THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of hearts
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.— *Horatius Bonar*

THE INSPIRATION AND FOUNDATION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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An Address given at Isis Theater, San Diego

THE original Theosophical Society was founded by H. P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875, and continued under her direction so long as she lived; she was its teacher and inspirer. When she passed away she handed on the work to one of her pupils and co-workers, who was also co-founder with her — William Q. Judge. It was continued by him so long as he lived; and when he passed on it was found that he had appointed Katherine Tingley to carry on the work which he had received from Mme. Blavatsky; and this work has since been carried on under the direction and inspiration of Katherine Tingley.

Now, there are some in this audience who can go back in thought to the year 1875; some can go back further than that, and can remember many of the conditions of the world at that time. There are two things that stand out in my school-day recollections — the Franco-Prussian War, and a little later the Russo-Turkish War; and looking back, it is very easy to see that there was then being staged the last great war. I can remember also the great attention that was being paid to certain noted scientists and writers. Many of you no doubt are acquainted with

Draper's work — *The Conflict between Religion and Science.* The conflict was very acute at that time, as is shown by that book and by others. There were then, as there are now, the two great forces which are ever in conflict, each ever striving for mastery against the other — the spiritual and the material, but at that time the spiritual was almost entirely obscured. The world, and the thinkers of the world, and even the religious instructors and leaders, were turning more and more to the teachings which had been brought forward during the middle years of last century, very largely as a result of the marvelous researches of Darwin; and the whole of the spiritual life of humanity was being undermined and sapped by the 'scientific' theories that came to be popularly known as 'Darwinism.'

Every Theosophist pays homage to the work and researches of Darwin, though they do not accept all his conclusions, and certainly do not accept the conclusions which went much further than Darwin himself went — namely, that the ancestry of man is to be looked for in the anthropoid apes. Just consider what follows from the acceptance of such ancestry, and then you will understand what it was that menaced the thought of the world at that time: the utter forgetting and obscuration of all the spiritual teachings of the ages, that man — the real man — was not animal, but divine; and strange to say, even the clergy, and many of the most noted of the clergy today, accept the animal ancestry of man.

On the other hand, however, while we have Darwin and Huxley and Spencer and Haeckel, all of whose teachings were tending in that direction, there were others whose researches were in other fields and whose teachings tended in the opposite direction. There was the work of Professor Max Müller, the splendid ideals and work of Victor Hugo; and many others might be mentioned. But I simply call attention to the work of Max Müller in his translation of the Hindû Scriptures, bringing back, but unfortunately only to scholars, some knowledge of the spiritual teachings of antiquity, though he failed often in his interpretation of them. But something was lacking; something was needed; the spiritual forces were unrelated to the common daily life of humanity.

Every cause that is worthy of the name is, to a degree, inspired. You will remember, no doubt all of you, the description in *Genesis* that speaks of the creation of man, "into whose nostrils was breathed the breath of life." And if a Cause, or a Society, or a Movement, is to have any power in the world, there must be breathed into it the breath of life. Forty or fifty years ago it seemed almost as though the soul-life of humanity was passing out of sight entirely: there was a need that it should be revived; there was the need of breathing into the soul of humanity, once again, the breath of life.

Every great cause, every society and movement of any real worth,

can be traced back to one person as the originator; and in the latter part of last century there was one who saw the great need of humanity — Mme. Blavatsky. And while we speak of her as the Founder, as indeed she was, of the Theosophical Movement and the Theosophical Society, she herself said in respect to the teachings that she brought, that she did not originate them; that they were not hers in that sense, but that she had received them from those who sent her. She used practically those words in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*. And if you study Theosophy, and particularly the writings of Mme. Blavatsky — for I would like to say here that no one can be considered a student of Theosophy unless he is a student of the writings and teachings of Mme. Blavatsky — if you will study Theosophy, you will find that its teachings are but a restatement of teachings which are to be found at the basis of every one of the great world-religions and world-philosophies, and which are the very basis of all the scientific teachings of the ages.

Theosophy is not religion merely, nor religion and philosophy merely; it is also science. It was just this trinity of conception, if I may so call it, that was needed in the world at that time. Science, the so-called science, had broken man's faith — that is, the faith of those who were not simply blind believers. Science had become wholly materialistic; religion, a matter of creed and dogma, losing touch more and more with the everyday life of the people. Thus the great need was for a teaching which would satisfy not merely the spiritual side of man's nature, but which could meet and explain the scientific position. And that is what Theosophy did and does.

Now, in one sense, the inspiration of the Theosophical Society is Mme. Blavatsky herself. From another standpoint the inspiration of the Theosophical Society is Theosophy. But no abstract teachings ever originated anything in the world. The teachings of Theosophy — the ancient Wisdom-Religion — have always existed; they existed when man first became man, and when the human race as a child, if we may so compare it, was taught by divine instructors. Theosophy has always existed: it existed forty-five years ago, when Mme. Blavatsky originated the Society, just the same as it exists today; but it did not then exist as a living power in the consciousness of humanity — as a compelling power in the consciousness of the people. And so, while Theosophy is the inspiration of the Theosophical Society, we must look also to Mme. Blavatsky as its inspiration, because she had 'vision' — and I use this word in the sense in which it is used in the scripture: "where there is no vision, the people perish." She had vision not only of the then condition of humanity, but of whither it was tending, vision of its needs and its possibilities, and vision of its hope. She had had very wide experience;

she had visited almost every country of the globe; she knew society from top to bottom. While she herself had come from one of the noble families of Russia, in her travels she had contacted the sorrowing, the suffering, and even the degraded, and she herself had known suffering and hardship and persecution. She knew all the pains and the tribulations and the sorrows of humanity, and she had ever sought for that knowledge that could remove them. In her first great work, *Isis Unveiled*, written in the seventies of last century, she speaks of how she had visited the great scenes of antiquity, where there had been knowledge in past ages; how she had searched the ancient literatures and the wonderful teachings that are to be found only on certain monuments written in hieroglyphics, seeking everywhere for some knowledge, some clue to the mysteries of human life and human suffering. And she speaks also of the teachers whom she found, of those who afterwards sent her, as she wrote in *The Secret Doctrine*, to found a society and give this philosophy to the world.

So she had vision in those two directions: as to the conditions and needs, and also as to the hope, of the world — the hope which was to be found in bringing back again into man's consciousness the long-forgotten knowledge that was his heritage, the long-forgotten knowledge that man is not the product of the animal; that man, the real man, never was an animal; for no matter where his physical body may have come from, he, the real man, is a child of the gods.

But with all this something more was needed, and that Mme. Blavatsky also supplied: the power, the force of example. She was not a theoretical teacher, an arm-chair philosopher; what she taught she lived; and it was because of that, because of her absolute sincerity, that she could inspire the Theosophical Society; that she could inspire those of her pupils who have remained faithful from that day to this. And above all, she gave inspiration to William Q. Judge, her pupil, her colleague as she calls him, and her successor.

Many movements, both in the far past and in recent years, have been started, seemingly with an inspiration back of them, which later came to naught. It is not enough, for instance — referring again to the illustration that I gave, of breathing into man's nostrils the breath of life — it is not enough that it should be breathed into him once; he must intake from the life-giving atmosphere around him, into his lungs, life with every breath that he draws; and similarly there must be a constant inspiration, if a cause or a society or a movement is to continue to be a living cause, a living society or a living movement. The Theosophical Movement and Theosophical Society, which now has for its name the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, *is a living society today*, and for this very reason — that its inspiration has never ceased from the moment when

it was founded. The same inspiration that was in Mme. Blavatsky's work is in the work now: the same high purposes, the same knowledge, we may say — although, of course, every Teacher differs naturally in some respects with regard to knowledge, for each has his or her message to give, his or her own special work to do. After Mme. Blavatsky the work passed into the hands of William Q. Judge, and he was its inspiration: and the inspiration of the present work of the Society, as I said in the beginning, is Katherine Tingley; and it is because of her ever-present inspiration that the Theosophical Society is the power in the world that it is today.

Now is there any doubt as to the power that Theosophy is in the world today? It has permeated the whole of the thought-life, the literature, and drama of our age. And as I said before, Theosophy as a mere intellectual abstraction, however great, never could be a power in the world; there must be the embodiment of it; and that embodiment is in the Society, and primarily in the Teacher; first in Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, then in William Q. Judge, and now in Katherine Tingley; and it is because it is embodied that it is such a power. There are two lines along which we can see that Theosophy is such a power in the world; one of those lines is the constant attacks that are made upon the Theosophical Movement, and we can look for them to continue. Anything that stands for the highest and the noblest and the purest and the best in human life will always be attacked by that which stands for the opposite. Speaking abstractly, evil always attacks good, because good threatens the very existence of evil, and we can apply this in relation to the Theosophical Movement and Society. And the other line which shows the power that Theosophy is in the world today is to be seen in the increasing attention that is given to the Theosophical teachings by the thinkers of the world and the seekers after Truth, and in literature and in the drama. The teachings of Theosophy are permeating every line of thought and activity, and that in itself is evidence that there is still inspiration — a continuous inspiration — that makes this Society a living Society.

Now as to the foundation of the Theosophical Society! I have spoken mainly of its inspiration and tried to show that it is continuous, and must be continuous, and that we can look for it right along into the future, seeing that the Society is a living Society and that its teachings are rooted in the basic facts of life. But there is something further that should be said about the foundation of the Theosophical Society, which also helps to show what is the inspiration back of it; because it gives again the answer to the needs of the world, and not only the needs of the world at the time the Society was founded. but the needs of the world today; and it shows, I think, that the Founder of the Society, Helena Petrovna

Blavatsky, and her Teachers saw the necessity of founding it in just the way that it was founded, and of outlining its objects just as we have them. They saw, as I said, that something was being staged that would inevitably come to pass; and that were there not something that would uphold the spiritual life of humanity and maintain it against all obstacles and attacks, the cataclysm that was coming would ingulf humanity.

The first of the objects of the Society is as follows: to establish a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, and to demonstrate that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of Humanity. There was nothing at that time more needed than to establish a nucleus and spread the idea of Universal Brotherhood, in view of what was coming and what, we have since seen, has come. If there had not been a few people in the world — and there are many more than perhaps any of us dream — if there had not been a few people in the world who believed in Universal Brotherhood; who believed in other words that all men are brothers, that all nations are parts of the same human family; then we might have been overwhelmed absolutely and irreparably in the recent cataclysm. But there have been and are those few who, through all the terrors of the late war, have held to that idea of Universal Brotherhood, and there are many more, and more with each year, who are thinking and speaking about it now. The idea and teaching which above all things else — the one idea, the one teaching — was needed in the world at the time of the foundation of the Theosophical Society, was that of Universal Brotherhood.

And the other objects support and supplement the first; the second, to study the ancient religions and literatures of the world — that also was needed. It was needed in order to make men understand that Universal Brotherhood is not a mere sentiment but is founded upon fact and truth — that Universal Brotherhood is a fact. It was needed to recall to man the knowledge that he was divine in essence, that he, the real man inside, was not of animal parentage, but of divine parentage, and heir to the wisdom of the ages. And the third object, to investigate the inner powers of man, and give to man the knowledge of what he is in himself, also follows on naturally from the other two, that man may find the answer to that injunction, that command of the Delphic Oracle: "Man, know thyself."

Now, surely we can see that not only in its inspiration, but in its objects, the Theosophical Society has a unique place in the world today. I do not know where you will find another Society which has that knowledge back of it which the Theosophical Society has. It has all truth back of it. That does not mean to say that any one of the Theosophical students knows all truth; but Theosophy itself is Truth, and as our

knowledge of its teachings widens, so do we see more and more how secure are the foundations of the Theosophical Society. Furthermore, I do not know where in the world today you will find another movement that has the inspiration of three such Teachers such as we have — two who have passed on, but whose work and whose life still exist as a living inspiration, and one who is our present Leader and Teacher. And it is by following these two lines of thought that we can see why Theosophy and the Theosophical Movement mean so much to the members of the Universal Brotherhood and the Theosophical Society today; and it is because, also, of these two lines of thought that I hold Theosophy and the Theosophical Society to mean so much in the life of the world today. For the world needs an inspiration; and who can doubt it — who that knows anything of the condition of things as they are at the present time? Even the most conservative newspapers and magazines of the world, and the most conservative thinkers, speak about the appalling condition of things, and not in any way as a mere figment of the imagination.

In conclusion let me quote just one sentence that I read a few days ago in the Literary Supplement of the London *Times:* "We see the social fabric shaken or shattered in one country after another." That is what the thinking men and women of the world find today — the social fabric shaken or shattered in one country after another. Is there not need of something to stem the tide of disintegration? What can supply the need? What else but Truth, what else but knowledge, and what else supremely but example, and inspiration, and life; and all these things are to be found in the Theosophical Society. Theosophy is the philosophy of life, a philosophy and a religious spiritual teaching that is to be found underlying, and in part expressed in, every one of the great religions of the world. Every one of the wonderful and pure teachings of Jesus are Theosophical teachings, and are so held by every member of the Theosophical Society.

Theosophy is knowledge of the needs of humanity. Each one of us, if we have taken only one step along the Theosophical path, has found this to be so and, from the little knowledge thus acquired, has seen the promise, at least, of a solution of life's problems; and the promise, too, of wider and wider knowledge. For Theosophy is indeed the 'science of life,' the 'art of living,' and for the revival in our day of this science and art the world is eternally indebted to our Teachers, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley. The inspiration of our lives comes from them, from their teaching and example. And so I say that the Theosophical Society, because of its inspiration, because of its foundation and its objects, and because of the life and example of its Teachers, stands today as the one hope and shield of humanity.

SOME NOTES ON EVOLUTION

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AMONG recent British Association addresses we notice here the following, 'Some Problems in Evolution,' by Professor Edwin S. Goodrich, F. R. S., taking our references from the extracts printed in the American *Scientific Monthly*.

The fundamental problem of biology, says the lecturer, is how are the factors of an organism changed, or how does it acquire new factors? And he confesses that little advance has been made in this important problem since the time of Darwin, who considered that variation must ultimately be due to the action of environment. But, to say that mutations are due to the mixture or reshuffling of pre-existing factors is merely to push the problem a step farther back, as we must still account for the origin and diversity of these factors. And the same objection applies to the suggestion that the complex of factors alters by the loss of certain of them. To account for the progressive changes observed in evolution, we must suppose that new factors have been added from time to time.

Another important point which the lecturer considers is "What share has mind taken in evolution?" On this he says:

"From the point of view of the biologist, describing and generalizing on what he can observe, evolution may be represented as a series of metabolic changes in living matter molded by the environment. It will naturally be objected that such a description of life and its manifestations as a physico-chemical mechanism takes no account of mind. Surely, it will be said, mind must have affected the course of evolution, and may indeed be considered the most important factor in the process. Now, without the least wishing to deny the importance of the mind, I would maintain that there is no justification for the belief that it has acted or could act as something guiding or interfering with the course of metabolism. . . .

"Since, so far as living processes are known and understood, they can be fully explained in accordance with these [general laws of physics and chemistry], there is no need and no justification for calling in the aid of any special vital force or other directive influence to account for them. Such crude vitalistic theories are now discredited, but tend to return in a more subtil form as the doctrine of the interaction of body and mind. . . . But, try as we may, we cannot conceive how a physical process can be interrupted or supplemented by non-physical agencies. Rather do we believe that to the continuous physico-chemical series of events there corresponds a continuous series of mental events inevitably connected with it; that the two series are but partial views or abstractions, two aspects of some more complete whole, the one seen from without, the other from within, the one observed, the other felt. One is capable of being described in scientific language as a consistent series of events in an outside world, the other is ascertained by introspection, and is describable as a series of mental events in psychical terms. There is no possibility of the one affecting or controlling the other, since they are not independent of each other. Indissolubly connected, any change in the one is necessarily accompanied by a corresponding change in the other. The mind is not a product of metabolism, as materialism would imply, still less an epiphenomenon or meaningless by-product.

"The question, then, which is the more important in evolution, the mental or physical series, has no meaning, since one cannot happen without the other. The two have evolved

together *pari passu*. We know of no mind apart from body, and have no right to assume that metabolic processes can occur without corresponding mental processes."

Commenting on the above, we would first remark on the attitude often assumed by scientific men in discussing evolution: that they do not profess to deal with the psychological or philosophical aspects of the question, but only with the objective side. The latter alone, they say, concerns them, and they will not attempt — they are even incompetent — to deal with the other sides. But how far is such an attitude valid? Is it possible thus to carve up the body of the knowable and to study one member apart from the others? Only to a limited extent, we say. A doctor may learn a certain amount about a member or an organ of the human body, by studying it alone; but if he wants to know all about it, he must consider the anatomy and physiology of the whole body, of which it is a part. And so with evolution: we may study it within certain limits from the objective side; but, by thus confining ourselves, we shall not only remain ignorant of what lies beyond, but shall also be handicapped in our own special branch.

By sensory observation we see the processes of evolution being worked out; and the question arises, Is this which we see a complete machine, containing its own motive power, or is it acted on by some extraneous power which does not come within the ken of our senses and scientific instruments? If the latter, can we safely ignore that extraneous power?

Evolutionists seem to have started with the idea of deriving the complex from the simple, and to have ended with admitting the necessity of presupposing the complex: which stultifies the original theory. How does an organism acquire new factors? The notion that a mere shuffling of bricks will produce a house has had to be abandoned.

Evolution is the growth of an organism, caused by the working of a force. Is this force a mere abstraction or an actual independent entity? Is there a life-principle, apart from the organism, and working upon it, or is life merely an abstraction? The term may denote either an entity or an abstraction, according to how we use it; and often enough the two meanings are not discriminated, so that the word denotes both things at different times in the same argument. It has been shown by Stallo and others that many terms used by science, such as force, matter, motion, and the like, are abstractions (or concepts) and not entities; but this does not prevent the same words being used by other people to denote realities. This is the case with H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, where she quotes Stallo.

"The 'pre-requisite of that incessant play of the "scientific imagination," ' which is so often found in Professor Tyndall's eloquent discourses, is *vivid* indeed, as shown by Stallo, and for contradictory variety leaves far behind it any 'phantasies' of occultism. However it may

be, if physical theories are confessedly 'mere formal, explanatory, didactic devices,' and if 'atomism is only a symbolical graphic system,' then the occultist can hardly be regarded as assuming too much when he places alongside of these *devices* and '*symbolical* systems' of modern Science, the symbols and devices of Archaic teachings."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 483

It will be seen that in this part of her great work, where she deals with scientific theories, H. P. Blavatsky claims that Ether, Atom, Life, Matter, and other words used by modern science, had quite different meanings when used by ancient philosophers, and as used by herself when interpreting the archaic teachings. Stallo has proved, in his *Concepts of Modern Physics*, that the attempt to explain the facts of nature on an atomo-mechanical theory has resulted in reducing Ether, Atom, Life, Force, Matter, etc. to abstractions. It is as though we were to observe man walking, and, by the process of abstraction, analyse him into an inert mass called a body, and a force called walking; and then say that the force of walking acts upon the inert body. In a similar way it is proved that neither mass nor force, as these words have been used in modern physics, denotes a reality, since mass becomes reduced to nothing when isolated from force; and force is inconceivable apart from mass. The atom is either a small particle of matter, in which case it is of no use as an explanation of the phenomena of matter; or else it is immaterial, in which case it escapes modern physics altogether. In short, the attempt to explain matter in terms of itself, and to regard the materially objective universe as a closed system, all-sufficient in itself and dependent upon nothing beyond, results in logical contradictions and in substitution of abstractions for realities.

Thus it is with the life-principle in evolution, or with the mind as a possible factor in evolution. Evolution is the growth of a form, under the influence of a directive force; and the attempt to identify the directive force with the form itself must result in failure. It is absolutely necessary to bear in mind that our five physical senses are but a limited means of observing nature; and that the sense-consciousness arising in our mind from the use of those senses is equally limited. Consequently the world as imagined by physicists is an ideal world, a world as perceived by the physical senses and conceived by the mind in accordance with the impressions received from those senses. With this apparatus we can study the *phenomena* of evolution, but cannot sound the causes to any great depth. To explain the movements of matter, we must obviously go behind matter, just as the steam is behind the wheels of the engine.

A much more comprehensive analysis of the realm and means of knowledge is requisite. Take the word 'matter' for instance. Physical matter is only one kind: there are other kinds. In the engine we have a subtiler kind of matter (steam) actuating a coarser kind (the iron wheels).

We can choose to denote the steam as 'spirit,' and the wheels as 'matter.' But, analysing further, we may find that the steam itself is a form of matter, and that some still subtiler force or spirit works within it. And how far can we continue this process of analysis? "We know of no mind apart from body," says the lecturer. "Fatal obstacle," we reply; there may be such a thing, although people do not know it. Mind is capable of functioning in kinds of matter other than the kind we are familiar with as physical matter; but these naturally escape the detection of our physical senses. It is all very well to deny that there can be any other world than the physical world, or any other kind of matter than physical matter, or that mind can exist apart from physical matter. The acceptance of these facts does not merely rest upon proofs of their truth, but it is positively demanded by the exigencies of scientific reasoning. For an analysis of the world as presented to the physical senses results in reducing it to non-physical elements; and the attempt to define these non-physical elements as physical is both absurd in itself and necessarily futile. If matter is made of force and mass, what are force and mass?

Is it irrelevant to point out that the idea of the universe as a vast machine, working blindly, is both inconceivable and intolerable? We say not: and find ourselves unable, as most people will also, to shut out from our mind this greater question while considering the less. That *Mind* or *Soul* is the essential and final fact, that *Consciousness* is the one eternal being, seems an inevitable postulate to any philosophy, whether scientific or otherwise; and we can see in all nature nothing else than a manifestation of the omnipresent, infinite, eternal Mind or Soul. We hold that there is such a thing as Life, apart from the organisms in which it manifests; and that this is the power behind evolution, being the agent by which Mind works its designs in matter.

Whence, then, come those other factors which arise in the course of evolution, and whose origin the lecturer seems unable to trace? They are all latent in the germ; but, mark, this germ is not the physical speck or protoplasmic cell imagined by science; or, if it is, then that speck or cell stands higher than Olympic Zeus in its all-mightiness. This germ is the Monad; and Monads may be defined as atomic souls, or atoms of consciousness embodied in a form of matter that is not physical matter. It is these Monads which, descending into the physical world, promote the evolution of mineral, vegetable, animal, and man. It is the *ideas* contained in them that manifest themselves visibly in the structure and functions of the various organisms. We do not know how mind acts on matter? And yet the process takes place continually in our own being. In the growth of a human being we see an invisible thought-man gradually building for himself a physical organism and using it as an instrument.

Mind and matter may indeed be mere abstractions, just as we have pointed out that force and energy may be mere abstractions. An abstraction, or concept, is a group of qualities to which a fictitious reality is given: as when, considering a horse for instance, we abstract the qualities of size, color, species, etc., and then deceive ourselves into the idea that these abstractions can exist apart. But we hold that mind is more than a mere concept, a mere descriptive word. It does not merely denote certain functions or states or aspects of the human machine, but also a real entity, capable of existing apart from its vehicle, and of acting upon that vehicle.

The lecturer denies that mind can interfere with the process of metabolism; but our own mental states react speedily and markedly upon our bodily functions. Alternative views are that the bodily functions act upon the mental states; and this is also true, though only part of the truth, and not excluding the reverse process. Or perhaps mind is a sort of parallel phenomenon that accompanies the metabolic processes like a spectator — "a series of mental events corresponding to a physico-chemical series of events." In this case the mind does certainly seem a futile epiphenomenon.

He also states that living processes can be fully explained in accordance with the general laws of physics and chemistry; which many will be disposed to doubt. How explain the movement of my arm, in obedience to the thought and the will, by physics and chemistry? How explain how the picture on my retina becomes translated into vision in the optic thalami? The mechanical formulas of physics reduce to a question of *attraction* and *actio in distans*. Could we have a better instance of what Stallo calls the "reification of concepts"? Attraction is a concept, a word denoting something that happens. And we forthwith invent a force or entity under the name of Mr. Attraction and say that he pulled the apple down on Newton's head, or that he causes one atom to follow another when a string is pulled. We cannot really find a physical explanation for the simplest phenomenon, unless we are content to assume the first and most important steps in the process. After that, all the rest is of course easy enough. To take another instance: what is the physical or chemical explanation of the way in which a tree sends out a root thirty or forty feet long after some water below a dripping hydrant?

If things are fully explained by physics and chemistry, it is unnecessary to call in other aid to explain them; but contrariwise, if they are not so explained, then it does become necessary to call in other aid. And Theosophy, going back to more ancient teachings, shows us the existence of the astral body beyond the physical; and inquirers are recommended to study that subject and see how it explains many difficulties. It is this

astral body that serves as one of the links between mind and body; but there are other links. And mind itself is a word that stands for a whole category of different things. Modern scientists are mostly unaware of the fact that the literature of ancient India contains vast and innumerable treatises on the various principles in man and the various forces and states of matter in nature, the study of which presents the problems of science in an entirely new light, and shows us that other and profounder students of nature than ourselves must have devoted centuries — nay, millenniums — to the most exhaustive research in questions which we are but recently touching with a novice's hand.

Let us bear in mind that, as H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*, we cannot get direct knowledge of states of existence beyond the physical except by acquiring the use of senses beyond the physical. Which leads us back to the ancient aphorism that self-knowledge is the basis of all knowledge. We cannot cram the universe into the limits of our present restricted observational and conceptual powers. So we must be content with relative knowledge and postponed explanations, until such time as our own evolution shall have brought us better means of perception and a larger conceptual scope.

Perhaps these remarks will not seem so strange as they might have done some years ago; for now we have the theory of relativity prominently before our minds. We have now influential authority for the belief that what we *call* the universe may be only one particular aspect of the universe, the universe as it looks when viewed by the corporeal senses and conceived under the mental form derived from the use of those senses. The real universe may be something far different — nay, must be. What we have been calling space, time, place, motion, etc., are relative terms — mere local prejudices, as it were. Our yardsticks and scales work famously on earth, but will not do to measure the stars with. This is just what Theosophy has been saying for years.

There are various planes of consciousness and of perception in man; and various planes of objectivity corresponding thereto. Of these the physical plane is only one; and the knowledge sought by students of evolution goes beyond the capabilities of that plane. In evolution, Theosophy sees the Monad working its way upward through the kingdoms of nature.

"'Every atom becomes a visible complex unit (a molecule), and once attracted into the sphere of terrestrial activity, the Monadic Essence, passing through the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, becomes man.'"— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 619

"MONAD. It is the 'unity,' the 'ONE'; but in occultism it often means the unified duad, Âtmâ-Buddhi, or that immortal part of man which, incarnating in the lower kingdoms and gradually progressing through them to man, finds thence way to the final goal, *nirvâna*."
— *The Key to Theosophy*, Glossary

"SAVING CHINA"

KENNETH MORRIS

"I believe that the social institutions which have grown out of the Chinese philosophy are nearer to the truth than ours and therefore morally superior; and believing this, I ask myself . . . upon what grounds and to what purpose we persist in endeavoring to impose upon them, not only our mechanical inventions, but our political panaceas and our conflicting creeds."

SO writes Mr. J. O. P. Bland in an article on "Saving China" in a recent number of *Asia;* his conclusions, as thus summed up, are likely to be those of any real student of the ideas on which Chinese civilization was built. It remains to be seen whether our western brand of culture can stand the test of time as the Chinese one has done; in a couple of thousand years we shall be better able to judge. Meanwhile we are presented with the spectacle of Christian civilization, not yet seven centuries old, shaken to its foundations and gravely threatened. Founded as it is on the system of separate nations each with its own interests and the right or duty to pursue them with ruthless selfishness,— can any thinking person believe that anything but the rise of new ideas can save it? Save it? Even one may doubt whether that is desirable: change it altogether, into something in which moral and ethical standards have a part; that would be more to the purpose.

It is true that in the three religions of China, as they have reacted and interacted upon each other, can be found the finest instrument for human happiness and cultural stability of which history holds record; and that this instrument, working through the very imperfect stuff of human nature — not essentially different in China from what it is elsewhere,— has accomplished marvels. It is also true that in the West there has been no such instrument. The teachings of the Confucius of Christendom, which are to some extent to be found in the Gospels, were carefully obscured in the centuries following his death; and a dogmatic system which bore no relation to those teachings was foisted upon the public, or the churches, in their place. Consequently, when Europe was ready to emerge from barbarism, in the thirteenth century, and to accept and adapt civilization from the Saracens who were then its sole custodians in the western world, there was no moral or humanizing basis on which that civilization could be erected; and all enlightenment and ideas that tend thereto have had to grow since in the teeth of furious or subtil opposition from the religious. Whereas in China the sane and beneficent wisdom of Confucius, which he spent fifty years or so in guarding against degeneration into dogmatism, provided a stabilizing element in the racial life; which the mysticism of Laotse and Chwangtse could then kindle to heights of

imagination, and later the supreme philosophic spirituality of the Buddha, and of Bodhidharma, entered in, mingled its forces with the other two — or found the ground prepared by them — and produced the wonder that Chinese culture was during its life-cycle: the fairest blossom of human endeavor that history remembers.

All this must be admitted; no thinking mind, viewing the facts unprejudicedly, could deny it. And yet we see China in need and trouble; and lacking something, so far, with which she could put her house in order. It is, if you go far enough back, an idea: it is an idea that she needs. Ideas have potent force; let them appear, and they can call up the men that redeem things: call energic souls into incarnation. For *idea* we might say *inspiration*. Now the West has brought nothing you could dignify with the name of idea or inspiration to China: on the one hand the puerilities of Churchistic dogmatism; on the other, the deadly materialism and mechanicalism of science; neither of these touch the main issues of life, or come anywhere near the human Soul and the beauty that flows into the world from within and from the Spirit. The race-mind of China was trained ages since, by Laotse, by Confucius, by Bodhidharma, to higher levels; and though it is asleep now, it cannot be wakened responding to such calls.

Yet the old ideas are no longer potent to awake China. They ran their cycle, and produced the glories of Han, of T'ang, and of Sung; when the Mongols came, their cycle was ended so far as China was concerned. Over a century later, imported to Japan, they were capable of waking new splendors there; but in China, when the Mongols were expelled and the Mings took the throne, the inspiration that had lighted Sung in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, could produce in the early fifteenth only a short and factitious glow; which since then has been progressively expiring.

Now the West, all unawares, stands in just as great need of a new idea or inspiration as China does; neither dogmatism nor machinery can save us, as we ought to know by now. The old Chinese ideas, planted anew here, might do it: balance and sanity, which is the essence of Confucianism; imagination, which is the essence of Taoism; spiritual insight and devotion, which is that of Bodhidharma's Buddhism. And these same ideas, given a new force and sanction, dressed to look like new, are what might save China; the essential thing is that they come as new, and probably from abroad.

'Chinese' ideas, we say; but it is only a manner of speaking. So ideas be true, they are not Eastern nor Western, American nor Chinese, but universal: they flow from the deific Center of Things, which is also within the heart of humanity. The ideas that woke Greece came from

India, Persia, Egypt; though we have been used to thinking of Greece as an originator, she only transmitted — leaving her own mark on what was given her, of course. This is what each civilization has done in its turn; even the Chinese. Confucius knew; he transmitted; he originated nothing; that was his claim. And Tao was before Lao-tse, and Taoism; and the Buddha himself but handed on the doctrine of the Buddhas that were before him. And when some three centuries after Confucius, China awoke to her first strictly historical period of splendor, it was a breath from the Western World, largely from Greece through Gândhâra and the Greco-Buddhist civilizations of Mid-Asia, that played a great part in awaking her; modifying her art, and (probably) displacing her ancient music with Greek music. Later, the T'ang and Sung splendors arose from a quickening of Chinese genius by contact with Indian thought: this time the highest thought the world has known, the Esotericism of Bodhidharma. So that if there is to be a new quickening, all historical precedent would point to the likelihood of its coming from abroad. Many write of China as if she had been isolated from the beginning of time; evolving her own culture unaided, which served her well enough until it came in contact (in the nineteenth century) with the more vigorous culture of the West. The laws of history are universal; and the fact is that, like every other seat of civilization, China has been quickened into splendor time and again by contact with the world without.

She will be again; unless the one alternative possibility should happen, and the race of four hundred millions should be wiped out by cataclysm. For supposing she were conquered now, and passed under foreign domination, what difference would that make? Such things last a few centuries; the four hundred millions would absorb the conquerors, after perhaps catching the quickening from them that they need. What a little incident in history now appears the Moorish occupation of Spain; — and yet it lasted for several centuries. And for three hundred years the English held a great part of France; and for nearly four, England was a province of Italy.

So then, the call is for the Idea. The best Chinese minds know this well; they grope for it; they look to the West for it; they know that the things the West has so far offered will not serve them. Where then is it to be found?

H. P. Blavatsky brought it to the West, from the East: in a sense from China, because it was in T'ang and Sung China that the last great evolution of Theosophy as a force for racial inspiration and redemption took place: it was there that Bodhidharma's Dzyan system blossomed and fruited; as old as mankind really, it was Chinese in its last manifestation. She planted it in the West, where it is working slowly to the end of Western regeneration; where it has become Western, taking on a new color from

Western minds, just as in T'ang and Sung times it became Chinese. Since its coming, we have seen the old dogmatism of Christendom discredited progressively, until now no educated person believes literally in the trash that most middle-aged men were taught in their childhood. We have seen, too, Science driven inch by inch from the crass materialism of the last century; and these things are the result of having a really spiritual system of philosophy at work in the world.

It will meet the needs of China; because it touches life at every point, illuminating art, science, and religion alike with its spiritual splendor. This is what China wants; it is what her best minds are feeling after. Reconciling all that was of value in her old civilization with all that is of value in the new civilization of the West, it will form the bridge over which the life-forces can pass into her.

RELATIVITY AND THE SHIFTING VIEWPOINT

E.

IN a current magazine is a map of the world, from which we learn that that region is in the form of a rectangle whose length and height are as three to two. All the center and most of the rest is occupied by the blue sea. In the northeast corner is a white country called the Dominion of Canada and United States. In the southeast corner is another land called Peru and Argentina. The northwest is occupied by China and Siberia, while Australia, the Dutch East Indies and other islands disport themselves in the southwest. Kipling says that East and West shall never meet. He must have meant West and East, for everything is reversed in this map. Howsomever they do meet along the top, near a place called Alaska and the Arctic Ocean.

We have been so long accustomed to view the world from some point in mid-Atlantic, whence the Orient is in the East, and the Occident in the West, that it is quite refreshing to have this new map, where the viewpoint is in mid-Pacific, and the Orient and Occident have changed sides. It goes to show how our ideas are colored by custom, and what a difference might be made if maps like this were hung up in our schoolrooms instead of the familiar ones. It might shock a Westerner from California to be told that he must travel some eight or nine thousand miles further west to get to Tíbet. But it makes a difference which way you go round. By traveling continuously in one direction, you might get westerner and

westerner, while an equally continuous voyage in the opposite direction might orientalize you indefinitely. The earth has a north and a south, which can be relied on to stay put; but east and west are not places but directions.

The idea suggests itself of a new world, grouped round the Pacific as the ancient world round the Mediterranean; while the old world, with its familiar continental countries, recedes into the invisible background.

CO-OPERATION AND COMPETITION

R. MACHELL

THEOSOPHISTS are often spoken of as dreamers because they uphold the ideal of Universal Brotherhood and dare to maintain that brotherhood is a fact in nature, in spite of the conflict that continually rages among men, periodically devastating and depopulating the earth. No doubt the truth of the Theosophical position would be more evident if history were studied in a more intelligent manner, and if our history were more complete. Our education is so shallow, our history is so insufficient, that we do not realize the fact that what we call history now is no more than the very sketchy report of the latter end of one civilization.

If we had access to records of earlier periods we might learn that this long age of conflict and unbrotherliness is but an episode in the sweep of successive ages, preceded by one of general enlightenment, in which superior men were recognised as spiritual teachers, and were chosen as the leaders of civilization. The general condition of humanity would be one of Universal Brotherhood, as the good of the individual was seen to be dependent on the good of the whole race.

Such an age was called a golden age; and true history would reveal to us the fact that ages of gold, of silver, of iron, and so on, have succeeded one another cyclically for millions of years. Could men realize that the present discordant state of life on earth is not the only possible state, nor the eternal and unchangeable condition of human existence, surely there would be less pessimism in the philosophy and religion of mankind; and there would be a greater possibility of passing through the dark ages, when they come, without the utter devastation that in past times has generally obliterated historical records along with the civilization that they referred to, and of passing intelligently from a dark age to a new era, just as we pass without disaster from night to morning. True,

there are individuals who 'turn night into day' and who pervert their own nature in the process. And it is true that nations and races of men have done the same, making the dark age of their history a hideous debauch of violence; so that when daylight comes again they are entirely unfit to profit by their opportunities, and to enter intelligently upon the new day, or the new golden age.

Our education has not given us a clear understanding of our true position in life, nor of the purpose of our living; because it has not taught the continuity of life and consciousness. It has taught men to believe that there was practically no past nor future for them; for the future it offered was simply unthinkable, an eternity of bliss, or suffering, or else oblivion.

Not understanding the continuity of evolution and the cyclic recurrence of ages, men naturally considered the ideals of the passing period as adequate to the needs of the coming epoch. So when the dark ages should have passed they were given a new lease of life by the perpetuation of ideals that had outlived their usefulness. And thus it comes about that men are now trying to reconstruct their shattered civilization with the explosive materials that destroyed it.

Theosophy is the science of life, the philosophy of life, the root of all religions, arts, and sciences. It is the Universal Light. It is the root of Universal Brotherhood. It is the eternal foundation on which alone can be built a true civilization.

The destructive forces are marshaled under the banner of self-interest, self-indulgence, self-aggrandizement, competition, rivalry, individual and national greed of wealth or power; and they belong to the dark ages, when civilization has fallen into decay and the leaders of humanity have for a time withdrawn, and have become a mere tradition to be perhaps worshiped as gods, but no longer able to lead their worshipers to the light, because the dark age has come upon the earth and men cannot shake off its influence.

Pessimism is a characteristic state of mind during these dark ages; so much so indeed that to some it appears to be itself the cause of darkness. This was the teaching of at least one very ancient religion of which some few teachings have survived, as for instance those contained in the book of the wisdom of Brunhilda, which is more or less incorporated in the Eddas, and which is supposed by some to be of immense antiquity. There it is taught that the blossoming of earth is due to the noble deeds of men and to their great-hearted hopes; while the dark ages 'when the tide of the world runs back,' are due to the sloth and cowardice of men, and to their cruelty, meanness, and treachery.

Those fragments of forgotten wisdom breathe the joy of life, and

courage, such as men feel who know their own divinity, men who have looked upon the gods as kinsmen and lived accordingly.

When we are able to get a glimpse of ancient history, whether in India, in China, in Egypt, or in Scandinavia, we find indications of a succession of ups and downs, dark ages, when the destructive forces ravaged the earth and barbarism took the place of civilization; or golden ages, when all the earth was of one tongue, when gods and sages walked the earth, and when the doors stood open between the various worlds of devas, gods, and men. The fragments sometimes seem contradictory to those who believe that human evolution is a steady rise from savagery to civilization: a theory that is contradicted by observation, experience, and tradition; all of which point to cyclic rise and fall; the turning of the wheel, the passing of the golden age, the prophecy of its return. Growth and decay, with periods of repose varied by times of fierce activity: constructive ages followed by periods of reckless destruction. Then ages of slow recovery, and the rebirth of a new race with a new civilization, new as the season's flowers are new.

The contemplation of the endless turning of the wheel of life would be appalling if it were not for the deeper understanding of man's nature and his power to rise above the wash of the current and from the height of his divine inner nature watch the swirling torrent of material existence.

In the old myths, the gods came down to earth and mixed with men, inspiring them with high ideals of art and science and spiritual wisdom. A simple allegory of man's duality: the divine man incarnate in the human animal, instructing it and teaching it to be the leader of the lower kingdoms; and then withdrawing for a while, according to the invariable law of nature, of alternation, from day to night, from activity to repose, from growth to decay, and so on; the pulse of nature throbbing ceaselessly maintains the changeless change of all that is. For the one unfailing law of laws on earth is change.

Man, being dual, and being generally unconscious of his own duality, rebels against this law of nature, seeking continually to stamp the changing matter of the earth with the seal of permanence that is the attribute of supernature, in which his own soul has its home: the heaven of the gods, with names as numerous as the languages on earth.

In the darkest age man learns to look upon himself as a worm, a creature crawling on the earth, with thoughts and aspirations worthy of a worm. That is because the divine man is not on earth. He cannot use a body that has no higher aspirations than to be a worm, to glory in its baseness, making a religion of its degradation. The man who is conscious of his own divinity will say as the anointed: "I and my Father are one."

The divinity of man is no new teaching; and yet it is new to the man

who thinks that this dark age is the first that has ever fallen on the earth. The essential divinity of man may seem a mere dream to those who have quite lost touch with their own souls, and who have come to deny their own spiritual existence. Yet it is the one theory that will explain to a man the deeper and more intimate experiences of his own inner life. If a man will study himself as a living conscious being, and not as an intellectualized theory, he will be forced to arrive at a belief in his own soul, even though his brain may try to put him off with a substitute, a verbal formula.

So too the brotherhood of all that lives is a vital reality that, in some form, is a necessity of thought if one is to find an explanation of the more intricate problems of life. The Theosophist accepts it as a fact in nature and as a foundation on which to build a system of daily life. Those who have lived at Point Loma and who have wholeheartedly accepted the ideal, and who have conscientiously applied it to their own lives, know that it is the perfect rule of life, making all industry efficient and all work beautiful. It finds its practical expression in co-operation, and crowns co-operation with the diadem of universal sovereignty: for the sovereign ruler of the universe is the Supreme Self, whose individual rays are human egos conscious of their power to rule themselves.

The word co-operation is not unfamiliar nowadays, but alas, like all other words it has lost some of its beauty from association with unworthy companions, notably the words gain and profit, which in themselves are enemies to true co-operation.

The keynote of a commercial system, during the dark age, is competition; and if co-operation gets a hearing and a little chance to show itself, it is as an accessory to competition.

The essential idea in co-operation is the subjection of individual interests to the good of the whole. But, under a commercialized civilization, it becomes merely a means of intensifying competition by enlarging the power of the competitor: the individual hoping to gain more profit from the arrangement.

The idea of profit is a getting, while the ideal of co-operation is a giving. True, he who gives without thought of profit grows rich in other ways; but not if he gives for the sake of what he may get from the gift. His giving then is but an investment, that may bring interest of the ordinary kind, but it is not truly given.

So too co-operation should be the natural expression of a fact in nature: the fact is Brotherhood.

In times of great danger a low form of brotherhood is felt and men get together to co-operate for self-defense, but the fear that impelled them will color all they do and make the results of their labor no blessing to the

world; for the fear was selfish, and the purpose of the co-operation was selfish; that is to say it was an enlargement of self rather than a renunciation of personal interest.

Co-operation knows no bounds; it is not the assembling of a multitude of personal ambitions into a monster-self bent on the destruction of some other monster. It is a natural response to the heart-beat of the Universal. It is the perfect sympathy that recognises all living things as members of one family, and that intuitively perceives the fitness of things, co-operating with nature and with man in the accomplishment of evolution. There is a co-operation in the apparent struggle for existence that seems to reign in nature.

The poet, who senses the underlying harmony, I think, is nearer to the truth than the pseudo-scientist, who tries to force the whole operation of the natural world into a narrow scheme born of the imagining of some soulless intellect; and then refers to this theory as if it were a law of nature, and urges people to arm themselves against their fellows and to regard all men as potential enemies. Such are the ideals of the dark ages. How long shall they endure? Probably as long as men choose to shut their eyes to the light.

We are still living in the dark ages, and all our ideals are clouded: but it may well be that the dark age is after all man-made; and that it is man's place to end it.

When I read the wise talk of some of our would-be legislators who have pet plans for remedying the darkness of the age, I sometimes see a picture of an old woman with a mop and pail trying to clean up the darkness, convinced that if she could but fill her pail with it she could begin to get rid of the gloom that fills the house, not realizing that it will still be dark until she opens the shutters that keep out the light. Many reformers are doing just about that.

The only cure for darkness is more light. The sun is rising now, and it is time to open up the house and let the daylight in. Theosophy is accessible to all. There is no need to think about the darkness if the light is allowed to shine in. Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood are like the sunlight. When the sun is up we have no more need of candles, for a while. And those who have found Theosophy know that there is a land of light to which the path is always open, even when darkness is over the earth. But now the day is dawning. H. P. Blavatsky called her magazine *Lucifer* — the 'Light-bearer'; she was herself a herald of the dawn and it is time that we should open our eyes and hail the coming of the day.

Theosophists are not mere dreamers when they talk of universal

brotherhood. They have seen the light of day and know that the sun is surely rising. They know that what the world needs is faith in the reality of universal brotherhood, and in the possibility of universal co-operation for the greater good of all humanity. The new day is dawning, and many have seen the first faint flush in the sky, but fear to trust their sight. They have so long struggled for existence, and treasured the ideas of competition and personal advancement, that they are afraid of brotherhood, which seems to them equivalent to social suicide. They have tried to use brotherhood competitively, and so have perverted it, not realizing that the truth is universal, and that co-operation must include all or cease to be true to Nature.

The so-called brotherhoods, that have existed in all ages, were not universal: they were more truly corporations, or aggregations of individuals, who pooled their separate interests for a purpose that was not universal but particular.

The Universal Brotherhood is not a pool of personal interests for the benefit of a corporation; but an expression of a fact in nature, which must be recognised as a fundamental principle in any scheme of reorganization that hopes to be of permanent benefit to the world.

Men's personal interests will change their character when this great principle is generally recognised. And nationality will have a new significance when universal co-operation is the basis of their intercourse. And this must come about, or else our civilization will go down in ruin. The struggle for existence will be crowned by the survival of the fittest; and the fittest to survive in such a struggle will be the brute. Shall it be so?

SCIENCE AND IDEALISM

T. HENRY, M. A.

THE question whether men of science should lend their brains to the invention of means of destruction in war having recently come up, it is gratifying to find that the President of the British Association, Sir T. E. Thorpe, the celebrated chemist, has definitely set his face against it. From his presidential address we select the following quotations:

"The spectacle of the most cultured and most highly developed peoples on this earth, armed with every offensive appliance which science and the inventive skill and ingenuity of men could suggest, in the throes of a death-struggle, must have made the angels weep."

"Civilization protests against a step so retrograde. Surely comity among nations should

be adequate to arrest it. . . . The moral sense of the civilized world is not so dulled but that, if roused, it can make its influence prevail."

"An educated public opinion will refuse to give credit to any body of scientific men who employ their talents in devising means to develop and perpetuate a mode of warfare which is abhorrent to the higher instinct of humanity. This association, I trust, will set its face against the continued degradation of science in thus augmenting the horrors of war. It could have no loftier task than to use its great influence in arresting a course which is the very negation of civilization."

In connexion with the above we may notice an article on 'Scientific Idealism,' in the *Scientific Monthly*, by Dr. William E. Ritter. The writer deplores the decay of idealism, and asks what justice there is in the accusation that science is largely responsible for that decay. He admits the shortcomings of science in this respect, but seeks to exculpate science and lay the blame elsewhere. And it is to the scientific spirit that he looks for a remedy. Thus he seems to resemble some Christian apologists, who hope to see their cherished religion come to its own aid; and, like them, is forced to admit, by implication at any rate, that behind all systems stand the intelligence and conscience of man himself. We give a few quotations.

"In all ages and culture stages of the past, imaginarily perfect conditions of life have been among the most compelling motives with humanity. These imaginings have been near the heart of all the great religions and all the great philosophies of the world. . . . But what has come of it all?"

And he points to the state of the different countries today as compared with the first half of 1914; adding:

"Surely there is ground enough for the supposition that realism, a realism as stupid and brutal as Satan himself could rejoice in, has at last established its full claims — that idealism has departed from the earth wholly and for all time."

And for a large share in this, many people blame science. It has not only concentrated energy on the material, but has entered the domain of philosophy and besieged the very citadel of idealism.

"Copernican astronomy, Lavoisian chemistry, Lyellian geology, and Darwinian biology have united in constructing so solid a foundation for a realistic philosophy of all life that the time-honored superstructure of idealistic philosophy is doomed to collapse and ruin."

But he denies that science is so destructive an enemy to idealism. In so far as it has injured idealism, it has done so unwittingly. Nevertheless, in doing so, it has committed a terrible error. And in searching for the cause of this error, he maintains that science is really idealistic, and more truly idealistic than is much of the 'pseudo-idealism' of speculative theology and philosophy. Why then has so noble a pursuit as science produced or allowed such deplorable results? It is because of some tendency that has dragged science down. And this tendency he finds to

have been prevalent throughout human history, in the form of a characteristic in man himself, which causes him to pervert all his best privileges to his own woe. Man has prostituted religion, art, every form of culture.

But he sees the remedy in that very power which has so often been lent to human woe — in the human intelligence.

But how can scientists develop such an ethic? By insisting upon the *facts* which nature, including human nature, presents. Scientists still show doubt as to the value of facts. Some speak of the laws of nature as if these were above and beyond the facts of nature; and, to them, laws are the essence of truth, while facts are mere objects of sense.

Science is encountering criticism as being unmindful of the spiritual welfare of man; but its real fault lies less in its being materialistic and mechanistic than in its belittling of what is greatest and best in human nature. Nature herself demands that personality shall be recognised and respected; and the objection to the mechanistic philosophy is that it has no place in its scheme for the personality, and therefore no place for life itself: a dead horse would be more interesting to it than a live one.

Thus far the author. He pleads for the acceptance of personality as a fact, and considers that the duty of science is to use man's intelligence in discovering and defining the natural laws — *i. e.* the moral laws — that pertain to human nature. It is a perverse spirit in man, it would seem, that has got behind science and misused and degraded it; and man must evoke his better spirit to reinstate both himself and his science. This better spirit may be called by various names. It suits present purposes to call it Intelligence.

Surely Theosophists have often said much the same. They have never ceased to urge people to seek the source of strength and light within, in the infinite resources of the divine part of human nature. When they have found fault with science or with any man of science, it has been done in the spirit of H. P. Blavatsky: that of vindicating science itself and laying the blame on its misuse. Science is really idealistic, says the writer; and Theosophists have said that Science is a name of highest honor, standing for Wisdom and Knowledge; but, like other honorable names, used as cloak for a multitude of sins. The name may be used to buttress up all kinds of theories and policies and persons which need more countenance than intrinsic merit can supply. So illustrious a name as Christianity has been made sponsor for the most infamous deeds, as history shows; and one imagines that even today barbarities may be perpetrated under the shield of the scientific reputation.

Man has misused his intelligence, then. And to his intelligence he is to look for aid. What confusion! There is call here for a better analysis of

human powers and faculties, if only that we may distinguish the intelligence which man has abused from the intelligence that is to save him.

The article is part of a general prayer for higher ideals: it is a scientist's part of that prayer. That prayer goes up from a thousand hearts, voicing the woes of all the things man has degraded — religion, art, every form of culture. Each voice champions its own darling: here the champion of science pleads for science. Science has erred and strayed and grievously sinned; but surely there is mercy; surely for the sake of ten righteous men it may be saved.

But it must be more truly scientific than ever it has been before. It must adhere more closely to its own method. It must stick to facts, and nothing but the facts. And the personality of man is a fact, which science has been ignoring in its scrutiny of that personality's numerous vestures. This comes pat in days when weighty names are rocking the whole substructure and framework of physics; and telling us that the universe we have been studying is a huge abstraction built up out of hypothetical elements, just as a cube is built up of impossible lines and points having little or no magnitude. The profoundest philosophies have reduced the entire universe to Person and Non-Person, a pair of units springing from an original Nonentity. And truly there is little enough left of man when you subtract the element of self. We can examine things in our laboratories ever so minutely, and we can find out what they are made of; but we never shall find out what what they are made of is made of; because everything must be made of something else. Behind all forms of energy, all qualities, all manifestations in the sphere of physical objectivity, we have to find Mind; and this in its turn is an attribute of Self.

It is man the Person that science must study, then.

And that system of natural ethics, which is to constitute the real moral law, superseding all shaky conventions and false lights — what of it? The phrase has to be used cautiously — this side up, with care; because it may mean different things. It may mean that we are to trust to the laws of chemistry and physics, and seek salvation in molecules and germplasms, leaving such things as honor and duty to a despised past or a ridiculed middle-class Grundyism. But this is not what the writer means. He does not mean that natural laws are to pull ethics down, but that ethics is to pull natural laws up. He means that we must take a more liberal idea of what constitutes natural laws.

But how can we find a formula by which science can follow the lead of human aspirations, and yet pose as the leader thereof? This difficulty is the same as what we have often found occasion to criticize in Christian apologists — they want to keep up with the procession, they do not want to be left behind, but yet they want to be with the band in front. How

can we hitch our wagon to Pegasus and yet keep it down to earth? Idealism may be very desirable, to keep us from falling behind and losing credit; but what if it should bear us aloft into aerial regions where our feet will find no hold?

What has faded from sight during the periods of recent history has been a something which the ancient Grecian teachers used to call *Sophia*, an all-embracing wisdom and knowledge, standing above both religion and natural science and inspiring both, related to conduct. Its pursuit entailed freedom from sensual indulgences and a degree of purity and efficiency, moral, mental, and physical, to which the ordinary man does not attain. Modern ideas, on the contrary, permit and even promote freedom in the pursuit of such pleasures; and the pursuit of knowledge is not considered as entailing any sacrifice or any special purification of life and habits.

It has been the mission of Theosophy to insist on the importance of Sophia, divine wisdom, and to remind man that he is *essentially* a divine being. His mind is dual, by reason of its position midway between the divine and the animal, so it may take a tinge from either. When the intellect becomes enslaved and deluded by the selfish passions, it leads man astray, whether in religion or science or anything else; and hence the decay of idealism. We certainly do not need to try and throw away our intellect; but we do need to wean it from certain evil associations and to ally it with lofty and impersonal motives instead of making it the minister of base tendencies.

One hears talk of science being disinterested and exempt from all ethical questions. But it seems evident that, if the world is composed partly of people who are neutral and partly of people who exert a downward influence, the general movement will be downward, from want of any force to balance it on the upward side. Thus it is that science, however neutral and impersonal in the hands of its votaries, finds itself made the minister to greed and violence of various sorts. There must be some body of people ardently engaged in the pursuit of high ideals, and to whom questions of daily life and conduct are of primary importance. Thus alone can science, art, religion, all, be given an upward tendency.

It is the claim of Theosophists that the principles which they embrace are applicable to every department of human interest and activity, elevating science, art, music, and all other pursuits. And this because Theosophy inculcates the essential divinity of man, and makes it so real to people that their whole life is changed thereby. In Theosophy, therefore, and the ideals which it so successfully inculcates, we see the future hope of science, as also of the other concerns of human life.

THE SLOGAN OF THE WORLD

S. H. M. BYERS

LET us have peace — the world is tired
Of killing one another,
Or only making graves for him
Whom God has made our brother.

Let us have peace — the time has come
When men, no longer cattle,
Will solve their wrongs in Parliaments
And not in bloody battle.

Who loads himself with ships and guns
To keep his neighbor steady
Will find his neighbor, like himself,
Is also getting ready.

There is no recompense for war —
Hate is its only guerdon.
Look at the nations staggering now
Beneath its cursed burden.

Blind is the nation now that builds
Its war machines the faster,
And cursed its fate, for it will bring
Another world disaster.

Disarm 's the slogan of the world,
Oh, hear the bugles playing!
They play for peace, and not for war,
For love and not for slaying.

Then hail to him who led the way
And hail to every other
Who sheaths the sword this better day
And calls his brother BROTHER.— *Selected*

HAS WOMAN FOUND HER TRUE WORK?

GRACE KNOCHE

"I should like to see women shine in this twentieth century. I think they have a great deal to do."— KATHERINE TINGLEY (in an address delivered at Isis Theater, San Diego, February 20, 1911)

WORK is one of the keynotes of reconstruction, and the world has so much work waiting to be done that the mind falters in attempting to traverse the field. As to woman, she is more eager to work and more competent than ever before, while she is, in addition, practically free to do so. Yet the world's really needed work is not being done except in a limited way, more especially that phase of it that woman is by nature peculiarly fitted to do, for the care of the sick, the orphaned, the bereaved, the little outreaching child, and in its most tender and spiritual aspects the teaching-office, have been woman's classic work throughout the ages. Rightly so, for the mother-levels of her nature are levels of nurture, protectiveness, compassion, light-giving and care, and one evidence of this is that when woman reaches to them she finds that inner rest, that spirit of confidence and contentment, that one's true work invariably brings. We have only to look about us, however, to see that woman has not attained this happy and natural state — woman as a whole, that is, for there are sublime exceptions always — and the simple fact stares us in the face that between woman, so energetic, so creative, so willing and now at last so mentally alive, and the work that she is by nature supremely fitted to do, a disheartening gulf is fixed. Some wheel in the human machine has slipped a cog, or woman and this needed work could be joined; the great gulf could be bridged. The problem is becoming such a serious one that time spent in considering it should not be grudged.

Many are saying at the present time, however, "There is no longer any question as to 'woman's work.' While man has been fighting, woman has been taking over his territory as the only way to keep the world's work going, professions, vocations and all. Her 'sphere' is now the world"; and others, "There is no longer a 'woman question' but only the human question." All of which is very specious and in certain aspects true, but is entirely beside the point, for even if woman could absorb man's work and his 'sphere' and all its prerogatives (which we debate), and could perfect all his virtues and open his last secret-box of knowledge, she would still be *woman* at the end of the road, not an improved man. We are not dealing with fixed stars or a mathematical equation, but

with living, pulsating universal Law, and with that old forgotten factor, the human soul.

There is an issue, therefore, and it is not clearing the air to evade it. Questions of woman's work and her true position are constantly to the fore, and they have not as yet been answered nor will they dissolve away. A very little thought will show that the question: *Has woman found her true work?* is tremendously alive, with worlds of warmth and tenderness hidden within it, and with other worlds of danger and misconception beneath a tangle of outer appearances. For while woman's work and her capacities may overlap man's, and may (viewed superficially) even duplicate his up to a certain point, beyond that point they are distinctive. There exists a special field whose soil can be worked only by woman's hand, and failing of that, must lie fallow. Her distinctive functions with respect to physical life have their analogies in the creative aspects of both her mind and soul. "Everything in nature has to be judged by analogy" says H. P. Blavatsky, and the old Hermetic axiom, "As above, so below," has echoed down the ages. Analogy is one of the great keys to knowledge, in the Theosophic view, no less a key because it has been lost; and in the light of it the statement just made can be confirmed by experience and observation both.

Woman's nature and man's are not the same, even though the Divinity at the heart and center of all that lives is One. Woman differs from man both in her mental make-up and in the qualities of her heart-life. "Reason is the power of the man," said H. P. Blavatsky, also, "intuition the prescience of the woman"; and William Quan Judge, her colleague and successor, expresses the same thing in another way when he says, "Man works through the intellect, woman through the heart, and of the two the heart is the better tool." So that here we have one of the very few great philosophical truths that have filtered down through the ages to the present day comparatively unchanged, for Theosophy merely restates in this the conviction of the general mind. A few extremists only are rash enough to differ on this point, and this is indeed well for humanity, for the world's shattered circle needs its completing arc, its complement, not its duplicate. The human temple is one, true, but the world's great need in work and service will never be met by merely adding to what is being done more layers of the same kind, as though one were making a cake. It is no mere sum in addition that spreads before us here, but a magical, alchemical, creative possibility that is withal so silent in its increasing power as to be overlooked altogether by any but the penetrating mind.

Very well, then, but *what is woman?* This question must be answered as the indispensable condition precedent. Does anybody know? She has

been poetized down the ages as man's inspirer — and his tempter; as a forever undependable quantity — and a model of constancy as well; as demoniacal — and divine; as a monument of frailty — and a tower of spiritual strength; as the dispenser of the forbidden fruit which made man all his trouble — and as the bestower upon him of the mystical Torch of Knowledge that made him "even as one of us," a God. So that most of us put woman down as an inscrutable mystery, and let it go at that.

But today we are in a cycle of revelation, and many mysteries are being cleared up. It is a cycle of overturning and of rapid change, a time fraught with danger above all, for the allurements and delusions were never in history half so great. There is fluctuation, mobility, oscillation, change and transition everywhere. There is everywhere birth and death in rapid alternation, in ideas and institutions both. There is accelerated movement on practically every line and there is, moreover, world-wide and cruel suffering, with life at a point of dreadful wastage in nation after nation. But a new cycle is whirling in upon us and an old one whirling down into the dark, and such times of joinder and overlapping are always times of crisis and great unrest. "They should also," says Katherine Tingley, "be times of introspection, and by such introspection woman would benefit in a very special way."

But in spite of limitations just at this point, woman is doing marvels. No one can deny, after the part she has played in world-affairs during the last eight years or so, that there are locked up in her nature tremendous and sublimely creative energies of which she herself had no conception before, and of which certainly the world had not. Whatever might have been one's opinion a few years ago as to what woman could or could not do, no one would be rash enough at this illuminating hour to set a limit for her. Just as at similar periods in the past, only today more understandingly and in a larger way, woman has stepped out to help, relieve and bless. She was earliest on the field of battle and is still in the plague-stricken cities of the world and in centers of famine in many nations, working hand to hand with brother and husband and son in every effort of relief. On the other hand, the first great stress and crisis over, far too many women are now working at cross-purposes to their real opportunities, lured by commercial gain, the prospect of worldly honor, or a false ideal and estimate of freedom. Indeed, some have laid so much stress on the competitive and merely brain-mind aspects of woman's work that to the soulful, spiritually-minded worker for better things the prospect is disheartening. She feels her very womanhood impugned, and not unreasonably so, for surely there is something in the nature of both man and woman that can answer to a finer call than this. So that inevitably the question arises: Are these things woman's real opportunities?

Is the whole woman, or only a part of her, to be challenged by the Spirit of the Age? *What is woman?*

This almost deadlock in thought was well anticipated by one of those thinkers whom God occasionally "lets loose upon the planet." We refer to H. P. Blavatsky, the woman, the philosopher, the Leader, the great humanitarian, who revived the lost Wisdom of Antiquity, laying its teachings freely upon the altar of mankind. One of the teachings thus brought back to the world is that of the duality of human nature, and with respect to woman it means that she is not one but *two:* that within her is the spiritual, soulful, imperishable, and aspiring Self, and also another self: that of brain-mind plans and experiments, of ambitions and unrest and mistakes, which never can see the forest for the trees. The question is, which of these 'selves' is to rule?

A very little self-examination will suffice to show this to be a mighty truth, a truth that is older than even the hills and that shall be standing as long as "these two, light and darkness, are the world's eternal ways." Within every woman is a higher nature and a lower, an animal and also a goddess-being of truly celestial mold, a temporal woman and an eternal woman, each contending for the mastery of her life and one or the other destined in the end to prevail. Let the woman who is unfamiliar with this old truth pause and reflect upon it before she pushes it away. Let her give it as much consideration, say, as she gives to the latest book or to a new receipt — and see what comes. Let her adopt — if only for the experiment of the thing — a reflective attitude, studying herself and others in a new and sympathetic way. She will find this teaching of duality a veritable Ariadne's clue. But women have not been doing this as a whole because they have not met the idea of it; they have not had the clue put into their hand. No wonder that their 'sphere' is any shape but spherical. No wonder that in sheer desperation at its corners and harsh turnings woman has annexed all sorts of territory outside, while the pure, sweet growths at the heart of it have been dying for want of care.

This teaching it is which answers the question: *What is woman?* For it says to her: *You are Divine, with a heredity from nature, true, but in your real and inner being a daughter of the bright Gods themselves, mystically one with Deity, one with the Soul of the World. The resourcefulness of the Infinite Self is yours if you will but call upon it.* And this teaching is of immediate and practical use, for just as soon as a woman knows *what she is*, she will know, or at least can find out if she wants to, the extent of her possibilities and her powers. Just as a workman who knows the nature and composition of his tools knows what he can do with them; or as a general who knows what his resources are in munitions or in men can double or treble his power. And why should not women have a work-

manlike knowledge of the soul's great mystic instruments, the body and the mind? Why should they not learn the magic — for it is that, truly — of real generalship over themselves? They could have all this if they would, for this knowledge is no longer shut away. A little search is needed, a little willingness to learn — that is all — and the first step in real preparation for duty is taken.

Here Theosophy answers for us another great question — perhaps the one most generally unanswered today, taking the world as a whole — for woman's true work, in plain language, is her duty. That is anyone's work, to be sure, but we are talking about woman just now and to her the word *duty* sounds fully as vague and indefinite as it does to anyone else. This is not strange in our present age of emphasis on argument and the brain-mind, for the word cannot be defined categorically nor can anyone, outside the relation of teacher and pupil, lay down the duty for another. What it is, in specific terms, depends upon two things: the woman herself and the merciful law of cause and effect that has placed her in this or that environment and with this or that demand upon her. So that duty in the Theosophical interpretation is best defined as the thing that faces you just where the roll-call finds you standing. The child upon mother's bosom; the invalid in hospital or home; the demands of an employer; the responsibilities of a vast business or bureau or department; the needs of the pupil in one's charge; yes, the very dust upon the floor of the humblest room that Karma has given into one's care — all these are voices crying out to the soul to step forth in *devotion to duty* and not to anything else.

"Who sweeps a room as by God's laws
Makes that and the action fine!"

For "duty is what is due to humanity" as H. P. Blavatsky said, and without any qualifying word or clause. Humble and unnoticed things may not seem as important sometimes as work under the world's garish search-light in trumpeted or distant fields, but they are the most important things in the whole wide world to that woman for whom they constitute the duty of the hour. This is pure Theosophy, never better defined than by its first Teacher and the Foundress of the Theosophical Society when she said "Theosophy is the quintessence of duty"; or than by Katherine Tingley when she said "Duty is your friend." One's duty is the nearest thing, never the remotest, and as one fulfils it a little whirling wheel of love and power is set in motion, which whirls and turns on and on, growing, expanding, evolving as though it were a living thing, glowing with fires of love and will, and shedding light all around.

This is the simple truth, and the woman who is content to take up the nearest duty cheerfully and in a spirit of pure devotion, and then the

next and the next, will find her life broadening out so fast that she cannot keep track of it. At almost any moment doors may open before her to some enormous public service to the world. This has happened to not a few and it ought to happen to the many. Yet duty is something so simple and so prosaically close at hand that thousands of well-intentioned women, who really long to help and serve, cannot see that it is the magic key to real service and the way to the inner light. And so they pass it by, surrendering their real power in order to grasp after an imitation power. That is indeed short-sighted and it is not just to the soul. To take such a course is literally to put out the fires of the heart.

. . . . .

It is difficult to plod along with only words to help one, at just this point. One longs for a finer material, some substance of light or of fire, with the aroma of the flower upon it and the gleaming of a sword, for words are powerless to express the feeling that wells up in the heart when we contemplate the picture of duty as "what is due to humanity" and what humanity needs.

Humanity needs mother-care. It needs nurture and protection, but for more than the body alone. It needs spiritual help and light. It is famished, thirsting, perishing, body and soul, for want of this — not only in the still ravaged track of pestilence, famine, and war, but even more pitiably in those comfortable places which war has helped line with gold. But it is not silently perishing. On all sides we hear the appeal for help, for light, for hope, for something worth one's trust and faith to cling to, for a God that does not betray one or forget, for the hand-clasp of brotherhood, for the nurturing, compassionate touch that marks the true mothers of men.

Now there is that in woman's nature that fits her pre-eminently to give just this protective, nurturing mother-care — a point that we need not dwell upon for no one could be found rash enough to argue it. But this work woman does not seem to have found in reassuring numbers, the while she is filling positions in the commercial world, which does not need her half so much — the competitive, the dollar-world — in such numbers as to present a serious problem. And there is the additional fact that, in more and more generally taking the hard world-course, she is becoming more and more restless and dissatisfied, while in many cases home-ties are so disregarded that even the heads of great governments have had to stop and give the matter consideration.

It is increasingly evident that woman, as a whole that is, has not yet found her true work, for in her deeper nature she is essentially the minister, the true presbyter, the inseparable companion and friend, the mother,

the ideal center of the home. How easily this is proved by instances on every hand: let the father die or disappear, and there still exists the home, but let the mother pass away, and home is that no longer. We refer, however, to that finer, higher mother-quality in woman's nature which may well be called 'spiritual motherhood' in contrast to that which is merely physical. The two motherhoods may blend in the same woman — perhaps ideally they must do so somewhere along the way of successive lives, in order that the soul may do its perfect work — but they do not so blend, necessarily, today. Spiritual motherhood may indeed be quite separate from the other, but it still includes all its joys and cares and is an even more imperishable thing. For motherhood, looked at from the standpoint of the eternal, is essentially a spiritual office; it is essentially a teaching-office. Spiritual law and our human law place the child in mother's arms to be taught during the most important and plastic years of its growing life. The father's teaching-work comes later, and this is in accordance with a law which we cannot change and which therefore should be reflected upon and understood. The true teacher and the true mother are one and the same, to the degree in which they are ministers to the soul, self-forgetting, devoted to duty, compassionate, just and wise. "The greatest teachers have had the most of the womanly in their natures," said William Quan Judge, and a study of the lives of the world's great spiritual Teachers will confirm it.

Such work needs preparation, of course, but it is of a kind quite unknown to the schools. "Intensive courses in reconstruction work for women" are being advertised by colleges and universities in America and doubtless also abroad. This is a noble step towards the ideals of Theosophy and compassion, but it is only one step and there is need for more, for these courses, analysed, consist almost if not quite wholly of professional or vocational work that has to do only with the material side of life. And that is not enough. *It is not enough.* It is only half a service to build people houses and cook them meals, when their heart-life is left unsheltered, or their moral nature starved for want of spiritual food. Woman's work for humanity, however extensive, will be only an apology for service with this sublimer ministry scamped and stinted and overlooked. You cannot serve humanity with the soul of things left out, as you cannot serve it truly with ignorance or unbrotherliness or hatred or fear left in.

Professional and vocational training are needed, and women who would enter upon reconstruction work, in whatever nation, need the reserve power and knowledge that such training gives. The mistake comes in, as Katherine Tingley has said, in thinking that these things are all. Something must be added, something other must enter in, and that something other — how shall words ever convey it? — is a power in woman

herself, a power long hidden and latent but due now to be brought out into service. It is a power that cannot be described, nor can it be gained by formulae nor from any dispensations or books, for it is the power to spiritualize whatever vocation, whatever duty, woman may find before herself to do. It is the power to spiritualize the duty of the hour so that it will fit into the great evolutionary plan of life, which is so merciful and so divine. It is this and this alone which will suffice to lift mankind out of the spiritual starvation, the heart-hunger, the ravagement of fear, revenge, passion, cruelty, and hate that are so much more terrible than starvation or disease of the body. And these are not only prevalent, but so distorted have some minds become under the pressure and the poison of them that they are even held up as signs of progress, desirable and well to keep! Have we not, as women, something to think about, and something more to do?

This work that is "due to humanity!" Do we fully realize that nothing can keep us from doing it, once we have made up our minds? Many a woman longs with all her heart to work for humanity, to serve the drifting human flotsam that is making the great world-tides in nearly every nation a terrible sight to see. She may be shut out from doing it directly, to her great grief, but from this greater work, this work for reconstruction that is peculiar to Theosophy, no one can be shut out. No woman is so lonely or so poor, none is so distant from the Teacher, none so oppressed or surrounded by hypocrisy, so mortgaged mind and soul to a master, that she cannot do this greater work *if she will.* One's duty is the greatest work in the world at every time and in whatever place, and once the Divine Light has flamed out in woman so that she sees her duty and courageously performs it, she has freed an indomitable power and at once steps into her ancient place as ruler of a spiritual realm. Opportunities for the outer work that she so much longs to do may not be hers at first, but they are bound to present themselves and perhaps in no long time, for the other is only their prenatal life; and when they do come thus they will be in time and place. There will be nothing to do over or to undo, there will be no steps to retrace, but everything will be ordered, just and right.

"Peculiar to Theosophy," this work: yes, it is. No other agency is doing it, if at all, on so fundamental a line. If others were, there would be no need for Theosophy to speak. But both H. P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley foresaw the present crisis and the present need, as their lectures and writings show, and years ago began making preparation for it. They have therefore a right to be heard. Truly, nothing but Theosophy has the requisite material and the one indefensible plan. And woman should indeed be the first to listen and to learn, for Theosophy opens before her, doorways of service that give her whole nature an opportunity to express

itself and grow — not merely the lesser, lower, personal, and purely ephemeral part of it. 'Self-expression' is the slogan of how many cults today — but Theosophy inquires *which self?*

No, woman, with rare exceptions, has not yet found her true work, for that work is "what is due humanity." It is the inner spiritual Reality that lies at the heart of duty, which may go hand in hand with any outer work or expression whatsoever, but will always be its governor. For it introduces woman as ruler and queen to a spiritual demesne in which the only real sovereignty is the sovereignty of the soul.

KARMA

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

WE have recently come across a criticism of the doctrine of Karma, from the viewpoint of a Christian advocate; and, though it states the doctrine more fairly and adequately than do many such criticisms, still the objections brought against Karma are of two familiar kinds: those based on an erroneous definition; and those which merely consist in showing how hard it is for the human intellect to understand all the problems of life.

The critic seems to regard Karma as though it were a doctrine devised as a philosophical or religious consolation; and he weighs its merits and demerits in the balance of expediency and convenience. The Orientals have developed it as a theory to satisfy their minds, and it has worked quite well with them in many respects; nevertheless it falls short in other respects and will not do for Occidentals. It is, for him, a theory of the life of the soul, which cannot be proved or disproved, as it concerns regions beyond the range of observation. But he is candid enough to say that the Christian doctrine of immortality labors under the same disadvantage.

The mere title of this criticism: 'Karma, Its Value as a Doctrine,' suggests the idea that a doctrine is a figment invented by people to amuse, console, or edify themselves, regardless of the question of truth or falsity, fact or fiction. In this sense, it may well be that the Occident should not adopt such a doctrine, or any other doctrine having such a nature and purpose.

But what if Karma is simply a law of Nature, which must be accepted whether we will or not, and which it is better that we should try to understand? In this case the matter appears in a different light, and may be illustrated by a reference to some other law, admitted to be a natural law,

such as gravitation. The law of gravitation is omnipresent, all-dominant, unavoidable; we must obey it whether we will or not. It is idle to carp at the law of gravitation because it may not happen to suit our notions; it is no use to say that Newton invented it to suit himself and his age, but that it is high time for us to discard it.

It is in such a way that Theosophy presents the doctrine of Karma; the word 'doctrine,' indeed, is out of place here, because it may suggest that Karma is an artificially devised scheme. We would prefer to call it the *law* of Karma. Theosophy declares that such a law exists in nature, and that we ignore it at our peril and must try to understand it.

The critic presents a faulty definition of Karma, in which he naturally finds some support in the faulty views of Karma held by ignorant people, both in Orient and Occident. Showing the absurdity or inadequacy of these faulty views, he then infers, either that the doctrine is false, or that it is inexpedient — not making it very clear which of the two he means. But it does not matter, since the teaching as to Karma (as Theosophists understand it) is not disparaged but rather supported by such an exposure of the fallacies concerning it. These objections take the general form that Karma involves man in an inextricable network, rendering choice futile. And such an objection is all the more remarkable in the present critic's case, because on one page he describes the teaching of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* (that the Soul of man is not bound by Karma), while on later pages he seems to forget this altogether. For answer to most of his objections, we can therefore refer him back to his own reference to the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*. This teaches that man, by ridding his mind of those desires, expectations, regrets, and anticipations, wherewith he is wont to color his actions, gets freedom from the chains that bind him. And this, we repeat, is not an improvement on an original cruder doctrine, invented by certain priests to satisfy a later age; but it is a fuller interpretation of an actually existing law of nature.

It seems scarcely necessary to repeat the familiar objections and their equally familiar and obvious answers. We are told that a belief in Karma will discourage pity, because men are doomed to suffer, and what is the use of trying to help them! But, if the law of Karma is absolute and inevitable as the law of gravitation, then we cannot upset it, no matter what we may do; so we may just as well be compassionate as not. The belief in gravitation does not hinder us from saving a falling man, much less can it excuse us from doing so; and so with Karma. If it is man's destiny to suffer, it may equally well be part of his destiny to be relieved. The argument cuts both ways. In any case it is our duty — or, if you will, our privilege — to render the man what assistance we can; and by refraining from doing so, we merely create fresh bad Karma for ourself.

KARMA

The religious idea of God as an extracosmic potentate creeps into the criticism of Karma, making Karma appear as though it were the decree of such a potentate. But, as a Theosophist would understand the matter, Karma is the sum-total of a vast number of causes; and predominant among these causes are the motives and actions of man himself. So that man is himself an agent of Karma, and the very laws of nature are largely made by man himself, since man is an important part of nature.

Again, we are told that painful experience cannot be reformative if the action which caused it was done in a past life, so that the sufferer does not know what he is suffering for. Here again we refer to the generally recognised laws of nature. Do these laws take into account our ignorance? A man who breaks a law of nature will suffer, whether he knows he has broken it or not. In the imperfection of our knowledge we may carp at this state of affairs and call it unjust; but that will not help matters; we cannot thereby abrogate the laws. It is absurd to blame Theosophists for those defects in the human understanding which they are trying to remedy. What alternative has the critic himself to offer? If we see a man suffering, and find that he does not know what he is suffering for, will it help to state the Christian doctrine? Or by what means do the hard facts of life discredit the doctrine of Karma without at the same time discrediting every other doctrine?

But we *deny* the allegation that suffering whose cause is forgotten will therefore fail to be reformative. The real experiencer of all experiences in life is the Soul (as the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* explains); and the lessons of Karma are learnt by the Soul (who is the real Man himself), however imperfect may be the vision of the mere workaday brain-mind.

Throughout all such objections is the general confusion of thought by which the critic *blames the teachings* for certain unpleasant *facts of life*, instead of praising the teachings for explaining those awkward facts. Men suffer; we say we do not know why; we call it unjust. Whose fault is that? If I am a Christian, I say it is God's fault. If I am a Theosophist, I say it is Karma's fault. Where is the sense in that kind of talk? A man is struck blind; we can see no reason, no equity in the event. Nevertheless it *is* an event. Why not try to understand it? One man says, 'It is the divine will, we must resign ourselves to it, and it is impious to question it.' Another says, 'Man's faculties are infinite, and, though he does not understand it now, he may be able to do so later.' This is what Theosophy says. It declares that the divine spirit, which Christians must admit was inspired into man, is an infinite source of knowledge, and may at any time raise a man to that level of vision where he can understand nature's laws and discern their justice.

And Theosophy states the ancient teaching of Karma as well as that

teaching can be made clear to our present understanding. It declares that the law of causation and conservation of energy, as recognised in science, is of application to the moral domain, and pertains not merely to physics but to conduct. It announces that every experience in our lives is traceable to some cause, proximate or remote; and attributes the apparent injustice to our faulty knowledge. We assert confidently that this teaching explains life far better than any possible alternative teaching; and that any objection which can be brought against it applies with tenfold force to any possible alternative teaching.

Standing on this ground, let the inquirer begin a serious study of the law of Karma, using his own life and those of his fellows as his laboratory and materials. He will then find that he has entered upon a quest having all the fascination which belongs to a shoreless ocean of knowledge that opens up new prospects the more it is investigated. A moment's reflexion on the extreme limitation of our faculties, in our present stage of development, will show us that we cannot expect to view life as a plain matter with no riddles in it. There must of course be many riddles. But this should only inspire the earnest man with zeal to enlarge the range of his understanding and try to solve some of those riddles. That this can be done is the conviction of many that have studied Theosophy for long years, and they invite all sincere truth seekers to enter on the same quest.

"ON inner planes this hour is full of the rarest and dearest opportunities for all. You must first learn the value of a moment, then an hour, then a day. Hold to the power of self-mastery and self-development. If you slip over a moment, an hour, or a day now, you will have to go back and go over the same ground again, even over the victories you have won. This means retrogression and a loss to yourself, to the Work and to the whole of Humanity.

"This time should be a challenge to conquer in Self-Mastery. You should not be slaves to pleasure. All pleasure is transient. Find pleasure in your efforts towards self-mastery; then after you have done your best (Karma must have its way) you can trust in the higher Law and good must come of it, for you have done your duty.

"It is better to have a few persons imbued with pure motives and with confidence in the Higher Law striving for self-mastery than to endeavor to ingrain the teachings into lives which are unprepared to receive them. We need never think of numbers of members, for sometimes one member is equal in his power for good to a thousand.

"This day and this celebration is truly a tribute to the Great Teachers, for it was here in the woodlands of dear Laurel Crest that I had my first thoughts of working for Humanity; and my future in this life was made so clear that it was an inspiration."— *Katherine Tingley*

THE DEEPER MEANING OF CHRIST'S TEACHINGS FROM A THEOSOPHICAL STANDPOINT

MARTHA BLAKE

TWO thousand years ago — even then very late in the world's history — a young man, enthusiastic for human welfare, stern, very imaginative, compassionate, began to make his name talked of and his words quoted in a little corner of the south-west of Asia. He had a mind which entertained thoughts as you and I have; eyes which saw the scenery and the faces of men, as you and I have. But his mind and eyes not only looked out upon the common world, as do yours and mine, but in, into the very depths of being, into an inner world where dwelt a Presence which he called God. He said that he had been sent forth from that Presence into the body and into the outer world, in among mind and the physical senses which he used, that he might carry out a great purpose.

If we are Christians we believe that we also came into the body from the presence of God; but we do not remember the coming. When we awoke we found ourselves already come.

Christ, however, evidently remembered, knew all about the coming, knew why he had left the immediate presence of God, and what his work in the world was to be. He desired that others also should awaken to the knowledge that they are sons of God. He desired that others should have all the knowledge and all the power that he himself possessed. He desired that they should also hand on the doctrines he taught, so that men of future generations might rise to the same vast and mysterious knowledge, the same wonderful power. His idea and ideal certainly must have been that this world of ours should gradually be peopled with men of godlike knowledge and power, until there should be no other kind.

How far this ideal has been realized is readily answered, for notwithstanding the many good and lofty-minded people, how many are there who have actually developed into what Christ promised? Then the query may arise: Did he go too far in his promises? Did he recommend more than was possible of accomplishment? Was the standard set by him too lofty for human achievement? If so, then mankind might be justified in paying the moderate regard it does to the unattainable.

But if Christians, we must believe that he knew whereof he spoke, and meant exactly what he said; and that in urging the constant striving for perfection, however seemingly difficult it may be, he could not have

been recommending the fruitless chasing of a will-o'-the-wisp, but must have been speaking solely from his knowledge of the only way by which the goal of immortality could be reached, supplemented by what he knew lay within man's innate power of accomplishment. If this be not so, how can his teachings be entitled to greater regard than would be accorded the utterances of a visionary, a mere dreamer?

But, be it noted, he does not rely solely upon his own unsupported word, but also quotes with approval one of the older writings. "Is it not written," he says, "in your law: 'I said ye are gods'? If he called them gods unto whom the word of God came, . . ." etc., further corroborating and confirming the truth of his quotation by the remark: "And the scripture cannot be broken," an idea to which David had also given utterance in the words: "I have said, ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High."

How strange it is, with such declarations ringing down the ages from tongues deemed to have been inspired, that credence should have been so seriously given to a far different concept of human potentiality as to lead men in their prayers to confess in utter abasement of innate Godhood: "We are but worms in Thy sight"!

In all of Christ's sayings there is not a single word corroborating the theory that man is at best nothing but a miserable sinner. Rather do we find proof of a very different regard, especially toward his disciples, to whom he intrusted all that he had — for did he not say to them: "All that I have heard from my Father, I have made known unto you"?

Perhaps, however, the strongest appeal that Christ made to the world was through his works, although the chief one is not mentioned in the records of his disciples. Those mentioned consist largely of healing the sick, raising the 'dead,' and the performance of various phenomena that bespeak 'miraculous' power. He also 'rose from death' himself and then for a brief period continued his teaching. It is evident that what he did was a very large mass, "the which," says John, "if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written."

But the unmentioned work was this: the starting of a wave, as it were, which has broadened and broadened down through the centuries, until today nearly half the world calls itself by his name. He not only spoke the message — which another perhaps might have done; but he gave it such tremendous inner power that it could not die, even amidst the warring interpretations of hundreds of sects.

In view of such results can we in any wise question its author? Can we for a moment doubt that he fully knew the power he was putting forth, not only in the comparatively lesser matters, such as healing the sick

or changing water into wine, but also in this far greater matter of molding the minds of the coming millions of mankind?

Bearing this well in mind, let us then recall this unequivocal promise: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and *greater.*" And again: "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, *ask whatsoever ye will,* and it shall be done unto you." And this also: "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and manifest myself unto him; we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

What can this prodigality of rich promises mean except that for such a man the doors of the inner world shall be thrown wide open as they were open for him, and that he shall have constant present knowledge of the being of God and of Christ, and use of the powers used through his life by Christ! It must also surely mean knowledge of the mysteries of birth and death, and the true meaning of life. So when we, in what we call humility, say that such mysteries are beyond our grasp, what are we doing but showing arrant skepticism of Christ's plain promises, and actually and on our own unsupported authority daring to contradict his specific teachings? Surely we do not quite realize the attitude we have assumed, or — shall I say? — into which we have been bent.

Christ, however, seems to have anticipated that he might be misunderstood, and so he returned again and again to the subject. He repeatedly promised knowledge and wisdom in set terms, another instance being: "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth; and He shall teach you *all things*"; and in still another place: "He shall guide you unto *all the truth.*" Could anything be more exact, more explicit? And if men *are* gods, and sons of God, what more natural than that there should be some way for them to gain such power and such knowledge? But who has gained them? Who even believes that they *can* be gained in the full and exact sense of Christ's words?

In another regard also faith does not seem to be fully accorded the founder of the Christian religion; for he most certainly recognised the idea of Reincarnation, then held by the Jews as a fact. The Church, however, for some reason has not seen fit to accept it, nor do there seem to be any commentaries on the fact of his telling his disciples that John the Baptist was Elijah reincarnated, nor yet of the incident when he asked them of whom they thought he was the reincarnation. There is no room to question his acceptance of the idea, as plainly illustrated at the time when a man born blind was brought to him and the question was asked whether it were for that man's sins — committed before his present birth, that is, in the last birth — that he was thus punished.

But, as already stated, for some reason it was long ago ecclesiastically decided that reincarnation is not a fact, which might rather seem to place the disciples and even their teacher in the position of advocating curious fancies, if they be not true.

Turning attention to a consideration of what man is, for the purpose of gaining, if possible, a better understanding of how Christ's teachings may apply, it has by some been argued that man is only a mass of thoughts. Yet he can alter his thoughts, have what he will of them, reject what he will. He can watch his mind thinking of what it chooses, rambling from one thing to another; and he can suddenly pull it up on its haunches, as it were, and set it upon what road he will. Nor can a man be a composite of his desires, for they change. At one time one thing is wanted, and at another, another; in youth and in age they are vastly different, but he remains ever the same identical individuality, having power over his desires as over his thoughts, changing them, reshaping them, and discarding them at will.

What then is he? He certainly is a director of desires and thoughts, or can become so. And who can be such but a god, even as Christ and David said; for what has greater potency in the field of results than desire and thought; and what other name than god can be applied to him, who, by sheer will-power alone, controls and directs the greatest potencies in nature? Therefore it must have been to the soul, to the potential god within us all, that Christ spoke, urging it to rule its kingdom properly.

He also spoke of God as the Father, Father of the Soul, although the Soul knows it not, perhaps because so completely inwrapped in the thick garment of thought and desire. He, however, must have known it from his knowledge of himself and, therefore, by reason of human similitude, known it to be true for all. And so he gave the explicit instruction that, if we direct our thoughts to him, believing his teachings, and turn our love to him — which we can hardly fail to do once our powers of appreciation are quickened — an awakening of our soul will occur, so that we too shall know the Father; for he says: "We will come unto him and make our abode with him"; and so would gradually come also the power with the knowledge.

How, then, can his teachings mean anything other than that the soul of each of us came forth from the Father and, therefore, must of necessity partake of the very essence of the Father,— for like begets like and nothing else; but entering the physical body, it has temporarily forgotten its heritage and potentiality in the whirl of desires and wants and thoughts and sensations, that we allow so constantly to engross our attention! And what do his many instructions indicate other than the way to recover the memory and knowledge we have allowed to slip away! Certainly the

mystery of life can be solved in no other way. Faith can only be replaced by a most glorious knowledge; not once has he implied that that knowledge could only be acquired after death. On the contrary, it is quite apparent that he meant it was to be obtained during life.

All this, unfortunately, has been largely emotionalized from the thoughts and consciousness of men until there seems to be but little left; and so it would seem a most excellent suggestion for every earnest soul to go straight to Christ's own plain teaching, read as one would read any record and without reading-in the contradictory concepts that have been superimposed, and if his plain statements and instructions appeal as feasible, why, simply act upon them. This, in brief, is what Theosophy is trying to persuade people to do, to go for themselves — and then *act*. The reward promised — if that is what we are seeking — is surely large and glorious enough, being consciousness of our innate godhood, with ever-increasing wisdom and power.

Christ's words were undoubtedly appreciated by Walt Whitman when he said: "Come, I will make the most splendid race of men the sun ever shone upon." That was clearly what Christ was seeking. Surely he did not desire a world of meek, red-eyed penitents; but a magnificent race of gods, compassionate, knowers of themselves and God, full of knowledge and wisdom, wielders of every power of mind and body and soul, rejoicing in all things good and beautiful, knowing nothing of disease or want or hate or quarrel. And does he not stand today as he stood then, beckoning the world to the splendors of real life? If his counsel had been followed during the last two thousand years, there would be little need today for doctors, or lawyers, or jails, or tuberculosis conferences, or hospitals, or insane asylums. There would be art and music and literature such as we can hardly conceive of, and we would have so entered into and realized the present purposes of God that we would be ready for the unimaginable splendors of further purposes.

But what are we to do to achieve this? It is not at all too late, for has he not told us that his promises will endure? First, why not make another picture of Jesus? A weeping figure with bleeding heart carrying a lamb has not seemed to give exactly the right inspiration; for what is it at the best but a sentimental caricature — and you can caricature with a sentimentalizing pencil just as well as with a ridiculing one! Such a picture leaves out all the power of a man, which Christ certainly was. It leaves out all his vast wisdom, and his knowledge has never been gainsaid.

How often have I wished that some artist of realistic power would delineate another conception of this Master, at the time when he especially illustrated his right to the title. The picture I have in mind would

show no meek and lowly countenance, with downcast eyes and relaxed figure; but a form tense with activity, with eyes that looked fearlessly forward with flashings of living power.

Let us then build the picture of a *man*, and add to it the power and wisdom and compassion that true divinity implies.

Simply think of what he wanted to help us to become, men and women pure and perfect and splendid in manhood and womanhood, Gods, a world of such, alive in mind and soul and body! He said himself that he came to give *life*, and we have calmly interpreted his words to mean life only after death. But life of necessity must mean life here, as well as somewhere else. He also said: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," without doubt meaning the door of the mind and heart; and what else could we hope to find him holding for each of us but an ideal picture of what we may become, the actual god, now latent, when each shall be raised to his most splendid terms!

How then are we to let in this waiting inspiration that knocks? In our ears we hear the constant call: Awake! Awake! Awake! to your manhood and womanhood! We hear the knocking. We hear the call. It does not bid us think of sins, but to let the dead past bury its dead, our main concern being only with the now and the future.

The thought of Christ as the ideal man, superb in power, wisdom, and compassion, making him a presence in life, watching and helping, as by his words he said that he is, can hardly fail to awaken those qualities now latent in us. Holding to such a picture, our weaknesses must for the moment cease; and as we return again and again to it, and feel it about us and in us, they begin to die; while the growing conception of this ideal presence evokes the very soul, the man that is to be.

In fine, Theosophy would call men to what may be termed a new Christianity, the Christianity of Christ, that accepts the words and promises of Christ. It urges us to believe that we can be gods; that the Christ-*spirit* stands with and in and near each one of us, calling us to look forward, to see ourselves crowned with the splendor of perfect manhood; to act from morning till night accordingly and to feel accordingly. And is it not reasonable to suppose, if Christ really was anything like what we claim to believe him to have been in goodness, compassion, mercy, love, and wisdom, that the courage and even common sense on our part unfalteringly to act upon the distinct advice he has given for our guidance at all times and under all circumstances, is simply bound to bring all that we can desire in the due fulfillment of his promises?

If, then, it seems reasonable to accept in their literal significance the injunctions and promises of Christ — and there appears no good reason for doubting that he meant just what he said — the first evidences of our

newly-quickened faith should manifest in our care and concern for the little ones; and the widespread and ever-deepening interest that is felt in children and child-life today, and the belief that we *should* be able to do something more and something better than heretofore in the equipment of children for the life that is before them, would show that we really do have a heart-understanding of Christ's messages that far surpasses the brain-concepts, as exemplified by some of the old dogmas.

It is such a confidence that has led to the establishment of the Râja-Yoga system of education, which, during the twenty years of its operation at Point Loma, California, has demonstrated that it is possible for education to be a harmonious development of the child's whole nature from the dawn of its life. Under this system no time is lost; for the teachers are imbued with the importance of the beginnings of all things, and the youngest students, who are often not more than a few days, or a few weeks or months old, enter an atmosphere full of the sense of human responsibilities and of human possibilities.

The keynote of the whole Râja-Yoga system is struck at once with the baby-students, as with those of any age who apply, in a profound recognition of the divinity within, the encouragement to make it the ruling element of life, and the determination to awaken this divine nature to manifestation in every breath and act and word. Any one who has lived among the Râja-Yoga little folk remembers with joy the serenity, the nobility written on their tiny brows, and the wonderful poise that makes the ordinary disturbances of babyhood a rarity, and assures the observer that a wonderful element may be present in human life from the very start if it be not scattered and driven away by the untrained and unseeing to whose care are so often confided the children of the race.

In this home-atmosphere of self-reverence, belief in the divine nature, and the tenderest and most watchful care, the Râja-Yoga children proceed to learn their first lesson in life, which is self-control. Katherine Tingley asserts that just as soon as a child is able to raise its hand to strike, it can begin to learn self-control and begin also to have its energies directed wisely. The effort at self-control soon brings home to the tiniest children the knowledge of the duality of their own nature, consisting of a lower something to overcome, and that something higher which, even at the earliest age, can be master of the lower. One of the experiences that inspires the Râja-Yoga teachers with a deep devotion to their work is the sight of a baby face distorted with temper suddenly becoming radiant in response to their effort to teach a first lesson in self-control. From such early beginnings it is gradually established as a habit, and in a few years a word or a look is sufficient to encourage the children to be their true selves. The transformation which can be brought about in a child thus

trained does away with the terrible waste of life-force that peevish crying and repeated moods and tempers work in most little ones; energy is conserved to a most wonderful degree; physical, mental, and moral poise are gained; the result being that when the children are two or three years old, they are ready to begin other branches of education and take eagerly to the study of music and the school-subjects that are often left until little boys and girls are seven years of age. Thus it is that at Point Loma you may see a body of fourteen or fifteen little ones playing the violin in concert after six or seven weeks of tuition, with an earnestness and dexterity and enjoyment that promise well for their musical life of the future; and thus it is that you may see rosy-cheeked little tots of four or five doing the school-work usually given to twelve-year-olds, and doing it well and readily. This may seem like an extravagant statement, but it is true; for the heritage of the Râja-Yoga pupil, bringing results that speak for themselves, is knowledge of the divine nature within with its early fruitage of self-control and conservation of energy.

Of course all the children in the Râja-Yoga schools have not begun their training at an early age, so that many of the parents and teachers have had the opportunity of comparing the progress of these pupils with that of the younger ones, who have had Râja-Yoga from the start; and it is the observation of these results that has led an ever-increasing number of parents to beg for their little ones the opportunity this training affords from earliest babyhood.

From this it will be seen that in demonstrating in the lives of happy, hearty, and progressive little folk the efficiency of the Râja-Yoga method, the parents and teachers themselves are being educated as well and awakened to a faith in the higher possibilities of the human being, such as Christ unquestionably sought to quicken; and when it is borne in mind that all those who participate in the care of these children are unsalaried and are working only for the love of truth and the love of humanity, it will be seen how ideal must be the personal environment and how assuring it is of the ultimate budding forth of those higher things, that are as yet hidden in the human heart, which, as Madame Blavatsky has so truly said, quoting Bailey's "Festus," has never yet fully uttered itself.

ATLANTIS

KENNETH MORRIS

I: *The Kings*

THE Kings with terror and splendor shook the world,—
Vaunted their sorcerous pride and power on high,—
Upreared beyond the bundled cumuli
Their ramparts,— midst the dawn their flags unfurled;
Grim where the sunset scarlet waned empearled
Their dragon galleons hurtling tracked the sky,
And when they willed the flower of the world to die,
From nigh the stars their flaming vengeance hurled.

"Lo," they said, "we are mighty; time nor fate
Can shake our thrones; death is less strong than we;
Come let us know delight; we hold in fee
The demon worlds to serve our lust and hate!"
— Thus they: nor heard low-crying, soon and late,
The inexorable, eerie, appeaseless Sea.

II: *The Sea*

The Sea dreamed dreams along dim sun-rich coasts
Of pearled and palm-fringed islands; purred his ease
Where the gaunt ribs of fabled argosies
Bleached on lone shores known only of drowned men's ghosts.
The Sea sped huge armadas, heard their boasts,—
And lisped aloof his silvern mysteries,—
Cooed like a little child its playthings please,
Hiding the wrecks and bones of vanished hosts.

The Sea beheld the huge sky-bastioned town,
The sorcerous power and pride, the Giant Kings,—
And moaned and chuckled in his secret caves;
And lapped pride, pomp, Kings, bastions, sorceries, down
Where silence dies not, 'neath the wandering wings
Of seagulls, and the idiot croon of waves.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE

R. MACHELL

An Address given at Isis Theater, San Diego

A MAN with a grievance is generally an object of contemptuous pity; and yet there is something to be said in his favor, for in acquiring possession of a grievance he has acquired property that belonged to no one else and which no one wants to take from him. Of what other possession can we say as much?

Man is born with a desire for possessions, but usually the possessions most desired are either those already owned by others, or that are being eagerly sought, and which when acquired must be carefully guarded from the rapacity of other men, as also against loss or destruction from natural causes. It is to be noticed also that the most desired possessions are those that are most rare or most difficult to obtain — not by any means those that are most useful or practically profitable. Fabulous prices are paid for curiosities that are rare and have no other recommendation. The man who owns such unprofitable objects must be continually on guard or he will lose his treasure.

Not so the man with a grievance. Nobody else wants it, and yet he guards it jealously. It is his own — a thing that he has nursed and nourished and cherished. It is like some little creature that he has allowed house-room to when it was small and seemingly harmless, but which has grown till it is a danger to all and keeps its owner busy working to provide food for it. For a grievance grows from a mere fancy to a dominating idea when nourished by thought and attention, housed in its owner's mind, and gradually usurping the position of master; until at last it may be said that it owns the man, for he becomes its slave. From a possession it has then become an obsession.

But a grievance pays for its keep; for it provides its owner with excuses for all his weaknesses and vices, by representing them to him as a sort of justifiable retaliation for some imaginary injury received. For the real mission of a grievance is to provide a man in advance with a justification for all the mean and vicious things that he may feel impelled to do. His grievance gives him full absolution and protects him against self-reproach.

All this is intelligible only to those who realize that man's nature is dual, and that it depends upon the man himself whether he will identify himself with the higher or the lower of the two aspects of mind. For this duality runs through the whole visible universe, and man has to choose

constantly between these two selves and learn to control the lower by the higher. Now the man with a grievance has allowed himself to listen to the promptings of his lower nature, and in doing so becomes its mouthpiece.

But what is a grievance? It is a sense of wrong suffered: and that is a confession of weakness; for a strong man would either not allow the wrong to be done, or if unable to prevent it, would accept it as inevitable and forget it. To him a wrong would never become a grievance. A grievance indeed is a mental malady. It was perhaps originally a thought, a suspicion, an emotion, a fancy, something intangible, that crept into the mind and was not driven out, and was allowed to grow there till it seemed to be actually a part of the mind itself.

It is said truly that "the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates," and so the man with a grievance allows his mind to take on the form of wrong, real or imaginary, and to keep that form, thus distorting all his thoughts and coloring all his impressions.

But what is this thing, and where does it come from? I have said that there is in man a lower nature, and I believe there is no human being on this plane of existence who is not subject to this strange duality. Strange because it is so often unrecognised, though plainly evident to any serious student of life. Through this lower nature come into the mind low and degrading impulses, which it is man's business to purify and transmute. For the man himself stands between his own higher and lower natures, which are to him like two selves or two claimants for the throne of his mind. The ordinary man vacillates weakly between the two, now listening with approval to the high ideals and heroic impulses from his spiritual self, and then giving ear to the whisperings of his lower elemental self, which may seem to him as a demon, while his nobler nature may be regarded as a guardian angel or heavenly watcher. Either of these, when in possession of the man's mind, may appear to him as himself; while at such a moment he will look upon the other as an outside influence.

It is through these two selves that good or bad impulses can reach his mind. Truly the path to wisdom is through self-knowledge; and the first step in that path is the recognition of the duality of the human mind.

This duality will make a weak man appear neither good nor bad, but just respectable. That is to say he will compromise with his vices and excuse them to himself. For this purpose nothing is more useful than a grievance, which is a way of throwing the blame for all one's own evil tendencies on to someone else, whose malignity or stupidity compels us to act in a way we would not otherwise do.

Self-justification is a necessity to a weak man, who cannot bear the contemplation of his own meanness or viciousness in its simple nakedness. Only the strong are willing to accept responsibility for their thoughts and

deeds good or bad. The weak man wants a scapegoat to carry his sins for him — and this the grievance offers him. And just what is this friend in need, which is indeed no friend but the worst enemy of man?

The grievance is a device of the mind to deceive the higher man and to induce him to tolerate the degrading impulses of the lower nature. In an ordinary man who has not yet mastered his lower nature or got control of his mind, both high and low impulses play upon the mind; and the mind reflects them all. So that there is confusion and deceit in the mind; and the man himself does not know who he is or where he stands in this medley of motives.

Wishing to justify himself to himself the man seeks an explanation of his own actions and thoughts; and failing that, invents perhaps almost unconsciously an excuse. He finds someone to blame for the thoughts that come so readily to him through his own lower self, but which make him ashamed for his own meanness. To pacify his higher self he finds an excuse — someone, he says, has driven him to this extremity. It must be so, for he would never have thought of such villainy by himself. An excuse becomes a necessity; and so the grievance is born. A wrong, real or imagined, is found, a wrong that clamors for retaliation, an injury that must be revenged, an insult that must be wiped out by fitting punishment, anything that will make it clear that the man's own evil thoughts and deeds were actually forced upon him by some other person's wrongdoing.

It is noticeable that a man can always find a good motive for a bad deed after the event; but it is a fact that men act upon impulses, not upon reason. It is the function of the mind to invent plausible motives for these emotional acts. And that is where a grievance comes in handy. It is a permanent and standing justification for all sorts of discreditable emotions and impulses.

The bitterest and most malignant hate can be justified by a good grievance; indeed, it can be made to appear right and proper, a kind of 'righteous anger' roused by some imaginary wrong. Every misanthrope is a man with a grievance.

Grievances are of many kinds. One of the most elegant and refined is the feeling that one is misunderstood. This form is the one that serves to cover a tender self-love which grieves that so much virtue should be unappreciated by a heartless world.

When a man tells me that he is sadly misunderstood I always feel inclined to congratulate him; for I have observed that most of us spend the greater part of our lives in trying to get credit for a little more virtue or talent or amiability than we really have at command. This little deception is so seldom successful, our effort to be thus misunderstood is generally so transparent, that when a man can feel that the meanness of his charac-

ter has been misunderstood he has really accomplished the secret aim of his life. The sad thing is that our little deceptions are so futile; one can so seldom find any one to misunderstand us in the way we desire. They understand us too well.

When a man has a hard life he may apparently be the victim of a cruel fate, or of an unjust social condition, or of an unfortunate parentage, or of any other of the ills that seem to come to a man through no fault of his own. But if he is a Theosophist he will understand that all these things are the natural results of preceding causes, in which he had a share in some of his former lives on earth. Then he will not feel dejected, for he knows that as those conditions were prepared, with his assistance, in the past, so future conditions of a different kind may be prepared now. His difficulties will be lessons in how to live and will not become grievances. The law of Karma will clear the air of all such specters, if we will give it a little intelligent study.

What is true for individuals is true in the case of nations, and this matter of grievances may be studied perhaps more easily in the conduct and policy of nations, for there we may see the grievance in the making. The nation, like all of its members, is subject to the duality I spoke of. It has its high ideals and its low motives, its noble aspirations and its vulgar greed, its high-flown ambition to shine as a lamp of culture, and its sordid desire to plunder its neighbors, to pick their pockets, or to steal their land. And as the national pride must be maintained unspotted by these ignoble desires, and as these same desires are to be gratified if possible, it becomes necessary to disguise them or to show that they are merely the working out of a lofty sense of justice and duty.

A nation that is weakened by internal strife is to be conquered and controlled by a powerful neighbor, not because of its desirable treasures but in the interests of peace and good government. Then the public conscience must be prepared to see in the coming war a lofty purpose, or at least the execution of a divinely ordained punishment for wrongs committed. So a grievance is created; it takes birth in some fevered brain and is nourished by the desires of those whose eyes are covetously fixed upon the treasure buried in the neighboring soil. The politicians and the press become busy and prepare the public mind, and before long the poor deluded public finds it has a well-established grievance, and a holy indignation burning in its heart against the unconsciously offending country. Then some more audacious spirits put the promptings of the press into practice, and some raid is made, or some infringement of the neighbor's territory, and thereupon a grievance springs to life upon the other side of the border. Retaliation follows and confirms the primal grievance, and so the story, that is history, moves on through all the tragedy of war and

misery and desolation to some glorious victory, which is the starting-point for future wars of national revenge. Through it all runs the grievance and the ostensible excuse.

In the dark ages of a civilization revenge is regarded as a pious duty. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is the ideal that is inculcated as the law of God. Curiously enough, the Christian nations, in adopting the religion of love and compassion, of non-resistance and non-retaliation, taught in the Sermon on the Mount and in the teachings generally ascribed to Jesus, have retained the earlier law of revenge and strict retaliation. It is not surprising therefore that the public mind should be confused when such opposing can be justified by appeal to teachings recognised as divine by their own churches.

The way the grievance works is by presupposing some wrong and then appealing to the religious obligation of revenge to justify aggression. What wonder if the lower elements of every nation should be continually discovering wrongs and turning them into grievances, so that a war of aggression can be undertaken with a clear conscience! It is a notorious fact that a nation has a lower standard of morality than that of its best citizens. There are quantities of people who forgive their personal enemies, but who would perhaps join in the demand for retaliation against a national foe. There is matter for some self-examination in that thought.

Why are the high ideals of the best men and women of so little power in national affairs? You may say that they do have effect in modifying the prevailing national tendency. But is that enough? To me there is something stupid in the belief that a wrong can be mended by another wrong, or by a repetition of the original offense. Revenge creates an endless chain of wrongs and makes the grievance perpetual.

In this perpetuation of a grievance the gossips and the journalists are active. Both aim at creating opinion. The gossip does for the individual what the corrupt element in the public press does for the public mind. The power of the press is enormous in this respect; and the spread of elementary education has put an enormous mass of unthinking people entirely at the mercy of these fashioners of public opinion. The publicity of the press perhaps makes it less venomous than the whispering of the gossip. But few people realize the extent to which so-called opinion is really manufactured by those who have some ulterior motive of so sordid a character that it would be disavowed if not covered by an appeal to some high-sounding moral purpose and reference to some well-established grievance.

But here again we may fall into the error of blaming others for our own weaknesses. The whispering of the scandal-monger would be harmless if there were no listeners to such talk. The insidious suggestions of the

journalist would fall flat if there were no readers eager for such thought. And without any extraneous assistance a man can create his own grievances and foster them till they are stronger than his weak will; because a man is a host, he is a compound of strange elements, and his mind is like a mirror which reflects them all. He, driven hither and thither by conflicting impulses, is at a loss to know just who is himself — hence the old sage insisted, "Man know thyself!"

That is the remedy for all our ills. Self-knowledge, which implies self-control; for the first step towards self-knowledge is to learn the duality of mind, the simple mystery of the two natures in one man, the higher and the lower; and the next is to let the higher rule the lower. Later the seeker for self-knowledge will learn to rise above this plane on which duality reigns temporarily supreme. Self-knowledge knows no limits in this universe; what lies beyond lies also beyond the brain-mind consciousness and is fit subject for silent meditation perhaps, but not for speech.

The man with a grievance is a subject well within the range of ordinary intelligence, and there are few of us, I fancy, who need travel very far to find at least one example that it would be profitable to study a little closely. For, I believe, most people have a little grievance somewhere tucked away in the dark corners of the heart, to be occasionally taken out as a plaything, or as a rare treasure to be guarded from public gaze; for it is a delicate, sensitive little thing that might not be able to survive the light of day. But, delicate as it may be at first, if fostered and fed it will grow amazingly under cover of darkness.

It is often said that thoughts are things: sometimes they seem to have a life of their own, to judge by the way they influence people who allow them even a momentary entrance into their mind. They may have no real soul of their own, but some thoughts seem to draw life from each mind to which they have gained admission, particularly when they can get in unnoticed and be accepted as original to the mind in which they are for the moment operating. No wonder that some people speak of thoughts as creatures embodying elemental passions or desires; for they seem capable of independent action. But their independence is probably illusive; their seeming power of action is no more than that with which the mind that gave them birth endowed them, supplemented by what re-enforcement of vitality they may acquire from the minds in which they lodge. They must always have some mind to lodge in, or they will fade and die of inanition. So it is certain that a grievance is a thought that feeds upon the life of anyone foolish enough to give it lodgement; otherwise it could not live.

Wherever you find a man with a grievance you will see a man obsessed

with something that would justify the old superstition as to vampires, that feed upon the life-blood of their victims. That is just what a grievance will do if left to grow in the mind. It will become a kind of moral cancer. Indeed, it may well be that the cause of such diseases is not unlike the cause of the mental malady that is the subject of this paper. Even conservative physicians are coming to recognise the power of the mind to influence the body; and Theosophists are well aware that thought has the power to influence the mind; for the mind is dual, and it is the lower mind which mirror-like reflects the discords of the lower elemental nature and which may become obsessed by a fixed idea that is in all respects similar to a cancer in the body: for the mind is the instrument of the soul, just as the body is the servant of the mind.

But the higher mind, which reflects the impulses of the higher spiritual nature, can cleanse and purify the lower, if man will. Great as the power of the mind may be, it is dependent for its character upon the will of man. That is the mystery of Man, the power of the will. That too is dual: for there is the Spiritual Will, which is the Man himself, and the lower will, which is apparently no more than the desires of the lower nature to some extent guided and controlled by the spiritual will, or its reflexion.

When a man begins to seek self-knowledge he invokes his higher nature and awakens his Spiritual Will. Then his whole life is changed and his mentality is energized by new thoughts and aims, so that the lower mind is quickened, and his personal will is vitalized by a more active radiation of will-force from his own spiritual Self, which is not separate from the Supreme Will of the Universe of which he is a living member. When such an awakening takes place the ghosts and specters that may have been lurking in dark places of the lower mind find no dark places there to hide in and they vanish as the darkness passes when the Light appears.

The cure for every grievance is more light. "Truth, Light, and Liberation" — that is the story of the awakened Spiritual Will, when "The morning of manhood is risen and the shadowless soul is in sight."

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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PRESERVER OF THE DAY

F. M. P.

O THOU Unnamed — Preserver of the Day,
Weaving its splendor in the woof of night!
Thy going is the orb's resplendent way,
Thy cloak obscures Thy coursing in the light.

Revealed while unrevealed, Thou ne'er concealed!
Omniscient, omnipresent Two in One.
We apprehend Thee as the One revealed
Perceiving Thee in darkness as the Sun.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

AN OUTLINE OF THEOSOPHY AND ITS TEACHINGS

MAGISTER ARTIUM

IV — CONCLUSION

IT would be difficult for the average person to state what is his object in life, or what he considers life is for. He usually shuts his eyes to such questions and concentrates his attention on what lies before him, following the attractions of pleasure and the necessities of circumstance. His notions as to what will become of him after death are vague; and he is very likely hovering between an intellectual disbelief in immortality and a subtil conviction of the opposite. The death of his loved ones shocks him into an anguished questioning on these deeper problems; but time brings with it the consolations of use and forgetfulness.

Nor would it be easy for a Theosophist to formulate an idea as to his object in life or what life is for; for he must use the formulas of the ordinary intellect — a machine which has been developed amid the limitations of ordinary life and for the purposes thereof. Whereas the real knowledge that alone can answer such questions is of a nature that defies intellectual expression. Nevertheless the Theosophist can come much nearer to a satisfactory answer than can many other people, by stating that he believes his object to be the attainment of Self-Knowledge, and that he regards the purpose of human life as being the attainment of Knowledge and the reaching of higher levels of evolution attainable by man.

There is a great gap between the attitude of mind which consists in

believing that we can never know the real mysteries of life, and that God alone knows them, or that we shall not know them till after we are dead and gone to heaven; and the attitude of mind which believes that no knowledge is beyond the reach of human attainment, and that our ignorance is due to the imperfect state of our present attainment.

It is a cardinal teaching of Theosophy that man is endowed with an infinite faculty, which came to him, not from below, but from above; and this teaching is allegorized in most religions, including the Hebrew-Christian Bible with its account of the creation and fall of man. These sacred allegories have been very much distorted and confused, but their real purport is to show that man, as finally evolved, was a divinely-inspired being; and that, as possessing free-will and self-consciousness, he can no longer be directed by superior wills, but has taken upon himself a responsibility and is thus the accomplisher of his own evolution. Whereas man has often been taught to look for salvation elsewhere than in the divine power within him, Theosophy recalls him to the true and ancient teaching that his salvation is to be wrought by invoking this divine power and intelligence within him.

And so now, here we are, and we find that we actually have such a power, and the problem before us is what to do with it? Such is the great puzzle for all reflective people; and such is the problem that Theosophy answers.

Theosophy restores a man's self-respect by bringing vividly before his mind a sense of the reality of this higher nature, upon which he can rely as a source of strength and knowledge. It gives him, as it were, a new birth into a more responsible life. It enables him, in a perplexing crisis, to go behind ordinary motives, and stand apart from himself, on advantage-ground whence he can look down on the forces that have been holding and swaying him. And this new independence grows up from the study of the teachings as to Karma, Reincarnation, the septenary nature of man, etc.; all of which are seen to be parts of one great whole and to constitute a great and all-satisfying interpretation of life.

Thus Theosophy has initiated a new era, an era marked by a new sense of the value of life and a new conception of human powers and responsibilities. Whatever may be said in disparagement of ideas as contrasted with actions, it remains true that ideas rule the world, and that, as a man thinks, so he is. Our ideas profoundly influence the nature of our civilization. Now is the seed-time, but the future will show the harvest. Already ideas which, when first promulgated by the Founder of the Theosophical Society, were strange and unwelcome, have insensibly crept into common talk and thought. The process will continue until humanity will be leavened throughout by the influence of Theosophical ideas.

AN OUTLINE OF THEOSOPHY

The first rays of the sun on an earth damp with the dews of night raise mists and vapors; and the warmth of Theosophy has kindled into life some strange forms; so that the word 'Theosophy' may suggest to misinformed persons nothing better than these weird perversions. Yet, as the sun rises higher and shines longer, the mists disperse and reveal the undimmed light. Thus Theosophy itself will soon outlive its counterfeits.

We live in a civilization whose growth has been largely based on ideals of power, possessions, and sensual gratification; and the rotten foundation is giving way. We are thus compelled to learn anew by sad experience the old lesson that such is not the law of *human* life; that incentives which, in the animal kingdom are harmless and useful, are quite otherwise in the human kingdom, because man is gifted with intellect, a faculty which turns innocent instincts into destructive passions. Now Theosophy gives us a clear understanding of the meaning of this question. The intellect has to be joined to the higher nature, not to the lower: it is a question of Buddhi-Manas as against Kâma-Manas. The delicate process of weaning the intellect from its union with the passions, and bringing it into harmony with the higher nature, has to be gone through both in the individual and in the mass of mankind. The individual soul is perfected by the union between Manas and Buddhi, and man thus becomes initiated into the Light, when he has conquered personal desires, whether of a gross or of a subtil and apparently lofty kind. And in the same way, though by a slower process, because on a larger scale, the mass of mankind is raised to a higher level of attainment and conduct, by the growing influence of higher ideals as against the lower nature.

The divorce between religion and science, which has been so much to the detriment of both, no longer exists under the rule of Theosophy; for both conscience and intelligence enter as guides into every function of our life.

If the individual truth-seeker desires light and knowledge, let him examine into his own nature; and, if he finds there any unconquered weaknesses, let him see therein the obstacle that is keeping him back. Then, ceasing to blame fate or to demand help, he can realize that his progress depends on his own efforts, however he may be circumstanced; and there will be enough work for his hands to do. He can study the teachings of Theosophy; and, instead of keeping them as mere matter for intellectual curiosity, he can seek to apply them in his conduct, thus calling to his aid the resources of his higher nature. Confident that the life of the Soul is eternal, he will never deem it too late to begin; and bearing in mind that personality is an artificial boundary or frontier in the great life of humanity, he will cease to attach too great importance to the interests of that little area which heretefore he has been wont to regard as himself.

THE INHERITANCE

R. MACHELL

(*Continued from the December issue*)

THERE are such critical moments in the life of every aspirant to Art, and they come unexpectedly, without warning. Sometimes they pass unnoticed; but looking back in later years the individual may see that at such a point a path was chosen, and that the choice determined all the after-life. At the moment it may seem that no choice was made, no vital decision arrived at: indeed the 'parting of the ways' is seldom noticeable at the point of divergence, because the choice was made perhaps unconsciously before that point was reached. In Malcolm Forster's case it seemed that such a point in his career had been overlooked, and that his awakening revealed to him the fact that he was not on the path he had intended to tread, and on which he had believed himself to be traveling triumphantly. He felt that somewhere along the road he must have missed his way, and that he must get back to that 'parting of the ways.' It was at Crawley that the awakening had taken place, and it was there that he determined to 'try back' for a trace of the lost path.

His visit needed no excuse; but he tried to persuade himself that it was a purely business affair, the collecting of material for the work that he had undertaken and which must be carried through without regard to personal feelings or artistic aspirations. He needed some drawings of interiors such as he could find nowhere better than at Crawley, and he intended to get a sketch of Rebecca as a part of the 'interior fitting.' This was excuse enough, but it was far from being the real reason of his anxiety to renew the experience of his former visit.

Mark welcomed him with unaffected cordiality, and showed him all the beauties of the old house, the carved balusters, and the old oak paneling in the passages, the richly decorated door-casings, and the deep window-seats, one of which was Miss Margaret's nest, though the artist felt that the whole house was pervaded by her presence: and when he thought of the sensational romance that he had promised to make these drawings for, he felt like a trespasser, or worse, a profane intruder into a sacred place. But the artistic interest of the place soon overcame his scruples and he went to work enthusiastically.

Mark watched him for a while until he feared the visitor might feel embarrassed by his presence and so excused himself.

The artist worked rapidly and effectively, but his enthusiasm soon evaporated. His heart was not in the work. He noticed that the old piano no longer served as a buffet, and he was glad of that. He looked at the unpretentious case of the old instrument and almost feared to ask his hostess to

let him hear again the music that had so stirred him on his former visit. He knew his own critical temper and feared a disillusionment: but when an opportunity arose he could not resist the temptation to ask her to play once more. Her consent was ready and unaffected. She liked his enthusiasm for music, and tried to hide the limitations of the instrument, while not apologizing for them.

This time she improvised a sort of quaint fantasia upon a theme that had been running in her head. It was a kind of rhapsody, almost a lament, with a memory of the sea and the storm in it, with the howling of the wind and the pulsebeat of destiny throughout.

Rebecca listening in the kitchen was awed by the music, which seemed marvelous from the simplicity of the instrument, an old sideboard, as she still considered it.

Malcolm Forster was not disillusioned; and when he rose to leave it was with such evident reluctance, that Miss Margaret could only smile as she invited him to stay to tea.

There was a strange peace in the atmosphere of the old house, a feel of home that was quite new to him. He did not analyse it; but he wondered why it should affect him so deeply, for he was used to make himself at home wherever he went. This was a new experience. He almost feared to break the spell by some irrelevant remark; he, who was never at a loss for conversation, and never felt in danger of a social blunder, no matter where he found himself. He felt a little like the wedding-guest 'who had not on a wedding garment.'

While listening to the music he forgot himself and soared into a region of impersonality, but his wings were borrowed for the occasion and he could not keep them when the music stopped. He fell to earth again, and wondered if indeed he were no better than an earthworm after all, in spite of his esthetic aspirations. His fairy wings were locked up in the old piano, and when he said good night he felt that his host and hostess must notice the deficiency. He was to return to London in a day or two and the prospect forced itself upon him as a return to prison after a short spell of liberty. As he trudged back along the muddy lane that led to the Boar's Head, he felt that he was indeed an earthworm. What had he to do with wings?

He stopped and looked up at the stars. They seemed so far away, and yet they, too, were homelike. Was home then the unattainable? That was a paradox indeed. But while the music held him he was in a state of peace, as if in fact he were at home, where he belonged. Now he was outcast. Dimly the thought was shadowed in his mind that he was no earthworm doomed to grovel in the dust, but a soul seeking the path that he had lost; and as he pondered on this subject the word 'home' impressed itself upon his mind. Where was his home — his true home? He was on his way home at the time, but not to his true home. What was it then, his home? To which he answered: "Home is where I belong; but where is that?"

Mark Anstruther had tried to make a home for himself at Crawley; but it had only become worthy of the name when he had opened its doors to take in a stranger who was homeless, in that she had no memory of home. Mark blessed that loss of memory, and feared its restoration. And yet this visit of the artist showed him the necessity of coming to an understanding with his 'niece' as to their family connexions, and such details as members of one family are supposed to know about each other.

When they were alone again he spoke to her of the necessity of an agreement between them on points that might be subject of inquiry to visitors as to their past lives.

Maggie was willing and anxious to accept whatever parentage and family history her uncle might assign to her; for, in a way, she felt herself adrift on a sea of memories and fancies, whose reality she sometimes doubted and more often dreaded. Gladly she would have accepted total loss of memory: but she could not look upon the past as dead, she feared it was immortal and would live on pursuing her from life to life, till all accounts were settled, all debts paid, all hates forgotten, and all fears obliterated.

For Mark neither past nor future was a cause of fear; his past to him was like an actor's role that he had played, but for which he had no more responsibility than an actor who has retired from the stage. But "all the world's a stage"; and while a man lives on earth he is an actor, with a part to play. Now Mark was in a dilemma, for he had a part to play and had not learned his lines.

Maggie suggested that she should be treated as an invalid who had lost her memory through sickness: this would account for such discrepancies as might occur in their accounts; for the rest she left the family-tree to Mark's ingenuity. He decided to keep as near to facts as possible, and to rely chiefly on a discreet silence for safety. The Micklethwaites were not inclined to gossip and would accept his version of the past if he chose to give it out; but he had faith in the wisdom of the old maxim "Least said soonest mended," and he lived up to that principle, dimly perceiving in some measure the significance of silence whose power makes speech seem impotent if not impertinent.

About a mile from Crawley, near the ruined mill, stood an old cottage sheltered by a stunted elm, and hidden by a bank crowned with a hedge that leaned over in compliance with the constant pressure of the sea-wind, as did all growing things along the coast, giving the place a strangely forlorn and desolate appearance. The cottage was a relic of a by-gone age inhabited by a relic of a by-gone race, a woman, who had been handsome in her youth no doubt, and even in her latter days was still remarkable. She was of the race of old sea-rovers, wild and lawless, who had vanished or become absorbed into the rustic population. Her features, strongly marked and foreign, made her look aristocratic in comparison with the native tillers of the soil.

She seldom left her own fireside, and then would go no farther than to sit in the sun by the little creeper-covered porch, where Mark had noticed her

occasionally and greeted her in passing with a motion of the hand and a smile that quite belied the character of misanthrope that he affected. But he had never stopped to speak to her until one day he saw her standing at the garden-gate, as if expecting someone. He smiled at her as usual, and she beckoned him to come, at the same time opening the little gate for him to pass.

There was a certain dignity in the forlorn and solitary figure that appealed to him and caused him to forget his customary reticence. She scarcely raised her head to look at him, but Mark caught the gleam of quick intelligence in her dark eyes, and knew that she had 'sized him up' and thought him worthy of her notice. She took her seat and beckoned to him to come and sit beside her on the bench.

"Where come you from!" she asked abruptly.

Mark said he came from Crawley manor.

"I know that," she answered. "Ye're the new squire; but where come you from? Ye're no Cayley. Did you buy the place? Ye knew Dick Cayley, did ye? Did he sell the house or did he gamble it away? Is he dead?"

Mark nodded. "Yes! he's dead. He died in California; that's a long way off. He was my partner for a while."

"Did he cheat you?"

Mark laughed. "He tried to; but I had as little to lose as he had, and he died before my luck turned."

"Lucky for you; that's what I say. He'd ha' ruined you same as he ruined any one that trusted him. So he died, did he? I reckon that was the only good thing he ever did. And yet it was as good for him as for the rest; for all his debts will go unpaid, and all the wrong he did unpunished. Is that fair? He was a Cayley to the last, and cheated every one, even in death. Is the child dead?"

"What child?" asked Mark. "He never spoke of having wife or child."

"That's like enough," grimly ejaculated the old woman. "But he had a child, and the child's mother followed him over there. They'll have told ye that, likely; Micklethwaites will ha' told ye that. But she would be dead before you met him, I reckon; she was not one to live long over there. She was too good for him, though it's me as says it. Folks gave her a bad name; and none would heed my word, because I was her mother. But I tell you, man, she was a good girl if ever there was one; and for looks there was not her like in all the country; and she could dance, she could; so that they got to saying she was bewitched; and then Dick Cayley saw her and went mad over her. He swore he'd make a lady of her; but he lied, and went away without a word to her. He was in trouble then, the officers were after him. But she found out where he'd gone, and followed him, in spite of all that I could say. She wrote me two letters, one to tell me she had found him and that he was going to marry her, and that she had fine clothes, and all she asked, and such like. I reckon that was what he made her write. The other letter was just to say goodbye. She said that I should never see her face again, but that the little one would find me out some day. She was like that; her

head was full of fancies, and she had 'the sight' at times. But the child must ha' died surely. . . . There's times I see her in my dreams. She comes and dances for me, as her mother used to do. You never seen the like of it. It was more like a spirit than a body. That's why I think she must be dead. And then she's still a child. If she were alive, she'd ha' grown up by this time: but when I see her she's no bigger than a child. . . . They think I'm getting foolish, sitting here so much alone; but I'm not all the time alone. Maybe you think me foolish too to talk like that to a strange gentleman; but I saw the first time I lay my eyes on you that you were honest; ye're not a Cayley, for all you live where they did. I've been waiting for a word with you when there was no one by. I sent Jane out today, and you come by just right. And you was partners, you and that black-hearted villain: how was that? 'Birds of a feather flock together,' but you are not of his feather. How come you to yoke up with the likes of him?"

Mark fidgeted uneasily. "I didn't know him well then. He was a pleasant man to speak to, and seemed to know the country. There's no great choice of friends out there; and a man fares badly if he stands alone. I've nought against the man; he's dead. He owes me nothing, nor I him. I think we're quits, and when we meet again there'll be no bitterness between us."

"When you meet again? He's dead. How can you meet again?"

"Why not? We met once, why not again?"

"You mean when you're dead too? where will you meet him? not in heaven, I reckon."

Mark laughed. "The earth is good enough for me. We met here once. Why not again?"

"Can dead men come to life again?" she asked.

"We all have come to life here once at any rate; and maybe it was not the first time, and mayhap it will not be the last. Who knows?"

Old Sally pondered a while and then looked up at him inquiringly. Her mind worked quickly, and she asked pointedly. "How would you know him if he was born again? And how would he know you? Ay, and how would you know yourself?"

Mark answered with a question. "How do we know each other now? How do we know ourselves here?"

"We are alive now"; retorted Sally. "But then?" She watched him closely, but he seemed to have forgotten her, and spoke as if talking to himself:

"We are alive now. Yes! and it is always *Now*. . . . there is no time but now . . . wherever and whenever we are alive, to us it must be Here and Now."

Then he relapsed into silence; and old Sally too sat pondering the thought that had so often puzzled her. How could there be an end of consciousness or a beginning of existence? She had not formulated her ruminations, and could not now express her feelings; but she felt somehow that this man was right, and that she almost understood what he was driving at. He was not like all the people she had known, nor, for that matter, was she herself.

A sympathy sprang up between them; though she could not forgive an injury as he could. With her it was "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." That was all she had ever learned of Justice.

"Nay!" she muttered. "There's things that can't be put aside like that. There's deeds that cannot be undone . . . there's debts that must be paid. Parsons may preach forgiveness, they knows nowt. There's no such thing. What's done is done; there's no undoing of it. And the one that did the wrong must suffer for it, somewhere. May be Dick Cayley will come back again, and then there'll be a tale to tell: and I'll be there to tell it. It's here the wrong was done and here it must be paid for."

Mark heard her words and understood her feelings. But it was not his place to preach forgiveness. For himself he had no use for it, nor any need. He bore no malice. Wrongs done were best forgotten. Why nurse an injury? Why prolong the pain?

He watched the sunset, and noted how the dreary landscape was transmuted into a pageant rich with magic flames and mystery and majesty; and he wondered if death were not like the setting of the sun, with power so to transmute the grossness of a life that it might pass for such a spectacle as held him fascinated now.

While Sally brooded on her wrongs and dreamed of vengeance, Mark pondered on the blessing that had come to him so undeservedly, and he sought in vain for any explanation of the apparent disregard of justice in the ways of destiny. He wondered if men and women with their individual rights and wrongs were of any moment in the eyes of destiny, which like the sunlight fell upon the ocean unreservedly, the ocean of humanity, with individual ripples that gleamed for a moment and then sunk and were replaced by other ripples equally impermanent, yet like the minds of men, each having a momentary significance. He wondered if the drops of water in the ocean had individual rights and wrongs.

He was content to take life as it came, and did not fancy that his present happiness was a reward of virtue nor could he see how Sally would be benefited by Captain Cayley's punishment. Vengeance seemed altogether superfluous to him.

As the sun went down the air grew chill, and Sally rose, saying: "Ye'll come again, and tell me more. There's much that's hard to understand. I'm getting old, and times are changed. I've been so long alone I scarce know how to say what's in my mind. But come again. Good night to ye, and thank ye for your company."

Jane Wetherby, who looked after the old woman, was at the garden-gate, and Mark said good night as hurriedly as if he had been caught gossiping. Jane greeted him by name, and hoped to get a chance to gossip a little on her own account; but Mark was in a hurry to be gone. Some one was waiting for him; and the thought of it was strangely comforting; so pleasant indeed as to cause him almost to forget the loneliness of the poor old woman.

When he got home he spoke of her and of his visit. Maggie was deeply

interested; she wanted to hear all about old Sally's daughter, and he tried to tell the story, but there were gaps that he tried to fill, and soon he gave up the attempt to disentangle what he had heard. When he repeated Sally's words about the girl that came and danced for her in dreams she laughed, as if some memory had come back to her. She tried to follow it, and saw her mother dancing for her when she was a child. Then she remembered being the center of a crowd and dancing for them. She heard their applause, but the picture was all confused and broken up. She could recall her mother's face at will, but feared it was a freak of fancy, it was so beautiful; but it was always more or less the same, while other faces that she could recall would change continually.

Mark could not answer all the questions that she asked, but promised he would take her to visit the old woman on the first fine day, as soon as the road was a bit drier than at present. The cottage was but a mile or so from Crawley across the fields: it had been a comfortable dwelling in former days, but was in ruins now, with several dilapidated outhouses adjoining the large room that was old Sally's living-room.

The old woman was well cared for and was not in want. The field behind the house was hers, and the old orchard still bore witness to the care it had received in better times gone by. Jane Wetherby was general helper, and Jonas would do odd jobs about the place for her occasionally. Being of the old stock she was not for mixing with the village folk. She had her memories and kept them to herself. Her friendliness to Mark was quite exceptional: but she had taken his measure carefully before she 'let down the bars' and took him into her confidence. She had watched him pass many times before she was sure that her first opinion was correct that he was an honest man.

The season was rainy, and it was some days before the field-path was dry enough for comfortable walking. The sun was shining when they decided to go and see old Sally, and the old woman was sitting by the cottage-door when they arrived. She eyed them curiously in silence as they came up the path, and kept her gaze on Margaret so fixedly that it would certainly have made the little lady feel self-conscious if she had been afflicted with vanity. As it was she smiled with such a genuine friendliness at the old woman that Mark began already to feel jealous. He introduced her as his niece who was keeping house for him, and Sally took her hand and studied the features of her visitor searchingly; then drew her nearer, saying gently:

"Let me look at you, my dear. My eyes are not so clear as they were once, but . . . will you take off your hat, and let me see your hair?"

"Of course I will," said Maggie laughing, and did as she was asked.

Old Sally stroked the silky hair affectionately, and muttered, "It 's Molly's hair . . . but Molly . . . she was taller."

Then abruptly to her visitor: "Can you dance?"

Miss Margaret laughed. "Oh yes; but not like my mother. No one could dance like her."

"Was she like you?" asked Sally. "What was her name?"

Maggie looked troubled and answered evasively. "Oh, she was just my mother. I never knew her by any other name. She died when I was quite young; but I remember how she used to dance for me; and for a long time after that I used to see her in my dreams. She always came when I was most unhappy and danced for me, she was always just as beautiful and young. But I have not seen her since I grew up. If she had lived I think I could have learned to dance as she did."

"When did she die, your mother?" asked Sally.

"It must be more than twenty years ago."

"Where was it?"

"In America, somewhere in the west I think. I can remember mountains and desert — we lived in tents — and there were burros."

"What's burros?"

"Donkeys. They call them burros in California and Mexico. It must have been in some mining-camp: but it is all a dream to me. I lost my memory after a fever, and now I don't know which are dreams and which are memories."

Old Sally rose with difficulty, and taking Maggie's arm she turned to go indoors, saying simply: "Come with me, my dear. I want to show you something." She hobbled to an old-fashioned chest of drawers, and opened one of the small cupboards above it. Then from a little box she drew an old daguerreotype, such as were common fifty years ago or more, and held it up for her visitor to see.

Maggie looked eagerly and intently at the picture, then clapped her hands delightedly, exclaiming: "Mummy! oh Mummy," like a child. She clasped the picture in both hands and kissed it lovingly.

Mark heard the exclamation and came up to see the cause. He gently turned the picture to the light, and recognised at once the likeness that had been evident to Sally at the first glance. Her instinct led her straight to the conclusion that his mind unwillingly admitted. Maggie had found her mother.

There was no need for him to ask who was the original of the daguerreotype; and glancing now at the old woman he could detect a family likeness in the three that plainly told the story of their relationship. He suddenly felt out of place there, and quietly he left the room. Outside, he paced the narrow path, bewildered by his own emotions. A feeling akin to actual jealousy had seized him when he grasped the truth; and he was startled to find himself capable of such meanness.

Maggie had come for shelter to her home, and he had claimed her as his own; but now that a better claim was registered upon the page of destiny, he found himself inclined to fight it.

Then came the conviction that the mysterious hand of fate was guiding events to some inevitable conclusion, and that his selfish desire was impotent to stay the work of destiny. He had his part to play in this drama, and he must play it fairly even if he lost all by it. He would accept it as it came, now as in the past. He had an unuttered faith in the wisdom of the Will that

guides events, although he never formulated such a thought, nor held it as a creed. He simply recognised a fact; and let it go at that.

He had now no doubt that Maggie was daughter to the girl wronged by Dick Cayley, his own disreputable partner; and that he, Mark Anstruther, had been by fate appointed guardian and steward of the old home of her father's family to hold it for the lost child: not lost, perhaps, but drifting homeward on the tide of destiny to find a stranger in possession of her father's house, a stranger, who would make of her a housekeeper, to entertain him in his selfish solitude. He did not spare himself in this analysis: but as he came to see his position more clearly as an agent of the great Law of Life he felt a new sense of dignity and responsibility. He could no longer be content to look upon himself as driftwood on the tide of fate.

To Maggie, the recognition of the picture of old Sally's daughter as a portrait of her mother was instantaneous and conclusive. There was something in the smile that she had never seen on any living face after her mother's death; but now, turning to the old woman at her side, she caught a glimmer of that same strange quality, something to be felt rather than seen, something ethereal, as if it were a spiritual presence looking through the eyes of an ordinary mortal.

She put up her hand, and stroked old Sally's cheek, as a baby does to its mother sometimes; and Sally's heart beat strangely at the touch. Maggie had come to think her memories of her mother were mere dreams, and that the beautiful creature of those dreams was but a fairy presence that had never walked the earth as ordinary mortals do. Now she was standing in the house in which that fairy mother had been born; she held her likeness in her hand, and listened to the voice of one who had been mother to her mother. It seemed impossible. She looked in awe and reverence on the old woman who had reared the radiant being of her dreams; and the old cottage seemed a sacred place, adorned with memories that hung there like invisible tapestries woven with threads of destiny. What matter if the tapestry was tattered; her fancy filled the gaps, and linked the fragmentary scenes and incidents into a thing of beauty.

Now, as she looked alternately at the daguerreotype and at old Sally, the picture of her mother established itself firmly in her mind as that of a living being, not a dream. But when she tried to visualize her father it was different; she could not detach his image from a number of terrifying masks that glared at her, and vanished, changing form, but always horrible. She shuddered at the thought that one of them could be her father, and feared to question the old woman; but at last she asked: "My father, what was he like?"

Sally's dark eyes grew darker as she slowly answered: "When he was a boy he was a handsome lad as you could wish to see. They said he was a genius, whatever that may be. He was a gambler and a drunkard almost before he was a man. He was a Cayley and the last of them."

"Am not I his daughter?" asked Margaret gently.

The old woman softened her stern look but answered bitterly: "Your

mother was not his wife. No! You are not a Cayley, you owe him nought."

"Still, he was my father. I cannot remember him. . . ."

"Why should you try to? Let him be. He's dead. That's all you need to know: and Molly's gone, poor Molly! How she loved that man! And he was your uncle's partner. Your uncle? Mark Anstruther! How can he be your uncle?"

Margaret smiled as she answered: "He's not. We just agreed to say so. He has been like a father to me."

The old woman watched her keenly for a moment, then seemed satisfied and said, as if in answer to her own thought: "Ay. I reckon he's straight and square. He'll be a better father than the one she gave you. How did he find you out?"

"He didn't. I was lost, and he took me home and let me stay there as his niece; that's all."

Sally seemed satisfied. "He's a good man. I could see that. He'll give you a better home than I could, though I am your mother's mother, and this house and field's my own, and shall be yours, when I am gone. But he's no kith nor kin of yours for all he lives at Crawley, which should be your home if there were justice in the world."

But Maggie was not listening; she was vainly struggling to hold the wavering images that memory threw upon the screen of fancy: and she felt as if she were in a waking nightmare haunted by horrors, that were not all fancy, nor were they coherent recollections of men and happenings in her experience.

Old Sally saw the trouble gathering in Maggie's eyes and thought of Molly when her trouble came upon her. She saw Mark Anstruther outside, and turned instinctively to him for help. She beckoned to him, and he came to meet her, as she hobbled out. Pointing inside she said abruptly: "Go in and talk to her. She has need of you."

Mark went inside and halted, shocked at the face he saw gazing so fixedly into the darkness of the fireplace. It was no longer a child's, but worn and strained; it was that of a woman who had suffered. She had the hunted look that is so terrible to those who know the world and who can read its hall-marks. Mark went to her and drew her gently to him. She looked up into his face and smiled in utter confidence, as if she were a child. Then she held up the picture, saying:

"Look! My mother! When she was a girl. Do you remember her?"

Mark was embarrassed at the question and hesitated.

She looked at him and in a moment the cloud was gone, she was herself again and laughed as she said: "Have you forgotten you are my uncle? What are you going to say about it? Have you not learned your lesson?"

Mark remained serious as he answered: "My dear, I ran away to sea long before she was born and never saw her. You know I changed my name and now I have no family but you."

"But Sally is my grandmother," replied the little lady with a puzzled air,

and awaited his answer smiling, half mischievously enjoying Mark's dilemma.

"Let's call her in," he said, "and ask her all about it: or shall we let it rest? Why should we try to find out the past? Can't we forget it and go on as if there were no mysteries in life? Let's go to her. She has been very lonely all these years."

They found the old woman seated on the bench beside the porch. Maggie sat down beside her still clasping the picture of her mother and said:

"Grannie, may I keep this for a little while? I'll bring it back."

Sally looked at her grandchild very tenderly as she answered: "Keep it my dear. I have got you to look at now. You'll come and let me look at you sometimes, won't you?"

"I'll come as often as you want me, Grannie."

"I'd maybe want ye all the time. But that'd make folks talk. It's none of their business. They shan't blacken your name as they did mine and Molly's. But you may come and see me out of kindness to a lone old woman now and then. There's Jane. She mustn't know. I'll tell her who you are. She's a good girl, but over-curious. . . . Jane! Come here and say good day to the squire's niece, Miss Margaret."

Jane made her curtsy to the squire's niece and stared at her as if she were a specimen of some new kind of creature. Her curiosity was stronger than her manners, and she asked:

"Where do you come from Miss? Ye're from foreign parts, aren't ye?"

Miss Margaret laughed goodnaturedly: "Oh yes. I've lived most of my life abroad."

"Among the blacks?"

"Not in Africa. No! But there are negroes everywhere, even in England."

"Are there Miss? I never seen one. It must be awful to be all black, but they're used to it. I'll go and make the kettle boil, you'll maybe take a cup of tea, Miss."

"Thank you. I think we must be going home, but I'll come and take tea with you and Grannie another day. May I call you Grannie?"

Sally's eyes twinkled as she answered: "Ay, call me Grannie, if ye will. It sounds homely and kind, and ye'll be more than welcome here at any time. Jane's a good lass, but they need her home, and so I'm all alone most times. No! I'm not lonely. There's a deal to think of when ye're getting old. Thank ye for coming to see me, you and Mr. Anstruther; and if you come again tomorrow it'll be none too soon for me. God bless you both."

And so they parted; and Mark blessed old Sally from the bottom of his heart, that she had not tried to keep her granddaughter; and he mentally made note of what was needed to make good the footpath and the stiles, between the turning of the lane and Sally's paddock — the worst part of the way in rainy weather; for he foresaw that footpath would be needed.

(To be continued)