An Interpretation to Rudyard Kipling's

THEY

Esoterically and mystically explains the story of They, which is a further unfoldment of how the keynote of the consciousness is raised. In "Brushwood Boy" he met "Them" and fled down the Thirty-Mile Ride to the Brushwood Pile, being unable to function on the Buddhic Plane. Having reached that Plane where he no longer feared "Them"—the "Them" became the "They" which practically and naturally became the title of the book "They."
The inner meaning and what it secretes fully explained

By

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In this book Kipling depicts the relationship between the personality and the individuality. First of all he traces the union between the two and finally the separation, when the individuality leaves the personality forever and thus enters Nirvana. It is really a concise picture of the way of initiation which leads to the transcending of the personality in order that the individual may permanently abide in Nirvana.

The principal characters in this book are, Kipling, who is the individuality; the blind woman who represents the personality, and the children who are symbolic of the state of Nirvana – we might say, in a certain sense, the denizens of Nirvana; but it is not to be understood that they were spiritual entities, human souls, spirits or anything of that kind. They really represent the forces on the Nirvanic plane, and hence the blindness of the woman, the personality, indicates her inability to see the children, that is to be conscious of the Nirvanic state. Kipling – the individuality, is able to see them because he is the spirit itself and possesses spiritual sight. The personality could not discern them directly through sight, because the spiritual eyes do not pertain to personality, but could only hear them as it were. That is, their influence, descending one octave below their real place, would manifest in consciousness; hence there would be a measure of knowledge in regard to these spiritual states, but there could not be that direct consciousness described by sight.

He begins the story with an automobile ride which he was taking through the country. Now, the motor car is the vehicle of the individuality. It is that which enabled him to find his personality, and thus we might speak of it as being the spiritual body, to a certain extent, the vehicle of consciousness, which brought the spirit into the consciousness of the personality. In another sense it might be spoken as the Buddhi.

"One view called me to another; one hill top to its fellow, half across the county, and since I could answer at no more trouble than the snapping forward of a lever, I let the county flow under my wheels. The orchid-studded flats of the East gave way to the thyme,
ilex and grey grass of the Downs; these again to the rich cornland and fig-trees of the lower coast where you carry the beat of the tide on your left hand for fifteen level miles; and when at last, I turned inland through a huddle of rounded hills and woods I had run myself clean out of my known marks."

This describes very accurately the real experience of one traveling on the higher planes of nature, clothed in the vehicle pertaining to the individuality, etc. In other words, he is passing from one state of consciousness to another. These hills, etc., these pictures, represent the different states of consciousness. They exist, of course, on the higher planes of nature; and are the archetypes of everything on the physical plane. Everything on the physical exists simply because it exists on the higher planes of nature; and so he is passing through the ideal world, as it were, through the state of consciousness where the ideas which are the archetypes of the diverse material things are present and apparent to the consciousness. Thus they simply "flow under" his wheels; that is to say, the vehicle of the self passes from one state to another, at will, for the individuality may descend to the earth or it may go the other way to its true place on the spiritual plane. But he is going through this experience.

Also it should be borne in mind that this land is symbolic. It does not really mean land. It is not even the idea of the real land, for in the higher sense all these phases of soil represent corresponding psychical states.

Now, the grey Downs represent the sexual region; to a certain extent, the sacral plexus; the rich corn soil, the lower coast where the fig trees were, is the feminine side because the fig is pre-eminently the feminine part, containing the seed within itself and growing forth in the darkness, shrouded in the leaves, and putting forth blossoms on its own stem, as it were. It is pre-eminently symbolic of the feminine side.

Passing through these stages he gets clear out of his known bounds. In other words, the individuality is now out of its proper sphere, — has descended into the personal region.

"Beyond that precise hamlet which stands godmother to the capital of the United States."

Now, here he is entering a region of the deepest symbolism. The capital of the United States is, of course, symbolic of the political character of America, of this particular form, the republican form of government, as presented in this country. This hamlet, now, which stands godmother to this, to the capital of the United States, is that republican tendency, that representative government which we may see in the higher state of consciousness, to a certain extent, as well as in government.

Now, it should be borne in mind that in a republic, the repre-
sentatives are irresponsible. In a democracy, of course, their actions are subject to the control of the people they represent; but it is not so in a republic like the United States; therefore, this precise hamlet standing godmother to the capital of the United States, represents the archetype in the soul, corresponding to that, and hence it is, that those functions which perform their duty as representatives of the plans of the soul, of the entire being, are in no sense responsible to the body or to any of its parts for what they do. In other words, they act in accordance with their own will in regard to the matter; therefore it is that this state has been passed; he goes beyond this state of irresponsible representation, so to speak, to the state which reaches beyond that — in other words, to the dominance of absolute law of obedience to the higher forces working within.

"I found hidden villages where bees, the only things awake, boomed in eighty-foot lindens that overhung grey Norman churches;"

These hidden villages represent states of consciousness which are beyond this state of representation. Entering the realm of the law, these hidden states are present. Now, the bee is, to a certain extent, a mystical insect. It has a very deep mystical meaning. It flies in the air, representing airy principles. It gathers the honey, which, to a certain extent, represents the Ambrosia and Nectar of the gods; and these bees were the only things that seemed to have life. They were "Booming." In other words, this is the state of soul where the bee principle is the only thing active. Now, the worker bee, it should be remembered, is sexless, neither male nor female, and hence we find a state of being here where sex does not play any noticeable part.

Also the bee works for the common good. The beehive manifests the spirit of the hive. Strictly speaking, this is the state of consciousness where everything is working for the whole, the state of Kosmic consciousness in the very highest sense.

"Miraculous brooks, diving under stone bridges, built for heavier traffic than would ever vex them again; tithe-barns larger than their churches and an old smithy that cried out aloud how it had once been a hall of the Knights of the Temple. Gipsies I met on the common where the gorse, brackens and heath fought it out together up a mile of Roman Road; and a little farther on I disturbed a red fox rolling dog-fashion, in the naked sunlight."

This is the Karmic region, the Karma which has been left by past history, the antiquities, etc. He is passing through that Karmic consciousness and is able to experience those things just as though living in those times; and this is an experience with which all travelers on the higher planes of nature have become familiar. We do find that the history of thousands of years ago is being lived out at the present time in the Karmic region. He was passing through this. At the same time we see the touch of nature, also: "The red fox rolling,
dog-fashion, on the ground" is symbolic of the animal state; and it should also be borne in mind that Karma contains the Karma of animals as well as of people; hence he is going through an experience in this Karmic region.

"As the wooded hills closed about me I stood up in the car to take the bearings of that great Down whose ringed head is a landmark for fifty miles across the low countries. I judged that the lie of the country would bring me across some westward-running road that went to his feet, but I did not allow for the confusing veils of the woods. A quick turn plunged me first into a green cutting, brim-full of liquid sunshine; next into a gloomy tunnel where last year's dead leaves whispered and scuffled about my tyres. The strong hazel stuff meeting overhead, had not been cut for a couple of generations at least, nor had any axe helped the moss-cankered oak and beech to spring above them. Here the road changed frankly into a carpeted ride on whose brown velvet spent primrose-clumps showed like jade, and a few sickly white-stalked blue-bells nodded together. As the slope favoured, I shut off the power and slid over the whirled leaves, expecting every moment to meet a keeper; but I only heard a jay far off, arguing against the silence under the twilight of the trees."

This is descriptive of a certain aspect of the higher consciousness. He is now out of the Karma produced by men, and is in tune with the great natural forces, the voice of nature, which is proclaimed in the higher states, for remember this, if there were no forests in the higher planes of nature there would be none on the earth. Form is always the expression of the idea. Nothing exists on the earth but what has previously existed on the higher planes of nature. Every tree, every flower, every blade of grass, every rock that is on the earth, is also on the Astral and Mental plane and in the Buddhic region, etc. The phenomena are but the externalization of the noumena, of the Kosmical ideas which subsist above and descend, transpiring upon the earth. Therefore having passed out of the Karmic region, which represents human consciousness and human history, he is now descending farther and farther, that is, going deeper and deeper into the Kosmical consciousness. It does not mean that he is getting closer to the earth, but rather that he is getting out of the range of human Karma and entering the heart of the universe; and this "Great Down" represents the sexual center — in the higher sense, one of the interior principles.

"For fifty miles." Now, fifty is the symbol of the fish, the foetus. In a certain sense, it is the center where life is developed, whether on the physical or some higher plane. This really is the sexual center where the soul is nurtured and developed. Now, he tried to get a view, but he failed to take note of the confusion which the forest created. In other words, in that state, it is always difficult to get a
clear view of anything. Everything is confused because of the richness of the view presented, and that is why the seers have always made so many mistakes in what they have seen and undertaken to describe. It has been due to the fact that there was so much to see and everything was confusing because of the abundance of the view and because the human consciousness was unable to get an accurate birdseye view of the wonderful intricacies and complexities that are present in that higher state of consciousness.

Finally he begins the descent. The "Power is shut off;" that is, the power of his own soul, which had been forcing the work. Now he has reached that state where he naturally gravitates toward internal depths of soul consciousness.

"Still the track descending, I was on the point of reversing and working my way back as best I could ere I ended in some swamp, when I saw sunshine through the tangle ahead and lifted the brake."

"Seeing the sunshine" — the glimpse of spiritual light. He is now passing out of this gloaming produced by the richness of verdure. He is entering something which is no longer chaotic, but Kosmical; the clearer view of things is presented to him and thus his interest is awakened.

"It was down again at once. As the light beat across my face my fore-wheels took the turf of a smooth still lawn from which sprang horsemen ten feet high with levelled lances, monstrous peacocks and sleek, round-headed maids of honour — blue, black and glistening — all of clipped yew. Across the lawn the marshalled woods besieged it on three sides — stood an ancient house of lichenized and weather-worn stone, with mullioned windows and roofs of rose-red tile. It was flanked by semi-circular walls, also rose-red, that closed the lawn to the fourth side, and at their feet a box-hedge grew man-high. There were doves on the roof about the slim brick chimneys, and I caught a glimpse of an octagonal dove house behind the screening wall."

All this description is highly mystical. The yew around the house was trimmed into fantastic horsemen, monstrous peacocks, maids of honour, etc., and remember this is in the Buddhic region, merging almost on Nirvana, and the meaning is that the archtypes, the horsemen, maids of honour and everything of that kind — the archtypes of chivalry are to be found on the Buddhic plane. Chivalry is not a human invention. The grandeur and pomp of courts, etc. has not been devised by human vanity. It is rather the effort of life to give expression to the real grandeur and dignity which is ever present in the Buddhic region. Turn where we will, we see the archtypes which manifest in the lower life. The "Hedge of clipped yew." These things are not original, but grow out of the nature of the Buddhic region. Those ideas which are perfectly natural, which spontaneously spring forth from this region gravitate
to manifestation in the earth life. Thus we see the trees trimmed up to the shape.

Now, let us see what mysteries the peacock represents. The peacock is the bird of Hera. Who is Hera? Why, the wife of Zeus, mother of gods and men, the only goddess who was legitimately married. When any of the other gods of Grecian mythology had anything to do with goddesses, etc., it was in a very elastic way, and there had never been any such thing as a real marriage ceremony, a celebration of nuptials between gods and goddesses excepting between Hera and Zeus. Now, the peacock was the symbol of the wifehood, of the inward dignity of Hera, the mother of gods and men. The peacock later on became the symbol of vanity, and we can very readily understand that that is symbolic of majesty, of dignity and Divine authority, in course of time becomes the symbol of vanity when people who are not possessed of that dignity, that authority, that majesty undertake to ape it, to plume themselves in the feathers of the gods. Then, of course, it naturally becomes the symbol of vanity. Beauty, dignity, dress are perfectly right and proper when used for the purpose of symbolizing the inward state of beauty of the soul within; but when used for the purpose of adding an artificial grandeur, a charm which does not pertain to the inner self, they become vanity. What is vanity? To be vain. And what does it mean to be vain? In the last analysis it means to try to be something which you can never be. Now, it is vain for a human being to attempt to appear as Hera, the mother of gods and men, and hence it is symbolized by the peacock, because the peacock is only a peacock outwardly; inwardly it is no more beautiful than anything else. The peacockhood depends entirely upon his feathers. But Hera used the peacock for a symbol because of the great beauty which was innate within her divine soul. Then the peacock here is a symbol of Divine maternity, in a certain sense. It means that in this region all that comes below is mothered. It means that the Buddhic state is the motherhood of the personality and that all things else spring forth from that point, transpiring, leaking out on lower planes of nature, and also it is the consciousness of the idea which is mother to the thing.

And the house, here is old; and so is the Buddhic state very old; in fact, nothing transpires on the physical plane until centuries after it has already transpired on the Buddhic plane. It takes the idea centuries to manifest in the physical form. Therefore the house is described as ancient. The personal center is very old. And the "Rose-red tile" which covered the top. - Rose is the symbol of life the color of prana, or life force, and this simply means that it is in the Buddhic region that the archetype of life is present, and from there descends to the astral plane and becomes prana.

"Here, then, I stayed; a horseman's green spear laid at my breast; held by the exceeding beauty of that jewel in that setting."

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There is no beauty like that of the Buddhic region for the one who is able to appreciate it, because it is the archetype of all the lower beauty. The beauty of the astral region is only a vague shadow, a crude reflection of the beauty of the Buddhic state. It is, however, kosmical and universal, not individual.

"If I am not packed off for a trespasser, or if this knight does not ride a wallop at me' thought I, 'Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth will come out of that half-open garden and ask me to tea.'"

Seeing the persons of the ancient state here, because on the Buddhic plane there is no such thing as time or space. The archetypes of the seat of culture in the time of Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth are here, and, of course, on the other planes we see the Karmic personalities left by them.

"A child appeared at an upper window and I thought the little thing waved a friendly hand. But it was to call a companion for presently another bright head showed. Then I heard a laugh among the yew-peacocks, and turning to make sure, (till then I had been watching the house only) saw the silver of a fountain behind a hedge thrown up against the sun. The doves on the roof cooed to the cooing water — but between the two notes, I caught the utterly happy chuckle of a child absorbed in some light mischief."

The fountain is the symbol of the celestial waters which are also manifest on the Buddhic plane; the symbol of substance or the mother principle in contradistinction to energy, which is the father principle of the Kosmos. Now, "fountain" here represents the activity of this substance. The doves were the birds of Zeus. The oracle and grove of Zeus at Dodona was an enormous dove cote; in fact the trees were full of doves and when persons went there to get answers to their questions, the doves in their cooing, gave them the answers. The dove is therefore, the speaking voice of Zeus. Again the dove is held by the Indians to symbolize love. They speak of doves as the love birds and is not this true symbolism? Is it not through love that the voice of the father of gods and men must necessarily be given to his children? It is through love that the individual is able to come into touch with the universal, because he can only reason in accordance with his own Atman, with his own monad but to rise above himself, outside of himself, it is necessary that he approach it through love, Bhakti.

The children here represent the Nirvanic state, which transcends this Buddhic state, and which manifests through it. Buddh, the highest aspect of the personality, is really the garment or dwelling place of the individuality, of the monads of Nirvana.

"The garden door — heavy oak sunk deep in the thickness of the wall — opened further; a woman in a big garden hat, set her foot slowly on the time-hollowed stone step and slowly walked across the turf. I was forming some apology when she lifted her head and I
saw she was blind.

"'I heard you,' she said. 'Isn't that a motor car'?

"'I'm afraid I've made a mistake in my road. I should have turned off up above -- I never dreamed --' I began.

"'But I'm very glad. Fancy a motor car coming into the garden! It will be such a treat --' She turned and made as though looking about her. 'You -- you haven't seen anyone, have you -- perhaps'?

"'No one to speak to, but the children seem interested at a distance'.

"'Which'?

"'I saw a couple up at the window just now, and I think I heard a little chap in the grounds'.

"'Oh, lucky you!' she cried, and her face brightened. 'I hear them, of course, but that's all. You've seen them and heard them'?

This woman represents the personality; blind because she is unable to see the children who represent the higher state, the pure Nirvanic region. She is blind to this, whereas Kipling, representing the individuality, which properly belongs on that plane, although he had not become fully conscious of it -- had not "arrived" so to speak, is able to see, to become conscious, while it is only the reflected light which the personality is able to see; and their meeting is really the first touch of union between the personality and the individuality. When they become conscious of their relationship, each to the other, when the personality can be taught by the individuality and when they are able to carry on friendly intercourse, so to speak, not in the sense of belonging absolutely to each other, but rather in the sense of a very close union; when he had described the children so that she, the Personality, was conscious of his seeing them, she exclaims "Oh, lucky you!" because he was able to realize this state, but she could only hear.

"'Yes,' I answered, 'And if I know anything of children, one of them's having a beautiful time by the fountain yonder. Escaped, I imagine'.

"'You're fond of children'?

"I gave her one or two reasons why I did not altogether hate them."

The children here, remember, do not represent any children at all, but the Nirvanic state, and, of course, he did not exactly hate them because he belongs to that state. Really that he should be, though he is an exile.

"'Of course, of course', she said. 'Then you understand. Then you won't think it foolish if I ask you to take your car through the gardens, once or twice -- quite slowly? I'm sure they'd like to see it. They see so little, poor things. One tries to make their life pleasant, but --' she threw out her hands towards the woods. 'We're so out of the world here'.
Certainly they were out of the world, because this represents the soul state, the Buddhic state, which is out of the way of everything else, because it is the archetype which manifests in everything else, and she here takes the view that the personality always takes, assuming that, being out of the world, they are lonesome; that the Nirvanic forces are unfortunate because they do not come in direct contact with the manifested universe. That is the way nearly every one looks at the matter, which, of course, is altogether wrong. Of course, the children—symbolic of the Nirvanic forces—could not be content, would not be in harmony with anyone apart from that state; they would be disturbed if they came in contact with the world without. But the Personality was blind and could not realize this, could not grasp the truth that the Nirvanic forces could approach only Nirvanic people, or at any rate, those who are very close to it, with any degree of satisfaction. She wanted the car to move about the grounds. In other words, he, having the spiritual sight, etc., the car, emblematic of his vehicle, would please the children, that is, the Nirvanic forces. Because of his love for them he understood.

"That will be splendid, I said. 'But I mustn't cut up your grass'."

That is to say, the movements of the higher self must not disturb or interfere with the lower vehicle, with the Buddhic state, with the personality.

Well, they found a flagged walk, back of the peacocks, called the Peacocks' Walk. Now, the Peacocks' Walk is emblematic of the same thing the peacock is; that is, a road or course which moves along in the direction the Divine Mother principle takes and it is through this course that the car moves and, therefore, the man and the woman.

Now the woman getting into the car with him symbolizes the union between the personality and the individuality, when they unite in the vehicle, and so then she calls to the children.

"Children, oh, children! Look and see what's going to happen!"

"The voice would have drawn lost souls from the Pit, for the yearning that underlay its sweetness, and I was not surprised to hear an answering shout behind the yews. It must have been the child by the fountain, but he fled at our approach, leaving a little toy boat in the water. I saw the glint of his blue blouse among the still horsemen."

This flight of the child represents, as it were, the fleeting nature of these Nirvanic powers when one who is not on their plane, fully, one who has never realized that state, comes in contact with them; the inability to get in touch with them until one is ready.

The yearning of the woman symbolizes the intense love which the personality has for the higher spiritual state, though it is not able
to open its eyes and behold those things.

So he goes on and describes the ride and the children, and still it was impossible to get in touch with the children; they kept aloof.

" 'Oh, unkind!' she said weariedly.

" 'Perhaps they're only shy of the motor. That little maid at the window looks tremendously interested'."

" 'Yes!' She raised her head. 'It was wrong of me to say that. They are really fond of me. It's the only thing that makes life worth living—when they're fond of you, isn't it? I daren't think what the place would be without them. By the way, is it beautiful?'"

The place where she lived was so much on the confines of Nirvana, that it was impossible for her to grasp its beauty, because its beauty was really spiritual, being the trysting place of the Nirvaneses. Therefore, she was unable to behold its beauty. At first she upbraided because the Nirvanic state did not respond to her advances, her love, etc. And humanity or the personality is ever prone to fret and worry and censure the higher spiritual state because it does not immediately respond to its advances, whereas it takes a long time and a great deal of courtship to win the confidence, so to speak, of the pure Nirvanic state. She soon realizes that she is mistaken; that the children owe her nothing, for there is nothing that the Personality can do that will ever place the higher Nirvanic state under obligations to it. It is something to be worshipped, to be served, and the privilege of service is the highest to which one can aspire.

" 'I think it is the most beautiful place I have ever seen'."

" 'So they all tell me. I can feel it, of course, but that isn't quite the same thing'."

" 'Then have you never—?' I began, but stopped abashed."

" 'Not since I can remember. It happened when I was only a few months old, they tell me. And yet I must remember something, else how could I dream about colours. I see light in my dreams, and colours, but I never see them. I only hear them, just as I do when I'm awake'.

Here is presented a great truth. All persons are quite Nirvanic when they are babies. Every one is spiritual and a mystic at birth. Children are all mystics till they are spoiled by education. The average child, if he be of a pious nature, imagines he can talk to God on very intimate terms. He is naturally in the attitude where he can commune with God and angels and everything, at will. I say religion, and mystical religion at that, is the very keynote of the child nature, until it is spoiled by false education. The education of man develops the intellect so that the balance is disturbed. The child has these forces in a state of equilibrium, and hence is spiritual, has spiritual consciousness, and there are ever so many children who have psychical forces, etc., in the state of infancy. Now, the personality to begin with, has
this spiritual sight as well as everything else. It is able to communicate with the Nirvanic state. Of course, I do not mean to say that it is a fully individualized Nirvanee, but, as a result of a false system of education, it is soon lost; and where religion is taught at all, it is ceremonial and not mystical. The child should be taught mystical religion because he is a mystic, and the false nature or the false impressions of improper teaching overthrows the balance of his forces. If you will study Kipling's writings through and through, you will find his whole attitude one of almost reverential respect for childhood. There is the consciousness that parents really need to be trained by their children, to a very great degree. So this blind woman had had this at one time, but it had been very long ago.

Then there is another thought covered up here. The Personality was originally endowed with this, — in the childhood of the race. There was the ability to see the spiritual side, but in the progress of human evolution, the personality has been caused to descend until it is no longer able to do so and the racial memory has lost this consciousness. Yet she dreams of colours; in the subconscious, in the subjective state, she is able to see colours, but she never sees them. The "Them" are the children; that is, the Nirvanic influences, who are also the "Them" of Georgie and Annieanlouise, in Brushwood Boy. She is not able to dream of Them, because she has not reached the pure Nirvanic state, but she was able to see on her own plane, able to see reflections. There had been a time when the Personality had the capacity for sight, but the pure spiritual side it was never able to see, because to do that it must be on the spiritual plane, and the personality can never reach that state. It is confined to the lower, or Buddhic plane and planes below. "It's difficult to see faces in dreams. Some people can, but most of us haven't the gift," I went on, looking up at the window where the child stood all but hidden."

"I've heard that too," she said. 'And they tell me that one never sees a dead person's face in a dream. Is that true?' "I believe it is — now I come to think of it'." "But how is it with yourself — yourself?' The blind eyes turned towards me."

"I have never seen the faces of my dead in any dream,' I answered. "Then it must be as bad as being blind'."

Why is it that the spirit never sees the faces of its dead? The spirit has no dead, for the spirit does not know of personality. The spirit transcends the personality, and all human relationships are part of the personality. They all pertain to the personal plane. The Individuality is related to none save those who are of the same Purusha, so to speak; save kindred souls or kindred spirits, and death does not materially affect them, because, in fact, the individuality does not take cognizance of personalities, therefore, it has no dead, and we do
not see the faces of the dead in any dreams, if they are really dead, because in the dissolution on a certain plane, there is nothing left excepting a shadow or reflection. Now, one who is endowed with true sight will not see those shadows; it is only one whose sight is blinded by the illusion to whom those shadows, those shells present themselves as though they were true objects. This being so, the dead do not present themselves to our consciousness, and the faces do not appear to one really conscious in the interior state of consciousness of the forces and activities which pertain to those diverse octaves.

It is now growing toward night and it gets darker and darker; that is, the merging toward the subconscious, subjective state.

"'Have you ever wanted to?' she said after the silence."

"'Very much, sometimes,' I replied."

Because sometimes the Individually permits itself to become attached to the personality and to want to see those things, but the Individuality cannot see an illusion. It can see only those things which are, and if it become attached to the memories, etc., of the past, nevertheless this attachment is not able to blind it enough to make an illusion appear as a reality.

"The child had left the window as the shadows shut upon it."" Ah! So've I, but I don't suppose it's allowed .... Where d'you live?"

"Quite the other side of the county — sixty miles and more, and I must be going back. I've come without my big lamps'."

Here again is another very important thought. He lived on the other side of the county. This scene was in the Buddhic state, on one border, but he lived on the spiritual plane, and so the other side of the county, another region practically, on another border. And he had come without his lamps. He was, therefore, unable to illumine the darkness and find his way out. It is only while the light, the active side of the personal region is presented that he could see and he did not have the full light, as it were.

"'But it's not dark yet. I can feel it'."

Darkness and light represents the two aspects of being. Light is the active, positive, objective, electrical side, and darkness the passive, subjective, static, magnetic side, hence there is a difference in the vibratory activity of the two, and one who is sufficiently sensitive can actually see these states.

Well, in leaving he requires the aid of Madden, the butler, in order to find the road; hence she sends Madden that he may show the visitor the way out. The Personality does not have sufficient sight to guide one; cannot, in fact, find the way out, very well, and so the servant, Madden, the butler, is sent and he represents the go-between, so to speak, between the blind personality and the outside world which, on account of its elevation, cannot see anything below it, for it is
alike blind to the material, to the world illusion and also to the higher spiritual state.

Well, they start out and she guides him around to the front of the house and he passes out. Now, in going, they skirt the house so that he gets another view of this home, we might say of Nirvana, this home for Nirvaneses.

"'Is it so very beautiful?' she said wistfully when she heard my raptures. 'And you like the lead-figures too?' There's the old azalea garden behind. They say that this place must have been made for children. Will you help me out, please? I should like to come with you as far as the cross-roads, but I mustn't leave them'."

What was the garden they said must have been made for children? It was, in fact, the higher Buddhic region which is really equipped for the expression, for the manifestation of these Nirvanic forces.

She must not leave "Them" for it is the function of the soul in its highest aspect, to be continually with the Nirvanic state, because it is through the soul that the Nirvanic state is able to manifest itself in the lower states.

"'Remember,' she said quietly, 'if you are fond of them you will come again,' and disappeared within the house."

"If you are fond of them," that is, if the spirit was drawn to the Nirvanic state it would seek its acquaintance, would seek intercourse with it again. That fondness would make the bond which would draw them together.

Now she disappears, and

"The butler in the car said nothing till we were nearly at the lodge gates, where catching a glimpse of a blue blouse in a shrubbery I swerved amply lest the devil that leads little boys to play should drag me into child-murder."

"'Excuse me,' he asked of a sudden, 'but why did you do that, Sir'?"

"'The child yonder'."

"'Our young gentleman in blue'?."

"'Of course'."

"'He runs about a good deal. Did you see him by the fountain, Sir'?"

"'Oh, yes, several times. Do we turn here'?"

"'Yes, Sir. And did you 'appen to see them upstairs too'?"

"'At the upper window? Yes'."

"'Was that before the mistress come out to speak to you, Sir'?"

"'A little before that. Why d'you want to know'?"

"He paused a little. 'Only to make sure that — that they had seen the car, Sir, because with children running about, though I'm sure you're driving particularly careful, there might be an accident. That was all, Sir. Here are the cross-roads. You can't miss your way
from now on. Thank you, Sir, but that isn't our custom, not with—'

"I beg your pardon,' I said, and thrust away the British silver."

Oh, it's quite right with the rest of 'em as a rule. Good-bye, Sir'."

Madden, who represents some of the lower principles, possibly the intellect, which serves the soul, in its higher state, does not realize that the Nirvanic forces are able to take care of themselves. He is solicitous for fear of an accident, and this is characteristic of the intellectual man. He seems to have the idea that the spiritual state is very much dependent upon the care which the lower principles take of it, and this is characteristic of the Personality all the way through, completely failing to realize that the Nirvanic forces are able to take care of themselves, but only an opportunity to express itself; that instead of caring for it we should serve it.

Well, the butler shows him the road, but refuses a tip—"It is not OUR custom." It was not the custom of the house, because money, material advantages, are nothing to the soul. And again he says "Not with—" evidently meaning to say not with a person who has seen them, etc. In other words, one who had the spiritual sight, the Individuality, was entitled to service as a matter of right—the service of the lower principles, for the Individuality and was not to be paid for, but to be given gratuitously.

"He retired into the armour-plated conning-tower of his caste and walked away. Evidently a butler solicitous for the honour of the house, and interested, probably through a maid, in its nursery." Showing the type of devoted intellect which is not thinking of self, but rather the devotion to the soul state; therefore, he was lifted up.

"Once beyond the signposts at the cross-roads I looked back, but the crumpled hills interlaced so jealously that I could not see where the house had lain. When I asked its name at a cottage along the road, the fat woman who sold sweetmeats there gave me to understand that people with motor cars have small right to live—much less to 'go about talking like carriage-folk.' They were not a pleasant-mannered community."

In other words, this woman who represents a still lower state, to a certain extent the emotional side, was not able to recognize the spirituality of the Individuality; hence there was a certain amount of antagonism and scorn, and it was impossible to get information.

"As I retraced my run on the map that evening I was a little wiser. Hawkin's Old Farm appeared to be the Survey title of the place, and the old County Gazetteer, generally so ample, did not allude to it. The big house of those parts was Hodnington Hall, Georgian with early Victorian embellishments, as an atrocious steel engraving attested. I carried my difficulty to a neighbour—a deep-rooted tree of that soil—and he gave me a name of a family which conveyed no
meaning."

This is a very graphic way of describing the inability to gain any information from the higher states. We may read books galore, speak to learned men, apply to all the avenues through which knowledge is ordinarily secured, but it is utterly impossible for us to get the first inkling of the real truth in regard to the highest aspect of the personality, in regard to the bliss of the soul state, the transcending bliss of Nirvana.

"A month or so later I went again — or it may have been that my car took the road of her own volition."

That is to say it may have been that the spiritual vehicle was now united in that way, so polarized with Nirvana that the time came that he really was one with the Nirvanic region and with the Personality. The Individuality was now in tune with the Personality, so without any effort, it simply gravitated in that direction. This indicates that the spiritual vehicle which has followed the Individuality had been separated from the personality, living in its own sphere; but now it gravitated toward the individuality. And here, doubtless, you will say, "Why should the individuality have to go downward in order that it might see them?" Because the real spiritual progress is only possible as a result of the union between the Individuality and the Personality. Until this union has been accomplished, the individuality itself cannot really get a glimpse of the Nirvanic state.

"She over-ran the fruitless Downs, threaded every turn of the maze of lanes below the hills, drew through the high-walled woods, impenetrable in their full leaf, came out at the cross-roads where the butler had left me, and a little farther on developed an internal trouble which forced me to turn her in on a grass way-waste that cut into a summer-silent hazel wood."

The vehicle of the spirit developed an internal trouble. Having reached the border of the personality, it was necessary that he should stop. Progress was impossible. Farther he could not go. He could not go any lower down, which simply means that the vehicle of the spirit had been so united with the personality in its highest aspect, that it could not go below that.

It passed the "fruitless Downs" — the sex force which did not bear fruit, but after reaching this state of personality, in its highest aspect it was able to unite with it.

"So far as I could make sure by the sun and a six-inch Ordnance map, this should be the road-flank of that wood which I had first explored from the heights above. I made a mighty serious business of my repairs and a glittering shop of my repair-kit, spanners, pump and the like, which I spread out orderly upon a rug. It was a trap to catch all childhood, for on such a day, I argued, the children would not be far off. When I paused in my work I listened, but the wood
was so full of the noises of summer (though the birds had mated) that I could not at first distinguish these from the tread of small cautious feet stealing across the dead leaves.

In this work of repairing he made considerable display. The scheme was to attract the interest of the Nirvanic forces, described as children, because child consciousness is spiritual; because the Nirvanic state is free from the cunning which the average human being develops very early in life. Because of the childlike nature of all those higher spiritual states, and those who have attained them and because they are childlike and because those who are dominated by those forces are children, as it were, he uses these terms as though he were amusing children; in fact the Individuality can approach the union with Nirvana through appealing to the child nature of the Nirvanic forces; and it is in this way that one realizes — as he takes this attitude of amusing the childlike aspect. This is the way in which those forces are courted; they must be dealt with as children. Again, the child nature is ignorant of worldly wisdom. It has not learned the wisdom of which man is so proud. Owing to this ignorance of worldly wisdom, it is silly, in a certain sense. It is ignorant of the wisdom which comes from experience, having only that wisdom which is innate. For this reason, the practical things are not made use of in appealing to the higher spiritual state any more than in appealing to children. All is simply a means of showing the remoteness of the higher Nirvanic state from all human cunning, human knowledge or the practical side to which we ordinarily cater.

He could not hear anything, however, because the wood was so full of noises of summer, though the birds had mated. It was past the time of mating of birds. And what does this mean? Simply that the conjunction between the masculine and feminine principles had taken place in this wood, and, having united the two forces, the noise attendant upon this conjunction, which was developed in Brushwood Boy, was now over, but still, although the two forces had become one, the noises of summer were there. All the activities of any plane of nature manifest through the sound or Fohat. We cannot escape the sounds which are natural to that particular plane of nature on which we are. These sounds, indigenous to the Buddhic state, were so loud that at first he was unable to hear the footsteps of the children; that is to say, the Fohatic expression of the Nirvanic forces, because that is the soundless sound, the sound which transcends everything else and can be heard only through the inner ear.

"I rang my bell in an alluring manner, but the feet fled, and I repented, for to a child a sudden noise is very real terror."

In order to allure them, the bell was rung; but these Nirvanic forces could not bear an individual sound. They can only hear the sound which comes out of themselves, out of the pure Nirvanic state, and any
effort to lure them would naturally meet with disappointment.

"I must have been at work half an hour when I heard in the wood the voice of the blind woman crying: 'Children, oh, children! — Where are you?' and the stillness made slow to close on the perfection of that cry. She came towards me, half feeling her way between the tree-boles, and though a child, it seemed, clung to her skirt, it swerved into the leafage like a rabbit as she drew nearer."

You will observe that the children were much more intimate with the Personality than with the Individuality although the Individuality was really on their own plane, but not awakened to a consciousness of its place, while the love of the Personality for the children made her understand them. They knew she could not see them and perhaps this fact, the fact that she had this deep love for them and knew they were above her, beyond her, in a certain way, made them ready to approach her, while the Individuality, which really belonged on their own plane but had not yet found it out, was more difficult to approach.

"'Is that you?' she said. 'From the other side of the county'?

He still belongs to the extreme other side of the county; She is the personal, he is the individual. You notice she recognizes him, although she cannot see; but the vision of the personality easily becomes conscious of its individuality.

"'Then why didn't you come through the upper woods? They were there just now'."

"'They were here a few minutes ago, I expect they knew my car had broken down, and came to see the fun'."

"'Nothing serious, I hope? How do cars break down'?"

"'In fifty different ways. Only mine has chosen the fifty first'."

That is to say there are many different ways by which the progress of the vehicle of the spirit may cease, and there seems to be a certain perversity in those vehicles.

And then we find them sitting down. He gets a cushion for her, and she sits there to observe what he does,

"'What delightful things!' The hands through which she saw glanced in the chequered sunlight. 'A box here — another box! Why you've arranged them like playing shop'!"

"'I confess now that I put it out to attract them. I don't need half those things really'."

"'How nice of you! I heard your bell in the upper wood. You say they were here before that'?"

"'I'm sure of it. Why are they so shy? That little fellow in blue who was with you just now ought to have got over his fright. He's been watching me like a Red Indian'..

"'It must have been your bell,' she said. 'I heard one of them go past me in trouble when I was coming down. They're shy — so shy even with me.' She turned her face over her shoulder and cried again:
'Children, oh, children! Look and see'!

This measure which was used to attract the children, the Nirvanic forces, appealed to the personality, but failed to accomplish the purpose for which it was intended, because it was in an individualistic manner and not in accordance with kosmical principles. He was approaching these forces in terms of the personal and this was the only way he could after having attained union with the personality. Therefore, the effort pleases the Personality, but fails in its purpose of drawing the Nirvanic state. The children were still shy, therefore, because he did not understand them and could not appreciate the pure Nirvanic state, but looked at them from the standpoint of personality. The ringing of his bell alarmed them.

"They must have gone off together on their own affairs," I suggested, for there was a murmur behind us of lowered voices broken by the sudden squawking giggles of childhood. I returned to my tinkering and she leaned forward, her chin on her hand, listening interestedly.

"How many are they?" I said at last. My work was finished, but I saw no reason to go.

The vehicle is able to pass on. There is no longer any necessity for remaining in this region of Personality, but there was such a close union, close affinity between the two, the individuality and the personality, that he remained, and the Forces were now very close; were amused, because, remember, it is through the union of the Individuality with the Personality that it is made possible for one to realize the Nirvanic state beyond.

"Her forehead puckered a little in thought. 'I don't quite know,' she said simply. 'Sometimes more — sometimes less. They come and stay with me because I love them, you see'."

"That must be very jolly," I said, replacing a drawer, and as I spoke, I heard the inanity of my answer.

"You — you aren't laughing at me," she cried. 'I — I haven't any of my own, I never married. People laugh at me sometimes about them because — because —'

The Personality has no children of its own. As a matter of fact, all things which spring from personality are illusions and the personality, therefore, really brings forth nothing. She had not realized the higher state; she had not brought forth on the Nirvanic plane, and so she was never married, because the marriage represents the union between the two; in a certain sense, it is the individuality which is masculine, and the personality which is feminine, because it represents the substance side energized by the individuality; therefore, she had never married. This means, of course, that the full union with the individuality was not complete, and she had never given birth to any children on the higher plane; that is, the personality had not been lifted up and given birth,
in a certain sense. People laughed at her, because they could not understand; the people here representing the lower states, below the soul.

"'Because they're savages,' I returned. 'It's nothing to fret for. That sort laugh at everything that isn't in their own fat lives'."

Everything which transcends the physical, the material consciousness is a matter of amusement to the one who is on the lower planes of consciousness.

"'I don't know. How should I?" 'The soul does not really know anything about the lower state or principles.

"'I only don't like being laughed at about them. It hurts; and when one can't see . . . I don't want to seem silly'."

The Personality did not like to be laughed at about them, because it was able to realize the sacredness of the relationship, and, realizing this fact, did not like being laughed at about them. This fostering care which the personality had over the Nirvanic forces was not something to laugh at, and it hurt because of the sacredness of the relationship. The idea of seeming silly because of the superior consciousness, was painful, and, as a matter of fact, the personality is always very sensitive on the subject of its higher consciousness and higher relationship, and the world, because of its blindness, always looks upon the soul state as being silly. Pure wisdom is despised by those who are on the phenomenal plane.

"Her chin quivered like a child's as she spoke, 'but we blindies have only one skin, I think. Everything outside hits straight at our souls'."

Because the personality here is the soul, the Buddhi, and it has not the protection of the spiritual side, the spiritual consciousness or individuality is not here to protect it. Now, of course, the individuality realizes the nature and character of those who are on the lower strata of life, but the personality or soul, is not able to realize this, not being able to see into the real Monad, the real nature of things.

"'It's different with you. You've such good defences in your eyes - looking out - before any one can really pain you in your soul. People forget that with us'."

They forget that the soul has no protection, no defences; that everything strikes directly at the soul, because until it strikes the soul, they cannot tell that it is going to transpire.

The meaning of this is that nothing transpires on the Buddhic plane until it has really taken place on the higher plane, the spiritual plane, - does not affect the soul until it has already affected the individuality. One whose individuality has been awakened is able to ward off the effect on the soul before it really reaches that, because the effect can be changed. The cause of all effects in the soul is in the individuality.

"I was silent reviewing that inexhaustible matter - the more than
inherited (since it is also carefully taught) brutality of the Christian peoples, besides which the mere heathendom of the West Coast nigger is clean and restrained."

This brutality is more than inherited since it is also carefully taught. In other words, the whole end and aim of education, of the civilizing influence of society is to make brutes of people. It does not refine, does not spiritualize consciousness, but renders one more and more brutal. Now, compared to this carefully trained brutality of Christian peoples, who have no vein of sensibility, the natural heathendom of the West Coast nigger is clean and restrained, because that is only natural brutality the untrained, undeveloped animal, so to speak; but the civilized man, the Christian, has carefully developed a system of scientific brutality which has enabled him to become more and more coarse and animal; more so than nature made him in the first place.

"It led me a long distance into myself."

This study to find the source of things led him into himself, into his own monad, finding there the origin of character, the origin of all those forces, seeing the source of this brutality.

"'Don't do that!' she said of a sudden, putting her hands before her eyes."

"'What'?"

"She made a gesture with her hand."

"That! It's all purple and black. Don't! That colour hurts'."

"'But how in the world do you know about colours?' I exclaimed, for here was a revelation indeed."

"'Colours as colours?' she asked.

"'No. Those Colours which you saw just now'."

"'You know as well as I do,' she laughed, 'else you wouldn't have asked that question. They aren't in the world at all. They're in you — when you went so angry'."

"'D'you mean dull purplish patches, like port wine mixed with ink?' I said."

"'I've never seen ink or port wine, but the colours aren't mixed. They are separate — all separate."

"'Do you mean black streaks and jags across the purple'?"

"She nodded. 'Yes — if they are like this,' and zig-zagged her finger again, 'but it's more red than purple — that bad colour'."

"'And what are the colours at the top of the — whatever you see'?"

"Slowly she leaned forward and traced on the rug the figure of the Egg itself."

"'I see them so,' she said, pointing with a grass stem, 'white, green, yellow, red, purple, and when people are angry or bad, black across the red — as you were just now'."

"'Who told you anything about it — in the beginning'? I de-
"'About the Colours? No one. I used to ask what Colours were when I was little—in table-covers and curtains and carpets, you see—because some colours hurt me and some made me happy. People told me; and when I got older that was how I saw people.' Again she traced the outline of the Egg which it is given to very few of us to see."

"'All by yourself?' I repeated."

"'All by myself. There wasn't any one else. I only found out afterwards that other people did not see the Colours.'

The Egg which she describes here is the aura, which is the form in which it is seen by clairvoyants. She traced the egg which it is given to very few of us to see. In other words, although blind to the Nirvanic side, and also to the material realm, to the phenomenal world, she had the soul sight. She was psychical in that way. She was able to see the invisible, but to her, the physical and the higher spiritual were alike invisible, hence we are to understand that it was given to her—that is, the soul, the personality, but particularly the soul, to see the colors of the aura, but not the physical nor the higher spiritual,

Now, colors are the effects of vibratory activity, color and sound being inseparably connected with all vibratory activity. The vibration going on in the aura or in anything would manifest the color and that vibration acting upon her, upon the soul, would make it conscious of those colors, because the consciousness of color is due to the vibratory influence. That is why some of the colors hurt her and some made her happy; because the vibratory force was reflected in the soul and exerted either a harmonizing or disruptive influence. Now, it is true that the colors of beds, carpets and everything of the kind affect people in some way. They are continually vibrating; that is why they have the particular color which they do. When he, the Individuality, went "deep into" himself, tracing out the causes of this brutality of Christian peoples, the indignation which he felt within himself, of course, exercised a disrupting vibratory activity and force which, of course, descended into the Personality and caused a corresponding disturbance there.

Now, you notice she says, "the colours are not in the world at all; they are in you." In other words they are due to vibratory activities within the individuality, which descend into the personality and the diverse planes of nature. Here is a great truth. Color is not an object. There is nothing objective about color,—it is subjective. You see a certain color, not because there is something there, but because the vibratory activity which manifests in that color is going on within you; hence no one ever saw a color until that color was present in him; that is, that color vibration; therefore, the color is subjective in—
stead of objective.

No one taught her about color. It was not given to anyone to de-
scribe, or to instruct her about color, for color manifests itself in
the consciousness of the individuality and personality, — as that is
innate, as it were.

"She leaned against the tree-bole, plaeting and unplaeting chance-
plucked grass stems. The children in the wood had drawn nearer. I
could see them, with the tail of my eye, frolicking like squirrels."

Because they had ceased to discuss the children and were con-
sidering this problem of color, the closer merging of the individuality
and personality opening the way by which the children could draw nearer.
This again emphasizes the great secret that in proportion as the per-
sonality and individuality merge, it is made possible for one to trans-
cend himself and reach the Nirvanic state,

" 'Now I am sure you will never laugh at me,' she went on after a
long silence. 'Nor at them'."

" 'Goodness — no!' I cried, jolted out of my train of thought.
'A man who laughs at a child — unless the child is laughing too —
is a heathen'."

The man who laughs at a child, unless the child is laughing too, —
that man is a heathen; because the child consciousness is very sen-
sitive; it is very fine and one should not make sport of that which is
sacred to the child consciousness. But the children here, remember, are
the Nirvanic forces. Now, these spiritual forces get very frolicksome
to consciousness, from time to time, and then to laugh with them, as
it were, that is, to acknowledge and express in an ecstatic way, the
raptures of the spiritual state, is perfectly right and proper, but one
should not find amusement in anything of that kind, because it is sacred.

"I didn't mean that, of course. You'd never laugh at children,
but I thought — I used to think — that perhaps you might laugh about
them. So now I beg your pardon .... What are you going to laugh at'?

"I had made no sound, but she knew."

In other words, the relationship was so close that the conscious-
ness of the Individuality was reflected in the personal consciousness.
This shows the close relationship existing between them.

" 'At the notion of your begging my pardon. If you had done your
duty as a pillar of the State and a landed proprietress you ought to
have summoned me for trespass when I barged through your woods the
other day. It was disgraceful of me — inexcusable'."

Because, the union not having yet taken place, the Individuality in
entering the realm of the personality, was an intruder, a trespasser.

"She looked at me, her head against the tree trunk — long and
steadfastly — this woman who could see the naked soul."

Because she was the personality, living in the state of the soul, and
was able to respond to the individual consciousness or individual
spirit.
"'How curious,' she half whispered. 'How very curious'.'
"'Why, what have I done'?
"'You don't understand . . . and yet you understand about the
Colours. Don't you understand'?

Apparently the soul, the Personality, was able to be conscious
of its meaning. The Individuality was not sufficiently awakened to
really know what it meant. The meaning of the union had not yet dawned
upon the individuality, but it was perfectly clear now to the per-
sonality.

"She spoke with a passion that nothing had justified, and I faced
her bewilderedly as she rose. The children had gathered themselves
in a roundel behind a bramble bush. One sleek head bent over some-
things smaller, and the set of the little shoulders told me that fin-
gers were on lips. They, too, had some child's tremendous secret. I
alone was hopelessly astray there in the broad sunlight."

"'No,' I said, and shook my head as though the dead eyes could
note. 'Whatever it is, I don't understand yet. Perhaps I shall later
—if you'll let me come again'."

"'You will come again,' she answered. 'You will surely come
again and walk in the wood'."

The personal consciousness was opened sufficiently to realize
the meaning of all this, but he did not yet understand. However, he
would in time, and she told him that he would surely come again and walk
in the wood, because this wood here describes the personal region, the
place of the soul, and to walk in the wood means to mix and mingle in
this state, to become completely merged in it and thus gradually to be-
come conscious of what it means. It means the intercourse with the
spirit, of the personal life.

"'Perhaps the children will know me well enough by that time
to let me play with them — as a favour. You know what children are
like'."

"'It isn't a matter of favour, but of right,' she replied, and
while I wondered what she meant, a dishevelled woman plunged round
the bend of the road, loose-haired, purple, almost lowing with agony
as she ran. It was my rude, fat friend of the sweetmeat shop. The
blind woman heard and stepped forward. 'What is it, Mrs. Madehurst?'
she asked."

The statement, "It isn't a matter of favour, but of right" means
that this friendly intercourse between the spirit and the Nirvanic
forces is not a matter of favour; no one can gain it in this way; it is
a matter of right to the one who has earned it, — to the one who has be-
come in tune with those forces by having awakened his own spiritual in-
dividuality unto the point where it can become conscious of those
things.
"The woman flung her apron over her head and literally grovelled in the dust, crying that her grandchild was sick to death, that the local doctor was away fishing, that Jenny, the mother, was at her wits' end, and so forth, with repetitions and bellowings."

"Where's the next nearest doctor?" I asked between paroxysms."

Well, he gets into the motor car and starts out, finds a doctor some five miles away, rushes him back to the sweetmeat shop to see the child. He runs at illegal speed, showing that the activity of the spirit is not bound by any conventional restraint, but is superior to all those things. This woman, remember, belongs to the emotional plane, and her daughter has this illegitimate child, this child which did not come in the regular manner, as the saying is.

What is the meaning of all this? The spirit being employed, for the purpose of procuring a doctor, and then going for medicine, and finally for a nurse for the sick child? Why, it simply means the healing voice of the spirit for the body. It means that the body and all the lower principles, the emotions and the sex functions and everything are ministered to by the spirit. It is the great lesson which we are beginning to learn, that the lower principles are healed by the spiritual activity; hence the stirring up and awakening of the spirit brings about the healing of the bodily functions.

The neighbor comes out and says:

"I've be'n listenin' in de back-yard," she said cheerily. 'He says Arthur's unaccountable bad. Did ye hear him shruck just now? Unaccountable bad. I reckon t'will come Jenny's turn to walk in de wood nex' week along Mr. Madden'."

The walk in the wood is the communion with the Kosmical soul region, which is the real peace-bringing state. We do not really find satisfaction in anything below the soul life, and the lower principles must, in this Buddhical terminology, "Walk in the wood;" in that wood; that is, commune with the soul region, in order to find surcease of sorrow for all the ills of life, and be refreshed and rise up to live their own lives again. Madden, representing a certain aspect of the personality, calls her attention to the fact that he is a superior being. This nature of Madden symbolizes the policeman of the outer self-hood, of the individuality, perhaps the intellect.

The doctor comes out of the house and they start out on the track, searching for medicine and a nurse.

"The Doctor was a man of some humour, for I remember he claimed my car under the Oath of Aesculapius, and used it and me without mercy."

For, as a matter of fact, when one is on an errand of charity, laboring unselfishly to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, he is entitled to take possession of the spirit, of its vehicle and everything, for the higher purpose, and the higher forces of the universe
must obey the call of him who undertakes to relieve suffering. The doctor here is the symbol of the healing force.

They went to the County Institute, searching for a nurse and failed to find one there. They went then to the different mansions, houses, everywhere, in an effort to find someone, but could not find a nurse for this child. Everybody was occupied, and nowhere could anyone be found to bring relief to this particular case.

"At last a white-haired lady sitting under a cedar of Lebanon and surrounded by a court of magnificent Borzois—all hostile to motors—gave the Doctor, who received them as from a princess, written orders which we bore many miles at top speed, through a park, to a French nunnery, where we took over in exchange a pallid-faced and trembling Sister."

This white-haired lady sitting under a cedar of Lebanon is the symbol of charity which calls forth help when everything else fails. The doctor—the life principle—as it were, received these written orders as from a princess, because they symbolize the force of charity which draws all things after it. And then they went to this French nunnery, which could not refuse anything to charity. The spirit of charity drew forth the help, and the nurse, the Sister, was turned over to them.

"She knelt at the bottom of the tonneau telling her beads without pause till, by short-cuts of the Doctor's invention, we had her to the sweetmeat shop once more."

Remember, the nurse here is not to be understood as a physical nurse. The idea is that the order of charity aroused the aid of religion so that the care which this sick personality required—the body, so to speak, which was sick, through sin, and also the child which had been brought forth in sin, were cared for. All sickness and, in fact all bad consequences are caused by irregularities of life, etc., and in the last analysis religion in the true sense of the word, is the cure for all ills, because they are brought about by a breaking of the religious code.

Well, we find him at last going home; that is, returning to his own state; leaving the personal consciousness, and the mixed, confusing mass of things, which shows the disturbance between the personal and individual states.

It was some time before he was able to return again to the personal region, and when he did so, it was winter. Everything was descending; the active period was practically over; the subjective state of cold, the magnetic state of personality, was going on; which simply means he had passed from the objective consciousness to the personality and was new merged into the subjective state, which shows that the merging was more and more complete in his case, and he passed along through this cold weather—to him it was cold, although the native children did not
seem to mind it— which shows that they belong to that subjective state.

"I made bold to call at the sweetmeat shop, where Mrs. Madehurst met me with a fat woman's hospitable tears. Jenny's child, she said, had died two days after the nun had come. It was, she felt, best out of the way, even though insurance offices, for reasons which she did not pretend to follow, would not willingly insure such stray lives."

Because they come forth in this way. Having been brought in improperly, they do not pertain to the real creative force; because, understand, this is not a real child, but represents a certain passing experience, a certain consciousness, an attachment, as it were, which is not in accordance with Kosmical law; therefore, such an attachment cannot remain permanently.

"'Not but what Jenny didn't tend to Arthur as though he'd come all proper at de end of de first year — like Jenny herself.'"

That is to say, the child did not come proper at the end of the first year; it was not the effect of the union of the two sides in the permanent world. This attachment grew out of this improper, impermanent realization, and, therefore, it was not exactly legitimate. She was very thankful for the pomp and ceremony with which the child was buried, thanks to Miss Florence, — the personality. It was put away — eliminated — with great force and grandeur, — which represents the love and tenderness which the personal soul shows toward all the creations of the lower principles, for the soul contains healing for not only the ills, but for the sorrows; there is where real surcease of sorrow is to be found.

"'But how's the mother?' I asked."

"'Jenny? Oh, she'll get over it. I've felt dat way with one or two o' my own. She'll get over. She's walkin' in de wood now'."

"'In this weather'?"

"Mrs. Madehurst looked at me with narrowed eyes across the counter."

She was walking in the wood, because sorrow which comes upon one is overcome best by communing with the soul region.

"'I dunno but it opens de 'eart like. Yes, it opens de 'eart. Dat's where losin' and bearin' comes so alike in de long run, we do say'."

And that is true. There are but two avenues through which it is possible for one to realize the state of progress. Bearing, — that is, giving expression to higher states, with the lower states; expressing one's self. Losing those things — the sorrow which comes to us. The sorrow which we feel is the means of lifting us to the higher realization.

"Now the wisdom of the old wives is greater than that of all the Fathers, and this last oracle sent me thinking so extendedly as I went up the road, that I nearly ran over a woman and child at the wooded corner by the lodge gates of the House Beautiful."

This wisdom of the old wives which is greater than that of all
the Fathers, is so why? Because the wisdom of the heart, in certain
senses, transcends that of the head, and this great truth was shown in
all its wonderful beauty.

At last he enters the house where the soul, the woman, is present,
singing. She greets him by telling him what a long time it had been
since he was there.

It was not his own volition, particularly, that brought him there.
It was rather the dominating influence, the attraction which the per-
sonality had for the individuality, which brought them together. He
says, "I meant to come before, but Fate prevented." In other words, all
activities of the being are regulated according to the decree of fate.

"I knew it. Please do something to that fire. They won't let
me play with it, but I can feel it's behaving badly. Hit it!"

The fire is the activity, the masculine vibration and the heat
principle. She, the soul, could not play with the fire; it required the
spiritual activity to stir it up and make it burn brightly.

"It never goes out, day or night," she said, as though ex-
plaining. 'In case any one comes in with cold toes, you see'."

This fire never went out day or night. It was kept up always "In
case any one comes in with cold toes." The fire of the soul is ever burn-
ing to warm, encourage and make comfortable all, in a spiritual sense.

He finds that the place is even more beautiful inside than it is out-
side, for the reason that he has now entered the realm of the soul. Be-
fore, he was out in its grounds. This is the more perfect union when he
is able to see still more of its beauties, to become conscious of it to
a still greater extent. So she shows him around the house.

"Feel how they put the latches low down for the sake of the
children."

In other words, the whole place is arranged for the comfort and
convenience of those Nirvanic forces which dwelt there. They, however,
had great work in finding them. They looked all over the place, but the
children were in hiding, and she showed him one of the rooms. Everything
was ready and this room was decorated with toys and everything for the
amusement of children. A little further on we shall find why the toys
were placed there. They were, however, lying very close. She calls them.

"The voice filled the walls that held it lovingly to the last per-
fect note, but there came no answering shout such as I had heard
in the garden."

They hurried from one room to another looking everywhere, but
still the children evaded them — showing that search does not bring
one into this state of consciousness. It comes only when we are passive.

Then Mr. Turpin, one of the tenants, wanted to see her about a
matter, and she admits him. Turpin was a tenant on her land. He farmed
the land; he existed from the soil. In other words, he represents the
physical aspect of greed which is continually sapping the powers of the
soul and giving nothing back. He was frightened, terrified upon getting into the presence of the soul when he thought the spirit was going away and he was going to be left alone with her. His terror was fearful. The conversation shows all the way through the greed displayed by him, — absorbing everything from the soul and giving nothing in return.

The "tallies" mentioned were her means of keeping accounts. Being blind, she had to depend upon feeling. This goes to show that feelings, impressions, etc., intuitions, are the most reliable forces until the pure sight of the spirit itself dawns upon one. She used these tallies to keep all the records of the estate, and the most of her land was let to people who knew her folk before her. Her folk were those from whom she had sprung; in other words the possessions of the soil were used by elements who had been connected with the higher spiritual realms of the Ishvara itself, who knew them, people who were conscious of who she was, etc.

After she had gotten rid of this man who was exploiting her, or trying to — that is, when the lower desire element has been driven out of the personal consciousness, and it can then return to union with the individuality, — the Individuality stood by the screen behind which the children were seated; that is, the Nirvanic forces had come into close contact with the soul. He says:

"I ceased to tap the leather — was, indeed, calculating the cost of the shed — when I felt my relaxed hand taken and turned softly between the soft hands of a child. So at last I had triumphed. In a moment I would turn and acquaint myself with those quick-footed wanderers ..."

He had been playing the game of paying no attention to those forces; and here is a great lesson. Strive as we may, we can never find the spiritual state, can never reach Nirvana while we are looking for it; that is, while we are active ourselves. It is only by becoming passive, paying no attention, as it were. When we are still, — then the Nirvanic forces seek us out, manifest through us; but we need not try to find them by self-directed activity.

That hand was now taken by the child; it was held, and "The little brushing kiss fell in the centre of my palm — as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close; as the all-faithful, half-reproachful signal of a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest — a fragment of the mute code devised very long ago."

The kiss which was pressed on the palm of the hand was the signal of the union between the Individuality and Nirvana. He had now reached Nirvana; the conjunction had taken place; he had paid no attention to the Nirvaneses — waited patiently, passively; therefore, the union took place. This was "a fragment of the mute code devised very long ago" for the kiss has ever been the emblem of union. It is the expression of love.
which subsists in the Monad even, in Ishvara, even in the very highest conception of Vishnu, the Supreme,

"Then I knew. Then it was as though I had known from the first day when I looked across the lawn at the high window."

The union having been accomplished, he now enters Nirvana with full consciousness of the relationship which he sustains to everything. He realizes the relationship which he bears to the personality.

"I heard the door shut. The woman turned to me in silence, and I felt that she knew."

The personality responded to, recognized the individuality.

"What time passed after this I cannot say. I was roused by the fall of a log, and mechanically rose to put it back. Then I returned to my place in the chair very close to the screen."

"'Now you understand,' she whispered across the packed shadows."

Darkness intervened between the Individuality and the Personality. She could speak only through this darkness because the separation was taking place. The personality was being severed because the individuality had left, had transcended personal sight, was disappearing from it — darkness intervened between the two. They could speak across it because the separation was not complete, but still he, entering Nirvana, is passing from the personal state.

"'Yes, I understand — now. Thank you.'"

He has awakened, having attained the Nirvanic consciousness, and understanding dawns within him.

"'I — I only hear them.' She bowed her head in her hands. 'I have no right, you know — no other right. I have neither born nor lost — neither born nor lost'!"

Because she had not given birth, — she had not expressed anything. She only loved, but had not expressed anything. Neither had she suffered the sorrow which would come from the loss of her expressions. She had no right to attain the spiritual state, for the personality can never attain it. It cannot give birth to spiritual things, neither can it lose those things to which it has given expression, because if it did, it would cease to be personality.

"'Be very glad then,' said I, for my soul was torn open within me."

The separation of the soul and spirit must always cause the deepest suffering.

"'Forgive me'!"

"She was still, and I went back to my sorrow and my joy."

Do not get the idea that there is no suffering attendant upon birth into Nirvana. It is sorrow and joy perfectly blended; pleasure and pain; happiness and misery. The two are merged, in this state of perfect peace. He goes back into this perpetual meditation of the spirit.

"'It was because I loved them so,' she said at last, brokenly.
That was why it was, even from the first — even before I knew that they — they were all I should ever have. And I loved them so!"

"She stretched out her arms to the shadows and the shadows within the shadow."

The shadows represent the darkness around, and the "shadows within the shadow" were the darkness within that darkness, not only the darkness where she was, but the spiritual darkness which she could not penetrate, — her yearning love, the love of the personal toward that state which is darkness to the personal consciousness. In fact, it was the Divine Darkness that she was reaching out after — the darkness which is darkness to even the spirit itself.

"They came because I loved them — because I needed them. I — I must have made them come. Was that wrong, think you? Did I wrong anyone'?"

"No — no'."

'I — I grant you that the toys and — and all that sort of thing were nonsense, but — I used to so hate empty rooms myself when I was little.' She pointed to the gallery. 'And the passages all empty . . . And how could I ever bear the garden door shut? Suppose? — '"

"'Don't! For pity's sake, don't!' I cried. The twilight had brought a cold rain with gusty squalls that plucked at the leaded windows."

"'And the same thing with keeping the fire in all night. I don't think it is so foolish — do you'?"

'I looked at the broad brick hearth; saw, through tears I believe, that there was no unpassable iron on or near it; and bowed my head."

"'I did all that and lots of other things — just to make believe. Then they came. I heard them, but I didn't know that they were not mine by right till Mrs. Madden told me — '"

"'The butler's wife? What'?"

Here is the great secret. "Just to make believe." In other words, if you want to reach a certain state, act as though you had reached it; feel as though you had reached it. If you want to reach the spiritual plane, live as though you had reached it. Act consistently with the idea and you will realize the ideal which you have. Play as though you had reached that plane. If you want to become divine, act as though you were divine.

"Then they came." All these things were symbolic of her ideals. It was true it was nonsense, for Personality can never form a picture of what the Nirvanic forces really are, but the desire, the effort of "making believe," will create within the soul a place where they can manifest, to some extent, at least.

"One of them — I heard — she saw. And knew. Hers! Not for me. I didn't know at first. Perhaps I was jealous. Afterwards I began to understand that it was only because I loved them, not because — . . ."
Oh, you must bear or lose,' she said piteously. 'There is no other way. And yet they love me. They must! Don't they?'

There was no other way but to bear or lose. No other way but to give expression to something or lose something, therefore, through sorrow, misery and pain, come to a realization of that which stands above and beyond.

"There was no sound in the room except the lapping voice of the fire, but we two listened intently, and she, at least, took comfort from what she heard. She recovered herself and half rose. I sat still in my chair by the screen."

"Don't think me a wretch to whine about myself like this, but — but I'm all in the dark, you know, and you can see'."

"In truth I could see, and my vision confirmed me in my resolve, though that was like the very parting of spirit and flesh. Yet a little longer I would stay since it was the last time."

The parting of spirit and flesh indeed, and, realizing that, the Individuality leaves the Personality forever. Becoming a denizen of Nirvana means the leaving of the soul consciousness; this was in deed and in truth the parting of the spirit and flesh, the parting of the individuality and the personality.

"You think it is wrong, then?" she cried sharply, though I had said nothing. — getting the reflection in his consciousness.

"Not for you. A thousand times no. For you it is right . . . . I am grateful to you beyond words. For me it would be wrong. For me only'."

It would be wrong for him because he had reached the union and, was, therefore, conscious of true Nirvana; but for the personality it was right to play, in a way, with the consciousness.

"Why?" she said, but passed her hand before her face as she had done at our second meeting in the wood. 'Oh, I see,' she went on simply as a child. 'For you it would be wrong.' Then with a little indrawn laugh, 'and, d'you remember, I called you lucky — once — at first. You who must never come here again!"

She had called him lucky, intuitively discerning that it was the Individuality; but it would be wrong for him to dwell now on the personal plane, to see with personal consciousness, because he has reached Home. He has reached the selfhood of Nirvanic consciousness, therefore, he must not come here again. The individuality has been permanently separated from the personality. No more can she enter into the consciousness of him. To him the personality is dead. He must not come into this place again. The place where the children, the Nirvanic forces are, is his home; he is at one with them, and the children live in his own spirit.

"She left me to sit a little longer by the screen, and I heard the sound of her feet die out along the gallery above."
This is the final parting, the leaving of the personality completely behind, for he is now merged in Nirvana and can no longer be separated from it.

This is the real history of the freeing of the spirit of Kipling. No man could write this history unless he had gone through it himself. It is the history, first of his finding his personality and his parting from the personality forever, completely merging himself in Nirvana, where, free from illusion, free from the personality, free from the soul itself, the individuality is completely held, completely sunken in blessed Nirvana.
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