An Interpretation to Rudyard Kipling's
BRUSHWOOD BOY and MAP

Esoterically and mystically explains how Kipling reached Illumination and
Initiation in the Dream State; how he reached Clairvoyance and
Clairaudience as shown by the dates recorded “Saw
Here,” “Heard Here,” on the Map in the Story.
The inner meaning and what it secretes
fully explained

By
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BRUSHWOOD BOY

In this story Kipling is in reality giving the story of his own initiation. The brushwood boy is Kipling's soul, and so also is Annieanlouise. They represent the two sides of the soul of Kipling. Here is the poem at the beginning of the story, which in reality is the keynote of the entire matter although it may not appear so at first glance:

Girls and boys, come out to play:
The moon is shining as bright as day!
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows out in the street!
Up the ladder and down the wall —

This invitation is not made by children in mortal bodies. It is the call of the land of sleep, which is the burden, we might say, of this story, for the sleeptime as here described, is the subconscious or subliminal state of one's being. Kipling fully believes in the great truth that the nighttime of the body is the daytime of the soul, and this is the call, as it were:

"A child of three sat up in his crib and screamed at the top of his voice. At first, no one heard, for the nursery was in the west wing, and the nurse was talking to a gardener among the laurels. Then the housekeeper passed that way and hurried to soothe him. He was her special pet and she disapproved of the nurse. 'What was it, then? What was it, then? There's nothing to frighten him, Georgie, dear'.

"'It was — it was a policeman! He was on the Down. I saw him!'"

"'Policemen don't come into houses, dearie. Turn over and take my hand'"

"'I saw him — on the Down. He came here. Where is your hand, Harper'"

"The housekeeper waited until the sobs changed to the regular breathing of sleep before she stole out."

"'Jane, what nonsense have you been telling Master Georgie about policemen'"

"'I haven't told him anything'"
"'You have. He's been dreaming about them'."
"'We met Tisdall on Dowhead when we were in the donkey-cart this morning. P'r'aps that's what put it into his head'."
"'Oh! Now you aren't going to frighten the child into fits with your silly tales and the master know nothing about it. If ever I catch you again, etc.,' "

The beginning of the experience which is described in the following pages, is here stated. In other words, Georgie was one who in his sleeping state was conscious of the subliminal life, the life below the psycho-physical threshold and, being conscious of this, he was able to see the symbols representing this inner life.

In order to state the meaning of this policeman so that you will understand it, it is necessary to anticipate a little. Kipling describes the interior state as the City of Sleep; and Policeman Day is the awakening of the objective consciousness which brings one back from the City of Sleep. The policeman is the symbol of objective consciousness, described here as Policeman Day. This was the policeman that he saw at this time. The statement of the nurse in regard to the policeman doubtless had the effect of suggesting it to the child's mind in such a way that the policeman appeared as the symbol.

You will notice that all through life, in all these experiences, the day appears as the policeman, thus exemplifying the permanent character of our psychical impressions, indicating that when once an idea is fixed in the consciousness, as the symbol of a certain principle, that idea is permanent. Each one of us who has made any study of mystical writings must bear witness to this fact. Swedenborg sees nothing but angels and devils or sa.ans; the Hindu seer sees the Pitris; or devas; the spiritualist sees the souls of his dead friends and the Catholic mystic sees the saints, not the sinners. As a rule, all the entities that appear to anyone are devotees of his particular religion. This simply goes to show the force of ideas upon the psychical impressions that one receives. This should not be taken as in any way discounting the value of statements made by mystics or of their experiences. Far from it. It merely shows the influence of the outward impressions upon the inner life, and hence gives us a caution in regard to the acceptation of impressions which we receive in the inner state. It should not discount their value, but should merely place us on our guard so that we will not take them without "a grain of salt."

Condiments are very often necessary and in nothing more so than in the study of psychical impressions.

Now, always remember that Georgie is Kipling's soul and we may as well anticipate here by stating that the keynote of Brushwood Boy is the great mystery of the twofold nature of the soul. That is the androgynous nature. It is a well known fact among all the great occult schools that the human soul is bi-sexed; every man is a woman and every
woman is a man; one sex remains in a state of latency and the other is
developed, but they are both there. As a matter of fact, the physical
body shows the rudimentary sexual organs of the opposite sex perfectly
clear. They can all be discovered, and in some instances they have been
developed. In the soul it is the same, – one sex is in a state of
latency and the other is in a state of development. Now, there is one
mystery which a great many mystical orders have kept somewhat quiet;
nevertheless they have made use of it, and that is the ability to de­
velop the latent sex and the ultimate marriage of the soul, which means
the finding of your soul mate within yourself. That is the reason why
all true mystics feel such unmitigated contempt for the search for a
soul mate. It is all right for those on that plane, but just as sure as
you find a soul mate in somebody else, you can depend upon it you have
cut the cord which binds you to your real self, because your soul mate
is within you; and that is the reason all great mystics are celibates.

Now, the purpose of this story, Brushwood Boy, is to show Kipling's
own initiation. Kipling is Brushwood Boy and he is also Annieanlouise.
The one represents the masculine side; the other his feminine side, the
electrical and the magnetic principles in his soul force, and the final
consummation is the union between the two. At first we find that this
was only in the state of sleep, when he was in the subconscious state.
By and by the union becomes so strong and the feminine side is
so powerfully developed that at last he becomes conscious of
it in the objective state, which is the beginning of the final union.
This story is nothing but the history of Kipling's soul marriage; we
might say the marriage between Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Kipling, spirit­
ually speaking. Kipling never had any business to marry a woman at all.

"A child of six was telling himself stories as he lay in bed.
It was a new power and he kept it a secret. A month before it had
occurred to him to carry on a nursery tale left unfinished by his
mother, and he was delighted to find the tale as it came out of his
own head just as surprising as though he were listening to it 'all
new from the beginning'."

This means that his subconscious was developing daily. His mother
had not finished it, so he was not satisfied, but decided to carry it
on. He was telling it to himself; that is to say his subconscious part
was telling his conscious side this daily story, and it was just as new
to the conscious mind as though some one were telling it to him, and why
so? Because the inner consciousness is able to develop things separate
and apart from the outer consciousness. This should show beyond the
shadow of a doubt that the inner consciousness does not depend upon the
testimony of the physical senses for its pabulum. This, of course, is a
flat denial of the materialistic position, but then the materialistic
position is untrue and, therefore, should be denied. One can even teach
himself philosophic and scientific matters, and as a matter of fact
every poet is doing this very thing that Georgie was doing, and so also is every musician whose music is worth listening to; in fact all music is produced in this way; if it is not, it is noise and not music. All art is brought out of the interior state, and the true artist is just as much surprised at his production as the person who sees the picture. A great deal of literature and much of the drama is produced in this way; in fact, characters have an individuality of their own, separate and apart from the author. George Bernard Shaw is a very interesting case in point. He says he never has exercised any more real control over one of his characters when once it has been created, than he has over his wife. Honore Balzac was another case of the same character; in fact, his characters assumed a personality that astonished him in many instances; and why? Because those characters represented his interior consciousness and when they were projected outwardly they acted in accordance with the interior consciousness and not in accordance with the exterior consciousness. They derived a personality from Balzac's subliminal self and not from the conscious self.

"There was a prince in that tale, and he killed dragons, but only for one night. Ever afterwards Georgie dubbed himself prince, pasha, giant killer, and all the rest (you see he could not tell any one for fear of being laughed at), and his tales faded gradually into dreamland, where adventures were so many that he could not recall the half of them. They all began in the same way, or, as Georgie explained to the shadows of the night-light. There was the same 'starting-off place' - a pile of brushwood stacked somewhere near a beach; and round this pile Georgie found himself running races with little boys and girls. These ended, ships ran high up the dry land and opened into cardboard boxes; or gilt-and-green iron railings that surrounded beautiful gardens turned all soft and could be walked through and overthrown as long as he remembered it was only a dream. He could never hold that knowledge more than a few seconds ere things became real, and instead of pushing down houses full of grown-up people (a just revenge) he sat miserably upon gigantic doorsteps trying to sing the multiplication-table up to tour times six."

This represents the astral consciousness as it first begins to open. All of us who have had any experience on the fourth dimension, realize that this is perfectly true. It is no trouble to go through houses, through fences or anything of that kind. We can go through glass windows or brick walls without any inconvenience whatever and one great difficulty when the astral sense has begun to open in a state of objective consciousness is that we are liable to see through brick walls and not see that there is any brick wall there at all, but go right on, and are liable to experience considerable concussion as a result of endeavoring to go through walls in our physical bodies. The confusion to Georgie here was due to the fact, also, that he was bringing over into
the subliminal state some of the impressions which he had received through the physical senses and this is always seen in the first dawning of the astral sight.

Now they "All began at one starting point, at a pile of brushwood stacked somewhere near a beach." What does this brushwood pile represent? It is the secret of the whole story. We find here the keynote to all the symbolism contained in the book. Wood is used for the purpose of making fire, that is to burn; it is fire in a state of latency. All you do when you put wood upon a fire, (if the wood burns), is simply freeing by certain chemical processes, the latent fire which is slumbering in the wood. What is fire? Fire is a metaphysical principle, one of the most ultimate of the kosmical forces, one of the four elements of the alchemists, and in fact, the Agni is the luminiferous ether, one of the five Tattwas which are the emanations of the Great Breath on the five planes of nature. Fire, then, must be understood as this great force, but the fire here alluded to, this force is to be understood as the sex energy. The brushwood pile is the sexual center, and you notice it was not fire, because Georgie, being but a child, his sex energy was in a state of latency. It has not as yet become active. He never knew even when he grew up, the physical response to the sex impulse. It was not until he met Annieanlouise in the outer state, that is, in the objective consciousness that his love nature was touched; at this time it was still slumbering in the wood, hence we see that it is the sexual center that is here represented by the brushwood pile, and it was on the beach, on the sea of dreams; hence we are to understand that it was the activity of the sex principle upon the internal or subconscious state that is really to be taken into consideration.

"The princess of his tale was a person of wonderful beauty (she came from the old illustrated edition of Grimm now out of print) and as she always applauded Georgie's valour among the dragons and buffaloes, he gave her the two finest names he had ever heard in his life - Annie and Louise, pronounced Annieanlouise. When the dreams swamped the stories, she would change into one of the little girls round the brushwood pile, still keeping her title and crown. She saw Georgie drown once in a dream-sea by the beach (It was the day after he had been taken to bathe in a real sea by his nurse)." Thus the dream was suggested by the real - and he said as he sank: "Poor Annieanlouise! She'll be sorry for me now!" But Annieanlouise walking slowly on the beach called: 'Ha! ha! said the duck, laughing,' which to a waking mind might not seem to bear on the situation. It consoled Georgie at once, and must have been some kind of a spell, for it raised the bottom of the deep and he waded out with a twelve-inch flowerpot on each foot. As he was strictly forbidden to meddle with flowerpots, in real life, he felt triumphantly wicked."

First of all let us see what is meant by the name Annieanlouise.
Bear in mind Kipling is one of the greatest mystics and every name in every one of his mystical stories means something. The name Anniean­louise is the key to the essence of the feminine soul of Kipling. "A" symbolizes the bull, the generator, which is also the unmanifest God; "n" is the fish. Remember the basis of the Kaballa is the symbolism of sex. In other words this is the "Great Mother" as the generator, the bearer of all that lives. In the Great Mother is found the key to the whole Kaballa. Then, the fish is in a sense the foetus; that is really what it is. Thus the first "n" is the foetus; the second "n" is also the foetus, representing the double aspect — the foetus coming from the unmanifest and then the foetus coming forth. The "i" the Yod, is the generator, the paternal scepter, the masculine principle, and the "e" should be an "h" which is the same in the Kaballa; hence it is the feminine principle of Divinity. But the window is in reality the ovary of the Great Mother, the beginning of generation in the supreme ova. Now the "A", the "Aleph" again is the generating bull, and the "n" the "nun" is the fish, that is the foetus. Now "l" is the whip, symbolically, the symbol of one of the two truths, the truth of breath, of spirit; in other words the ministry of pain as the spiritualizing force, the pain which is associated with the bringing forth of all things. It is pain as the spiritualizing principle which manifests in consciousness, or the interior state. It is the disruptive, disintegrating, centrifugal force which disrupts and overthrows the lower organic form and thus enables the transcendent to come into manifestation.

"O" is the circle of beginning of place of birth the symbol of manifestation;

"U" is the same as "v" or "w"; it is the binding, unifying principle, symbolized by the nail; that which holds together; the unifying of the masculine and feminine;

"I" the "yod" is again the masculine symbol.

The "O" is distinctly feminine and the "I" is masculine.

The "s", the "samekh" is not only the form of symbolism represented as the devil, but it is also in reality the occult chemical influence, the force of alchemy. It is symbolized in the Kaballa as the pillar or egg. It is that from which the new life, the new state is to be hatched, and hence the symbol of the beginning of the new state of consciousness, the new state of being, and the "e" (he) at the end is again the feminine symbol of the ovary, the place of generating the egg. Hence the name "Annieanlouise," shows that it is in reality the mother side of the soul, in a state of latency.

Now, she was always a "princess" and and he was king, of course; she was the one he was to marry by and by, and this simply shows the objectification of the other side. It is well known to all mystics that one of the most common occurrences is the objectification in the exterior consciousness, of purely subjective principles, of abstract
forces, which are thus brought to our consciousness. We all know that it is only the greatest seers who are able to see an abstract principle as such. They all present themselves first as symbols and this occurrence about falling into the water, about his drowning, is purely mystical also. It is the complete submerging of the inner consciousness into the depths. Water is the mother principle, substance, in contradistinction to energy, and hence dropping into water, here, is the symbol of the merging of the ego into the higher state of consciousness, and the laughing as though by a duck, showed to Georgie that he was not bound by the laws governing highland animals. Thus he was called to a consciousness of his real state.

"The movements of the grown-ups, whom Georgie tolerated but did not pretend to understand, removed his world when he was seven years old, to a place called 'Oxford-on-a-visit'. Here were huge buildings surrounded by vast prairies, with streets of infinite length, and, above all, something called the 'buttery', which Georgie was dying to see, because he knew it must be greasy and, therefore, delightful. He perceived how correct were his judgments when his nurse led him through a stone arch into the presence of an enormously fat man, who asked him if he would like some bread and cheese. Georgie was used to eat all round the clock, so he took what 'buttery' gave him and would have taken some brown liquid called 'auditale' but that his nurse led him away to an afternoon performance of a thing called 'Pepper's Ghost'. This was intensely thrilling. People's heads came off and flew all over the stage and skeletons danced bone by bone, while Mr. Pepper himself, beyond question a man of the worst, waved his arms and flapped a long gown, and in a deep bass voice (Georgie had never heard a man sing before) told of his sorrows unspeakable. Some grown-up or other tried to explain that the illusion was made with mirrors, and that there was no need to be frightened. Georgie did not know what illusions were but he did know that a mirror was the looking-glass with the ivory handle on his mother's dressing table. Therefore, the 'grown-up' was 'just saying things' after the distressing custom of 'grown-ups'; and Georgie cast about for amusement between scenes. Next to him sat a little girl dressed all in black, her hair combed off her forehead exactly like the girl in the book called 'Alice in Wonderland', which had been given him on his last birthday. The little girl looked at Georgie, and Georgie looked at her. There seemed to be no need of any further introduction."

Then he goes on and gives the conversation which is not particularly interesting. The thing to be borne in mind here is that all this does not relate to the experience in the child's outer life at all. It really relates to the interior states. The performances of Mr. Pepper's ghost, etc., is really a presentation of the peculiar experiences that
present themselves in the interior development of the subconscious of which the dream is a very nice illustration. Thus we see the artistic aspect of the dream state presenting itself. So the daily development goes on.

"Ten years at an English public school does not encourage dreaming." We find now the child passing through his period of education. He was put in school and went through that course. "Did not encourage dreaming," because it was all objective and hence he was kept from entering the interior state. Well, he grew up and became a leader among his school fellows. They became his world and he was quite an authority in everything, showing that the soul became the dominating force in his school life, and in everything. He was not spoiled by externalities. 'Let the Consuls look to it that the Republic takes no harm,' and 'Georgie was glad to be back in authority when the holidays ended. Behind him, but not too near, was the wise and temperate Head, now suggesting the wisdom of the serpent, now counselling the mildness of the dove; leading him on to see, more by half-hints than by any direct word, how boys and men are all of a piece, and how he who can handle the one will assuredly in time, control the other."

This was the wisdom which was impressed upon his psychical consciousness at this particular time. "The wise and temperate head" here is the self, which is back of the consciousness in a way, and teaching the soul. Just as he was taught in other respects, as the intellect was developed, the Soul is here taught by the Self. And so he finishes his course here and "The Head gave him six months final polish, taught him what kind of answers best please a certain kind of examiners, and handed him over to the properly constituted authorities who passed him into Sandhurst. Here he had sense enough to see that he was in the lower third once more and behaved with respect toward his seniors, till they, in turn, respected him and he was promoted to the rank of corporal and sat in authority over mixed peoples with all the vices of men and boys combined. His reward was another string of athletic cups, a good-conduct sword and, at last, Her Majesty's commission as a subaltern in a first class line regiment. He did not know that he bore with him from school and college a character worth much fine gold, but was pleased to find his mess so kindly. He had plenty of money of his own; his training had set the public school mask upon his face, and had taught him how many were the 'things no fellow can do.' By virtue of the same training, he kept his pores open and his mouth shut."

Here we find Cottar passing out into the outer life, the active life, and Kipling shows himself to be a true Buddhist in this, that he in all his mystical stories does not draw the Hindu ideal of complete withdrawal from all contact with the world and the merging of the consciousness within one's self, and the total exclusion of all sympathy with the laboring world. Far from it, for on the contrary, each one of
those who attain to initiation, does so in this way; through contact with the world, through a life of service. Of course, he uses the symbolism of the military, of the army, which to a man who had been in India for years and years was quite suggestive. It means the life of activity; not the life of shooting, in the literal sense nor of business or anything of that kind, but a life of service to others, of service to humanity rather than a life of seclusion, which latter is the ideal of the Hindu. Kipling shows himself to have the pure Buddhistic ideal in every sense of the word. The soul adapts itself to the environment, to the conditions. He did not undertake to take complete control; therefore, he did not seek popularity; it came to him. In other words, the soul power became the dominant force in this man's life.

"And he kept his mouth shut." The person who is always talking, who is full of words, does not have very much to say. Did you ever notice that the person who has the most to say really talks the least? If one would attain knowledge, let him cease talking and live in the internal contemplating of truth; then he will realize.

"The regular working of the Empire shifted his world to India, where he tasted utter loneliness in subaltern's quarters, - one room and one bullock-trunk, - and, with his mess, learned the new life from the beginning."

The "utter loneliness" here refers to a state of soul isolation, which was necessary for him for a certain period of time. Then he carried on his sports and everything.

"It dawned on him that a regiment in India was nearer the chance of active service than he had conceived and that a man might as well study his profession." "During the period of silence." In other words, when there is no real active work to be done the soul develops its capacity for work when the time does come for active life; this is only the externalization of the subjective life, and one who has not learned to live the subjective life, the life of inward contemplation, is not very likely to accomplish anything worth talking about, in the outer objective life.

"A major of the new school backed this idea with enthusiasm and he and Cottar accumulated a library of military works and read and argued and disputed far into the nights. But the adjutant said the old thing, 'Get to know your men, young un and they'll follow you anywhere. That's all you want - know your men'."

And here is another very important lesson. The soul must thoroughly adjust itself to the external elements, to that which it has to deal with. There must be a perfect sympathy, perfect unification between the soul and the exterior principles.

"Cottar thought he knew them fairly well at cricket and the regimental sports, but he never realized the true inwardness of them till he was sent off with a detachment of twenty to sit down in a mud
fort near a rushing river which was spanned by a bridge of boats. When the floods came they went forth and hunted, strayed pontoons along the banks. Otherwise there was nothing to do and the men got drunk, gambled and quarreled."

Quite characteristic of one on the lower plane, because when he has nothing to do he does not know how to externalize his consciousness. He must continue to express himself outwardly, and that is really the cause of most of dissipation. The trouble is, people have too much spare time. There is not anything really bad about the men who get drunk and quarrel and fight. Time simply hangs heavily on their hands; and the women who get mad and talk about their neighbors do not do so because they really have anything to tell; they are simply out of a job; have nothing to do and time hangs heavily on their hands. It is not respectable for ladies to get drunk so they talk about other people and in this way while away their idle hours in the most respectable manner they know how, really because they have nothing to do.

"They were a sickly crew, for a junior subaltern is by custom, saddled with the worst men. Cottar endured their rioting as long as he could, and then sent down-country for a dozen pairs of boxing gloves."

"I wouldn't blame you for fightin'' said he, 'if you only knew how to use your hands; but you don't. Take these things, and I'll show you.' The men appreciated his efforts. Now, instead of blaspheming and swearing at a comrade, and threatening to shoot him, they could take him apart, and soothe themselves to exhaustion. As one explained whom Cottar found with a shut eye and a diamond-shaped mouth spitting blood through an embrasure, 'We tried it with the gloves, sir, for twenty minutes, and that done us no good, sir. Then we took off the gloves and tried it that way for another twenty minutes, same as you showed us, sir, an' that done us a world o' good. 'T wasn't fightin', sir; there was a bet on'."

So in this way we find the soul engaged in the very laudible occupation of finding something for the lower principles to do, and that is the great mission of the soul - to educate the mind and heart and body, etc., and keep them always expressing the inward soul state. When they are not doing this, they get into trouble. The athletic training which Cottar gave the soldiers was simply the continuous activity of those principles under the guidance of the soul itself; and so he brought them into splendid condition.

"That detachment, who had gone up in bullock-carts, returned to headquarters at an average rate of thirty miles a day, fair heel-and-toe; no sick, no prisoners and no court martials pending. They scattered themselves among their friends, singing the praises of their lieutenant and looking for causes of offense."

They were brought into perfect trim because they had been ex-
ercised in the externalizing of the soul consciousness which is the real function of the mind, of the heart, of the magnetic body and of the physical body; of all those lower principles, to externalize the soul activity, instead of being inwardly influenced by external environments.

The whole cause of all life's actions is in man's yielding to the influence of the outer principles on the same plane as himself. The average person is merely the expression of the diverse vibratory activities on those planes. He who becomes free from all those influences; when he trains his principles to pay no attention to the testimony of his senses; to overlook all those influences and to draw from the soul or Buddhi his consciousness of those things, is carrying out the whole purpose of the Buddhistic teaching.

"'How did you do it, young un?', the adjutant asked."

"Oh, I sweated the beef off 'em, and then I sweated some muscle on to 'em. It was rather a lark'!"

The first thing was to sweat off; in other words, sweat off the accumulation of useless flesh, consuming of the superabundance of the purely physical. They were kept active by the soul until these principles had lost that plus development of their particular kind; continually exercised until they developed strength to give expression to the soul itself.

"'If that's your way of lookin' at it, we can give you all the larks you want. Young Davies isn't feelin' quite fit and he's next for detachment duty. Care to go for him'?

"'Sure he wouldn't mind? I don't want to shove myself forward, you know'."

"'You needn't bother on Davies's account. We'll give you the sweepin's of the corps and you can see what you can make of 'em.'"

"'All right,' said Cottar, 'It's better fun than loatin' about cantonments'."

That is, the soul does not like to loaf, but prefers to be expressing itself through the lower principles.

"'Rummy thing,' said the adjutant, after Cottar had returned to his wilderness with twenty other devils worse than the first. 'If Cottar only knew it, half the women in the station would give their eyes — confound 'em! — to have the young un in tow'."

"'That accounts for Mrs. Elery sayin' I was workin' my nice new boy too hard,' said a wing commander."

"'Oh, yes, and 'why doesn't he come to the bandstand in the evenings?' and 'Can't I get him to make up a four at tennis with the Hammon girls?' the adjutant snorted. 'Look at young Davies makin' an ass of himself over mutton-dressed-as-lamb old enough to be his mother'."
or black' the major replied thoughtfully. 'But then, that's the kind that generally goes the worst mucker in the end'."

"'Not Cottar. I have only run across one of his muster before—a fellow called Ingles, in South Africa. He was just the same hard-trained, athletic-sports build of animal. Always kept himself in the pink of condition. Didn't do him much good, though. Shot at Wessel-stroom the week before Majuba. Wonder how the young un will lick his detachment into shape'."

There is one characteristic statement here. "I have only run across one of his muster before." In other words, he was maintaining that Cottar did not belong to the regular muster; he was of some other kind. This is the recognition of the purely soul-nature of this character. And you notice he took great interest in sport, but ladies had no charm for him. The soul does not run after things which belong to the world of illusion. Living in the soul state, not descending, not being dragged down into lower things. Cottar took no interest in the sensuous blandishments of those who were trying to "get him in tow."

"Cottar turned up six weeks later, on foot with his pupils. He never told his experiences, but the men spoke enthusiastically, and fragments of it leaked back to the colonel through sergeants, batmen and the like."

We find here that the soul is continually active and continually expressing itself through the lower principles, and thus bringing them into proper shape.

"His words were quoted as barrack authority on bets in canteen and at tea; and the veriest shrew of the corps, bursting with charges against other women who had used the cooking-ranges out of turn, forbore to speak when Cottar, as the regulations ordained, asked of a morning if there were 'any complaints'."

"'I'm full o' complaints,' said Mrs. Corporal Morrison, 'an' I'd kill O'Halloran's fat sow of a wife any day, but ye know how it is. 'E puts 'is head just inside the door, an' looks down 'is blessed nose so bashful, an' 'e whispers, 'Any complaints?' 'Ye can't complain after that. I want to kiss him. Some day I think I will. Heigh-ho! She'll be a lucky woman that gets Young Innocence. See 'im now, girls. Do ye blame me?'"

Here again is developed the character of the soul as the pacifier. The lower principles may get very aggressive, but if they listen to the voice of the soul there can be no complaint because there is nothing to complain of. All the things of which we complain belong to the world illusion and when we transcend that, when we enter the pure soul region, we find there is nothing really to complain of. There is then neither good nor bad, right nor wrong, high nor low, but only the expression of eternal unity which manifests itself in the diverse manifestations of life, and there is just as much good in evil as there is in
good. Some people cannot believe that; well, to illustrate: There used to be an old gentleman who never opened his mouth without being guilty of profanity. He was always taking the name of God in the most profane manner that anybody ever heard. His son became so disgusted with his father's profanity that he made a solemn vow that he would never curse again and he never has. For over thirty years the name of God has never passed his lips excepting in reverence. Now, he might have been a kind of moral mediocre had it not been for the great impiety of his father, and there is no doubt that it is the sins of the sinners that are the cause of the saintliness of the saints. The law of Balance is perfect. Of course, I would not go so far as to say that sinners make good Karma by the good effect they have upon the saints. I am not in a position to be sure of that, but Kismet must accomplish its work; the excellent law is never broken. When man is doing his utmost to thwart the eternal law, he is the most completely playing into its hands. We are all so many pawns on the chessboard of life, and we must play according to the rules of the game. Doubtless there are a number of moves that can be made, but where is the man big enough to introduce a new move and the sooner man realizes that all things are expressions of the one great law, or Kismet or fate, or Divine Providence, or the Excellent Law, whatever we please - it is all the same, - the better will he play his part in the game. The Fiat must be carried out; hence there is nothing to complain about because everything is just right. Suppose a man speaks falsely of you? Well, you need to be lied about. Suppose a man assaults you? You doubtless need that experience, or it would not come to you. When we comprehend the great truth that all is one, that there is never a mistake, never has been and never can be; that there is never an accident in all the realm of universal causation, but that all is the expression of the one eternal truth; then we realize that there is nothing really to complain about. If you will only listen to your soul you will cease complaining. The injunction "Don't worry" is quite wise. As a matter of fact there is nothing to worry about. If you will just find that out, no one will have to tell you to quit worrying. In reality worry is a most foolish thing. If you can help a thing, do so; if you cannot help it, it will do no good to worry, and as a matter of fact, if you cannot help it, it ought not to be helped.

We find that Cottar was always adjusting everything; he "Was busy eleven hours of the day. He did not care to have his tennis spoiled by petticoats in the court; and after one long afternoon at a garden party, he explained to his major that this sort of thing was 'futile piffle,' and the major laughed." In other words the soul is interested only in results. It only wants to express itself and does not care anything about who looks on. If you can learn always to act without reference to the impression that you are going to create, to always give expression to yourself you will
discover the great secret which the soul holds for you, and the secret of eternal success. Oscar Wilde knew this. After writing a drama he lost all interest in it as soon as it was brought out. He said he was interested in finding out whether the audience would be a success or not; the drama was sure to be a success when it satisfied him. The audience would be a success if it appreciated a good drama. But the success of the drama never depended upon the size of the audience. In other words, a drama is an externalization of the inward consciousness of the writer. So the soul does not care at all whether anybody approves or disapproves of the things it does. The soul is conscious of its absolute truth and of its fulfilling the eternal inward ideal; hence it does not care what effect it is going to produce. It knows that it is the expression of the Excellent Law.

"Theirs was not a married mess except for the Colonel's wife, and Cottar stood in awe of the good lady. She said 'my regiment,' and the world knows what that means. None the less, when they wanted her to give away the prizes after a shooting match and she refused because one of the prize-winners was married to a girl who had made a jest of her behind her broad back, the mess ordered Cottar to 'tackle her' in his best calling-kit. This he did, simply and laboriously, and she gave way altogether."

"She only wanted to know the facts of the case" he explained.

'I just told her and she saw at once'."

"Ye-es," said the adjutant. 'I exect that's what she did. Comin' to the Fusiliers' dance to-night, Galahad?""

"No thanks. I've got a fight on with the major." The virtuous apprentice sat up till midnight in the major's quarters with a stopwatch and a pair of compasses, shifting little painted lead blocks about a four-inch map."

We see here, the Colonel's wife although she has her spleen against one of these women, when the soul, in other words when anyone receives a consciousness of the real state of things, realizes that all these petty grievances belong to the world, learns that all are products of the one law, that

"All things are but one stupendous whole,

"Whose body nature is, and God the soul";

that there is nothing in itself; that all things are expressions of the oneness; when one realizes this he must necessarily bring himself into harmony. Then is anyone to blame for his weaknesses? No; it is only ignorance. That is no one would ever do anything wrong if he had sense enough to appreciate its effects. It is only ignorance. What is the cause of ignorance? Failure to comprehend, failure to see into the essence of all things, entering into the eternal state of development.

"Then he turned in and slept the sleep of innocence, which is full of healthy dreams. One peculiarity of his dreams he noticed at
the beginning of his second hot weather. Two or three times a month
they duplicated or ran in series."

This dream state represents the time when the soul is no longer
expressing itself outwardly, but has entered, turned into itself and
there finds its center, in a contemplation of itself. The real soul
life is active.

"He would find himself sliding into dreamland by the same road—
a road that ran along a beach near a pile of brushwood. To the right
lay the sea, sometimes at full tide, sometimes withdrawn to the very
horizon; but he knew it for the same sea. By that road he would
travel over a swell of rising ground covered with short, withered
grass, into valleys of wonder and unreason. Beyond the ridge, which
was crowned with some sort of street-lamp, anything was possible;
but up to the lamp it seemed to him that he knew the road as well as
he knew the parade ground. He learned to look forward to the place
for once there, he was sure of a good night's rest, and Indian hot
weather can be rather trying. First shadowy under closing eyelids,
would come the outline of the brushwood-pile, next the white sand of
the beach-road almost overhanging the black, changeful sea; then the
turn inland and uphill to the single light. When he was unrestful
for any reason he would tell himself how he was sure to get there—if
he shut his eyes and surrendered to the drift of things.

But one night, after a foolishly hard hour's polo (the thermometer
was 94 degrees in his quarters at ten o'clock) sleep stood away
from him altogether, though he did his best to find the well-known
road, the point where true sleep began. At last he saw the brushwood-
pile and hurried along to the ridge, for behind him, he felt, was
the wide-awake sultry world. He reached the lamp in safety, tingling
with drowsiness when a policeman—a common country policeman—
sprang up before him and touched him on the shoulder ere he could
dive into the dim valley below. He was filled with terror—the
hopeless terror of dreams—for the policeman said in the awful,
distinct voice of dream-people. 'I am Policeman Day, coming back
from the City of Sleep. You come with me.' Georgie knew it was true—
that just beyond him in the valley lay the lights of the City of
Sleep, where he would have been sheltered, and that this Policeman-
Thing had full power and authority to head him back to miserable
wakefulness. He found himself looking at the moonlight on the wall,dripping with fright; and he never overcame that horror, though he
met the Policeman several times that hot weather, and his coming was
the forerunner of a bad night."

This is a description of the experience in passing into the sub-
conscious state. He was passing from the body, but the objective state
— described as Policeman Day—came back, so he could not reach the City
of Sleep. This was caused partly by hot weather impressing a continual
consciousness of the body as it was unable to lose itself; hence it was the mixing between the dream and waking states, when his waking environment impressed the dreams. This state is largely the cause of insomnia. We often have terrible dreams caused by some physical discomfort which impresses itself upon the dream state.

"But other dreams, - perfectly absurd ones - filled him with an incommunicable delight. All those that he remembered began by the brushwood-pile."

That is to say they began by the awakening of the sex center. It was his sex force in the inward state, the subconscious activity of the sex force.

"For instance, he found a small clockwork steamer (he had noticed it many nights before) lying by the sea-road, and stepped into it, whereupon it moved with surpassing swiftness over an absolutely level sea. This was glorious, for he felt he was exploring great matters; and it stopped by a lily carved in stone, which, most naturally, floated on the water. Seeing the lily was labelled 'Hong-Kong' Georgie said, 'Of course. This is precisely what I expected Hong-Kong would be like. How magnificent'!"

He noticed it was the lily. The lily in India as well as Egypt is a suggestive symbol. It represents the lotus. The lotus is, in a certain sense, the symbol of incarnation. A lily is also used as the symbol of resurrection in the Song of Songs. It represents the flowering out of the life principle. "A Lotus was floating on the heavenly waters" taking its root in the umbilicus of Vishnu, the Supreme. Sleeping in this lily as Brahma the four-faced, the creator; hence we are able to fix its symbolism. This lily was made of stone, the solid, unyielding permanent principle; but it also was floating upon the waters, upon the eternal substance, and it was called Hong-Kong. Now, let us see what this name means:

The "H" (he) is the ovary of the Great Mother; it is also the divine feminine principle;

"o" is the circle of beginning, the place of birth.

"n" is the fish or foetus, in a way;

"g" is the erect serpent, the active principle, and "K" is the back of the skull, the symbol of the vital centers; "o" is again the circle of beginning, or place of birth.

"n" is the foetus, fish; and "g" again is the erect serpent and in another sense the Kundalini.

Hence we see the "Hong" represents the physical and "Kong" the mental. In a word, Hong-Kong is the umbilical cord, the center of the one hundred forty-four thousand Nadis, according to Sankhya philosophy. These Nadis or forces all converge in the umbilicus. Every function of the body, every muscle, every activity, is the result of stimuli from this center; in other words, it is stimulated into activity by the par-
ticular Nadi which is to perform that function. It is not true to say simply that all the functions of the body are the result of stimulus from magnetism. It is more proper to say that there are one hundred forty-four thousand separate and distinct kinds of magnetism and that each function of the body is due to the fact that that particular kind of magnetism, that particular Nadi is there active and has that function to perform.

Now, Hong-Kong was the umbilicus and hence the one hundred forty-four thousand Nadis; and reaching Hong-Kong simply meant that they became active: they were set free in the subconscious condition and so this was just what the soul expected. The soul came down into consciousness as he might have expected.

"Thousands of miles farther on it halted at yet another stone lily, labelled 'Java'; and this again delighted him hugely because he knew that now he was at the world's end."

Let us see what is here meant. Let us analyze the meaning of the word "Java." "J" is the Yod, the same as "I", hence the masculine sex principle. "A", "Aleph" is the generator, the bull; in a certain sense the unmanifest God, but here it means that this generative force is a manifestation of the unmanifest God; that all things come from him.

The "V" (Vau) is the binding, unifying principle;
The "A" again is the generator, which springs from that.

In other words, "Java" here means the solar plexus, the vital principle, and shows that the nature of his vitality was still on the masculine side. He had now reached this place and, therefore, realized that he was at the end of the world. That is to say, he was at the end of the physical state. He was now rising to something higher; going out of the physical state, really entering the land of dreams in the true sense of the word – the subliminal state.

"But the little boat ran on and on till it lay in a deep freshwater lock, the sides of which were carven marble, green with moss. Lily-pads lay on the water, and reeds arched above. Some one moved among the reeds – some one whom Georgie knew he had travelled to this world's end to reach. Therefore, everything was entirely well with him. He was unspeakably happy and vaulted over the ship's side to find this person. When his feet touched that still water it changed, with the rustle of unrolling maps, to nothing less than a sixth-quarter of the globe beyond the most remote imagining of man—a place where islands were coloured yellow and blue, their lettering strung across their faces. They gave on unknown seas, and Georgie's urgent desire was to return swiftly across this floating atlas to known bearings. He told himself repeatedly that it was no good to hurry; but still he hurried desperately, and the islands slipped and slid under his feet, the straits yawned and widened, till he found himself utterly lost in the world's fourth dimension, with no hope of
return. Yet only a little distance away he could see the old world with the rivers and mountain-chains marked according to the Sandhurst rules of map-making. Then that person for whom he had come to the Lily-Lock (that was its name) ran up across unexplored territories, and showed him a way. They fled hand in hand till they reached a road that spanned ravines, and ran along the edge of precipices and was tunnelled through mountains. 'This goes to our brushwood-pile' said his companion; and all his trouble was at an end."

The Lily-Lock is the next place to which they come. Now "L" is the whip, also the mission of pain, the disruptive force; "I" the "Yod" is again the masculine generative, energy; again the "l" is the whip; and the "Y" the masculine generator. Then in the "Lock" the "L" is the whip, the mission of pain; "o" is the circle of beginning, the place of birth; "c" and "k" are really the same sound and symbolize the back of the skull, the vital center. In other words, the word "Lily" is decidedly feminine, hence we have the union of the sex principles, and the Lily-Lock, therefore, is the heart center of the astral body, the emotional center, and it is there they first saw each other, as he sprang out from there; he went on from that, into the Mental state and, springing from there he met the companion, the feminine side and they there became conscious of each other while in that higher state. This unknown continent that they emerged into was the spirit itself, the center. Here (between the eyes) and forward from the pineal gland the "silent watcher" is the site of the spirit itself.

He was frightened; he wanted to go back to the objective consciousness, because the soul could not yet stand the unknown continent and so he and his companion ran hand in hand together until they came to the passage which would go to the brushwood-pile, and "all his troubles were at an end."

"He took a pony because he understood that this was the Thirty-Mile Ride and he must ride swiftly, and raced through the clattering tunnels and round the curves always downhill, till he heard the sea to his left, and saw it raging under a full moon, against sandy cliffs. It was heavy going, but he recognized the nature of the country, the dark-purple downs inland and the bents that whistled in the wind. The road was eaten away in places, and the sea lashed at him — black foamless tongues of smooth and glossy rollers; but he was sure that there was less danger from the sea than from 'Them' whoever 'They' were, inland to his right. He knew, too, that he would be safe if he could reach the down with the lamp on it. This came as he expected; he saw the one light a mile ahead along the beach, dismounted turned to the right, walked quietly over to the brushwood-pile, found the little steamer had returned to the beach whence he had unmoored it — and must have fallen asleep for he could remember no more."

This road which ran under mountains and through tunnels, is the
spinal cord; the Thirty-Mile Ride is the ride down the spinal cord from the apex of the Medulla Oblongata. It will be more intelligible if we state that according to the Sankhya and also the Yogi Philosophy, the spinal cord has three openings clear through the center which are closed at the bottom by a little bony partition. Now, through the opening or canal on the right side flows the electric force; in the left opening flows the magnetic force. They unite at the bottom in the box which is, in reality the sacral plexus where the Kundalini is coiled up. All this twofold energy that is not used up in the functions of the body, there accumulates. It cannot go back the way it came, because the current is always flowing down. By and by, under certain Yoga practices, it is raised up until it strikes this bony partition and at last this partition is dissolved and gives way and this energy is gradually raised up. When it reaches the lumbar plexus it produces physical illumination; when it reaches the cervical plexus mental illumination is produced; when it reaches the Medulla Oblongata, Buddhic illumination is produced, and when at last it flowers out into the thousand-petaled lotus of the brain, spiritual illumination is realized. Now this ride down the spinal cord, is the union of the man and woman. Annieanlouise comes down the left side, Georgie down the right side; they come down together. It simply means descending from that soul state, the medulla oblongata, to the sacral plexus, which is termed the purple downs. The Purple Downs is the coiled up Kundalini. When they reach the bottom they always come out by the brushwood-pile. It is the excretory center or rather the Nadi or Tattwa.

Why was this called the Thirty-Mile Ride, and why ride on a pony? The horse is the symbol of intelligence, the consciousness; in other words; thirty is the numerical symbol of "I;" in other words, the same as the whip, the mission of pain; which goes to show that great pain ever accompanies the transition from the higher state of consciousness downward. There is no such thing as realizing the higher state or the coming down from that state - the objectification later of the transcendent state, without great pain, because the body and the lower principles must be transformed so that they can retain consciousness of that higher state, and that transformation is always accompanied by the greatest agony.

Who were the "Them" and the "They," of whom they were afraid? They were the denizens of Nirvana; the same as the author described in "They." The author's "They" is the natural sequel of Brushwood Boy, because after union he was able to remain in the Unknown Continent in "They" but now he was frightened, not having risen above the soul state.

"I'm gettin' the hang of the geography of that place,' he said to himself, as he shaved next morning. 'I must have made some sort of a circle. Let's see. The Thirty-Mile Ride (now how the deuce did I know it was called the Thirty-Mile Ride) joins the sea-road beyond
the first down where the lamp is. And that atlas-country lies at the
back of the Thirty-Mile Ride, somewhere out to the right beyond the
hills and tunnels. Rummy things, dreams. Wonder what makes mine fit
into each other so?"

His consciousness was now being made objective, definitely so, and
he was beginning to get a view of those inward experiences. They were all
being objectified.

"He continued on his solid way through the recurring duties of the
seasons."

"The mind set free from the day's doings, generally ceased work-
ing altogether, or if it moved at all, carried him along the old
beach-road, to the downs, the lamp-post and once in a while to ter-
rible Policeman Day. The second time that he returned to the world's
lost continent (this was a dream that repeated itself again and
again, with variations on the same ground) --

because he was really consciously entering into that state

-- "he knew that if he only sat still the person from Lily-Lock would
help him, and he was not disappointed. Sometimes he was trapped in
mines of vast depths hollowed out of the heart of the world, where
men in torment chanted echoing songs; and he heard this person coming
along through the galleries, and everything was made safe and de-
lightful. They met again in low-roofed Indian Railway carriages that
halted in a garden surrounded by gilt-green railings, where a mob of
stony white people, all unfriendly, sat at breakfast tables covered
with roses, and separated Georgie from his companion, while under-
ground voices sang deep-voiced songs. Georgie was filled with enor-
mous despair till they two met again. They foregathered in the mid-
dle of an endless, hot tropic night, and crept into a huge house that
stood, he knew, somewhere north of the railway-station where the
people ate among the roses. It was surrounded with gardens, all moist
and dripping; and in one room, reached through leagues of whitewashed
passages, a Sick Thing lay in bed. Now, the least noise Georgie
knew, would unchain some waiting horror, and his companion knew it,
too; but when their eyes met across the bed, Georgie was disgusted
to see that she was a child -- a little girl in strapped shoes with
her black hair combed back from her forehead."

" 'What disgraceful folly,' he thought. 'Now she could do nothing
whatever if Its head came off'."

The house of the Sick Thing was the Pineal Gland, the seat of the
soul's activity. It is sick, yes, and why? This pineal gland has for
long ages been unused except by a few. It is the seat of seership. To
make it well again, bring it forth into activity again, make it work
in conjunction with the faculty of intuition would be to make it well.
Then the "Third eye" will again be open and give to mankind the light
of the Buddhic region, the faculty of seership. The little girl here
is still the association of his dream idea, but viewed in another way it means the feminine side was not developed very far. It was still in a state of childhood. But yet he thought it would be terrible—"What could she do if Its head came off?"

In other words if the Sick Thing were about to die they would be in a terrible shape. There would be no possibility of any soul life if that took place.

"Then the Thing coughed and the ceiling shattered down in plaster on the mosquito-netting, and 'They' rushed in from all quarters."

That is to say the influence of Nirvana were crowding in upon them and they were frightened.

"He dragged the child through the stifling garden, voices chanting behind them, and they rode the Thirty-Mile Ride under whip and spur,"—Remember thirty is the numerical symbol of the whip.

"—along the sandy beach by the booming sea, till they came to the downs, the lamp-post and the brushwood-pile, which was safety."

The downs are the Kundalini, the lamp-post, objective consciousness. The brushwood pile is the sex principle. "Which was safety," because they had now come into objective consciousness.

"Very often dreams would break up about them in this fashion, and they would be separated to endure awful adventures alone. But the most amusing times were when he and she had a clear understanding that it was all make-believe, and walked through mile-wide roaring rivers without even taking off their shoes, or set light to populous cities to see how they would burn, and were rude as any children to the vague shadows met in their rambles. Later in the night they were sure to suffer for this, either at the hands of the Railway People, eating among the roses, or in the tropic uplands at the far end of the Thirty-Mile Ride. Together this did not much affright them; but often Georgie would hear her shrill cry of 'Boy! Boy!' half a world away, and hurry to her rescue before 'They' maltreated her."

"Understanding it was all make-believe" was the realizing of the world illusion. At certain times the two aspects of the soul, working in conjunction, were able to realize the illusion of all things. Sometimes, however, they were persecuted by the railway people. The railway is the symbol of the passage, the passing from one state of consciousness to another.

They "set fire to towns." In other words, the soul life—the two aspects, working together, could destroy certain of the illusions. Those things which the world looks upon as all-important were completely torn away; they were nothing in the consciousness of Georgie and Annieanlouise. The world illusion in certain aspects was destroyed. They had no fear if they were together, but when the polarity was not in a state of activity, then they were unable to realize the strength and power, which they possessed as a result of the Union, and then they
were persecuted; they would persecute her until she called to him.

"He and she explored the dark-purple downs as far inland from the brushwood-pile as they dared, but that was always a dangerous matter."

The purple-downs represent the sacral plexus and the Kundalini. They explored the two principles together as far inland as they dared; that is, going upward from the Kundalini. Now going upward, up through the Thirty-Mile Ride.

"The interior was filled with 'Them', and 'They' went about singing in the hollows, and Georgie and she felt safer on or near the seaboard."

Because the higher up they went the farther from the Kundalini, the nearer they approached the purely spiritual state where "They" the spiritual forces, were in a state of activity.

"So thoroughly had he come to know the place of his dreams that even waking, he accepted it as a real country, and made a rough sketch of it."

That is to say the sketch was brought down into his objective consciousness.

"He kept his own counsel, of course, but the permanence of the land puzzled him. His ordinary dreams were as formless and as fleeting as any healthy dreams could be, but once at the brushwood-pile he moved within known limits and could see where he was going. There were months at a time when nothing notable crossed his sleep. Then the dreams would come in a batch of five or six, and next morning the map that he kept in his writing case would be written up to date, for Georgie was a most methodical person. There was indeed, a danger — his seniors said so — of his developing into a regular 'Auntie Fuss' of an adjutant and when an officer once takes to 'Old maidism' there is more hope for the virgin of seventy than for him."

We see the development going on. In other words, it was a real initiation and not simply the ordinary dreamy state that was being brought out here.

The war broke out, the active campaign work was carried on; in other words, this is when soul development has to express itself outwardly, — in a terrible war. Georgie was carried through this active life and became so weakened in a way, through it, that it was thought best to send him home; he was given a vacation. On the voyage a woman tried to make love to him, but he was so pure and innocent that he took it as kind of a mother love, and was not conscious of the fact that she had any other designs; showing that the soul is incapable of response to outward sexual approaches; particularly as he had already found the inward soul mate and was in love with her.

At last he came home. He found his mother trying to find a union for him.
'Not a thing changed,' he sighed contentedly when the three of them sat down to dinner in the late sunlight, while the rabbits crept out upon the lawn below the cedars, and the big trout in the ponds by the home paddock rose for their evening meal.

'Our changes are all over, dear,' cooed the mother; 'and now I am getting used to your size and your tan (you're very brown, Georgie) I see you haven't changed in the least. You're exactly like the pater'.

'The father beamed on this man after his own heart, - 'youngest major in the army, and should have had the V. C., sir' - and the butler listened with his professional mask off when Master Georgie spoke of war as it is waged to-day and his father cross-questioned.

'They went out on the terrace to smoke among the roses, and the shadow of the old house lay long across the wonderful English foliage, which is the only living green in the world.'

'Perfect! By Jove, it's perfect! Georgie was looking at the round bosomed woods beyond the home paddock where the white pheasant boxes were ranged; and the golden air was full of a hundred sacred scents and sounds Georgie felt his father's arm tighten in his.

'Tis not half bad - but hocie mihi cras tibi, isn't it? I suppose you'll be turning up some fine day with a girl under your arm, if you haven't one now, eh?'

We find that all efforts were made to humanize him, to get him into some entangling alliance with a member of the opposite sex, but he was absolutely incapable of it. He would not dance or do anything of that kind, although his mother tried her best to get a wife for him. At last she invited a woman to come there, but this fact did not interest Georgie; he went fishing at the time she was expected. At last he returned with his fish and went up to his room. He did not go in where his father and mother and the company were, but, standing outside, he heard this woman sing and the song showed him that she had been through the same experiences he had. She was singing:

Over the edge of the purple down,
   Where the single lamplight gleams,
Know ye the road to the Merciful Town
   That is hard by the Sea of Dreams -
Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,
   And the sick may forget to weep?
But we - pity us! Oh, pity us!
   We wakeful; ah, pity us!
We must go back with Policeman Day-
   Back from the City of Sleep!
Weary they turn from the scroll and crown,  
Fetter and prayer and plough—  
They that go up to the Merciful Town,  
For her gates are closing now.  
It is their right in the Baths of Night  
Body and soul to steep:  
But we—pity us! ah, pity us!  
We wakeful; oh, pity us!—  
We must go back with Policeman Day—  
Back from the City of Sleep!

Over the edge of the purple down,  
Ere the tender dreams begin,  
Look—we may look—at the Merciful Town,  
But we may not enter in!  
Outcasts all, from her guarded wall  
Back to our watch we creep:  
We—pity us! ah, pity us!  
We wakeful; oh, pity us!—  
We that go back with Policeman Day—  
Back from the City of Sleep!

This song really described the consciousness in the sleeping state; the entering into and coming out of it.

"At the last echo he was aware that his mouth was dry, and unknown pulses were beating in the roof of it. The housekeeper, who would have it that he must have fallen in and caught a chill, was waiting to catch him on the stairs and, since he neither saw nor answered her, carried a wild tale abroad that brought his mother knocking at the door."

"' Anything happened, dear? Harper said she thought you weren't—' "

"'No; it's nothing. I'm all right, mummy. Please don't bother'."

"He did not recognize his own voice, but that was a small matter besides what he was considering. Obviously, most obviously, the whole coincidence was crazy lunacy. He proved it to the satisfaction of Major George Cotter who was going up to town to-morrow to hear a lecture on the supply of ammunition in the field; and having so proved it, the soul and brain and heart and body of Georgie cried joyously: 'That's the Lily Lock girl—the Lost Continent girl—the Thirty-Mile Ride Girl—the Brushwood girl—! I know her'!"

"He waked stiff and cramped in his chair, to reconsider the situation by sunlight, when it did not appear normal. But a man must eat, and he went to breakfast, his heart between his teeth, holding himself severely in hand."
"'Late, as usual' said the mother. 'My boy, Miss Lacy'."

'A tall girl in black raised her eyes to his, and Georgie's life training deserted him — just as soon as he realized that she did not know. He stared coolly and critically. There was the abundant black hair, growing in a widow's peak, turned back from the forehead, with that peculiar ripple over the right ear; there were the gray eyes, set a little close together; the short upper lip, resolute chin and the known poise of the head. There was also the small well-cut mouth that had kissed him."

The kiss represented the union in the soul state and outwardly the two principles. She did not recognize.

"'Georgie — dear!' said the mother amazedly, for Miriam was flushing under the stare."

"'I — I beg your pardon!' he gulped. 'I don't know whether the mother has told you, but I am rather an idiot at times, specially before I've had my breakfast. It's — it's a family failing'."

"He turned to explore among the hot-water dishes on the side-board, rejoicing that she did not know — she did not know."

We see that the masculine principle, which was the stronger, was able to recognize the state of union; the consciousness had not yet come.

"'You compose — don't you? Must be a fine thing to be able to do that. I think I heard you singin' when I came in last night after fishin'. Awfully pretty song. How'd you think of such things'?"

"'You only composed the music, dear, didn't you'?

"The words too. I'm sure of it," said Georgie, with a sparkling eye. No; she did not know.

"'Yeth; I wrote the words, too' Miriam spoke slowly, for she knew she lisped when she was nervous."

"'Now, how could you tell, Georgie?' said the mother, as delighted as though the youngest major in the army were ten years old, showing off before company."

"'I was sure of it, somehow'," said Georgie. Well, he persuaded the girl to go for a ride. They went.

"She was in the saddle before he could offer to help, with the clean spring of the child who mounted her pony for the Thirty-Mile Ride. . . . . . . . 'We must be quick,' said Miriam, bored and angry."

"'There's no great hurry'."

"The horses capered on the short, sweet-smelling turf, and the delaying shadows gathered in the valley as they cantered over the great dun down that overhangs Bassett and the Western coaching-road. Insensibly the pace quickened, without thought of mole-hills," etc., etc.

"'Oh, that was glorious!' Miriam cried, reining in. 'Dandy and I are old friends, but I don't think we've ever gone better to-
"No; but you've gone quicker once or twice."
"Really? When?"

"Georgie moistened his lips. 'Don't you remember the Thirty-Mile Ride - with me - when 'They' were after us on the beach-road, with the sea to the left - going toward the lamp-post on the downs?'

"The girl gasped. 'What - do you mean?' she said hysterically."

"The Thirty-Mile Ride, and - and all the rest of it'."

"You mean - ? I didn't sing anything about the Thirty-Mile Ride. I know I didn't. I have never told a living soul'."

"You told about Policeman Day and the lamp at the top of the downs, and the City of Sleep. It all joins on, you know - it's the same country - and it was easy enough to see where you had been'."

"Good God! - It joins on - of course, it does; but I have been -you have been - Oh, let's walk please, or I shall fall off'."

The intense activity of the consciousness, together with the vibration had now become so intense that it began to express itself in consciousness, symbolized by the horse. At last the intense activity became so great that she began to waken to her consciousness and the two came together.

"Georgie ranged alongside and laid a hand that shook below her bridle-hand, pulling Dandy into a walk. Miriam was sobbing as he had seen a man sob under the touch of the bullet."

"'It's all right - it's all right,' he whispered feebly. Only - only, it's true, you know'."

"'But where? Tell me'."

"There - wherever it may be - in our country, I suppose. Do you remember the first time you rode it - the Thirty-Mile Ride I mean? You must'."

"'Let me think. I - we were on no account to make any noise'. She was staring between Dandy's ears, with eyes that did not see, and a suffocating heart.

"'Because "It" was dying in the Big House?' Georgie went on, reining in again'."

"'There was a garden with green and gilt railings - all hot. Do you remember'?"

"'I ought to. I was sitting on the other side of the bed before "It" coughed and "They" came in'."

"'You!' the deep voice was unnaturally full and strong, and the girl's wide-opened eyes burned in the dusk as she stared him through and through. 'Then you're the Boy - my Brushwood Boy, and I've known you all my life'!"

The consciousness had now come. The feminine side was able to recognize the masculine side; the two were united.

"She fell forward on Dandy's neck."
"'Of course, you're the Boy and I didn't know — I didn't know'."
"'I knew last night and when I saw you at breakfast'.'
"'Oh, that was why! I wondered at the time. You would, of course'.'
"'I remember waiting for you when the steamer came in. Do you'?"
"'At the Lily-Lock beyond Hong-Kong and Java'?"
"'Do you call it that, too'?"
"'You told me it was when I was lost in the continent. That was you that showed me the way through the mountains'?'
"'When the islands slid? It must have been, because you're the only one I remember. All the others were "Them".'"
"'Awful brutes they were, too'.'
"'I remember showing you the Thirty-Mile Ride the first time. You ride just as you used to then. You are you'!'" 
"'That's odd. I thought that of you this afternoon. Isn't it wonderful'?"
"'What does it all mean? Why should you and I, of the millions of people in the world have this — this thing between us? What does it mean? I'm frightened'.'
"'This!' said Georgie. The horses quickened their pace. They thought they had heard an order. 'Perhaps when we die we may find out more, but it means this now'.'
"'There was no answer.' . . . . 'As the world went, they had known each other rather less than eight and a half hours, but the matter was one that did not concern the world.'

This kiss was the perfect union, brought into the objective state.
"'That's the second' Georgie whispered.'
"'It's not!' — furiously. 'It's not'.'
"'On the downs the other night — months ago'.'
"'You were just as you are now and we went over the country for miles and miles'.'
"'It was all empty, too. They had gone away. Nobody frightened us. I wonder why, boy'?'
"'Oh, if you remember that, you must remember the rest. Confess'!'" 
"'I remember lots of things, but I know I didn't. I never have — till just now'.'
"'You did, dear'.'
"'I know I didn't, because — oh, it's no use keeping anything back! — because I truthfully meant to'.'
"'And truthfully did'.'
"'No; meant to, but some one else came by'.'
"'There wasn't anyone else. There never has been'.'
"'There was. There always is. It was another woman out there on the sea. I saw her. It was the 26th of May. I've got it written down
somewhere'."

The "Woman" here represents the lower nature. He was trying to get the union with the feminine side of the soul, and so he did not respond to the approaches of the low nature, but the feminine side of his soul was conscious of it.

" 'Oh, you've kept a record of your dreams, too? That's odd about the other woman because I happened to be on the sea just then'."

" 'I was right. How do I know what you've done when you were awake -- and I thought it was only you'!"

" 'You never were more wrong in your life. What a little temper you've got! Listen to me a minute, dear.' And Georgie, though he knew it not, committed black perjury. 'It -- it isn't the kind of thing one says to any one, because they'd laugh; but on my word and honour, darling, I've never been kissed by a living soul outside my own people, in all my life. Don't laugh, dear. I wouldn't tell anyone but you, but it's the solemn truth'."

" 'I knew! You are you. Oh, I knew you'd come some day'.."

Here we see the constant expectancy of the feminine side for the merging into the masculine side.

" 'And you never cared or looked anywhere? Why, all the round world must have loved you from the very minute they saw you, Boy'."

" 'They kept it to themselves if they did. No; I never cared'.."

Here we see how it is that the world is unable to appreciate the soul, and it has no attraction for the soul. The soul can only love itself; that is, the masculine side must be absorbed in the love of the feminine side.

" 'Oh, how can I look at you in the light, before your mother -- and mine'?

When the union was complete they both had the same mother, for they were but one soul. Their mother was the Oversoul, and her scheming to bring them together means the merging of the two sides of the soul -- in reality the work of the Oversoul.

" 'Are you the original, only Annieanlouise'?

" 'It was what you always called me ever since the beginning. Oh! We've turned into the avenue, and we must be an hour late'..

" 'What does it matter? The chain goes as far back as those days? It must, of course -- of course it must. I've got to ride round with this pestilent old bird -- confound him! 'Ha! Ha!' said the duck, laughing. ' --Do you remember that'?

" 'Yes, I do, flowerpots on my feet and all. We've been together all this while; and I've got to say good-bye to you till dinner'."

Thus the consciousness of final union is brought out into manifestation; the final union of the two elements of the soul, not only in the inner, but also in the outer, objective consciousness, also going
into the physical, and thus we see the complete merging, the two be­
coming one, and all separateness, even in the lower life, barred.
The separateness from the consciousness of time does not matter,
for the soul does not live in time.
"'Ha! Ha!' said the duck, laughing '—do you remember that'?"
They had been so absorbed with each other on the physical plane
that there was scarcely a consciousness of anything else. They had be­
come unconscious of everything except this state of life itself;
everything except the ecstasy which grew out of the state of union.
And then she calls his attention to the time when she said this, and
causing him to identify himself, in consciousness, with the duck; to
become at home in the Heavenly waters, and thus swim ashore. In this
way the two experiences are united and the union between the two is
seen to be the outcome of the beginning of the duck nature in the inner
consciousness.
"But — what shall I do when I see you in the light?"
The union is now complete, but the question is, when this is
brought into the outer, objective consciousness, what is to be done?
How can they maintain the state of perfect union, and this marks the
conjunction, absolutely the realization of perfect union of the mas­
culine and feminine sides of the soul — of Kipling's soul and of the
soul of every one else who goes through this experience when the
feminine side has been perfectly developed and awakened and the two
have become one, both abstracted from the lower soul and now manifest­
ing through it outwardly, consciously.
In the work "They" by the same author is found the initiation of
those two in the perfect state of soul and the perfect Nirvanic state
and the entrance into the pure spiritual state.
THE MAP

The Map is in reality a diagram of the human body occultly considered. The entire scheme of the Diagram is the ascending of the sex force to the brain and the Illumination which results therefrom. There are two distinct movements indicated, the first being the ascending of the sex force through the front of the body, up through the Sympathetic Nervous System, through the Umbilicus, the Solar Plexus and the Heart, to the Brain, and thence down the Spinal Cord to the Sacral Plexus again; and the second being the raising of the Kundalini from its home in the Sacral Plexus, up the Spinal Cord, through the Lumbar Plexus, the Dorsal Plexus, the Cervical Plexus, the Medulla Oblongata, to the Thousand Petaled Lotus of the Brain, and then the return to the Sacral Plexus again.

The Pile is the Brushwood Pile, that is, the latency of the sexual fire principle. It is in a certain sense connected with the Sacral Center, but the true locality for it is the Anus, for that is the center of the Agni Tattwa, which is the one which accomplishes the excretion. This fire Tattwa abides in the Anus, and in cases where it is aroused into a state of great activity, there is a highly fevered condition of the Anus and Rectum, which is simply due to the activity of the Fire Principle, this being one aspect of the Electrical Sex Energy.

The Lamp-Post, standing opposite to the end of the Thirty-Mile Ride, which is the termination of the Spinal Cord in the Sacral Plexus, marks the coiled up Kundalini, in the Sacral Plexus. It is called the Lamp because here is the center of the first light to dawn upon the Soul. When the latent sex energy is here awakened and becomes active, we have the beginning of the higher consciousness. The dates marked here indicate the time when Kipling attained to this state of consciousness. They show that on Sept. 15, 1889, Feb. 14, 1889, Jan. 18, 1889, Feb. 11, 1890 and June 28, 1890, he had fully realized this state. The Valley below the Lamp-Post indicates the normal state of consciousness before the awakening of the Kundalini. The High Down is the state of exalted consciousness which results from this awakening, and the Valley beyond this, is the state of consciousness after this exaltation has subsided, and all has become normal, but this normal state is that of the active
Kundalini. In this state of exaltation symbolized by the Downs, he met Them, that is, the Denizens of the unknown Continent, or Nirvana, hence was able to become conscious of them, or rather of their reflection which as manifesting on this Plane, Nov. 30, 1890.

After entering the Valley state he reaches the point in consciousness where the Lights from the City of Sleep are to be seen. This means that the first manifestation of the Subconsciousness State is here dawning upon him. This state was realized Jan. 5, 1890. The next Downs indicate the state of exaltation which succeeded this experience. In this state of exaltation They were met and realized again Jan. 24.

The next stage of the ascent is represented by the Low Sand Hills, which shows a higher state of vibration and consciousness than is indicated by the Downs, for we are now in the Astral Region. The City they burned is the reaching of the Lumbar Plexus, and hence the opening of the Psychic Consciousness, or rather its Illumination. The burning of the City is the increased vibration which is set up in it when it is charged by the twofold sex energy, and the combustion of the old sensations which leads to the Illumination of the Magnetic Body, hence the former darkness of carnal sensation is impossible there for the future. This state was realized Oct. 17, 1889, and May 15, 1890.

The River is the Dorsal Plexus, which, when it is forded, places one in the region of Astral Illumination. This was forded and the Astral Illumination realized July 14, 1889; May 15, 1890 and Aug. 27, 1890. While in this state of Illumination they met Them again, that is, he was again conscious of the reflected presence of the Denizens of the Unknown Continent, May 19; July 16, and Aug. 16, 1890.

Next in order comes the Tropical Desert, showing the intense vibratory activity manifesting in the stages of Mental and Buddhic Illumination, which results in a fevered condition. The Railway Station is the Cervical Plexus. When the Kundalini reaches this point, the Mind is Illuminated, and the way is opened to the Buddhic state. This state of illumination was reached Oct. 24, 1889; Aug. 24, April 10, and Nov. 8, 1890.

The next point is the Medulla Oblongata, the center symbolized here by the mines. When the Kundalini reaches this center it produces Buddhic Illumination. This Plexus is called the Mines, for the reason that when the Kundalini energizes it, and the Buddhic Consciousness is opened we are below the horizon of the ordinary consciousness of man, being in the Pure A Priori Region of Reason, and hence in what man in his ignorance terms the realm of the Unknowable. At the same time we are in the Mines from which the richest treasurers of Truth are to be mined. This state was reached Jan. 4, Jan. 17, 1889; Jan. 8, 1890, and Sept. 9, 1891. This brings him to the State of Buddhic Illumination, where he is on a level with the House of the Sick Thing, which is the Pineal Gland, this being the seat of Buddhi. Having reached this state he understands
all up to and including the Buddhic State, but the Spirit is yet unknown to him, hence he comes to the Limit Known, the Line of Demarcation being at the point of the Pineal Gland, or House of the Sick Thing. Beyond this lies the Unknown Continent, the region of Spiritual Illumination.

Ascending the front way, via the Sympathetic Nervous System, he enters the Steamer which is anchored by the Sand, on the Coast of the Sea of Dreams. The Sand is that part of the body lying between the Anus and the Generative Organs, and the Beach marks the Generative Organs as the center of the Sex Force. The Steamer is the astral body, which is the vehicle in which the journey is to be taken by the Sexual Energy to the Unknown Continent. The entering of the Steamer is the raising of the Sex Energy from the physical to the astral plane of vibration. This is accomplished on Aug. 16, 1887; Jan. 8, 1888; July 14, 1889; May 10, 1891; Feb. 11, 1891 and March 10, 1890. The journey begins at this point and goes first to Hong-Kong, that is the Umbilicus, the center of the hundred and forty-four thousand Nadas or forces, into which the magnetism is differentiated. This is, therefore, the Etheric Center, and the reaching of this point simply means that the Sex Energy assumes an Etheric Form, and thus transcends the Gross Physical.

Thence the ascent is towards Java or the Solar Plexus. On the way there, that is, while the Sex Energy is passing from the Umbilicus to the Solar Plexus, there was something seen June 18, 1889; Oct. 15, 1889, and Feb. 10, 1890. Java being the Solar Plexus, the center of the Prana or Life Principle, the reaching of that point indicates that the Sex Principle had now passed from the Etheric to the Vital Form.

Thence the journey is taken from Java to Lily-Lock, that is the Heart, which is the center of the Astral Body, hence reaching this point means the transmutation of the Sex Energy into the Astral Form. This state was realized Aug. 15, 1887; Jan. 8, 1888; May 10, 1889; July 14, 1889; and Oct. 3, 1890. Then he comes to the Unknown Coast, that is, to a region which cannot be entered in the Astral Body, May 13, 1889, and also Oct. 19, 1890. At this point the Vessel is abandoned, that is, the Astral Body is left behind, and clothed only in his Mental Body, he enters the realm of the Unknown Continent, the Silent Watcher, or the Seat of the Spirit. The Sex Energy is now active on the Mental Plane. On May 1, the Coast was seen. The Mental Body, however, could not find its way through this Unknown Continent, and therefore, he gets lost in the depths of this wilderness Aug. 15, 1891, and Sept. 18, 1891.

The entrance of the House of the Sick Thing, the Pineal Gland, means that the Sex Energy was transmuted into the form of Buddhi, and thus discarding the Mental Body, and clothed only in the Buddhi, or true Soul, he had reached the highest state which it was possible for him to reach without becoming one of the Denizens of the Unknown Continent,
that is, entering the state of Spiritual Initiation. The fact that Annieanlouise was always with him at this point shows that both the Electrical or Masculine, and the Magnetic or Feminine sides of the Sex Principle were active on the Buddhic Plane. This state was realized Aug. 15, 1889; Aug. 9, 1889; Jan. 15, 1890; Nov. 7, 1890; March 8, 1891, and June 7, 1891. At this point they were frightened by Them, the Denizens of the Unknown Continent, and started on the Thirty-Mile Ride which begins in Mountains and Tunnels, that is, in the bones of the neck and head, just below the Medulla Oblongata, and continues through the Vertabrae of the Spinal Column. This Thirty-Mile Ride is the Passage of the Masculine Force down the right side and the Feminine Force down the left side of the Spinal Cord. The Thirty-Mile Ride ends at the terminus of the spinal cord. They there dismount, symbolizing the fact that the two energies are now becoming passive again. Then they walk over to the Lamp-Post, that is, the Sex Energies are both stored up in the Sacral Plexus, with the Curled-up Kundalini.

It will be noted that these dates are not in the order in which we would expect them to occur, but this is not a serious disadvantage, for the reason that it simply indicates that the date assigned to each place is the time when he was first conscious at that stage, and does not indicate the first time that he realized that point in the sense of the force reaching it. The fact that some of the lower points were not reached until after some of those above them were reached, simply means that he was conscious on some of the higher principles before he was on some of those below them. It must also be borne in mind that he was traveling on both journeys about the same time, and not that he went the Spinal Nerve Route until that was completely finished and then began the Sympathetic Nerve Route. It requires the completion of both of these routes of activity to complete the initiation of the Sex Principles into the Soul State, and their resultant Union as One. The figures at the side of the Map, indicate the different dates when the complete journey was made. These dates, June 17, 1889; Nov. 15, 1889; Feb. 18, 1890; April 15, 1890; July 2, 1890; Aug. 13, 1890, and July 14, 1891, mark the dates on which the complete journey was taken and hence it was during the years of 1889, 1890 and 1891, that Kipling was completing his initiation. We have some dates in 1887, and 1888 when some aspects of the consciousness was being realized, and the finishing touches were not put upon it until in 1893, when the marriage of the two sides of his soul was consummated.

In this way has Kipling shown us the true history of the Illumination and Marriage of his own Soul, and to the one who is able to read the dates and symbols, a clearer history of the Initiation of one of the Greatest Souls living, could not possibly be given, let one try as he may. At the same time that this is the History of Kipling's Initiation, it is at the same time a perfect guide book, for those enter-
ing this course, showing them just how the Union is to be consummated and indicating the meaning of each experience which they may be called upon to go through. More than this it is such a guide book written by one of the Elder Brothers of Humanity, drawn from his own Soul Experience, for the benefit of those coming on behind.
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