night passed as they advised together there, until at last, high over the castle, shone the first faint gleam of dawn. Calmly and with the quietness of shadows, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, the sisters walked to the gate, Libuše between the two. The keeper, waiting, gazed on them in wonder, but saying no word they passed him by, entered the lofty court and disappeared between the columns of the outer hall, seen but indistinctly in the dawn.

With the sunrise hour Libuše sent out a call for the gathering of the people, a call that was nation-wide, and nation-wide they came: from near and far, the old men and the young, on horseback and on foot, with sword and with arrow and bow, some of them helmeted and some of them cloaked — over

2. The Zeus of the Czech Pantheon, which rivals that of Greece or Rome in its beauty and completeness. The linden tree was sacred to the gods.

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the winding road, through forests drear and wilderness, they came and still they came.

Out rang the horns to summon them to the council hall, and as though they were one man the vast crowd surged up to the Vyšehrad, on through the lofty gate, and into the spacious hall where Libuše sat upon her throne. Kazi and Teta sat on either side.

Then Libuše spoke; austere she spoke and with dispassion: "You know full well why I have called you together. That you know not how to value freedom I have learned full well, alas, for I have tested you. Out of the wisdom of the gods who counseled me, I now declare to you that I shall rule no longer - since in your hearts you desire the rule of a man. Your desire is for one who will crush your sons and daughters into serfdom; who will take the best of your cattle from you, who will take your horses, all according to his will.³ Your desire is to be subjected as you never have been before; to be taxed is your desire until bitterness and despair are all your lot. Yet no wish have I to cover you with fear. Let me but say what I have said before, inspired by the gods and by that which was revealed to my sisters and myself in prophecy: Choose ye your leader wisely. Easy it is to install a ruler, but difficult to displace one when installed. In this, if it be your wish, I will still consent to advise you; I will tell you his name and the place of his abiding."

"Tell us! Advise! Advise!" they cried, pressing close about the throne.

Libuše rose and lifted her hand and silence fell upon all. Pointing to the northern mountains she then said:

"Beyond those mountains in Lemuz is a river called Belina. Near it is a hamlet and in this hamlet the family of Stadic dwell. Near it, too, is a fallow, an odd fallow, one hundred and twenty paces in its width and length it is, lying in the midst of many fields and belonging to none of them at all. There you will find your leader. He will be plowing with two dappled oxen, one with a fair white head, the other with a white forehead, white adown the back, and his hinder legs white as snow. Take princely garments with you, and tell this man that you come as messengers from your nation and from myself that you may give to your nation a Prince and to myself a husband. His name is Přemysl, and over this land his descendants will reign for ages.

"Trouble not to seek the way nor to inquire. My horse will go ahead and lead you there. Before whom he will stop and neigh, he is the man you seek. Readily indeed will you believe me when you see him eat at a table of iron."

Libuše beckoned and the horse was brought forth, a white horse, nobly built and heavy-maned. It was early autumn, and a quiet, sunny day. The princely robes were laid upon the richly fashioned saddle, and swiftly, with step precise and firm, the horse went on his way. No one led him;

3. A similar legend from the parchment of Zelená Hora reads: "He will condemn you with a nod; he will cut off the head of one and throw another into prison; some of you he will enslave, of the others make torturers and exactors."

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no one guided him by word; yet not a step out of the right way did he go. The nobles wondered and at last they thought: it may be that he is not following this path for the first time; the Princess may have gone this way at twilight many times, returning thence not until early dawn. But the horse went on and on, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. The merry neighing of horses bent to entice him from the path availed to lead him not a step aside. Waiting here or there for the messengers to rest, under pear tree or high fir, he was ready first of all to set out on the quest again.

Plains were covered and mountains left behind, until on the morning of the third day they came upon a hamlet lying in a low, narrow valley through which a river flowed. A boy ran out to greet them. They questioned eagerly. "This is Stadic," said the boy, "and yonder there is Přemysl, plowing with the oxen in the field."

There was Přemysl, very tall and noble, and before his plow two oxen, dappled as Libuše had described: the one with a fair white head, the other with a white forehead, white adown the back and his hinder legs white as snow. Down the wide *balk* the messengers hastened to Přemysl, Libuše's horse ahead, who reared and neighed as with delight, then knelt down before the plowman, his lovely head bent in subjection. Taking from the richly wrought saddle the princely robes Libuše had sent, the messengers approached young Přemysl with greetings, saying:

"Fortunate among all men, O Prince chosen of the gods! Greetings! and may you bide well! Let go your dappled oxen, leave off your peasant gear; put on the princely garments we have brought; mount this fair horse and come with us. So bids the Princess Libuše and so the whole Čech nation. To you and to your heirs shall be the leadership of our land. You are chosen as our protector, prince, and judge."

Přemysl listened and pressed down deeply into the earth the dry staff he held in his hand. Taking from the dappled oxen their wide yokes he said to them, "Go back now whence you came." Before the oxen opened a giant rock. Then it closed behind them and they were as though they had not been.

"Pity it is, indeed," said Přemysl to the messengers, "that you should come so early. Could I have been left to finish but the plowing of this field, then for all time there had been bread in plenty in our land. But forbearing to wait, you cut off my work undone, and unto you and yours, therefore, shall famine come again and yet again."

Even as Přemysl spoke, the dry staff put forth leaves as though warm spring had come — of a hazel tree it was — and three fresh green branches sprouted forth, covered with leaves and young nuts. The men gazed silent at this wonder of wonders, but Přemysl bade them sit with him at his table. He turned the plow on its side and from a bag of bast taking cheese and a loaf of bread, he laid these on the shining level share. "It is the iron table of which the Princess spoke," said each wondering chief to himself. Even at the moment, while they sat breakfasting with Přemysl and drinking from his pitcher, two of the fresh green branches of the hazel staff withered and

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fell away. Only the third one remained, but that was green and living, and shot up high in luxuriance, spreading wide. Fearfully they pointed out, each to other, this second wonder, and fearfully they questioned Přemysl, who said:

“Know that among all who shall spring from me, many there will be to begin their reign, but one alone shall complete it.”

But the chiefs, still wondering, asked why he ate upon the iron share, and Přemysl said again: “That my descendants may be as iron in their rule. Pay deference to iron. Plow your fields with it in time of peace, with it defend your homes in time of war. While the Čechs have such a table, their enemies will wither before them. When strangers take it from them, their freedom will pass, too.”

So Přemysl rose and with the envoys went to Stadic and bade farewell to his now exalted house. Then, clothed in the royal garments they had brought, with princely footgear and a shining belt, he mounted the waiting horse who neighed again with joy. And with him went his peasant's bag and shoes of linden bast. Again the messengers questioned and again did Přemysl reply: “These shall be gifts to you, gifts to be preserved through coming ages, that those who reign after me may remember whence they came, lest they lose their way in pride and abuse their sacred trust — for, verily, *we are all brothers.*”⁴

So they set forth and soon approached high Vyšehrad, where Libuše waited to greet them — white-robed, sublimely beautiful Libuše, the silver fillet bound about her hair, rare jewels clasping her throat and falling over her breast. Waiting beside her were the nobles, chiefs, and elders of the realm, and there were lovely maidens also, and brave youths.

Valiant, handsome, noble of mien, young Přemysl clasped hands with the Princess, and amid the happy *salvos* of the people they entered the castle rejoicing. There was celebrated the marriage of Přemysl and Libuše, there all feasted joyously and drank of sweet new mead, and sang, and listened to singers chanting bardlike to the music of swept strings, the deeds heroic of Čechie of days past. And when the dark night came, festal fires and torches flared out, jubilant and high.

Then Libuše led Přemysl to a room set deep down in the earth, a room where both walls and tables glittered and shone with the dazzling gleam of gold and silver, of bronze and iron things, a room where swords and helmets and shining armor hung, and shields craftsmanly wrought, where clasps and bracelets, fillets, rings, rare beads of amber and pieces huge of silver, lay beside great vasty vessels filled with gold. All this great treasure Libuše showed

4. These shoes, as Kosmas of Prague recorded in the eleventh century, “are to this day preserved at Vyšehrad,” and up to the time of Václav I were still treasured in the castle and shown to the people at each new coronation as a sacred reminder of the bond of brotherhood existing between themselves and their king. Under Václav this custom was discontinued, but the shoes were at Vyšehrad until well into the Hussite wars when they were lost sight of, undoubtedly sharing in the general destruction that left the country without a literature and almost without a venerated treasure of any kind.

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Přemysl, now to be shared with him. Then she led Přemysl to the sacred spot by the linden tree in the garden, sacred to aegis-bearing Perun, where many times thereafter they both sat in serious counsel, considering law and order and their people's good. And many new laws Přemysl enacted in the years that came, laws which brought to discipline the rebellious and the proud, laws which those who came after him followed for many ages.

One fair day Libuše, Přemysl beside her, stood on a high cliff overlooking the wide Vltava. Courtiers and elders stood near. Lifting her hand she pointed to a forested hill whereon she said she saw a noble city, whose glory she declared would reach the stars. And there forthwith she pointed out the very spot where they should build the castle of the city, calling it *Praha* (Prague).

One day a great concourse of chiefs and elders came to Vyšehrad and spoke to Přemysl thiswise:

"O Prince! cattle, fish, and wild things and the grain of our fair fields we have abundantly. But the earth, so yielding, yields us not enough, for we pay dearly of its store unto the stranger, for hides, for horses, for honey, and for divers things. Counsel with the Princess, O Přemysl, persuade her now to speak to us in prophecy and to disclose earth's secret places where gold and silver and ores of divers kinds are to be found."

"Go you to your hamlets," said Přemysl, "and on the fifteenth day come you back again." And this they did, and on the fifteenth day returned and stood before Přemysl; and Libuše was beside him, seated on a chair of wood, inscribed with her symbol and sign.

"Brave chiefs and elders," then said Přemysl, "listen to the message of Libuše, your mother. By the power of her words to you, you and your descendants will be dowered with wealth."

The venerated Princess rose, walked through the court of the castle and on to the end of the high, buttressed wall. Přemysl walked at her side while courtiers, chiefs, and maidens followed after, till they stood on a high cliff overlooking the wide Vltava. Then Libuše spoke:

"What treasure lies hidden in the depths of earth and in the mighty rock, the gods, now speaking through my voice, reveal."

Turning to the west she lifted her hand and said: "I see a hill, Březový Vrch. In it are veins of fine silver and he who seeks will there great treasure find. But neighbors in the west, bidden and unbidden, will likewise desire this ore in which so great power lies. Be warned, lest from these gifts of earth fetters of serfdom be forged."

Turning to the left and facing south, she spoke: "I see a hill, Jílový Vrch, filled with gleaming gold. In this hill power and magic lie. But its power will fade away and weakness will fall upon you if you let the glow of holy love grow dim within your hearts."

Turning again to the left and facing east she spoke: "In the bosom of the

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mountain of three crests, Kutná Hora, lie treasures of silver for the ages. As the mountain is triple-crested, so thrice will it yield wealth and thrice will cease to yield.⁵ As the blossoming linden calls myriad bees to its sweetness, so will this treasure draw the stranger to your realm. Drones will not conquer him, but only the industry of bees whose golden wealth will grow and increase from the silver."

Turning to the left once more she faced the north and spoke: "I see a hill, Krupnatý Vrch, and in its depths the dull, dim gleam of tin and lead. It lies full near your boundaries. Guard you this hill well, for wheresoever on it you grant to the stranger a span, there will a wide tract be lost to you."

Low at the foot of the Vyšehrad rock, where a deep lagoon had been worn by the waters of the eddying Vltava, was Libuše's solitary bath, and there with her maidens the Princess often went. One day, on the dark surface of the waters whereon the mingled currents ebbed and flowed, vision after vision came and went, Libuše looking on the waters. On the dark currents the visions came and went. Darker and more terrible grew they till the heart of Libuše cried out in pain and agony. Her face grew pale and white, and trembling came upon her woman's frame, as terrified and bending low she followed with stricken gaze the fleeting revelation of the waters. Round about her stood her maidens, they, too, lost in wonder and in grief, and to them Libuše spoke, saying:

"I see the blazing of great fires. I see fair hamlets burning, mighty castles, lofty halls. I see all things perishing in hot flame, and in the glow of it I see bloody battles waging on — bloody battles, oh, so many battles! Livid, stricken bodies of men I see, covered with wounds and blood! I see brother killing brother and the stranger treading on their necks! I see misery, humiliation, terror, desolation, grief! Oh!"

Two of her maidens approached, between them carrying the golden cradle of Libuše's first-born. A glow of solace swept over Libuše's face. She kissed the little golden bed and laid it on the waters. Down it sank within their waiting depths. Torn with emotion, with gaze still bent upon the waters, Libuše spoke again, then saying:

"Deep in the bosom of the waters rest thee, cradle of my son, until Time

5. It is an odd fact that the mines of Kutná Hora, not far from Praha or Prague, are now being worked for the third time, according to representatives of the Czechoslovak nation who visited Lomaland in July, 1919, and who stated that the work had been but recently begun. This was after a long lapse dating from the Thirty Years War. Preceding this were two similar lapses, each followed by periods of work, the first under Přemysl II, the second during the Hussite Wars. The legend itself dates from a period far earlier than the earliest of these periods of activity or cessation, as well as earlier than the mining activities of Březový Vrch (*vrch* means *mount*), Jílový Vrch or Krupnatý Vrch, the latter mentioned further on in the prophecy.

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calls. Not for unreckoned ages wilt thou rest in these dark depths, for endless night shall *not* reign over this land. Bright day will dawn again and again shall bright joy come to those who wait. Purified by grief and pain, made stronger by her diligence and her love, Čechie will rise again. She will rise in strength, her hopes will be fulfilled, and glory shall be unto her once more. Then shalt thou gleam forth again from the dark bosom of the waters; again shalt thou rise upward into the light, and in thy sheltering arms shall rest the nation of a future day, redeemed, reborn a child."

* * *

MANY reflexions are stirred by the reading of this legend, reflexions historic, literary, philosophic, with reference to its symbology as touching the inner life of nations or the individual soul --- and reflexions upon its sheer, exquisite beauty as a monument of art. What an inspiration for the future would be the story of Libuše in color and line, scene after scene of it, on the walls or in the windows of some great library or public hall! All of which will happen in reborn Čechie, doubtless, in good time.

But how shall we place the legend, conceding as much, since we must, to the general brain-mind mania for 'placing' unplaceable things? The woman of Secret Wisdom (three of them we have here); the mysterious oxen and the equally mysterious horse; the peasant raised to princehood; the blossoming staff; aegis-bearing Perun and the sacred tree; even the symbol of the cradle, and the mystery-setting of the whole — these have their parallels and counterparts in myth and legend all over the world: in Egypt, India, China and Japan; in Greece and Rome; in the Hebrew Scriptures; in Celtic and Icelandic tradition, and in that of the Americas, Central, North and South. Research on this point alone would furnish forth a summer's reading.

On the other hand, the undenied existence of Libuše as a great historical character; of Přemysl and of Krok; of the fortress-castle of Vyšehrad and the actual founding of the House of Přemysl there — a house which ruled in Čechie for centuries and on the woman's side rules to this day, or rather, we should say, *did* rule until the fall of the dynasty during the recent war: these things place the legend well over the line into history, even as we most limitedly use the word. Then, too, there is the rose-tree, now covering an entire hillside on the site of Libuše's palace-home, Libušin. Another legend tells us that it sprang from a rose spray placed in the mound with the ashes of Libuše, and that it has never died — a delicate, five-petaled white rose, absolutely thornless (as no other rose in Čechie ever was or is), and scented like the blossoms of the linden. Go there and you may take its blossoms in your hand. Nor is there anything improbable in the story of its origin, for cremation was the custom when

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Libuše reigned, and the ashes were always buried, doubtless with flowers about them, in a simple mound of earth.

Why try to place this legend at all? The line of demarcation is a shifting one, do what we will, and any day some new archaeological discovery, or new light in somebody's mind, may push it back no telling how far. Archaeology has already done something through the parchments of Zelená Hora, discovered in the nineteenth century. They were denounced as forgeries by a few, it is true, but are defended boldly by authorities like the historian Palacký and the antiquarian Šafařík, than whom no scholars in Europe stand higher in their respective fields.

The fact is, this legend is equally precious as a mystical record or historical account. Libuše's knowledge of Přemysl is no more fantastic, no more impossible, than Joan of Arc's recognition of the Dauphin under his disguise. The visions of the one match the visions and prophecies of the other, and we find similar prophecies recorded of Birgitta of Sweden, Brigit of Ireland, the Gnostic Maximilla and Prisca, and doubtless of others who also lived this side of a dawn-mist of any sort. The soul is practical and mystical both; historic and legendary both; a fact and an allegory both, just as was Libuše, and it is time we were finding it out. Indeed, is not each one of us, all the time and every day, an allegory or symbol of -- *something*? There is a whole philosophy in the answer to just this simple question.

Libuše was more than a ruler in the ordinary sense of the word. She had a knowledge of the world's ancestral Theosophy, as had her sisters beside her and her father before her, and she occupies a place in the heart-life of Čechie that suggests the mystical figures of Quan-Urn-Bodhi-sattva, the ancient Mother-Teacher of Corea, or Kwan-Yin, the Chinese "Mother of Compassion." Around such great figures legends are bound to cluster. So has it been in past ages and so will it always be.

Čechie in the days of the Princess Libuše was a focus of mystic life which in some strange way came to be centered largely in the language, a language that developed far earlier than the other living languages of Europe and that rivals them all, say scholars, in its flexibility, its wealth of vocabulary and inflexion, and its varied, expressive beauty. Crushed out and obscured, to revive it was thought impossible even so early as a hundred years ago, or at least possible only with the help of archaeology. Yet today it is a living, blossoming tree, whose branches may shelter no prophesying how much and may spread none can say how far.

Under cyclic law streams rise at last to their source, and men and nations both, clearing the path through effort, in time find their way back to the spiritual heights of their youth. It is one of the meanings of the story -- known to all the Bibles of the world -- of the return of the

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wandering son to the 'Father's house.' Those who know this law through having watched its work and its unfoldments, especially through the long, strange processes of history, know that no hope can be too great to hold for a nation whose beginnings were so brotherly and so high.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS

R. MACHELL



IN dealing with this subject one must distinguish between two widely different conceptions as to the scope of such forgiveness and its supposed effect upon the sinner.

In the case of man forgiving man there is no thought that the offense can be obliterated, nor its effects canceled. All that is expected is that the injured person shall forego his supposed right to feel resentment, and to give expression to that resentment either by retaliation or punishment.

But if it is God who forgives man, then it seems to be generally supposed that such forgiveness cancels all natural consequences of the act or thought and makes it as if it had never been, besides pacifying the anger of God and saving the sinner from the retaliation of a revengeful deity.

These two aspects of forgiveness are not really as far apart as they appear. They both are man's conception of right and wrong. It is man who defines the attributes of his God and it is very evident that the people conceive of God in their own likeness, and find justification for their own cruelty and revenge by referring to their deity as a pattern on which their own conduct is modeled. Having no real philosophy of life, people credit their God with like feelings to themselves, and regard the laws of nature as arbitrary rules made by God for his own satisfaction. So they see nothing unreasonable in asking their God to relax his rules for their convenience or to relieve them from the unpleasant consequences of their own misdoing. This could only be possible if the laws that man violates were arbitrary and not absolute. If they were absolute neither man nor God could release the sinner from the inevitable consequences of his sin.

Forgiveness of sins carries with it the suggestion at least that a deed may be undone, a spoken word recalled, an act blotted out of existence so as to have no consequences: all of which is obviously impossible. The deed that is done cannot be undone, even if its effects be neutralized by other deeds. It is said that "the gods themselves cannot recall their words." Water spilled on the sand cannot be gathered up in the pail.

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When a man forgives an injury he merely refrains from retaliation or condemnation and pretends to forget; for the deed that is done can never be undone.

When a man understands the law of Karma he will not desire to retaliate, nor to punish the offender; nor will he add to the natural results of wrong any ill-feeling or resentment. He will have no need to forgive, because he feels no desire to retaliate. As to the consequences of the offense, they are not in his hands, and being wise, he will have no desire to interfere with that which does not concern him. Though he may endeavor to counteract the evil effects of a bad deed, this must be done by setting in motion new causes, not by any attempt to undo a deed done.

I think that the desire for forgiveness springs from two main causes: first, a cowardly desire to escape the natural consequences of bad deeds done, and secondly a belief that God like man is subject to anger, revenge, jealousy, hate, pride, and other human weaknesses, as well as being open to influence, fond of flattery, greedy for praise, and hungry for worship. All these qualities are distinctly named in the Old Testament as characteristics of the god Jehovah, who says: "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me," and so on, again and again.

The student of Theosophy can find in such passages a philosophic statement of the law of Karma veiled under the outer garb of exoteric tradition adapted to the use of a people emerging from barbarism and slavery. It is natural that a people in slavery should conceive their deity in just such a fashion. Cruelty would appear to them as the natural accompaniment of power and as the prerogative of a ruler. Justice would mean retribution and retaliation at the best; and forgiveness of sins would be the greatest favor that the slave could expect until the coming of a liberator who should give to the oppressed people the power to oppress others and to overthrow the rulers who had enslaved them.

Under such circumstances mercy would be the granting of favors which could only be won by sacrifice, by gifts, by flattery, or by some expression of humility.

Man was ordered to forgive his enemies only because "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord": man must not usurp the prerogative of his God. Thus the lawgiver indorsed the idea of retaliation and made it an attribute of God, allowing its exercise by man only within certain prescribed limits regulated by laws which appointed retribution for their infraction.

Man's laws are a fair indication of his own nature, and it is no mere witticism to say that "man created God in his own image." The pitiless cruelty revealed in the Bible-stories of the dealings of the Jews with the

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nations conquered by them, is all attributed to the direct command of their god Jehovah.

Polytheistic nations had gods as cruel and pitiless, but also they had gods of love and mercy; and it is to be supposed that these gods were also personifications of attributes peculiar to the people and consequently derived by them from their deities. Indeed, the more philosophical races seem to have considered the gods as the spiritual progenitors of man, as also his rulers, and so endowed with all human attributes. It was reserved for modern materialism to do away with the gods and to substitute chance or undirected evolution; or evolution directed by unintelligence, which later, in some mysterious way, evolves intelligence wherewith to account for its own existence, unintelligently.

When man endowed his God with the right to exercise revenge and to administer punishment, he naturally also allowed his deity to delegate this authority to specially appointed men, his representatives on earth; thus reaching the climax of absurdity, by means of which man endeavors to account for his own exercise of powers declared to be the attributes of his God.

But Theosophy expounds the law of Karma as the operation of divine intelligence active in every part and particle of the universe. It is not an arbitrary decree made by a capricious deity, but simply the operation of those forces which are inherent in the elements of nature, and which appear to us as cause and effect inseparably linked or interblended. This law of Karma is not blind chance, nor is it the will of a personal God. It is action and reaction, cause and consequence. It is creation and evolution, spontaneous and eternal. The will that is thus manifest is universal, divine intelligence, acting in unintelligent matter for its evolution.

In presence of such a conception how can we think of the forgiveness of sin except as a human device invented to mitigate the rigors of karmic law misunderstood, or deliberately misrepresented?

Human justice is notoriously unreliable; and being subject to human passion and prejudice must be tempered by mercy. But natural law, being inherently just, is not cruel; and so has no need to be tempered with any other quality. It is inevitable. Man's vengeance is cruel. It is the gratification of personal passion, or is an expression of fear and the personal instinct of self-protection by intimidation. So man is taught to temper his vengeance with mercy, and mercy is represented as a divine attribute when man feels the need of protection from the rigors of an angry god. Man's justice is vindictive retaliation.

In Theosophy we learn that compassion is the law of laws. What is this supreme law but the law of Love, impersonal and universal; the law

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of spiritual unity, which teaches man that his personal rights and feelings, his passion, and his vengeance, are all based on a misunderstanding of his own nature and of his relation to the world of which he is a part? Compassion is the power to feel the unity of the universe and the dependence of all on each and of each on all. "Compassion is no attribute." It is not devised as a corrective to an unjust law, but is itself the supreme law of interdependence, of universal brotherhood.

When this is understood, the right to judge and to condemn our fellows disappears. We may judge and condemn acts but not persons. Consequently we have no use for vengeance, knowing that already the consequence of the deed is assured, cause and effect being inseparable. Feeling our union with the offender we are anxious to share his responsibility rather than to add to his burden. We may seek to prevent a repetition of the offense, but we shall not fall into the error of imitating a wrong in the hope that in this way the original offense will be balanced. Thus sin changes its appearance and is understood to be mistakes due to ignorance of natural law. Compassion is the law of laws.

Naturally, if we have no right and no wish to condemn the sinner, there can be no thought of his forgiveness: there is nothing to be forgiven. The consequences of action are inherent in the action itself, and begin to operate at the moment that an act is performed or a thought formulated in the mind. Forgiveness cannot alter that. It merely implies a change of mind in the one who believes himself injured or aggrieved by the sinner.

The idea of personal rights is, however, so deeply rooted in the human mind of this civilization that it is necessary to take it into account, and to persuade men to refrain from exercising the imaginary right of vengeance by an appeal to their better nature, which urges them to forgive the wrongdoer.

The enlightened man will feel no resentment against one who injures him, for he will say: "the injury is undoubtedly part of my Karma and therefore I may safely accept it as such; and the wrong (if any) done by my injurer is already preparing to work out naturally its own reaction, so that there is nothing for me to resent, to condemn, or to forgive. I may regret the mistake my enemies are making and I must take steps to minimize the wrong. I may denounce their conduct and point out their errors; but if I retaliate and seek to injure them, then I descend to their level and indorse their mistake."

But the ordinary man cannot see things in this way. He feels that he is wronged and he yearns to right the wrong perhaps, or he simply gives way to his resentment, excusing his anger by calling it righteous wrath or virtuous indignation, and feels that he is further called upon to punish the wrongdoer or at least to see that the wrongdoer is punished.

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To save the injured man from the mistake of imitating the wrong done to him it may be right to call upon him to forgive the injury. So the Jewish reformer Jesus taught his followers not only to forgive injuries but even to love their enemies; and even this proved too much for them.

Possibly the failure of Christianity to put an end to retaliation, to violence, and to war, is due largely to the logical protest of the brain-mind, which argues that the duty to forgive implies the right to condemn and the right to punish. Given their choice between the law of love, which taught men to see no enemies anywhere, and the old law of retribution, the exacting of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, the people chose both. They based their laws upon retribution and retaliation, and kept the doctrine of love for religious contemplation, as a divine ideal hardly possible of realization on earth.

It was no doubt the loss of Theosophy that obscured the true meaning of the ancient law of Karma, and made it seem no better than a degrading fatalism on the one hand, or a rigid system of mechanical reaction on the other, that worked out on the moral plane as strict retribution, the right of revenge, and the duty of retaliation.

To a world sunk in materialism, the ideal of forgiveness of sins may seem divine, and in practise may prove a stepping-stone to wisdom. Jesus said "Love your enemies, do good to them that use you despitefully," and so on; and this was the teaching of the ancient schools of philosophy before his time, from which Gautama also drew his teachings of compassion.

Non-resistance of evil is also a way of stating the law of compassion which is but the expression of spiritual unity in the universe. All this goes far beyond forgiveness of sins; for it oversteps the idea of personal injury and resentment, of retaliation, or of forbearance from revenge.

Without a true understanding of the law of Karma, the injunction "Love your enemies!" is not intelligible and must remain a beautiful ideal instead of a practical law of life.

It may be argued with some show of reason that on this plane and on this earth, or at any rate in this phase of human evolution, the law of life is more justly stated in the popular doctrine known as "the struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest." That is to say the law of "every man for himself." There is no denying that our civilization is based on acceptance of this statement of conditions; but our moral code is tempered by an attempt to camoullage the facts by a veneer of brotherhood which is capable of being highly polished, but which is only a veneer.

The rationalist may approve of brotherhood as an ideal, but he agrees with Dryden that "self-defense is nature's eldest law," and so in practice he considers it his first duty to look after his own interests.

Social life fluctuates between these two laws, egotism and altruism,

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and becomes profoundly insincere in both: while the religionist postpones the realization of his ideal of love and peace, retaining it for use in some imaginary heaven, and only practises altruism here as an investment that will bring him a spiritual income of bliss in the after-world.

What says the Theosophist? Are these views of life correct? Probably he will say that there is some truth and much error in each of them. He may agree that egotism is universal on this earth in this stage of human evolution; but he might also say that the misery of life is due to man's lingering on the pathway of evolution, wallowing in selfishness, when he might as easily pass on to a higher stage of development, in which brotherhood would be recognised as the essential law of life. He might say the ideal will remain merely ideal until you make it practical; and then this state of things will end of its own accord. In fact, it seems that the law of the struggle for existence will rule our lives just so long as we collectively allow it to do so.

Humanity seems to have missed the path and got entangled in the bad lands of egolatry and strife, just as a traveler might wander into a swamp and lose courage there, not seeing the way out, and even coming to believe that there was no way out.

Theosophy is pure optimism; and optimism is a mysterious power. It is the power of the awakened soul making its influence felt here in this life as a guiding principle.

Our Leader in the Theosophical Movement, Katherine Tingley, is a great optimist as well as a great organizer, and also a great spiritual teacher. She has shown us that Theosophy is extremely practical as well as ideal; in achieving this realization of Theosophic ideals, she has lifted all those who faithfully follow her lead out of the swamp of pessimism in which so many had lost their way. For this she is entitled to the gratitude of all true Theosophists.


And what if some few slip back into the mud and vilify their benefactor? Does not history show us that this is the fate of every religious teacher? Misrepresentation is their lot, whether it be intentional or due to misunderstanding.

The message of Theosophy is still the same. It is one of hope in the exhaustless opportunities that life affords for progress, for liberation from ignorance and pessimism. It is a message of faith in the justice of divine law, which is the law of nature, and in the perfectibility of human nature.

The Theosophist does not pray for forgiveness, he accepts the inevitable results of past causes as lessons and opportunities. No failure is final but by his own repudiation of Theosophy. No one else can crush his optimism; for he learns to recognise his own divine nature: and optimism is the essence of divinity. The knowledge of it is his redemption.

PRINCIPLE VERSUS PERSONALITY

L. L. WRIGHT

NE thing that makes Theosophy so practical is the penetrating light it throws upon human conduct. The problems with which our newspapers are filled, the difficulties which beset educators, the despairing queries of parents - - all the endless bewilderment of the present day will yield at the touch of that key to psychology which is contained in the Wisdom-Religion.

An important reason for the failure of present systems to cure the evils of the age is due to man's ignorance of the absolute opposition in life of principle and personality. One of the chief ways in which our times have gone wrong is in the worship of personality. Having lost belief in his soul, man has set body and brain upon a pedestal. Achievement is measured almost entirely by externals. Selling-power, *cachet*, surface popularity, bluff, physical beauty or charm, are some of the superficial qualities which win rich prizes in the modern arena.

Of course we know it is all wrong. It is so wrong and so stupid that every preacher and social philosopher is busy telling us so. But men will not listen until they learn *why* it is wrong; and they will not act until they are given an entirely fresh and satisfactory point of view.

For personality we must substitute principle as the motive of human conduct. The reason why this is true becomes apparent once we have clearly defined the use which Theosophy makes of the two words.

By *Principles* we mean those fixed laws of conduct which have always existed as axioms in the moral life. These laws or principles are universal and are superior to customs, codes, and theologies. Such a law is justice - - a principle that, while it has often been temporarily obscured or misinterpreted by governments and religions, has always in the end found its champions and martyrs. In all principles of just conduct man's heart will be found as the guiding energy.

Personality, on the other hand, stands for the external, impermanent things of life. In the individual it is compounded of the limited and selfish aspects of the man. A nation's personality is always a very real thing. It manifests through a narrow patriotism, selfish economic interests, and all forms of national vanity and aggrandizement. The world is gradually awakening to the fact that humanism is greater than patriotism, and we are now earnestly striving to embody, if only in a limited form, this ideal.

The keynote of principle is brotherhood - - universal equity, liberty,

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and happiness. The keynote of personality is self-interest and externalism. It is founded upon the limited and temporary.

By contrasting a common application of these two points of view we can easily see why and how the former is superior. The ordinary problem of crime affords an illuminating example.

Society has always regarded the criminal from a point of view that is utterly selfish and 'personal.' We are accustomed to hear that criminals are sentenced to punishment 'in the interests of society.' Like all external ways of looking at things this is one-sided and shallow. The result has been that crime, in spite of our much vaunted progress, is as universal today as it has ever been and is in many respects more difficult to control than in past ages.

It was not until some man appeared with a heart big enough and insight keen enough to apply the principle of universal justice that the criminal was no longer regarded as a hopeless problem. Not personal justice — "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" — but universal justice was then applied to the law-breaker. The vision of the criminal as a product rather than a self-constituted enemy of society, as a man himself first wronged by heredity or environment before he wronged others, shows us that he needs justice and not punishment. This idea is gradually reforming our barbarous prison-system, rehabilitating many a criminal, and saving, through the probation plan, hundreds of young people from drifting into the criminal lists.

It is, however, the application of this rule of principle opposed to personality when applied to each individual that constitutes its highest value as a means for the solution of human problems. For to solve the moral difficulties of each one of us is to create a nation free from moral chaos.

The psychology of the Wisdom-Religion places the origin of principle in the intuition of man. For man is a dual creature composed of something external and transitory which we call his personality, and something inner and spiritual which is his immortal soul. It is not at all an uncommon thing to hear someone say: "O yes, he has a charming personality, but nevertheless he is a thoroughly unprincipled man!" We nearly all of us know people who have cruel natures and yet who can exercise consummate tact when it will serve their purposes. Instinctively we all acknowledge the existence of two standards within ourselves. There is the standard of self-interest and that of principle, and it is the conflict of the two that creates the drama of existence.

One of the greatest gifts of Theosophy to the present age is the clear vision that it affords of an inner and spiritual reality. It proves to us that immortality is both real and practical — that, in fact, the laws

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and principles of this immortal part of us are the only practical guide. Once realized, this sense of immortality transforms the personal, moody existence of every day. Life becomes something so intense, so vital, that, after once testing these inner standards by feeling and action, as well as experiencing their possibilities to stimulate growth in usefulness and richness of heart and mind, any other way of living appears futile.

Moreover, the point of view that all religions have been striving in vain to enforce in human society becomes apparent as the only sensible and permanent basis for social and economic law. Man, says the Wisdom-Religion, is an eternal being, a Ray of Universal Spirit evolving through the varied experiences of many lives on this earth; developing strength in sorrow and misfortune, knowing bliss and rest between each earth-life; reborn through perfect moral justice into conditions that he has helped to create for himself by the good actions or the mistakes of past lives. And thus progressing, suffering, creating, and triumphing, in company with all those whom it loves, the immortal soul learns at last the heart-lessons of humanity. Then can the race pass on to higher spheres.

From this immortal part of us we receive our knowledge of right conduct — our ideas of justice, mercy, purity, and love. When we sin against these intuitive principles we pay in suffering. And when a community or a nation sins against them it pays in crime-waves, in insanity, in wars and pestilence. Nothing but universal justice to every man concerned in any difficulty that arises in the nation or the community will save that situation from creating ultimate disaster to all so concerned. When we learn the practical, far-reaching results of this law how different will be the things done in our law-courts! And not until we have based our society upon these immortal principles will sin and suffering cease from among us. Not until men know themselves for immortal reincarnating souls will they change the shallow standards of mere personal living for the happiness of universal harmony and peace. Until that time comes there will be no sure justice in our law-courts, no hope of salvaging all criminals and derelicts, no civilization in the real sense of the word.

Look around and see the world filled with excellent men and women — pious, honorable, clean-living people. Yet is there not something in the very complaisance of their virtue that awakens despair? For these people do not *really* believe either themselves or other men to be immortal. If they did, they would never rest with buying and selling, with building homes, churches, and hospitals, prisons and asylums — they would go forth unresting to save humanity from itself.

This is the mission of Theosophy, the meaning of its service. No real Theosophist will be content to enjoy a merely worldly home while thousands are miserable and homeless; he will not accumulate wealth for him-


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self alone while there is poverty and crime in the world. No real Theosophist will cease working every day, at every personal sacrifice, to spread a knowledge of those truths which will rescue all men from misery and despair and establish them in spiritual liberty.

It is this inner spiritual motive, the principles of brotherhood as opposed to personal self-interest, that inspires the life at Point Loma. There, in the Râja-Yoga System established by Katherine Tingley, is an education that is creating a new race of mothers and fathers. There is germinating a civilization that shall be built upon a true psychology, the law of growth through service. Its laws will be founded upon the real nature of man and upon the eternal verities of the moral life of the heart.

THE ETIOLOGY OF DISEASE

C. L. HUNGERFORD, D. D. S.

T is one of the curious contradictions in human nature that all should shrink from physical suffering and put forth every effort to make it cease, and yet so assiduously, though perhaps with unrecognised intent, keep alive its moral equivalents: mental disquietude, selfishness, and sorrow.

It is self-evident that if this world was once a sterile, incandescent globe, what we now know as disease was entirely absent, and the purport of this article will be an attempt to show that the physical body of man, evolving on parallel lines with his mentality, grows naturally and harmoniously as the mind lends itself to the purposes of its incarnation; or begets disharmony and disease as the mind yields to the promptings of its molecular structure whose habits have been established in other kingdoms from whence they came into his body, and over which his mind now fails to exercise a control.

It is well recognised that an act performed by any set of cells will have a tendency to be repeated under analogous conditions. This is the basis upon which habits are formed, whether they be good or bad ones, as our bodies are composed of elements taken from the so-called lower kingdoms of nature, and having come into our economy, naturally tend to reproduce the acts with which they are familiar, thus in varying degrees swaying the mind to yield to those bodily sensations which the molecules themselves have found to be agreeable. The mind, having thus yielded to the promptings of the body, also tends to repeat itself, until an act, at first painful, eventually becomes agreeable, and we have established a habit, or a physiological process, if the habit is sufficiently prolonged.

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Now, as all nature makes for evolution, progress is only possible when life flows as a constant, steady stream through an unresisting vehicle. Then growth is painless and joyous; but if any impediment or cross-current is placed in the way by desires begotten of habits, then disease becomes a factor and pain is the result. For all such habits are contrary to the laws of evolution,—habit being simply the repetition of an act.

The healthy man needs no tonics. His pulse leaps without their aid; but humanity is not happy; it needs the stimulus of pleasure or pain to make it feel alive, and it never will be either healthy or happy so long as it habitually yields to any habit, whether one of pleasure or of pain.

All sensation commences with pain and all finally terminates in pleasure; but we must remember that pleasure ends in satiety or monotony, which is the most drastic form of pain known to humanity, and the latter end of that condition is worse than the first. The first is nature's warning that something is wrong. So the wise physician does not too soon give something to allay pain, but first endeavors to find the cause. The absence of pain in the case of any known lesion is a symptom of alarming gravity, for a body incapable of responding to pain is very near death. So, also, pleasurable sensation simply means the molecular response of acts that have become habitual to the molecules and, for the time being, agreeable; but if the habit is stronger than the informing principle which should govern it, the result is satiety, disgust, and disease.

Volumes could be filled in the elaboration of this idea, but what we want to find out is, how did the molecules or cells first come into the acquirement of a habit? The time never was when matter did not exist, nor will it ever hereafter cease to be. Substance is as eternal as spirit and must have forever carried its impress, whether for good or ill, for Spirit and Substance are but the opposite sides of the absolute *All*. The molecules of the universe, then, were never without their informing principle,—call it habit, chemical affinity, polarity, attraction or any other word that you may choose to express that atomic consciousness that is a part of all substance.

It will not do for the materialist to tell us that thought results from a mere fortuitous concurrence of molecules, for if thought *is*, it *was*, and it will continue to be, and there is nothing new under the sun, except change in form.

It is likewise true that old diseases are dying out with the old thoughts that begot them, and new and strange ones are springing into existence as the result of causes that lie deep in the minds of men. To this extent each man is, in fact and fancy, responsible for diseases, for with every thought he adds to the sum-total of the world's harmony or discord.

Mr. Ingersoll, when asked how he would improve on the works of the

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Creator, replied that he "would make good health catching instead of disease." Had he been as much of an observer as he was an idealist, he would have seen that good health and disease are equally catching as we have opened ourselves to either the one or the other, for men are creating their own bodies moment by moment. They are throwing the tendencies of the forces they have allowed to play through their brains upon every cell, and those tendencies, of necessity, become parts of their bodies. Is it likely then that the cells of the body will remain uninjured if dark, ugly moods are permitted to become master of a man? If they are repeated many times is it not natural to suppose that they will permanently alter -- in other words become diseased? After a manner, to be sure, which the microscope may not discover, but which is nevertheless profound, and affects, so to speak, the very life of the cell itself.

Knowing the currents that are rushing over the world today in its present condition, filled with beings ignorant of the purpose of life, it would be strange indeed if the earth were not covered and filled with disease. And then, consider the intimate relation between the mind and body, and that not a thought, which is a force, fails to exert its influence and make its imprint on the cells through which it flows, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that a discouraged humanity today may be suffering from a heritage begotten during the dark ages.

The object of life is the attainment of perfection, and all nature is making toward that end. She produces and preserves for a time, and then destroys her work; but nothing is lost or annihilated. The enlarged intelligence, the result of enlarged experience, builds for itself a more perfect form. Good and evil can have no existence *per se*, but are simply conditions depending on one's standpoint in the scale of evolution.

To look longingly below, because one has learned to do well the lower, and because incidentally it may be pleasurable, is at least a relative evil; to look to the unattained or the ideal, a relative good.

Pain is the outcome of evil and is nature's method of calling attention to the disturbance. Although we can find perhaps nowhere a perfectly healthy body, yet it has been sufficiently approximated to, for us to know the general method of its operation, and that it has a system that should yield perfect results. Frequent lack of health is not due to the inefficiency of the system, but to the interference caused by the evolving human mind. The mind possesses the power not only of receiving impressions but also of creating or embodying them. The thought of a lemon will so affect the salivary glands as to produce a flow of saliva. That is to say, through the mental creation of the sensation, the organ or set of organs to which that sensation belongs is physically affected; just as the sensation of sourness created in the mind will affect the salivary glands, in-

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crease the blood supply, and could doubtless, if continued daily, cause an enlargement of the glands, so the created sense of disease in some organ that is uneasy and out of gear could eventually affect that organ to its utter destruction. Is it not suggestive that a body which nature has formed perfectly suited to one mind would be totally inadequate to meet the needs of another?

Molecules group themselves to form cells. The cells combine to form organs, and though each has a specific function, it is subservient to the purpose of the organ; this, though a distinct entity, having duties which in no wise resemble those of any other organ, is yet dependent on every other organ; let any one fail, and the whole system is thrown out of key.

All the organs of the body are under the control of the nervous system which, in its turn, yields to the final authority of the heart, which with untiring energy sends its impulses to every ramification of the body. Let this energizing force which works through the heart withdraw itself, and the heart ceases to beat. The molecules, however, continue their separate existences, but disintegration sets in and the body, as an organism, ceases to be. But those molecules have been affected for good or bad results by the aspirations of the one who was the guide of the little universe they inhabited. When he dies he leaves them impressed with the color and force of his thought, ready to be used over again by other organisms in the building of other bodies. Thus a double responsibility devolves upon humanity by its thoughts and deeds: first, as to the effect produced upon matter that may be incorporated into other organisms; and second, upon the molecules themselves, their evolution being either aided or retarded by reason of the proper or improper use man has made of the matter that was placed in his charge.

Hermetic philosophy holds that man is a copy of the great universe; that he is a little universe in himself, governed by the same laws that govern the greater, only reduced in time and sweep. Thus, every cell is a life. Every life is part of the One Life.

It would be of small value to know the etiology of disease, unless, to some slight extent at least, it was suggestive of the remedy. Force being indestructible, it follows that the universal force is always unchanged in its totality, and plays in every direction with equal intensity. The amount of pressure that we receive from it, is regulated by the amount we consciously generate in ourselves. It rests with us to determine if this force shall play through us, or upon us.

Without referring to physical details, which of course must be attended to, I believe the mental attitude is of at least equal importance. A meal eaten under proper conditions nourishes and strengthens, the same meal eaten in sorrow or anger is liable to produce indigestion. A long

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breath taken in joyous relief at work well done, refreshes and energizes; a sigh further fatigues and depresses us; yet the action of the lungs and muscles has been almost the same in both cases. In combating bodily disease, the endeavor should be to discover nature's method of dealing with its correspondent on the larger scale, which is that of pushing it downward to a lower plane or the one of least resistance and thus getting rid of it. It is true that those who desire to work evil and are upon the downward path can, to a limited degree, command nature's forces for evil purposes, but they do so at their own peril.

All the force of the universe tends toward equilibrium, and mental destruction and bodily disease must attend those who seek to stem the current of the universe.

That all force works out on the line of least resistance, applies equally to diseases of the mind as well as of the body. The price paid for evil has always been suffering; and happy is the man who is permitted to pay his debt upon the physical plane.

It is axiomatic that all force is correlatable and if shifted from one plane, it must appear upon some other.

The conservation of energy cannot be confined solely to the material world, for growth would then be impossible. There could be but the repetition of some old act and never any progress toward a new one; but in the larger view, every organism is, in varying degree, a focus or transformer for the unmanifested, unexpressed energy of the world, and according to the measure of capacity of the conscious intelligence that is operating through that body, will evolution proceed; and this further fact seems to show that where there is no conservation of energy, there must be diffusion or disruption, or as the Bible has it: "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, . . . but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."

Even the microbe pest is probably leading a perfectly physiological life as the ground upon which it is feeding yields to its ravages, or is living a perverted one as resolution is taking place.

That new diseases are appearing amongst us, no well-informed physician will pretend to deny. They could not have sprung *de novo*, but somewhere and somehow must have had an adequate cause. That this cause lies in the mind, I am thoroughly convinced. I do not mean that right thinking will make a perfect body, free from disease, in a few months or years, for our bodies are the result of ages of thinking; but it would help to produce better bodies in the future. The breeding of animals trained to special acts is now pretty well understood; humanity begets its own offspring as a secondary consideration, and more thought is bestowed upon the breeding of animals than upon the begetting of men.

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That the emotional nature breeds toxins in the economy is now proved beyond controversy, and since it has at last received the mint-stamp of regularity, it is recognised by the medical profession at large. It will be a great day for humanity when authorities, in sorting over nature's facts, shall be willing to acknowledge others than those that seem to bolster up their especial prejudices.

To give an illustration, contrary to present opinions, one culled from the ancients who, at last, are beginning to receive a tardy recognition of their tremendous knowledge of the cosmos in general and of man in particular, it is said that "We die not from lack of life but from its excess." When we arise in the morning fresh and vigorous, it is because we have less vitality in our system than when we lie down at night worn out with the day's work. If life is omnipresent and enters into the composition of everything, it must be like water and assume the form of the thing into which it enters; but the human mind, like a great transformer, forces the body into more active vibrations during our waking hours than during our sleep; as a consequence, more of the life-principle will be forced into us, until the activity of the cells, forced far beyond their natural gait, becomes so excessive, that we are forced to take a rest. An uncurbed mind would in a short time disintegrate both body and brain. An engineer would say, we have to blow off a little of the surplus steam, and lucky is the man who can consciously put his finger upon that safety-valve.

There is in our social and business atmosphere a deadly ferment: its name is 'self.' It is the great heresy of separateness. Until we recognise that there is but one humanity, that we are all parts of the one life, just as there are many stars, yet there is but one light, that we have many brains but there is one Mind that fills them all, and each takes what he can; that man is of necessity his brother's keeper; that every thought we permit to enter into our minds adds to the sum of the world's happiness or misery — until we recognise and practice all this, there will be little hope of banishing disease. But I am optimist enough to believe that the dawn of that day has already broken; that he who from the mountain-top views the conflicting hosts, sees them even now making for a common goal. Some day they will meet and, joining hands — Capital with Labor, Science with Religion — there will be formed that mystic cross, within whose charmed circle humanity shall toil and sweat no more in vain, but man's feet be placed upon the path that leads to liberation.

In conclusion, let me say no man was ever converted to a *new* belief. If he comes into it, it is because it is the extension of a previous one. In other words, if a man has no experience with which to correlate a new idea, he cannot expect to approve or understand it. If he has no mental niche into which a fact can be shot, so much the worse for the fact — perhaps!

YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

M. M.

THE belated warm spell that was noted in Southern California recently, filled the clothing-stores with applicants for straw hats and alpacas. After having gone through all the summer without these luxuries, I found myself compelled to secure them at this late season. Munsing's was crowded, and while waiting my turn at the counter I was entertained by a somewhat acrimonious discussion between the clerk and an elderly, rather distinguished and foreign-looking customer. He seemed to be in trouble about his hat.

"What makes you send me this color, I can't think. I never wear it -- I *can't* wear it, it doesn't suit me!"

"I'm very sorry sir, but you know in your order you *did* say: 'felt hat, size seven, Stetson, color of no consequence.' "

"Yes, of course I did, but here I have been dealing with this firm for ten years and I naturally supposed you would know that I never wear mouse-color. It's sheer incompetence on your part. I fear this house is running down rapidly." And the old gentleman took his departure.

"He's right," said the clerk, turning to me, "it's ten years now he's dealt with us, and never an order of his that did not come back to this store at least three times for exchange. He's one of those parties whom no store will ever satisfy. Why, when he gets to heaven -- if he makes it -- God Almighty himself won't be able to fit his halo!"

On returning home the remarks of the clerk kept recurring to me. They bore out very well a thing I had observed in an acquaintance of mine --- Williams, at the bank. He never yet, to my knowledge, ordered anything from any store that reached him without delay or mishap and proved satisfactory. And yet he's not a fellow who changes his mind much. Yet he never gets what he thinks he's going to get when he orders it. I have never been quite able to make it out, because *I* always have such success in buying. I don't invest in a wide variety of worldly goods, but whatever I get comes satisfactorily, without delay, and rarely with any mistake. For one thing I make it a rule never to order a thing until I am really sure I want it; then I make quite certain that I know just exactly what it is that I am going to order, and what it will look like when I get it. Then I act upon the assumption that the firm I am dealing with not only does not know that I am in need of some particular article, but further is not even acquainted with the nature and appearance of the article they will find named in my order. Hence I am careful, definite,

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and explicit in my requisitions. I deal with reliable houses and send in my order with a perfect confidence and conviction that it will be satisfactorily filled — knowing that there is no reason or excuse for mistake or misunderstanding, and I get satisfactory service nine times out of ten.

I happened to be present the other day when my friend Williams was making out an order he was going to place with a firm in the east. Watching his proceedings I derived considerable illumination on the subject and came to a very definite conclusion. His attitude of mind in making out that order was anything but positive. His decision to put in the order was the result of a chance thought — by-the-way, as 'twere; he was in doubt as to what particular variety he wanted; he was very hazy as to the actual appearance of the variety of the article he did order, and as he sealed and stamped the envelop and put it in the mail he remarked somewhat dubiously: "Well, we'll trust to luck, and see how it comes out!"

Being a Theosophist, I am a believer in the power of thought and the power of personal psychology. And since I believe that both of these things transcend ordinary physical laws, I do not believe that matter or material distance counts for much in obstructing their action. This being the case, I am fully prepared to believe that that order of Williams carried a charge of negative thought-psychology that was calculated to affect any one through whose hands it passed. I can well picture that particular letter being *the one* out of several thousand that failed to get into a particular bag or a particular chute, that fell under another bag or box, that was misread and miscarried. Or in the event of those handling it being too positive to be affected by its negative charge, it is more than believable that one or another of the clerks in the New York firm receiving the order would be unaccountably absent-minded just at that moment, and on reading its contents get a very hazy and indifferent idea of what was actually asked for and so send off something quite different from what was requisitioned. And even if none of these possibilities eventuated, I am willing to wager that Williams, receiving the article he ordered safe and sound and according to specifications, would have sent it speeding home whence it came the very next day as being quite the wrong thing.

Yes, I really do believe we all get what we ask for. And since we very frequently are not at all sure what it is we want when we make a request, the response to it more than often distinctly displeases us. And the eternal 'hard-luck man' is often merely the man who is either too vacillating or negative ever to be perfectly clear about what he wants, or else fails to imbue his request with the positive thought-power that will be impelling and instructive to the giver. Viewed karmically, this idea may suggest an explanation for some of the strange conditions of human

YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

life we see about us. On every hand are people praying, asking, longing for things they think they want; in some cases their real want is for something much grander and greater than the thing they are praying for; in other cases the desired object is of a nature entirely different from the thing named in their prayers; in other cases still, while praying and longing for certain ends and consummations the supplicant systematically subverts their realization by the causes set in motion in his daily living.

Some of us, believing in a personal God, industriously put up our devotional requisitions to the Almighty for this and for that, forgetting many things in the meantime. Firstly, if our God is almighty, all-powerful, all-knowing, then he is likely to know far better than we do what is best for us, in which case our praying is superfluous and very probably will be without the results we would wish to bring about. Secondly, if he is *not* omniscient and omnipotent but merely a man drawn large, then he is apt to be in need of suggestions, not to say instructions, as to what to do and what not to do on our behalf. In this case, it is reasonable to suppose that if our suggestions in the form of prayers are of use to him, he will be guided by them. If he is, and the supplicant gets just what he asked for — which sometimes happens, whether the donor be a personal God or Immutable Law — then, ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the recipient is perfectly miserable because the realization of what he thought was his great desire, is so disappointingly different from the end he had in mind.

And for the man who has outgrown the personal-god idea and accepts the belief in Immutable Law governing the entire universe and balancing cause and effect, other issues are involved. Many of us who have reached this stage of progress are still fettered by a multiplicity of desires, wishes, likes and dislikes — far from being without attachment to results. Well now, there are desires and — desires. The duality of human nature precludes the possibility of nothing but evil desires. And if we wish our worthy, noble, and unselfish desires to be realized, there are two things we must do. Firstly we must learn to think clearly and have a definite understanding of just what it is we wish to accomplish or attain. Then we must see to it that we bend our energies intelligently and unitedly to that attainment so that the desired result shall be rationally brought about. Living in a world of action, it is our business to become proficient in the right performance of action.

Similarly, it seems to me that being endowed with a desire-principle, we are called upon to control and school that principle to righteous and becoming manifestation, which schooling consists largely in the discrimination between *wants* and *needs*. And then to train ourselves to exercise that desire-principle — along right lines — effectively and so as to bring

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about results. If I need an article of clothing it is my business to procure that article of clothing with the minimum unnecessary expenditure of energy, also with the minimum of thought and care on the part of those through whose hands my order must pass. It is not fair for me to be content to half-formulate the need in my own mind, put it into requisition-form carelessly expressed, make it necessary for some one else to do the major part of the thinking and deciding; allow them, after having gone to this trouble on my behalf, to send me the article, and then (because the result of their earnest efforts to make something concrete and intelligible out of my rigmarole and to supply me with the required commodity, so far as they were able to make it out, is unsatisfactory) for me to send it back and indignantly demand something quite different — which I *thought* I ordered!

And the same principle applies on the moral plane. It is a bootless task quarreling with circumstances and events. As regards those immediately confronting us we are required by common sense to bear in mind that they are of our own making in the past, and if they do not suit us, then it is time to make an examination of the person who brought them into being — ourself. First of all let us make perfectly sure that some other imaginary state of happiness would *really* be satisfying and pleasing to us; assured of this, let us next see if we are sincere in our desire for it up to the point of actually setting in motion those currents and energies in our lives which will bring such a state to pass. “Ask and ye shall receive” is a very simple statement, but it is almost unfathomable in its significance, and appallingly true. We all really and truly *get what we ask for* — only, the asking is done in many ways, and frequently while we are asking for one thing with our lips, our thoughts and actions are drowning every word we utter with their deafening insistence upon some other consummation entirely different in character. And when we get the thing we have *made to order for ourselves* instead of the thing *we thought we asked for*, we find fault with God and the Universe and consider ourselves abused!

The karmic factory, if we may be permitted the term, is a very businesslike concern and fills its orders literally when *received*, taking no notice of hypothetical deals and issuing no samples of its stock. The life of every man is in itself an aggregation of karmic requisitions made on many planes of his being, which Karma will inevitably and with absolute accuracy satisfy. The sooner a man understands this, the sooner will he learn to be more accurate in the formulating of his demands and also more cautious as to the demands he makes. Here, as in everything else, he finds that the trouble is not with God, or the Universe — in other words, not with some one or something else — but with *himself*. As a writer in

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one of the current magazines said lately, we are not in need of a new gospel, what we *are* in need of is the personal application *to ourselves* of a few of the essential verses of the gospels we have already. "The question is not only, What's in a gospel?" says the writer, "but, How are you going to apply it? Unless the cover is stamped 'This means you, today,' it really doesn't matter much what's inside the cover. Whether it's the old gospel, or a new gospel, if any particular good is to come of it you've got to take it right home with you personally."

And so, to get back to our starting point, let us become thoroughly convinced that we get just what we ask for, and — ask accordingly.

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R. MACHELL

(Concluded from the August issue)



ACTING on Mark's suggestion, Margaret returned to the cottage, and the two men watched the disappearing form with new emotions.

The artist noticed that the graceful little figure seemed to have gained in dignity, even in actual size as the distance neutralized its relativity. All size is relative. But there was something assured, some subtil sense of power revealed in the poise and gait, that he had not hitherto observed. For the first time he realized that she occupied a place in his imagination that had hitherto stood empty. From the first she had appealed to his sympathy in a peculiar manner and had evoked in him a certain reverence; but it had been the kind of reverence a man may feel for a child whose deep innocence awes while it amuses him. She was so entirely unlike the women he had known that she had scarcely appeared to belong to the same category. Suddenly she had become human.

His attitude towards women generally was tainted with cynicism, not entirely unjustified by his experience. But he had not classified Miss Margaret as a woman. She stood apart. Now, her humanity distressed him; for he too was human; and he had not learned to reverence humanity.

To Mark she was as wonderful as a mother's first baby, to which there is nothing comparable in heaven or on earth.

Filled with their thoughts of her the two men turned to the manor-house to find out how it fared with the sick man. They found him resting and forbore to question him. Mark knew enough to recognise the symptoms of collapse, and Malcolm Forster was alarmed at the change in his friend's appearance. He looked like an old man worn by disease and weak with age.

When the doctor came, he was informed of the stranger's sudden seizure. Malcolm Forster told who the sick man was and how he had long suffered

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from heart-failure in a milder form, and Mark gave some account of what had happened. Then they went up to see the patient, who bitterly resented the malady that he could not refuse to recognise. They found him sitting on the bed, trying to persuade himself that this attack would pass as others had.

But the doctor shook his head, and after listening to his heart and noting his pulse he told his patient to make up his mind to a short period of complete rest. Hearing of Mark's medicine, he smiled and asked to be allowed to taste it himself before expressing an opinion. Mark poured out a glassful of the old brandy and the doctor expressed an approval that was obviously sincere.

He took it for granted that Señor Morra would stay at Crawley till he was fit to travel, and prescribed a diet, adding that he would go home and make up a tonic and a sedative, with full instructions for their use in case of a return of the symptoms. He spoke with perfunctory cheerfulness to the patient, who submitted with bad grace to being treated as an invalid, declaring that in a short time he would be well enough to walk to the inn; at which the doctor merely smiled.

Leaving him there protesting, they went downstairs. Then the doctor closed the door and spoke seriously, saying the case was too far advanced to allow of any hope for a recovery, though the man might live some time longer if he avoided all excitement or violent exercise. On the other hand he might die at any moment. He warned Mark to be prepared, and suggested that Mr. Morra be advised to let his family know of his condition.

Mark asked the artist to undertake this and to stay there with his friend, while he himself would drive the doctor home and bring the medicine back with him.

Forster agreed to this plan, and went upstairs to soothe the irritation of his unfortunate friend.

Morra was indignant at first, but soon regained his suavity of manner. He regretted the absence of Miss Maragaret, watching his friend to see how much he knew of the real situation. Forster was not inclined to pry into other people's intimate affairs and showed no sign of curiosity, though he had guessed that there was some tie between Morra and the 'little lady' of the manor-house. As they were both musicians, the tie might be professional, or more intimate; but whatever it was, it certainly did not concern him in any way. The vigor with which he insisted on this point in his own mind should have warned him that his interest in the matter was deeper than he cared to admit.

The unwelcome guest, as indeed he knew himself to be, seemed on the verge of a confession of some sort, but Forster suddenly became unresponsive and talked of other matters. Usually his friend could count upon him as a sympathetic listener, but the painter rather pointedly avoided the subject of the absent hostess. He nearly betrayed himself when he was told by Morra that she had gone to London. After that he was on guard. He gave the doctor's message laughingly, as if it were a joke, particularly the part

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referring to the patient's family. But Morra took it very seriously, saying:

"I will write a letter, certainly, and give it into your keeping to deliver if I should die suddenly. Will that do? Will you take charge of it?"

Forster agreed, and changed the subject. Rebecca brought some luncheon on a tray, and told the artist that dinner would be ready when the master got back; taking it for granted that he would stay for the meal. Meanwhile he did what he could to keep his friend in a good humor, avoiding serious topics. Later, when Mark returned, the artist asked his host for writing-material and arranged a table by the bedside, leaving the patient to write while he himself went down to join his host and Tony at dinner.

Tony knew nothing of his sister's visit in the morning, and was afraid to ask if Mark had seen her, as she was supposed to be on the way to London. Forster, afraid to 'put his foot in it,' was cautious, and Mark was embarrassed. At last he bethought him of the doctor's message and asked the artist if he had met the wife of Mr. Morra. Forster replied that there was no wife, so far as he knew; but he supposed there were relations whom he had never met.

"He never spoke of being married?" inquired Mark.

"Never in my hearing," replied the artist, "but then that does not mean that he was not married. You know a professional man may have a wife who does not go into society, for reasons. That often happens. He may be married for aught I know. He is going to write a letter for me to deliver in case he should die suddenly, so that will be attended to; but really he seems much better and will be able to go back to London in a day or two, no doubt."

The afternoon was sultry and a thunderstorm was brewing; soon the first drops began to fall and the sky darkened ominously. Forster was easily persuaded to wait a while, and the three men sat watching the storm which broke over the sea close by. Upstairs the sick man slept and dreamed of an initiation he was called upon to undergo in the secret temple cut out of the rock beneath the house. To reach the entrance he had to go down the secret stairway in the cupboard and cross the open well beneath by means of the rotten plank that would not bear his weight. Juanita waited for him on the other side smiling contemptuously at his fears. She had crossed over and was moving along a passage towards a distant light and he was left behind there on the brink of the dark well. He nerved himself and sprang to cross the open space, but slipped and fell upon the floor. . . . The thunder was so loud that no one heard him fall; and he lay there with the little table overturned and the ink making pools upon the unwritten pages of the letter to his wife.

The wind had followed close upon the rain and now was howling through the trees, and Mark sat listening just as he did that night the coastguards came to call him to the wreck. He thought of the sick man in the room upstairs and wondered if the spirits of the storm had come to fetch him home. It was on such a night Dick Cayley died.

And in old Sally's cottage the daughter of Dick Cayley sat and watched

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the lightning tear the dark clouds open to release the flood that fed the thankless ocean. She shuddered at the memory of other storms and of the horror of the night when she was nearly drowned, and then remembered who it was that now was dying over at the manor-house; for she had felt that it was so. She could not pity him, his life had been so evil that its ending could be nothing but a benefit to all, himself not least. And then she thought of Mark and blessed him, and the parting clouds let the sun shine through as the storm swept up the coast, and all the air seemed purified.

At Crawley there was quiet in the house. Hearing no sound from overhead they all concluded that the patient was asleep, but as the sun began to set Rebecca went upstairs to see if all was well, and found the man lying dead upon the floor beside the bed. She stood and contemplated what appeared to her a special mark of God's protection to the house. The meaning of the storm was clear, for in the fury of the lightning she had seen the passing of a soul accursed, and in the thunder heard its doom pronounced. Her God was pitiless but just. The sins of Morra were unknown to her, but Mark had said he was Miss Margaret's enemy; that was enough. If he were not damned for that there was no justice either in heaven or on the earth, so she thought. She did not hurry to announce the news; but let her fancy brood awhile upon the mysteries of doom, how the avenging god of her imagining follows up his victim to the uttermost ends of earth, and executes him in dramatic style with thunder and lightning, as in the present instance.

When Mark was told, he too had something of that peculiar feeling that accompanies what might be called a dramatic display of divine retaliation; and when he saw the position of the body he could not fail to connect it with the secret stairway. He decided to screw down the trap-door and so cut off communication with the underworld.

He told Jonas to harness the mare again and drove over to the doctor's house to ask him to come back and certify the cause of death, in order to avoid an inquest in the house. He knew the value of respectability and did not wish inquiries to be made concerning a death that might appear mysterious, occurring in a house with such an evil reputation.

The doctor was at home and went with Mark to see the dead man; he was able to certify that death was due to natural causes. That done Mark asked if Malcolm Forster would accompany him to call upon the vicar and ask him to allow the body to be buried in the parish church-yard. This was easily arranged; and so the proprieties were satisfied, and gossip anticipated. No one in Easterby was likely to connect this foreigner with anyone at Crawley. So when the funeral took place there was but little interest excited, and life went on as usual at the old manor-house so far as could be ascertained by the most pertinacious gossips.

And yet when Margaret went back there, she was conscious of a change in the mental atmosphere. Nor was she at a loss to account for it; the ghosts of the past had lost their hold upon her, and at the same time her memory was restored. She had outgrown her fear and gained self-confidence.

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The old haunting ghosts were now no more than dead moths in a garment to be brushed off at will.

Mark saw the change, and marveled at the quiet dignity that carried with it a suggestion of conscious purpose. Her eyes had that deep steadfastness that sometimes makes a child's glance so embarrassing to men and women of the world. To him she was more wonderful and beautiful than ever; while he in his simplicity to her seemed wise and beneficent beyond the measure of such men as she had met. He was content to see no further than the next step on the path; while her imagination leaped to distant heights that crowned the path they both desired to tread in full companionship.

And Tony loved them both, and tried to live up to their ideals. Crippled in body, he made calls upon his own imagination that could lift him up to heights he might not have desired to scale if fate had not robbed him of his opportunity for physical adventure.

A change was noticeable too in Malcolm Forster, who seemed to have lost some of his first enthusiasm for the high ideals of Theosophy, while concentrating all his spare energy upon the intellectual aspect of occult philosophy. After the funeral of his friend Morra he returned to London, where his work was in demand and he himself sure of a welcome in houses of people who could make life pleasant to a young man of talent, but whose hospitality was a veritable narcotic to the soul. His interest in the phenomena of psychism and thaumaturgy brought him into association with people who cared not at all for any ethical principle or 'mere' humanitarian application of Theosophy, but who were eager in their search for weird experiences and means of intercourse with the unseen universe.

Several times he planned visits to his friends at Crawley, but always some pressing invitation came to interfere with his half-formed plans. And so their paths diverged; their correspondence waned and ceased.

With the death of Madame Blavatsky, his interest in the Society that she had formed and nursed so lovingly, died too; and soon he dropped his membership.

But it was otherwise at Crawley with Mark Anstruther and his adopted family. Their interest grew deeper as time passed, and the feeling grew upon them all in various degrees that they were not doing what they might to spread the light. It seemed as if they were out of touch with the heart of the movement, which at the death of Madame Blavatsky had moved westward across the Atlantic Ocean, and then in a few years more across the continent to the 'golden west,' which had been more or less a home to all three of them in the dark days that now had dropped into the dim past.

Time, the magician, had dropped veils of amethyst and opal haze upon the harsh and sordid savagery of those early days; and all the bitterness of failure was transmuted into the pure gold of rich experience. And now the star of a new hope was shining, the star of Universal Brotherhood; and a ray from that bright star flashed on the little group in the old manor-house

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when Mark got the news that over there upon a sacred hill beside the western sea was rising a temple dedicated to the service of humanity, that would become the Mecca of all true Theosophists.

Of old he had gone westward, friendless and alone, in a crowd infected with the fever of imaginary gold, scarce hoping for success, foredoomed to failure. Now he would go with a new hope, not friendless nor alone, seeking no earthly gold, but only opportunity to serve the cause that must eventually redeem humanity from its self-inflicted woes, a cause in which each failure is a step towards success and each success a spur to nobler effort.

THE END