

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"If you see an intelligent man who tells you where true treasures are to be found, who shows what is to be avoided, and administers reproofs, follow that wise man; it will be better, not worse, for those who follow him.

"Let him admonish, let him teach, let him forbid what is improper! — he will be beloved of the good, by the bad he will be hated.

"Do not have evil-doers for friends, do not have low people for friends; have virtuous people for friends, have for friends the best of men."

— Dhammapada, ch. vi; translated by M. Müller. vv. 76-78

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THE confusion and the unrest of the human race at the present time, to which are added the pain, the despair, the doubt, and the vice, suggest the question: Are we doing anything to lessen them? In spite of our remedial systems, we have not yet reached a point of understanding how we can begin to analyse the causes of the failures in human life and to work to reconstruct the human family.

No man has his freedom until he has found the secret of self-control, self-discipline, self-government, which are, as we know, the prime factors in the building of character. Not until he has gained that certain knowledge which comes through the power of introspection, self-control, and self-denial, can he draw the line intelligently and consciously between the animal part of his nature and the spiritual. Without this knowledge, man must still be a mystery to himself; he must still be a sad disappointment to himself; he must find the world all awry, having so little faith in himself that naturally he has little faith in his fellowmen, and thus he loses courage.

To find an anchorage in human life and to have the knowledge that comes from the two ideas of self-government and self-discipline, is to have the key to the situation — something priceless, which no money can buy. When man has attained this knowledge, he has taken the first step towards mastering his own destiny; for, as Theosophy teaches, it is self-mastery that brings man to the knowledge of his Higher Self — that Self that lives on and is immortal. It is

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self-discipline that acquaints him with the mysteries of his own being and forces him to introspection. Thus we endeavor to get at the causes of the good and evil in our own natures, and grow in courage.

If man would seek self-control, he must first recognise his own Divinity. There are many thoughts that come up in connexion with these ideas, which, if we could make them as contagious in the world as are crime, vice, the follies and idiosyncrasies of life, would enable us to feel the great pulsating heart-life of the world; we should find ourselves using the exterior life as a means of gaining experience, but at the same time realizing its impermanence in comparison with our glorious and grand ideals, and with the power of self-control and self-mastery.

Thus would open a new path for all, just as it does for the inventor who, under the urge and yet unacquainted with the very plan that he is trying to carry out, pushes on with trust — half conscious of that something in his nature, deep down in his being, that will help him. He trusts in this consciousness — not to this man or that; he makes no appeal to anyone, but silently advances in his study and analysis, working out intricate problems on the material plane until he reaches success.

If man can accomplish on the material plane such wonderful evolutions of practical things for the world as we see all about us, if he can bring to the recognition of people such masterly secrets of material life, does it not stand to reason that behind all this power, deeper still in the recesses of his own nature, there are secrets that can be evolved and brought out, not only for the perfection of his own life, for the development of his own soul, but for the spiritual advancement of all humanity?

If we can take these ideas and simply try to apply them to our smallest efforts, we shall find in a short time that all that is unpleasant in life, even that which sometimes seems unjust and unfair, will present more optimistic aspects, from which we can work intelligently. The things that are so discouraging at present that they seem to be carrying all humanity along the path of retrogression, will take on another appearance; because, as I have said, when once man is sure of his divinity, once sure of that deeper consciousness which is the permanent and higher part of his nature, once sure that he is part of the great heart of the world, he will know that as he works constantly, conscientiously, and unselfishly in the smallest duty, he is working with the Higher Law and has the companionship and the help of the Higher Law.

No matter how happy a person may be, he is never satisfied; and it is really quite difficult for me to understand then how anyone can turn aside from the teachings of Theosophy, with all their splendid optimistic and encouraging aspects. Two things, we know, cannot occupy the same place at the same time.

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The mind of man today is burdened with the transient things of life. He has accumulated so many non-essential ideas that, though he may have a cultured mind, yet he is weighed down with fear, with doubt, with selfishness, so that the spiritual help, the essentials, can have no place in his consciousness.

He has his little vices and he is frightened lest they be exposed; he plays his part in the world with the appearance of a man of virtue and respectability, sometimes as a saint; but he has no real peace of mind, no rest, no happiness. He does not live out his inner hopes — he just half lives, vegetates. On the other hand, why is it that those who have studied the principles of Theosophy and applied them to their own lives are so enthusiastic? Why are they so optimistic, so trusting; why do they love and serve humanity so earnestly? Because they know that the wrongs and ills of life are not due primarily to evil intention, to desire or love of wrong and evil, but rather to ignorance — the ignorance of the age, which is the result of the false religious instruction that has fettered our minds and lives and has corrupted our very blood for centuries.

First there is the idea that we were born in sin! Then there is the idea that the only way to save our souls is to depend upon outside help! Then too the idea that man is a body and has a soul, and that when the soul leaves the body it has the privilege of finding a point somewhere and living there forever in a state of bliss — or the reverse! Surely no great outlook of eternal progress! No certainty, nothing but theory, dogmas, creeds! When a man questions these things and refuses to accept anything but the truth — and the truth does not come immediately — is it any wonder that unrest and disappointment follow? It takes the urge of the immortal will to bring out the true life of the soul.

The mission of Theosophy is to bring new hope to the world, to challenge humanity to work along lines of Brotherhood, to feel its responsibility; it is to bring man closer to the realization of his heritage, his divinity, and the power that he possesses. If we can imbue man with this idea that he alone can save himself, that only self-evolution will bring him to the priceless harvest of his life, surely this is something worth working for. But for us to be weighed down with the psychology of the age, with the fear and the dread of death which hold people in such awe, is monstrous.

I saw many aspects of this as I went through the different states here in America last year and even on my journeys through Europe years ago: one can hardly describe it, and yet one can feel it. It is the limitation of the old teachings, the limitations of the one life, its uncertainties and the fear of death, and the questions: What of the other life? Whence do we come? Whither do we go? What is the meaning of life?

If we can take Theosophy into our hearts and bring it home to our minds in

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daily effort; if we can have the courage to think towards truth in a spirit of receptivity, we shall find that the old psychology I speak of will die out of itself, and in the course of time there will come enlightenment. For the soul of man is spiritual; the soul has the power to enlighten the mind and bring home to it a knowledge that neither books nor preachers can give. It is the power of making clear to man his own possibilities. And when he reaches this point, he realizes that he is the maker of his own destiny; he becomes the interpreter of his own life and can solve some of the sublime mysteries of life. He can see why yesterday in anger, and with feelings of resentment and hatred, he was ready to kill his brother, and the next day under different conditions his heart was filled with a spirit of compassion and love for all. Here we have a picture of the contrast between the animal, mortal man, and the soul in its dignity and majesty and power, expressing the spiritual nature of man.

Let me give an illustration: a boy, whose life has shown no marked tendencies to evil, suddenly under the impulse of some provocation kills another. We follow him to prison; we see him hanged. What was it that sent him to the gallows? Theosophy says it was his lower nature, his lack of self-control, of self-discipline. He was unacquainted with the divinity of his nature and the duality of his make-up. He knew not how to distinguish between the evil and the good in the truest sense. He had not the power of discernment and discrimination. He was lacking in self-control; and, under the spur of ill feeling, which belonged to his lower nature, he killed one of his fellow-beings.

Yesterday I was reading in the paper about a young man who had a sweetheart; and because she refused to marry him and repulsed him, he tried to kill her. The report tells how he is waiting by the bedside of this dying woman offering his blood to save her life!!! Here we have the two pictures — one, the undisciplined, unbridled nature with all its desires and everything that belongs to the passionate, mortal part of man, which was not ready to give up that which he felt belonged to him in the physical sense. But after the crime, when the cowardly side of his nature has accomplished its purpose, it recedes, and he awakens to the realization that he has made a terrible mistake, and he offers his blood to save that life! A tragic and unpleasant illustration, but a true picture!

The easiest way to overcome the stumbling-blocks of the lower nature is to draw the line between the physical and the spiritual — the animal and the divine; to see the two playing their parts, and to face the actual conditions of the world today; to think more determinedly, more broadly, more independently for the future, and thus learn the valuable lessons needed for all time.

Theosophy is here, right at hand. We do not have to dig in the mines for it; we do not have to seek the arid deserts or the wild jungles for it, nor do we have to

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encumber our lives with unnecessary responsibilities, and we do not have to surrender anything that truly belongs to us. We have only to direct our thoughts to these ancient truths, to the redeeming power of Theosophy, and take it into our minds and our lives sufficiently, let us say, to prove even that it is not right. If one cannot accept it with trust; if one cannot take it in with full confidence; if one does not believe that there is anything in it, I challenge him to study it to prove that it is wrong, that it is a fallacy, an imposition. Do anything, only do not lose your opportunity for seeking these divine principles of the Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy!

I have been a very long time thinking just as I do now, and quite a long time speaking as I do in my public expositions of Theosophy. But far back of that I went through a hard school of experience that not many of you have passed through. It was in New York City that I learned so many valuable lessons through my work in the prisons and in the slums, with the street-women and the inebriates and the unfortunates. I contacted during many years conditions that were so appalling that the horror of the disintegration of human nature was almost too much for me to bear. After my hard day's work with my helpers — those who were so whole-heartedly supporting my efforts, trying to lift the burdens of the unfortunate, and particularly of those in the prisons — I used to question what more could I do to prevent these sad wrecks of human life. I have seen behind the bars splendid young men on the downward path — boys who only a few years before were mothers' darlings; and young women too, whose faces still bore the marks of innocence. And in spite of my determined and continuous efforts for them, I have often gone home discouraged, my heart attuned to their needs, but powerless to do the things that my soul longed to do.

At that time there was no system of thought that I could attach myself to and work with to help these people. I had the philosophy of Theosophy ever in my mind. It must have been my support in former lives; but there were none in those days who believed as I did. For me to offer this grand philosophy, which to me was my very life, to the convict behind the bars who had lost faith in everything, for the time at least seemed far-fetched. Compassion was mine; truth was mine; but the question was, How to give it out?

And so you can imagine what came into my life after those years of service, after I had made up my mind that if I could hold, rightly and conscientiously, the length of years that seemed before me, some day there might come an opportunity, by which I could establish a School of Prevention where human nature could be studied from the basis of my philosophy, which is this idea of the duality of human nature — the mortal and the immortal. One bitter cold winter day in New York, when there was a great blizzard, there was seen back in the crowd at

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my 'Do-Good Mission' on the East Side, a pale-faced man who to all appearances was suffering from hunger like the rest. But he was quite a different type; and when the attempt was made to reach him and bring him into our mission and give him special attention, he had disappeared. His face haunted me, and a few days afterwards he found me in my home, and to my surprise he proved to be the first student of Madame Blavatsky, when she came a stranger to New York with her message of Theosophy.

This stranger was a young lawyer struggling to advance in his profession. He heard of Madame Blavatsky and her wonderful message of Brotherhood. He visited her daily, sat as a disciple at her feet; and in the course of time he responded understandingly to her teachings. He said he had at last found an answer to the yearnings of his soul. He became her trusted friend, her co-worker; and it was he alone who made and preserved the link between Madame Blavatsky's efforts and the present activities of the Theosophical Movement. He accepted a position in the Theosophical Society to work unselfishly and without salary for the advancement of the teachings; and he exemplified his Theosophy so beautifully, so exquisitely, so conscientiously, that he was indeed a man among men and was later recognised throughout the world as a great teacher. He soon found he had the power to interpret the Theosophical teachings for the benefit of his fellow-men; and he wrote ceaselessly for the magazine which he published — The Path. This led to many inquiries about Theosophy, as well as many new members.

He, William Quan Judge, was a living example of the power of self-evolution and self-control. He dug so deeply into his own nature, challenged himself so constantly, that he was able to apply the lessons that he learned effectively to all whom he met. He impressed those who knew him most intimately as having unusual knowledge, which could not have been acquired in this one life-time. Loving humanity and serving it hourly and daily, he found a way to carry on the superb work of the Theosophical Organization with its glorious teachings, until he died in 1896.

What was there in the lives of those two remarkable teachers, H. P. Blavatsky and William Quan Judge, that made them stand out superior to many of their fellow-men? To me they seemed to have grown rich in knowledge and sympathy through the trials and sufferings of many incarnations. H. P. Blavatsky belonged to one of the old aristocratic families of Russia, with everything at hand in the material sense — every possible inducement to hold her to the worldly life; yet she was sustained by a quality of compassion for humanity which had been evoked by her past experiences in other lives. She possessed rare power of discernment. She quickly drew the line between the true and the false. It was evident that she

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had gained self-control through constant practice of the teachings which she professed. The splendid example of her life and her unique efforts are a continuous inspiration. The contagion of the example of her life of self-sacrifice evidently touched William Q. Judge from the beginning of his acquaintance with this great Teacher. And through their efforts and those of others, the Theosophical Society was founded in 1875. As you all know, the rich harvest of these remarkable efforts may be seen all over the world today; so that Theosophy is recognised as the coming Universal Religion.

I declare that if a man will challenge himself sufficiently to believe that he has the power of self-control, if he can draw the line understandingly between the lower and the higher nature, between his desires and his needs — even without any knowledge of Theosophy, if he has not the opportunity of reaching it — he will evolve some of these very ideas that I have spoken of, and he can do it to a marked degree even in one life-time.

I was once asked how one could carry on this line of self-discipline and self-control; and in trying to impress the inquirer with the contagion, so to say, of Theosophical ideals, I pointed out the influence of habit — that if one can habituate himself to thinking even once a day that the universe is ten thousand times bigger than one dreams; that millions and billions of stars are now in existence that have yet to come within one's sight; that the world is governed by universal law, and that man is part of this divine scheme — these thoughts and the contagion of them, so to speak, reflected upon every day, would in the course of time become a habit, and the broader ideas that would follow would bring man closer to the realization of his possibilities. Truly it is habit of thought that makes for the weal or woe of humanity.

If we go along day by day playing hide-and-seek with our own natures, we retrograde. But if we take the beautiful ideals of Theosophy and implant them in our minds and natures, and hold to them from day to day affectionately, in the course of time this influence becomes a power through habit; our ideals become more and more potent; they ingrain themselves into one's very being, and ultimately work with one's conscience. And surely the awakening of the conscience is the needed force today throughout the world.

If conscience had been accentuated in the hearts of men all along the ages, we should not have had this terrible war with its equally terrible aftermath. If one now could realize what conscience is from the Theosophical standpoint — that is, man's knowledge of right and wrong, his curbing himself, and checking every thought that is out of place — one could in the course of time bring the psychological influence of such efforts into activity, and according to the Christian idea, "wash his sins away."

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Here is another picture showing the influence of habit — of the habitual thought of the man who makes his first mistake: When he was a boy perhaps he stole only ten cents from his father; perhaps a little later he stole twenty; and, a little later more. Thus he became habituated to the thought which at first had been ingrained by a fugitive desire. It carried him on and on until other weaknesses in his nature appeared to fortify him in his tendency to steal and in his acquired habit, and ere long we have the criminal.

The power of habit should be studied more closely by educators and by mothers and fathers. They have not studied it enough. It is a mighty power, whether rightly or wrongly used. It is these simple factors in life that are constantly making us either angels or demons; they are based absolutely on this idea of the duality of man, of the lower which dies with the body, the desires and passions; and the higher which is ever seeking the light.

If we are to bring any remedy to the world's unrest, we must begin with ourselves. It takes only a few to start a mob in the beginning, please remember. It takes only a few to start a war. Sometimes it takes only two people to bring about the most cruel war of the ages. And so it is, on the other hand, in regard to the grander things, the permanent things. To begin to work on the line of unselfish effort and to help humanity, there is needed but a nucleus of people who come together under the psychological influence of the potency of man's divine nature, and then there is a superb basis for splendid results.

I am very certain that those who seriously desire to interpret the Bible should study Theosophy. If they wish to understand some of the great characters and teachers of the past, they will investigate Theosophy. I believe that the most devout but misguided Christians today will find new light, new hope and a grander Christ, if they will interpret the life of Jesus from the standpoint of Theosophy. But one must realize that if one desires to be a great musician, he cannot become such in a day; he has to begin with the simple exercises and practise constantly; he has to habituate himself to the idea of music, to its theories, and more than all else to its practice. It is just the same with Theosophy. We can talk about Theosophy, we can preach it, we can read the books, we can criticise them, we can scorn them, if we please, but we can never reach the truth, never find the light within our own souls, or the power to control, to discipline ourselves, the power to serve, to love, or the power to become, until we have reached the one point of the realization of our Divinity. This is the key to all the other problems of life.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE AND DEATH

T. HENRY, M. A.

IT has been peculiarly the function of Theosophy to strike keynotes; and keynotes, as we know, find an echo wherever there is a resonator in sufficient accord with them to take up their tone. And so we often find Theosophical keynotes resounding in various places, whether inspired by the utterances of Theosophists or by the eternal light of human nature, cannot be said.

A San Diego clergyman, in a recent sermon, struck a note which we have often sounded, and with which therefore we can heartily agree, without necessarily assenting to other things which he may have said. He was airing the topic of the moment — spiritism and its connexion (if any) with the question of immortality. And he declared his conviction that, for him, the paramount question of interest was that of nearness to the Deity, and that this question was but little influenced by the question of survival and life after death. And truly we may say that the two questions seem to have become unduly connected with each other. The preacher said that, in seeking to approach the consciousness of a divine presence, he would not wait for a future life; he would seek it in *this* life. And so say we, as we have said many times before.

In trying to ascertain the views of the ancients about after-death, we often find a difficulty in finding out what they believed, or whether they believed anything at all; it would almost seem as though the question had scarcely occurred to them — was not a live issue with them — was not considered relevant. Perhaps they felt that the present is the only real time for a mortal man, and that the future is a phantom of the imagination.

In physics we are learning in practice, what we had already surmised in theory, that standards suited to the small dimensions of daily life on earth cannot be used to measure the boundless realms of interstellar space. In the same way, when we discuss after-death, we are dealing with a question that cannot be measured in our customary units or expressed by our familiar concepts. And those who ignore this fact, and who try to conceive and to express the future life in the terms of the present, merely produce a replica of earth-life, which is not greater but less than the present life, as it is a mere shadow of the substance, a mere corpse of the living organism.

We do not know what time is; we do not know what personality is. But we do know that both, as we conceive them, are relative to our present

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modes of perception and our present state of consciousness. It seems unquestionable that the process of dissolution must so change these concepts as to render many of our speculations futile. Already we, as grown men and women, have no further use for the kind of heaven that might soothe the imagination of a child; and the happy hunting-ground of the tribesman is as beside the mark for us as are the crude ideas of our ancestors of some centuries back. We no longer pave paradise with gold, and harps seem as out of place as houris and sherbet. For us, heaven is becoming more and more a state of peace and rest for the soul — the soul, by which we understand the quintessence of our best self. But we still labor under the delusion of time; and we still bend our gaze toward the distant future, thus weaning it from the living present where it belongs. What has eternity to do with the now and the hereafter?

With regard to psychic research and spiritism, we have to remember that all is not gold that glitters; the particular application of which proverb is that, when we enter another state of consciousness, that state is not necessarily higher or better than this; and when we plumb a new world, that world may chance to be no better, and perhaps a good deal worse, than this world.

Theosophy still teaches, as ever, that there is a world, or plane, or state of existence, which bears to this world, or plane, or state of existence, the same relation as a man's dreams bear to his waking life. It is the land of shadows and echoes. It has been called the 'astral plane,' though that expression has been so much misused by pseudo-Theosophists that one hesitates to employ it. Concerning the existence of this, warnings have always been issued, not only by the Theosophists of today, but by those of all ages. The characteristics of the realms explored by certain eminent scientists and others bear all the earmarks of this astral plane as usually described. It is peopled with the reflexion of people's thoughts and emotions; its denizens, when not poll-parrots, are almost always gramophones. As has been said by others besides Theosophists, people, when they die, leave behind them other things besides their bones and their boots. They leave behind their memories; and these memories, no longer able to float into the brains of their original owners, seem to be able to float into the brains of other people who are not yet dead, especially if those people go into a trance or otherwise render themselves susceptible and sponge-like. This explanation — the one always given by Theosophy — is so obviously true that people usually hit upon it for themselves, as we see from comments in the press.

We are surrounded by an atmosphere of our own thoughts; but, while awake, we are usually positive towards it: the lines of force run

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outwards, their positive poles in our brain — to use an analogy from physics. But, no sooner do we compose our limbs for sleep and shut the gates of our senses, than the current sets in the opposite way, and our thoughts begin to react upon us. Before my eyes float the images of the people and places that have met their gaze during the day; while my hands seem to perform again the tasks that engaged them while I was awake. All day I have been making a phonograph-record; and now in bed I am running it through the machine. But we do not necessarily have to wait for bed for this to happen; for we do a deal of wool-gathering and day-dreaming in our waking hours. Foolish attempts to develop mediumship, or what is miscalled 'clairvoyance,' will evidently result in an intensification or this morbid condition, and render us prone to delusions and to the obsession of our own cast-off thoughts and those of others; and no wise person will place himself in such a predicament.

These realms of the moon, these purlieus of the lower astral light, are the great stumbling-block for the uninstructed and the unwary. It is clear, both from theory and from the result of observation, that development of this kind tends towards instability and deterioration, and not towards balance and betterment. The psychic investigators have run into a blind alley. They will verify all the old teachings as to the nature of the world they have tapped; and it will have to be abandoned as a possible means for the furtherance of knowledge or virtue.

But let us look at the other side of the picture. If there is a moonlight, there is also a sunlight. In the true search for knowledge, in the right way of development, there is nothing weird or abnormal, no entranced mediums, no forced development of psychic faculties, no intensification of the dreaming and visionary side of our nature. And correspondingly the results attained are not shifting and unreliable, not paltry and futile, not mere reflexions of our waking thoughts; but, on the contrary, a quickening of the intuition, an escaping from delusions, an unclouded view of life and its duties and privileges.

Many people do not seem to be aware that in Occultism there are two paths open to the explorer. They are essentially the same two paths which always do lie open to man — the path which leads upward and onward towards the true goal of human happiness and rectitude; and the path which leads downward through self-gratification to woe and regret. And what is called 'psychism,' or 'astralism,' and often miscalled 'occultism,' represents the latter of these two paths. And why? Because the development of psychic faculties gives no guarantee that they will be used aright. So long as our weaknesses and passions remain unsubdued, any additional powers we may acquire will go to feed them. This is only too obvious from what we see: the increase

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and intensification of nervous diseases and of mental unbalance; the purveying of alleged knowledge for the purposes of gain and self-advantage; the misuse of hypnotic power; the existence of perverted erotic cults whose authors are prosecuted by the Government; and so forth.

The ills of society are not to be remedied by putting new powers into the hands of all and sundry, to be used by the foolish, the ignorant, and the corrupt. These ills are due to selfishness and to ignorance of the real laws of life; and are to be remedied by that knowledge which replaces selfishness by the aspiration after right-living.

And many inquirers do not seem to know that Theosophy itself stands for this right-hand path; and that there are abroad many perversions of Theosophy, which mislead inquirers by leading them to suppose that there is only one kind of Theosophy and that it is all concerned with psychism. We repeat that there is a wrong kind of Theosophy, which ought not to be called Theosophy at all, as it has stolen a name which does not belong to it, in order to gain for its foolish or harmful teachings whatever credit it can get from the association. It must be understood that Theosophy itself, whose representative is the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of Point Loma, has no connexion whatever with any other society calling itself Theosophical — no matter how much the spurious cults may consider it their interest to assert or to suggest the contrary.

The desire of people to attain some knowledge concerning the meaning of life and the nature of life after death must be allowed; but it is equally sure that psychic research and spiritism are not the road to such knowledge. Yet there is a road — the road that has been pointed out by the wise of all ages. Knowledge is to be sought by the removal of delusion; and delusion is due to the frailties of our nature. It is because we are not master in our own house — master of ourself — that we fail to wield those powers that are our true birthright. It is because we permit our minds to be the playground of wandering thoughts and errant emotions, that they fail to reflect the sunlight of truth. Hence, *self-conquest is the right road to the knowledge we aspire for*. Such has ever been the word of the wise. And such is still the word of Theosophy.

We must seek the causes of the giant evil, selfishness, and strive to uproot them. This is realized by a majority of thoughtful people. But it can only be done through a better understanding of human nature, which is what Theosophy affords. Hence the best advice is to study Theosophy in its true and original form, as taught by H. P. Blavatsky and maintained by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of Point Loma; and to replace all attempts at morbid and unbalanced self-culture by the true and harmonious culture of one's better self.

HSIANG CHI TEMPLE

After Wang Wei

KENNETH MORRIS

I HAVE gone searching far and wide
Through all this age-old quietude:—
Up by the peaks the white clouds hide,
And through the forest, dusk-embued,
Where old time and silence brood,
And sure no human creatures dwell,—
No wandering human feet intrude,—
For that far fane, that lonely bell.

By mountain-side and valley-side,
Through clefts of old some giant strewed
With those huge boulders, unespied
Steals the stream in solitude:
A pouring down through chasms crude,—
A hush,— a dragon-guarded well,—
A whispered tinkling through the wood;—
Or was it — hark! — a temple-bell?

— Through the dark pines, the wind that sighed
But now, goes silent; twilight-hued,
Gray, and with waning purple dyed,
And dusk-bedewed, and dusk-bedewed,
Daylight dies, and shadows brood
O'er the pool where the last ray fell;—
One faint star in the infinitude
Above, and — hush! — a temple-bell. . . .

L'Envoi:

No; 'twas the Priest Wind through the wood
Whose holy Lotus-Jewel Spell
Thrilled the hills to Buddha-mood;
There is no temple else, no bell.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

**EVOLUTIONARY MAN: A STUDY IN RECENT
SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES AND CONCLUSIONS
IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY**

PART III

C. J. RYAN

BEFORE proceeding to consider the difficulties in the way of accepting the 'scientific' interpretation of the evidences offered by the remains of man in the Stone Ages, the Theosophical view of man's pilgrimage on earth must be briefly outlined.

The fundamental principle in Evolution is that immortal Man is a spiritual Ray of Divinity, learning the lessons of life by pleasurable and painful experiences in numerous incarnations in physical bodies, in many different conditions and races. Various types of humanity, high and low, have existed on earth for enormously long periods, periods greatly exceeding the million years or so allowed by modern anthropologists. In the course of ages mankind will become fit to ascend to states of spiritual and intellectual glory more advanced than our present conditions permit.

Without going too far into metaphysical subtleties, we can refer to the teaching that the descent of Spirit into Matter and its ultimate return, enriched by experience, is the basic principle of evolution. Life and consciousness are not confined to physical conditions, but exist independently of such conditions. The immortal Ego in man, the higher consciousness, is a pilgrim passing through many states. Before the earth was fitted for physical human life, man existed in less material conditions -- spiritual or semi-spiritual. In our present state such an existence is not easily realized except by the few who have been trained to understand it. While in those conditions -- called the earlier 'Rounds' -- developing spiritual man 'threw off' a number of definite types into the formative thought-atmosphere of the earth, as it might be called. These became the fundamental root-types from which branched innumerable species and sub-species, for which Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest have been offered as explanations, which however only partially and often quite inadequately meet the case. Biology now speaks of the "explosive suddenness" with which many new species appear in the geological record, and the surprising changes in the rate of evolution at various times. As we noticed at the end of the last chapter

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of these articles, the tendency of life to change its character at intervals (for instance, the successive preponderance of primitive mailed fishes, of the reptiles, of the mammals, and of man) is beginning to be regarded as valid testimony to some conscious evolving intelligence with a plan, much as the idea is scouted by the materialistic school.

Man — as a material being, not necessarily just as we are today, 'consolidated,' so to speak, from the astral state — and the first really human races appeared on lands that have perished millions of years ago. The whole surface of the earth has been changed many times since the first sedimentary rocks were deposited; even its axis has been tilted, as some modern astronomers are finding out.

Geologists arrange the sedimentary rocks into great divisions according to the fossilized plants and animals found in them. Notable differences of opinion prevail as to the total length of these periods, as well as of the smaller divisions, but the estimates are becoming more liberal of late. It is not many years since geology and astronomy were afraid to draw heavily upon the bank account of Time, but, owing to the discovery of radio-activity, and for other reasons, the probability of five hundred millions or even a billion years having elapsed since the beginning of life on earth is now being favorably considered. According to the records of Theosophy, the stage of incrustation or physicality began about 320,000,000 years ago, and man in some kind of material form, intelligent enough to be called man, appeared about 18,000,000 years since. (In connexion with this matter the reader should consult 'The Age of the Earth,' by Professor F. J. Dick and William Scott, in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for April, 1919.) Geologists have not yet found any remains of man in the Secondary Period, though a few more daring scientists have said that his presence at that remote age is not unthinkable, however unlikely according to the Darwinian Theory. Anthropologists in general believe that the progenitors of the human race began to branch off from the animal kingdom towards the middle of the Tertiary period, gradually becoming really human in the Pleistocene, the most recent division of the Tertiary, probably a million years ago, possibly two. Theosophy, however, tells us that man was perfectly civilized towards the latter part of the Secondary, when the human race lived on Lemuria, a large tract of land now mostly submerged under the Pacific Ocean. Those who survived its destruction occupied new continental areas which gradually appeared in the Atlantic region where they slowly developed into many nations and attained a high degree of culture. Tradition has brought down a few records of lost civilizations, and ethnology gives us information about strange survivals of isolated tribes and languages and customs which are not readily explained without the

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aid of the hypothesis of a lost Atlantis. Many of the leading geologists are convinced of the existence of such a region, though not yet, of course, of the existence of mankind thereon.

As the Atlantean regions broke up and disappeared under the ocean, a limited number of the inhabitants took refuge in Central Asia, part of which was then habitable, though now barren and desolate. This took place at about the time when Darwinian evolution conceives that primitive man was beginning to creep out of the ape stage and to gain a glimmering of human intelligence. There were certainly savage and brutal men at that time as there are today, and also large anthropoid apes, ancestors of the existing gorillas, chimpanzees, etc.; not only Theosophy however, but the most authoritative voices in modern biology reject the suggestion that any beings whose relics we have discovered were our progenitors, though they may have been offshoots from the family tree. Science has so far only found remains of inferior tribes which lived in outlying regions removed from the small nucleus of enlightenment which jealously guarded for long ages the traditions of Atlantean culture until the cyclic time arrived for its extension. These 'primitive' tribes were not descendants from anthropoid apes, removed from arboreal life by a few thousand years; they were the degraded representatives of a higher culture. At one time very 'primitive' men who made the earliest flint implements known — the 'eoliths' and 'eagle-beak' hammers, axes, etc.,—lived in the small part of England then dry land (the Eocene London Clay surface raised long before the Glacial Period) at the very time when civilization was flourishing in Atlantis or on some of its remaining islands only a thousand miles or so away. This state of affairs is reasonable enough when we consider that savage cannibals are found today within still shorter distances from highly civilized regions; witness the Island of Tiburón in the Gulf of California, Mexico, to which an expedition is going at the time of writing these lines to search for radio-active deposits, armed with gas bombs to keep off the cannibals who are said (perhaps wrongly said) to have made the island fatal to explorers.

H. P. Blavatsky says that the weight of the heavy karma generated by the evil-doing of the later Atlanteans oppressed their descendants (really, of course, themselves in other bodies, as we understand by a study of reincarnation) for an immense period and kept them at the level of Stone-Age culture for nearly a million years, in spite of their possession of all our faculties and of brains of equal capacity with ours, even at the earliest period of which we have tangible records. This enormous period of little or no progress in European races has proved an incomprehensible puzzle to scientists. Occasionally an atavistic flash of Atlantean culture

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illuminates the prospect, and we find such things as the wonderful cave-pictures at Altamira in Spain, which show great artistic feeling and keen observation; but this astonishing renaissance soon died out not *less* than twenty or thirty thousand years later, according to the most conservative scientific estimates, and did not revive until the dawn of the historical period.

The existence of the anthropoid apes, those strange creatures which look so like "blurred copies" of man, has, as H. P. Blavatsky says "overwhelmed modern scientists with confusion," and it is not unreasonable that those who only look at the external aspect and ignore the spiritual should see in them or their progenitors a probable ancestor for man. Theosophy explains their human resemblance without admitting their ancestral position; they are "a bastard branch" grafted on to the human stem by unnatural cross-breeding on the part of some degraded Atlantean tribes, and they have some human qualities mingled with their animal nature. No living or fossil anthropoid is an older type than man, but they are all offshoots shamefully produced in the later Atlantean period — towards the middle of the Tertiary age. We shall see, later, that at least one high authority, Dr. Wood-Jones, considers that it is entirely impossible, for anatomical reasons, that man can have descended from any kind of anthropoid known to us, but that his origin, as an independent species, must be placed far back in the earliest days of the Tertiary, and that we have not discovered any animal form which can be certainly pointed to as ancestral. The Theosophical explanation of the human relationship with the anthropoids explains one biological puzzle; *i. e.*, the curious fact that the higher apes combine human and animal bodily characteristics in various proportions according to their species: one will have a certain human quality not found in another, and so forth.

The greatest difficulty Science has in proving that man evolved from the ape lies in the necessity of an immense period of time for the supposed earliest and most bestial man to have slowly climbed out of the animal state. The farther back we find human skulls (or evidences of intelligent human beings by the testimony of flint implements), the more impossible it becomes that man can have evolved from animals which did not exist (according to the testimony of the rocks) much or perhaps any earlier than himself. We shall see the great significance of this when we consider some remarkable admissions about the enormous age of "modern man" made by Professor Keith in his recent 'Antiquity of Man.'

The scientific hypothesis at the present moment is that mammalian ancestors of man and those of the anthropoids branched off in two separate lines from a common mammalian stem in the earlier half of the Tertiary. No *known form* of anthropoid is claimed as being ancestral to man, and

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the long series of links necessary to represent the chain of progress on the human branch is not known. The differences between the first anthropoids and those of today are not very great, and we need not consider them in this argument. The very few relics of the earlier anthropoids and men are not accepted by science as actually belonging to the direct ancestral line of modern man, but are considered to be side branches, twigs we might call them, thrown off after the supposed separation of the simian and human branches. Most of them came to nothing, but died out long ago.

The Table of human types and periods on page 333 will help to make clearer some of the critical points which throw doubt upon the materialistic ape-ancestry theory and help to confirm the ancient Theosophical teaching. The dates given were worked out by the late William Scott from information given in *The Secret Doctrine*, but they are not offered as being absolutely final, though they are far closer to the facts than the very various and mutually inconsistent chronologies of the geologists, who frankly admit that they have no means of ascertaining geological dates with any certainty.*

This is apparent enough when we recollect that the estimates of various contemporary authorities for the *habitable age of the Earth* stretch from one-and-a-half millions of years to more than a billion.

It is extremely important to realize that none of the human races whose fragmentary remains have been found are believed to be ancestral to us, until we reach the comparatively recent Aurignacians, including the Combe-Capelle, a moderate-sized race, and the Cro-Magnon, a very tall one, who had finely-shaped skulls with as great a capacity as ours. All the prehistoric races who lived before the Aurignacians have disappeared without leaving unmistakable traces, and the Aurignacians themselves were not the descendants of any races of which science has found the least vestige of a record! They came from the East and simply replaced their predecessors, the peculiar and far inferior Mousterians, or Neanderthal race as they are generally called. The Aurignacians may have driven the Neanderthals out by force; they certainly did not mix with them. Our modern civilized races are partly derived from the Aurignacians and later tribes of modern type who poured in from the East, and perhaps from Africa. Instead, therefore, of there being a simple continuous line of descent by which modern civilized man can be approximately traced from the early or even middle Tertiary to the present day, *there is a definite break marked by the sudden appearance of the highly-developed Cro-Magnons, etc.*; this is indicated on the Table

*See THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for April, 1919, for special article on the age of the Earth.

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TABLE OF TERTIARY AND QUATERNARY PERIODS

| Formation | Remains of Man | Approximate date, beginning of each period |
|--|---|--|
| EOCENE | | |
| PALAEOCENE, London Clay (Eng.) OLIGOCENE | (?) Eolithic stone implements made by man | 7,870,000 |
| MIOCENE | (? "Eagle-beak" implements) <i>Primitive</i> anthropoid apes found in Miocene period | 3,670,000 |
| PLIOCENE | | 1,870,000 |
| Coralline Crag Red Crag (Eng.) Blue clay (Italy) • Gold-bearing sands (California) ? (Australia) | "Eagle-beak" implements, scrapers, axes, hammers, etc. Not later than this and possibly much earlier. (England) Castenedolo skeletons (Italy) Pitdown skull and eolithic implements (England) Calaveras skull, stone mortars, pestles, spearheads, etc. (America) Talgai man's skull, and bones of dog (Australia) This specimen may be a little later in date | |
| PLEISTOCENE | | |
| 1st Glacial Period | <i>Pithecanthropus erectus</i> (possibly late Pliocene) (Java) Bones | 870,000 |
| 2nd " " | Heidelberg jaw (Germany) Vero (Florida) bones and pottery, Nampa (Calif.) clay image etc., Charleston (S. Carolina) pottery | 726,000 |
| 3rd " " | Chellean { Galley Hill bones (England) Acheulean { Bury St. Edmunds skull (England) Denise, Moulin Quignon, bones (France) La Quina, La Chapelle (France) Mousterian { Spy (Belgium) skulls Gibraltar, skull NEANDERTHAL (Germany) skulls, bones | 402,000 |
| 4th " " | Aurignacian Combe-Capelle, Grimaldi, Cro-Magnon, etc. (France) | 222,000 |
| End of Glacial Periods | Solutrean Magdalenean | |
| RECENT | Neolithic. Western Europe, America, etc. | ? |
| | Modern | 10,000 |

by a double line above the Aurignacians. So far as Science can discover, the earlier races — some of which, such as the Neanderthals, were different *species* of man separated by peculiarities more marked than any which distinguish modern races — disappeared completely!

Yet it is popularly supposed that we possess a fairly complete record, in the Tertiary strata and caverns, of man's evolution from an ape and through ape-men that gradually became human in form and intelligence, to the savage and then to historical civilization. How has this belief become so widely spread that even ministers of the Gospel bow their heads to it and regard the allegorical accounts of the Creation of Man in Genesis as nothing but "the poetical lispings of the childhood of the race"? Perhaps we have been so firmly impressed by the Darwinian

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propaganda that man's evolution must have been from the ape because there is no popular rival except the incredible Adam and Eve story, taken literally!

Anthropologists are careful not to claim that they have found the sources or the main stream of human ancestry (except some recent portions such as the Aurignacians), but they assert that the bones, in the chronological order in which they are found, represent roughly a near approach to the evolving but unknown members of the ancestral line. So we find *Pithecanthropus*, *Heidelbergensis*, Chellean, Acheulean, and the others leading up to the Aurignacians and Neolithics, (the Neanderthals have been abandoned, being proved to be a separate species of man) placed in that order as substitutes, in all probability representing in general character the true line — first or second cousins. The study of Theosophy shows that this plausible and ingenious arrangement is not really accurate. The real human stream always contained highly-advanced types during the Tertiary period we are considering, though the general course of social life was and is governed by periodic law and has its cycles of civilization and barbarism. The anthropoids and many of the more barbarous men whose remains have been found were descended in numerous ways, too complicated to discuss here, from the various highly-civilized races of the vanished continents. A peculiar difficulty facing the supporters of the evolution of short-armed, walking man, from the long-armed, tree-dwelling ape, with feet that have degenerated into a kind of hands, is that no trace whatever has been discovered of a creature possessing intermediate characters on the way between the tree-climbing handlike foot with opposable thumb and the true human walking foot. (This point will be more fully considered later in connexion with Dr. Wood-Jones' recent criticism of the ape-ancestry theory from the standpoint of anatomy.) The famous *Pithecanthropus erectus* may have had only a small brain, but: "In stature, shape, and weight of body, *Pithecanthropus* was human," as Dr. Keith says in *The Antiquity of Man*, p. 261, and no link between the bodily structure of *Pithecanthropus* and the four-handed ape is known.

In considering the significance of the Table of periods and types we may disregard the Neolithic and modern races, for there is no dispute about them, merely remarking, in the words of H. P. Blavatsky, that "Neolithic man was the forerunner of the great Aryan invasion and immigrated from . . . Asia, and in a measure North Africa."

With the Aurignacians we reach a people of special interest, for they were, as before mentioned, a highly-developed people who have passed down some of their characteristics to the present day. Professor H. F. Osborn, in *Men of the Old Stone Age* and elsewhere, tells many striking

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things about this extraordinary race, some of whose blood runs in our veins. Speaking of the Aurignacians, whose skeletons have been found at Cro-Magnon in France:

“The Cro-Magnons were one of the finest races that ever lived, superior in mental capacity to the average European, tall and finely proportioned. The average Cro-Magnon was 5 feet 10 inches tall and some of the men found at Grimaldi, Italy, measured 6 feet 4 inches. . . . They were one of the finest races the world has ever seen, as well as one of the most artistic, deeply religious. . . . The extraordinary cave art left by the Cro-Magnons is one of the marvels of recent archaeology. Suffice it to say that it cannot be explained how those early artists obtained sufficient light to see what they were doing, when some of the paintings escape attention of the explorers under an acetylene lamp, and when it is probable that primitive stone lamps were the only means of illumination. Certainly the Cro-Magnons had a strong art instinct, a love of art for art's sake, not unlike that which inspired the early Greeks. Indeed they may be called the Palaeolithic Greeks.”

Without the key given by the knowledge of Atlantis, whose ancient culture they faintly reflected, and from which their unknown ancestors originally came, though by a very roundabout route, it is impossible to explain their origin or characteristics. Dr. Osborn feels this difficulty, for he says:

“The sudden appearance in Europe at least 25,000 years ago [far more, according to Theosophy] of a human race with a high order of brain power and ability was not a leap forward, but the effect of a long process of evolution elsewhere. When the prehistoric archaeology of eastern Europe and Asia has been investigated we may obtain some light upon this antecedent development. . . . That this mind [similar to our own] of the Upper Palaeolithic race was of a kind capable of a high degree of education we entertain no doubt whatever because of the very advanced order of brain which it developed in the higher members of the ancient races; in fact, it may be fairly assumed from experiences in the education of existing races of much lower brain capacity such as the Eskimo or Fuegian. The emergence of such a mind from the mode of life of the Old Stone Age is one of the greatest mysteries of psychology and history.”

Dr. Osborn believes that we can find direct descendants of the Cro-Magnons among the inhabitants of the Dordogne Valley in South-eastern France. He says those contemporary French people

“are not degenerate at all, but keen and alert of mind. . . . [They] agree with but one other type of men known to anthropologists, namely, the ancient Cro-Magnon race. The geographical evidence that here in Dordogne we have to do with the survivors of the real Cro-Magnon race seems to be sustained by a comparison of the prehistoric skulls found at Cro-Magnon, Laugerie, Basse, and elsewhere in Dordogne, with the heads of the types of today. . . . If the people of Dordogne are veritable survivors of the Cro-Magnons of the Upper Palaeolithic, they certainly represent the oldest living race in western Europe, and is it not extremely significant that the most primitive language in Europe, that of the Basques of the northern Pyrenees, is spoken near by, only 200 miles to the southwest? Is there possibly a connection between the original language of the Cro-Magnons, a race which once crowded the region of the Cantabrian Mountains and the Pyrenees, and the existing agglutinative language of the Basques, which is totally different from all the European tongues? . . . The geographical extension of this race was once very much wider than it is today. . . . Verneau considers it was the type prevailing among the extinct Guanches of the Canary Islands.”

H. P. Blavatsky has something apposite to say about these Guanches:

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“According to Farrar [*Families of Speech*] the ‘isolated language’ of the Basques has no affinities with the other languages of Europe, but with ‘the aboriginal languages of the vast opposite continent [America] and those alone.’ Professor Broca is also of the same opinion. . . .

“The Guanches of the Canary Islands were lineal descendants of the Atlanteans. This fact will account for the *great stature* evidenced by their old skeletons, as well as by those of their European congeners, the Cro-Magnon Palaeolithic men.”— *Secret Doctrine*, II, 790-1

“The ‘mysterious’ affinity between their tongue [Basque] and that of the Dravidian races of India will be understood by those who have followed our outline of continental formations and shiftings. . . . If, then, Basques and Cro-Magnon Cave-Men are of the same race as the Canarese Guanches, it follows that the former are also allied to the aborigines of America. This is the conclusion which the independent researches of Retzius, Virchow, and de Quatrefages necessitate. The *Atlantean affinities* of these three types become patent.”— *Ibid.*, p. 790-2

“Fine races were many of these European cave-men; the Cro-Magnon, for instance. But, as was to be expected, *progress is almost non-existent* through the whole of the vast period allotted by Science to the Chipped-Stone Age. *The cyclic impulse downwards* weighs heavily on the stocks thus transplanted — the incubus of the *Atlantean Karma* is upon them.”

— *Ibid.*, II, 740

Returning to our Table, a group of five Mousterian names will be noticed immediately preceding the Aurignacians. These are all of the ‘Neanderthal’ type and are of special interest to students of Theosophy for several reasons, particularly on account of the change in opinion that has taken place in regard to their place in pre-history. They had heavy, receding jaws, slouching gesture, clumsy gait, and their foreheads were marked by tremendous gorilla-like eyebrow ridges. Their knees were bent, their necks very thick, and their heads were thrust forward. But they had *large brains*, equal to or exceeding those of modern man, though the general conformation was apelike to a certain degree. Still, as Dr. Keith remarks:

“Further, in size of brain Neanderthal man was not a low form. His skill as a flint artisan shows that his abilities were not of a low order. He had fire at his command, he buried his dead, he had a distinctive and highly evolved form of culture — Neanderthal man was certainly not a dawn form of humanity.”— *Antiquity of Man*, p. 169.

It is an axiom in embryological science that the developing form runs rapidly through the main stages of its ancestral genealogy as it grows from the first protoplasmic speck to adulthood. What we find in infancy or childhood represents, however incompletely, the condition of the species in former ages. If, therefore, we find the younger specimens of a human race more advanced in bodily structure than the adults, we ought to infer that the race in question had declined from a higher condition. According to the discoveries of children’s and youths’ skulls of the Neanderthal race this was the case with them, though, singularly, Dr. Keith does not draw the inevitable conclusion that the Neanderthals were the representatives of a higher Atlantean race traveling downhill to extinction. Dr. Keith says:

“Krapina (Croatia) provided, for the first time, an opportunity of studying the children and the youth of this strange species of man. As is well known, there is a close superficial

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resemblance between the skulls of man and anthropoid ape during infancy and childhood. The brutal and distinguishing features appear on the ape's skull during the years of growth; the human skull during that period changes to a less degree. Hence it is not surprising to find that the children at Krapina were in form of head and face more like men of the modern type than is the case with their parents. The great simian eyebrow ridges assume their massive size and characteristic Neanderthal form at maturity."— *Ibid.*, p. 134.

This is strong evidence of the descent of both anthropoids and Neanderthals from earlier and more 'modern' or intellectual races.

Considering the strong impression Darwinism made upon the scientific world, it is not remarkable that the discovery of the Neanderthals was received as a conclusive proof of evolution from the ape. Here was a real link, a race with many simian characters, yet human. Pictures and articles were widely disseminated to impress the idea that these 'primitive men' were not very long ago our ancestors. But a change has come about within the last few years, and now it is agreed that that extraordinary race, however interesting and unique, must be disregarded in the search for the real ancestors of modern man, for it was wiped out by the incoming of the Aurignacians, who did not intermingle with the Neanderthals but supplanted them. A few families may have lingered on in isolated spots, for there have been a few modern persons found with heads resembling the Neanderthal type. From what we learn about some of these it seems possible that the Neanderthals were after all not such barbarians. The great French anthropologist, de Quatrefages, writes:

"The epithets *brutal* and *simian*, too often applied to the Neanderthal cranium, and to those which resemble it, the conjectures made with regard to the individuals to whom they belonged, might lead us to think that a certain moral and intellectual inferiority was naturally connected with this form of cranium. It can easily be shown that this conclusion rests upon a most worthless foundation.

"At the Paris Congress, M. Vogt quoted the example of one of his friends . . . whose cranium exactly recalls that of Neanderthal, and who is nevertheless a highly distinguished lunacy doctor. . . . The skull of St. Mancuy, Bishop of Toul, even exaggerates some of the most striking features of the Neanderthal cranium. The forehead is still more receding, the vault more depressed . . . the skull of Bruce, the Scottish hero, is also a reproduction of the Canstadt type."— *The Human Species*.

Before leaving the Neanderthals, it is important to mention what H. P. Blavatsky said about them in *The Secret Doctrine*, published in 1888, long before scientists imagined they were an independent extinct race, and when they supposed they were our comparatively recent ancestors. After quoting Mr. Edward Clodd's remark about the Neanderthals, "Whence they come we cannot tell, and 'their grave no man knoweth to this day,' " she says:

"Besides the possibility that there may be men who *know* whence they came and how they perished — it is not true to say that the Palaeolithic men, or their fossils, are all found with 'small brains.' . . . There are aboriginal tribes in India whose brains are far smaller and nearer to that of the ape than any hitherto found among the skulls of Palaeolithic man."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 686, footnote 1441

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That H. P. Blavatsky had excellent reasons for knowing anthropological facts quite unknown and unsuspected thirty years ago by the most learned and brilliant exponents of the subject in Europe, is proved by her remark about the Neanderthals, which is in perfect harmony with the very recent conclusions of modern science based upon the new discoveries of human remains which we must consider next. She says, writing in 1888, or earlier:

“We are made also to face the ‘mammoth age’. . . in which the great rudeness of implements reaches its maximum, and the *brutal* (?) appearance of contemporary skulls, such as the Neanderthal, points to a very low type of Humanity. But they may sometimes point also to something besides: *to a race of men quite distinct from our (Fifth Race) Humanity.*”
— *Ibid.*, p. 724 (Italics ours)

Now listen to Dr. Keith in 1915, telling of the recently adopted theory:

“Thus we see that, in the Mousterian period, in the middle Pleistocene age, when the middle of the 50-foot terrace was being laid down in the Thames valley, Europe was inhabited by a peculiar race of mankind — of quite different type from the races which now populate it. This race spread from Gibraltar in the South to Weimar in the North, from Croatia in the East to Jersey in the West. . . . A survey of the characters of Neanderthal man — as manifested by his skeleton, brain cast, and teeth — have convinced anthropologists of two things: first, that we are dealing with a form of man totally different from any form now living; and secondly, that the kind of difference far exceeds that which separates the most divergent of modern races. . . . The most marvelous aspect of the problem raised by the recognition of Neanderthal man as a distinct type is his apparently sudden disappearance. He is replaced, with the dawn of the Aurignacian period, by men of the same type as now occupy Europe. . . . He suddenly appears in Europe — from whence, future investigations may disclose; the one thing we are now certain of is that he was not suddenly converted into the modern type of man.”— *Antiquity of Man*, pp. 135, 136, 158.

As far, then, as we have penetrated into long-vanished periods of time, the records present us with strictly intelligent and modern types of mankind leading back to and including the artistic and handsome Cro-Magnons and other Aurignacians; and before them to a Europe inhabited for an immense time by the strange Neanderthal people, who bear many marks of degeneration. No blending is found between the Neanderthals and the Aurignacians who supplanted them quickly and completely. Research has not traced our direct ancestry a step beyond the Aurignacians, who, although they lived so very long ago, would not be remarked as in any way unusual if they reappeared as the offspring of a modern French family.

What, then, about the next group in our Table, the Chellean and Acheulean, including the famous ‘Galley Hill’ Englishman of the Thames Valley? From the Darwinian point of view it might be expected that these types, immensely older than the brutal-looking Neanderthals according to general belief, would be the real ‘missing links,’ very near to the anthropoid ape, and quite removed from any resemblance to modern man in structure, size of brain, or shape of skull. Perhaps they might have an approach

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to an ape's foot with an opposable thumb! We find nothing of the kind, however. Dr. Keith says:

"The skeleton [of the Galley Hill man] does not show a single feature which can be called Neanderthaloid, nor any simian feature which is not also to be seen in the skeletons of men of the modern type. The Galley Hill man represents no strange species of mankind; he belongs to the same type as modern man. . . . In size, in the richness of its convolutions, the brain of the Galley Hill man does not fall short of the average man of today."—*Ibid.*, p. 185

Similar statements are made about the rest of this class, but it would take too long to quote them, and it is not necessary. The essential point to observe is that at a period reckoned by Dr. Keith (whose tendency is rather to underestimate than to over-estimate time-periods) at "between a hundred and a hundred and fifty thousand years before our own time at least," during the Acheulean and Chellean periods of the Pleistocene which comprised at least a hundred thousand years between them, ancient river deposits "from one side of Europe to the other have revealed the same story — the existence of a man, a mere variant of modern man." During all that time no trace of Neanderthal or any other brutalized man is found. Again we must quote Dr. Keith:

"How are we to account for this unexpected revelation? There are two ways: we may . . . simply refuse to believe in the authenticity of these discoveries because they run so contrary to our preconception of how and when modern man was evolved. Or, with Sergi and Rutot, we may put our preconceptions aside, and, as we are bound to do, accept the revelations of those discoverers as facts, and alter our conception of man's evolution to harmonize with the facts. We have, in the first place, to conclude that man of the modern type is much older than we supposed. We expected to find him in a process of evolution during the Pleistocene period, but we have traversed more than half that period and find our own species much as we find him at the present day. It is clear that we must seek for his evolution at an earlier time than the Pleistocene. Neanderthal man is a different and very primitive species of man . . . an intruder when he entered Europe at a late stage of the mid-Pleistocene period. Further, we have to take a more complex view of the world of ancient man. In our first youthful burst of Darwinism we pictured our evolution as a simple procession of forms leading from ape to man. Each age, as it passed, transformed the men of the time one stage nearer to us — one more distant from the ape. The true picture is very different. We have to conceive an ancient world in which the family of mankind was broken up into narrow groups or genera, each genus being again divided into a number of species. . . . Then out of that great welter of forms one species became the dominant form, and ultimately the sole surviving one — the species represented by the modern races of mankind."—*Ibid.*, p. 209

The last two sentences are, as far as they go, in agreement with Theosophical teachings.

In the next chapter we will resume the study of our Table with the famous *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the 'primitive' man of Java.

RECOLLECTIONS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IT has been characteristic of nineteenth-century scientific thought to represent the universe as a mechanism which moves itself, like an engine running without steam; and while science will scoff at the idea of perpetual motion — a dynamo turned by the electric motor for which it generates current — this nevertheless represents the idea which scientists have too often entertained as to the universe. The same idea has been reflected upon history: the human race produces geniuses, and the geniuses promote the progress of the human race: which is a vicious circle, a perpetual motion. But if a machine is to continue running, against a loss of energy by friction and work done, energy must be supplied to it from without; wherefore logic must always admit the existence of the spiritual behind the physical, the invisible behind the visible. And if geniuses do indeed inspire the human race, they cannot be held to draw the energy which they impart from the source to which they impart it.

A genius, therefore, must be a person inspired from a source behind and above the phenomenal world; one who brings into the world of men and events an energy derived from a superior source.

What is that source? Is it not the immortal Soul of man himself, which incarnates from age to age in many successive bodily forms, garnering wisdom and experience and thus building up a mighty character? Are not geniuses great Souls of men who have progressed to the point where it behooves them to become helpers of humanity?

In reviewing the great and rapid changes that have lately come over our ideas, we can trace them back to a genius of the end of last century, H. P. Blavatsky, whose teachings, as set forth in her books, can be seen to be the origin and basis of these changes in thought. The whole world of ideas has been thus profoundly modified, whether scientific, philosophical, or religious; and, though the leaven, in its working, has here and there produced some strange growths, its main purport has been on the whole accomplished.

Among those who are active workers in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, are a few whose memory goes back to the days when H. P. Blavatsky lived and worked among us, who were her pupils, and to whom therefore the drama of the Theosophical Movement is very real. The present writer made his first acquaintance with Theosophy in the year 1887, through coming across one of the few Theosophical

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books that were extant in those days; and he lost no time in studying the other books and in visiting H. P. Blavatsky herself. It was within a year of her last visit to London, after previous years of work in the United States, India, and continental Europe. Residing with a small circle of friends and helpers in a little villa at the west end of London, she was engaged in launching a literary campaign. For it was during those years that she founded her magazine, *Lucifer*, and wrote and published the *Secret Doctrine*, the *Key to Theosophy*, and the *Voice of the Silence*. Never was anyone more wholly devoted to the work to be done; never was character more unselfish. She labored all day and every day at these literary tasks; and when we remember that she had but an imperfect knowledge of English and but slight acquaintance with literary methods, we can but wonder all the more at the marvelous knowledge and erudition displayed in the *Secret Doctrine*. One who is wholly devoted to an unselfish work, and can command the infinite power of faith and trust, is able to exercise the faculties of the mind to their fullest capacity, and thus to achieve what to many appears 'miraculous.'

In the evenings H. P. Blavatsky held receptions and was visited by interested and earnest inquirers of every class, including many eminent persons. In these gatherings her energy of temperament, vivacity of manner, wide culture, and great social gifts, made her the soul of the conversation, in which she spoke fluently in English, French, or Russian, as occasion demanded. The writer had the privilege of reading the *Voice of the Silence* in her original manuscript, which one evening was placed in his hands by its author for his perusal.

It was in 1888 that H. P. Blavatsky, acting on a suggestion from William Q. Judge (her most valued pupil, the Leader of the Theosophical Society in America, and afterwards her successor), founded the Esoteric School of Theosophy, for the more intimate instruction of such pupils as were willing to devote themselves more thoroughly to the work of Theosophy.

Although inquirers were for the most part attracted by curiosity, intellectual interest, or some form of personal ambition; and although the Teacher, in pursuance of a necessary policy, scattered liberally the seeds of knowledge intrusted to her, yet she was ever on the watch for the signs of a truer devotion to an unselfish cause. And when even the smallest of such signs was manifested, she was prompt to meet it with the offer of her services as a Teacher of the wisdom that leads to emancipation from illusion and the snares of self. Such pupils discovered that the mission of Theosophy is not to satisfy intellectual curiosity or personal ambition, or to form a mere coterie of students or a religious sect or a mystic fraternity, but to accomplish a great work for humanity.

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The title which she chose for her magazine — *Lucifer* — excited considerable comment, as it was expected to do; for it was a challenge. *Lucifer* means 'Light-Bringer'; its planetary emblem is the morning star which heralds the birth of day; in mythology *Lucifer* is the divinity that ministers between Olympus and earth. Like Prometheus he stands for the higher aspect of the human mind, which receives light from the divine source in human nature and transmits it to the understanding. But by some perversion the name had come to denote a devil, a fallen angel; and this perversion in nomenclature was regarded by H. P. Blavatsky as the symbol of a similar perversion in theological notions. Why should the Light-Bringer be regarded as a rebel angel, or why should the beneficent trials of initiation be misrepresented by the word 'temptation'? Man has not to fear the light of knowledge; he has only to separate knowledge from delusion, and then it becomes a lamp unto his feet. So she named her magazine *Lucifer*, the Light-Bringer, as a sign that Theosophy challenged all obscurantism and dogma and bigotry.

It is truly a most remarkable fact — one that defies adequate realization, as memory recalls the details — that there should be such a personality, with such a mission, in the heart of a monstrous wilderness of city, the very ultimate manifestation of modern materialistic civilization; and the sense of contrast strikes the mind forcibly, as one remembers that tiny oasis in the midst of the smoke and grime of that teeming desert. It is truly remarkable that a human life should contain such a marvelous incident as the contact with this great teacher and the privilege of being her pupil. Personality is a marvelous little thing, but the Teacher showed us that it no more makes the man than do his clothes. She set our feet on the path to a greater self-realization.

Thus one may be said to have been present at the making of history, for this time will reckon as an era in our future retrospect.

The keynote of H. P. Blavatsky's earlier life was a determined resolve to discover reality in a world where all seemed to be sham and doubt. We hear people today despairing whether truth can ever be found, or even whether there is such a thing as truth at all — so disheartened and confused have they become. But it can be found by those who love it enough to dare for it. Our task is not so hard, for the pioneer has blazed the track before our feet. We have found, in the intimate study of life, in ourselves and others, a verification of the grand old truths of Theosophy which she reintroduced to the world; and whatever tribulation we may encounter in our pilgrimage through the valleys of delusion, we never lose sight of the faith in an inviolable Law of Justice at the root of all life.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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

XIII: MANG THE PHILOSOPHER, AND BUTTERFLY CHWANG

LIEHTSE'S tale of the Dream and the Deer leads me naturally to this characteristic bit from Chwangtse:—*

“Once upon a time, I, Chwangtse, dreamed I was a butterfly fluttering hither and thither; to all intents and purposes a veritable butterfly. I followed my butterfly fancies, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly I awoke, and there I lay, a man again. Now how am I to know whether I was then Chwangtse dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am Chwang?”

— For which reason he is, says Dr. Giles, known to this day as “Butterfly Chwang”; and the name is not all inappropriate. He flits from fun to philosophy, and from philosophy to fun, as if they were dark rose and laughing pansy; when he has you in the gravest depths of wisdom and metaphysic, he will not be content till with a flirt of his wings and an aspect gravely solemn he has you in fits of laughter again. His is really a book that belongs to world-literature: as good reading for us now, as for any ancient Chinaman of them all. I think he worked more strenuously in the field of sheer intellect — stirred the thought-stuff more — than most other Chinese thinkers,— and so is more akin to the Western mind: he carves his cerebrations more definitely, and leaves less to the intuition. The great lack in him is his failure to appreciate Confucius; and to explain that, before I go further with Butterfly Chwang, I shall take a glance at the times he lived in.

They were out of joint when Confucius came; they were a couple of centuries more so now. Still more was the Tiger stalking abroad: there were two or three tigers in particular, among the Great Powers, evidently crouching for a spring — that should settle things. Time was building the funeral pyre for the Phoenix, and building it of the débris of ruined worlds. In the early sixth century, the best minds were retiring in disgust to the wilds; — you remember the anchorite's rebuke to Tse Lu. But now they were all coming from their retirement — the most active minds, whether the best or not — to shout their nostrums and

*Which, like nearly all the other passages from him in this lecture, is quoted from Dr. H. A. Giles's *Chinese Literature*. in the Literatures of the World series; New York, Appleton.

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make confusion worse confounded. All sorts of socialisms were in the air, raucously bellowed by would-be reformers. A "loud barbarian from the south" (as Mencius called him — I do not know who he was) was proclaiming that property should be abolished, and all goods held in common. One Yang Chu was yelling universal egoism: "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Against him, one Mo Ti had been preaching universal altruism;— but I judge, not too sensibly, and without appeal to philosophy or mysticism. Thought of all kinds was in a ferment, and the world filled with the confused noise of its expression; clear voices were needed, to restate the message of the Teachers of old.

Then Mencius arose to speak for Confucius in this China so much further progressed along the Gadarene Road. A strong and brilliant man, he took the field strongly and brilliantly, and filled the courts of dukes and kings with a roll of Confucian drums. Confucius, as I have tried to show you, had all Mysticism divinely behind and backing him, though he said little about it; Mencius, I think, had none. Mencius remade a Confucius of his own, with the mystical elements lacking. He saw in him only a social reformer and teacher of ethics; and it is the easiest thing in the world to see Confucius only through Mencian spectacles.

I would not fall into the mistake of undervaluing Mencius. He was a very great man; and the work he did for China was enormous, and indispensable. You may call him something between the St. Paul and the Constantine of Confucianism. Unlike Constantine, he was not a sovereign, to establish the system; but he hobnobbed with sovereigns, and never allowed them to think him their inferior; and it was he who made of Confucianism a system that could be established. Unlike St. Paul, he did not develop the inner side of his Master's teachings; but he so popularized them as to ensure their triumph. He took the ideas of Confucius, such of them as lay within his own statesmanlike and practical scope of vision, restated and formulated them, and made of them what became the Chinese Constitution. A brave and honest thinker, essentially a man of action in thought, he never consciously deteriorated or took away from Confucius' doctrine. It is more as if some great President or Prime Minister, at some future time, should suddenly perceive that H. P. Blavatsky had brought that which would save his nation; and proceed to apply that saving thing, as best he might, in the field of practical politics and reform — or rather to restate it in such a way that (according to his view) it might be applied.

He put the constituent parts of society in order of importance as follows: the People; the Gods; the Sovereign: and this has been a cardinal principle in Chinese polity. He saw clearly that the Chow

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dynasty could never be revived; and arrived at the conclusion that a dynasty was only sacred while it retained the "mandate of Heaven." Chow had lost that; and therefore it was within the rights of Heaven, as you may say, to place its mandate elsewhere;— and within the rights of the subject — as the logic of events so clearly proved Chow had lost the mandate — to rebel. Confucius had hoped to revivify Chow — had begun with that hope, at any rate; Mencius hoped to raise up some efficient sovereign who should overturn Chow. The Right of Rebellion, thus taught by him, is another fundamental Chinese principle. It works this way: if there was discontent, there was misrule; and it was the fault of the ruler. If the latter was a local magistrate, or a governor, prefect, or viceroy, you had but to make a demonstration, normally speaking, before his yamen: this was technically a 'rebellion' within Mencius' meaning: and the offending authority must report it to Peking, which then commonly replaced him with another. (It would get to Peking's ears anyway; so you had better — and usually did — report it yourself.) If the offender was the Son of Heaven, with all his dynasty involved — why, then one had to rebel in good earnest; and it was to be supposed that if Heaven had really given one a mandate, one would win. The effect was that, although nominally absolute, very few emperors have dared or cared to fly quite in the face of Confucius, of Mencius, of their religio-political system, of the Board of Censors whose business it was to criticize the Throne, and of a vast public opinion.

There was the tradition an emperor ruled for the people. The office of ruler was divine; the man that held it was kept an impersonality as much as possible. He changed his name on coming to the throne, and perhaps several times afterwards: thus we speak of the great Emperors Han Wuti and Tang Taitson; who might, however, be called more exactly, Liu Ch'e, who was emperor during the period *Wuti* of the Han Dynasty; Li Shihmin, who filled the throne during the T'ang period called *Taitson*. Again, there was the great idea, Confucio-Mencian, that the Son of Heaven must be 'compliant': leading rather than driving. He promulgated edicts, but they were never rigidly enforced; a certain voluntaryism was allowed as to the carrying out of them: if one of them was found unsuccessful, or not to command popular approval, another could be — and was — issued to modify or change it. So that the whole system was far removed from what we think of as an 'Oriental Despotism'; on the contrary, there was always a large measure of freedom and self-government. You began with the family: the head of that was its ruler, and responsible for order in his little realm. But he governed by consent and affection, not by force. Each village-community was self-governing; the headman in it taking the place of the father in the

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family; he was responsible for order, so it was his business to keep the people happy;— and the same principle was extended to fit the province, the viceroyalty, the empire. Further, there was the absence of any aristocracy or privileged class; and the fact that all offices were open to all Chinamen (actors excepted) — the sole key to open it being merit, as attested by competitive examinations.

The system is Mencian; the inspiration behind it from Confucius. It is the former's working out of the latter's superb idea of the *li*.

The Mencian system has broken down, and been abolished. It had grown old, outworn and corrupt. But it was established a couple of centuries before that of Augustus, and has been subject to the same stress of time and the cycles; and only broke down the other day. Time will wear out anything made by man. There is no garment, but the body will out-grow or out-wear it; no body, but the soul will outlive it and cast it away. Mencius, inspired by his Master Confucius, projected a system that time took two thousand years and more to wear out in China. It was one that did much or everything to shield the people from tyranny. Whether a better system has been devised, I do not know; but should say not — in historical times. As to the inspiration behind it — well, lest you should doubt the value of Confucius, compare the history of Europe with that of China. We have disproportioned ideas, and do not see these things straight. The Chinese Empire was founded some two centuries before the Roman: both composed of heterogeneous elements. Both, after about four centuries, fell; but China, after about four centuries more, came together and was great again. Fifteen hundred years after Ts'in Shi Hwangti had founded China, her manvantara then having ended, and her whole creative cycle run through, she fell to the Mongols. Fifteen hundred years after Julius Caesar had founded his empire, the last wretched remnant of it fell to the Turks. But China first compelled her conquerors to behave like Chinamen, and then, after a century, turned them out. The Turks never became Greek or Roman, and so far have not quite been turned out. The Roman Empire disappeared, and never reunited; — that is what has been the matter with Europe ever since. Europe, in her manvantara, has wasted three parts of her creative force in wars and disunion. But China, even in her pralaya, became a strong, united power again under the Mings (1368-1644) — the first of them — a native dynasty. Conquered again, now by the Manchus, she made her conquerors behave like Chinamen,— imposed on them her culture;— and went forth under their banners to conquer. The European pralaya (630-1240) was a time barren of creation in art and literature, and in life utterly squalid and lightless. The Chinese pralaya, after the Mongol

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Conquest, took a very long time to sink into squalidity. The arts, which had died in Europe long before Rome fell, lived on in China, though with ever-waning energy, through the Mongol and well into the Ming time: the national stability, the force of custom, was there to carry them on. What light, what life, what vigor was there in Rome or Constantinople a century and a half after Alaric or Heraclius? But Ming Yunglo, a century and a half after the fall of Sung, reigned in great splendor; sent his armies conquering to the Caspian, and his navies to the conquest of Ceylon, the discovery of Africa, the gathering in of the tribute of the Archipelago and the shores of the Indian Ocean. Until the end of the eighteenth century the minor arts and crafts — pottery and bronzes — of which there was nothing to speak of in Europe in the corresponding European age — were flourishing wonderfully; and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, under Kanghi and Kienlung, China was once more a great military power. She chased and whipped the Goorkhas down through the Himâlayas and into India, only twenty years before England fought difficult and doubtful campaigns with those fierce little mountaineers. You may even say she has been better off in her pralaya, in many ways, and until recently, than most of Europe has been in most of *her* manvantara. In Kienlung's reign, for example, (1735-1795) there were higher standards of life, more security, law, and order, than in the Europe of Catherine of Russia, Frederick the Great, Louis XV and the Revolution, and the English Georges. There was far less ferment of the Spirit, true; less possibility of progress; — but that is merely to say that China was in pralaya, Europe in high manvantara. The explanation is that a stability had been imparted to that Far Eastern civilization, which Europe has lacked altogether: whose history, for all its splendid high-lights, has had thousands of hideous shadows; has not been so noble a thing as we tacitly and complacently assume; but a long record of wars, confusions, disorder, and cruelties, with only dawning now the possibility of that union which is the first condition of true progress, as distinguished from the riot of material inventions and political experiments that has gone by that name. — But now, back to Mencius again.

In all things he tried to follow Confucius; beginning early by being born in the latter's own district of Tsow in Shantung, and having a woman in ten thousand for his mother;— she has been the model held up to all Chinese mothers since. He grew up strong in body and mind, thoughtful and fearless; a tireless student of history, poetry, national institutions, and the lives of great men. Like Confucius, he opened a school, and gathered disciples about him; but there was never the bond of love here, that there had been between Confucius and Tse Lu, Yen Huy,

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and the others. These may have heard from their Master the pure deep things of Theosophy; one would venture the statement that none of Mencius' following heard the like from him. He saw in Confucius that which he himself was fitted to be, and set out to become. He went from court to court, and everywhere, as a great scholar, was received with honor. (You will note as one more proof of an immemorial culture, that then, as now, the scholar, as such, was at the very top of the social scale. There was but one word for *scholar* and *official*.) -- He proposed, like Confucius, that some king should make him his minister; and like Confucius, he was always disappointed. But in him we come on none of the soft lights and tones that endear Confucius to us; he fell far short of being Such a One. A clear, bold mind, without *atmosphere*, with all its lines sharply defined . . . he made free to lecture the great ones of the earth, and was very round with them, even ridiculing them at his pleasure. He held the field for Confucius -- not the Taoist, but the Mencian Confucius -- against all comers; smote Yang Chu the Egotist hip and thigh; smote gentle Mo Ti, the Altruist; preached fine and practical ethics; and had no patience with those dreamers of the House of Laotse. -- A man sent from the Gods, I should say, to do a great work; even though --

And then there was that dreamer of dreams, of Butterfly dreams, -- subtle mystical humorous Chwangtse: how could it be otherwise than that clear-minded clarion-throated Philosopher Mang should afford him excellent play? Philosopher Mang (Philosopher of the Second Class, so officially entitled), in the name of his Master K'ung Ch'iu, fell foul of Dreamer Chwang; how could it be otherwise than that Dreamer Chwang should aim his shafts, not at Mang merely, but (alas!) at the one whose name was always on Mang's lips? -- "Confucius says, Confucius says, Confucius says --" cries Philosopher Mang. -- "Oh hang your Confucius!" thinks Chwang the Mystic; "let us have a little of the silence and splendor of the Within!" (Well, Confucius would have said the same thing, I think.) "Let me tell you a tale," says Chwang; and straight goes forward with it.

"It was the time of the autumn floods. Every stream poured into the river, which swelled in its turbid course. The banks were so far apart that from one to the other you could not tell a cow from a horse.

"Then the Spirit of the River laughed for joy that all the beauty of the earth was gathered to himself. Down with the current he journeyed east, until he reached the Ocean. There looking eastward, and seeing no limit to its expanse of waves, his countenance changed. As he gazed out, he sighed, and said to the Spirit of the Ocean: 'A vulgar proverb

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says that he who has heard but a part of the truth thinks no one equal to himself. Such a one am I.

“ ‘When formerly I heard people detracting from the learning of Confucius, or underrating the heroism of Po I, I did not believe. But now that I have looked on your inexhaustibility — alas for me had I not reached your abode! I should have been forever a laughing-stock to those of comprehensive enlightenment.’

“To which the Spirit of the Ocean answered: ‘You cannot speak of ocean to a well-frog,— the creature of a narrower sphere. You cannot speak of ice to a summer insect,— the creature of a season. You cannot speak of Tao to a pedant; his scope is too restricted. But now that you have emerged from your narrow sphere, and have seen the great sea, you know your own insignificance, and I can speak of great principles.

“ ‘Have you never heard of the Frog of the Old Well? The Frog said to the Turtle of the Eastern Sea, “Happy indeed am I! I hop on the rail around the well. I rest in the hollow of some broken brick. Swimming, I gather the water under my arms and shut my mouth tight. I plunge into the mud, burying my feet and toes. Not one of the cockles, crabs, or tadpoles I see around me is my match. Why do you not come, Sir, and pay me a visit?”

“ ‘Now the Turtle of the Eastern Sea had not got its left leg down ere its right leg had stuck fast, so it shrank back and begged to be excused. It then described the sea, saying, “A thousand leagues would not measure its breadth, nor a thousand fathoms its depth. In the days of Yü the Great there were nine years of flood out of ten; but this did not add to its contents. In the days of T’ang there were seven years of drought out of eight, but this did not narrow its span. Not to be affected by volume of water, not to be affected by duration of time — this is the happiness of the Eastern Sea.” At this the Frog of the Old Well was considerably astonished, and knew not what to say next. And for one whose knowledge does not reach to the positive-negative domain the attempt to understand me is like a mosquito trying to carry a mountain, or an ant to swim the Yellow River,— they cannot succeed.’ ”

If Chwangtse had lived before Mencius, or Mencius after Chwangtse, Chwangtse could have afforded to see Confucius in his true light, as Liehtse did; but the power and influence of the mind of Mencius were such that in his time there was no looking at the Master except through his glasses. We do not know what happened when Laotse and Confucius met; but I suspect it was very like what happened when Mr. Judge met Madame Blavatsky. But Butterfly Chwang, the rascal, undertook to let us know; and wrote it out in full. He knew well enough what would happen if he met Mencius; and took that as his model. He wanted

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Mencius to know it too. He itched to say to him, "Put away, Sir, your flashy airs," and the rest; and so made Laotse say it to Confucius. It shows how large Philosopher Mang had come to loom, that anyone could attribute "flashy airs" to that great-hearted simple Gentleman K'ung Ch'iu. One thing only I believe in about that interview: Confucius' reputed speech on coming forth from it to his disciples:—"There is the Dragon: I do not know how he mounts upon the wind and rises above the clouds. Today I have seen Laotse, and can only compare him to the Dragon." He *would have said* that; it has definite meaning; the Dragon was the symbol of the Spirit, and so universally recognised. — Confucius appears to have taken none of his disciples into the Library; and Confucianist writers have had nothing to say about the incident, except that it occurred, I believe. Chwangtse, and all Taoist writers after him, show Confucius taking his rating very quietly;—as indeed, he would have done, had Laotse been in a mood for quizzing. For Confucius never argued or pressed his opinions; where his words were not asked for and listened to, he retired. But it is not possible the recognition should have been other than mutual: the great Laotse would have known a Man when he saw him. I like the young imperturbable K'ung Jung, precocious ten-year-old of some seven centuries later. His father took him up to the capital when the Dragon Statesman Li Ying was at the height of his power; and the boy determined on gaining an interview with Li. He got admission to the latter's house by claiming blood-relationship. Asked by the great man wherein it lay, says he very sweetly: "Your ancestor Laotse and my ancestor Confucius were friends engaged in the search for truth; may we not then be said to be of the same family?" — "Cleverness in youth," sneered a bystander, "does not mean brilliancy in later life." — "You, Sir," says Ten-years-old, turning to him, "must have been a very remarkable boy." *

The truth is, both Mencius and Chwangtse stood a step lower and nearer this world than had the two they followed: whose station had been on the level platform at the top of the altar. But Mencius descending had gone eastward; Chwangtse towards the west.

He was all for getting at the Mean, the Absolute Life, beyond the pairs of opposites;—which is, indeed, the central Chinese thought, Confucian or Taoist, the *raison d'être* of Chinese longevity, and the saving health of China. But unfortunately he — Chwangtse — did not see that his own opposite, Philosopher Mang, was driving him an inch or two away from the Middle Line. So, with a more brilliant mind (a cant phrase that!) he stands well below Laotse; just as Mencius stands

*Giles: *Chinese Literature*.

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below K'ung Ch'iu. The spiritual down-breathing had reached a lower plane: soon the manvantara was to begin, and the Crest-Wave to be among the Black-haired People. For all these Teachers and Half-Teachers were but early swallows and forerunners. Laotse and Confucius had caught the wind at its rising, on the peaks where they stood very near the Spirit; Chwangtse and Mangtse caught it in the region of the intellect: the former in his wild valley, the latter on his level prosaic plain. They are both called more daring thinkers than their predecessors; which is merely to say that in them the Spirit figured more on the intellectual, less on its own plane. They were lesser men, of course. Mencius had lost Confucius' spirituality; Chwangtse, I think, something of the sweet sanctifying influence of Laotse's universal compassion.

Well, now: three little tales from Chwangtse, to illustrate his wit and daring; and after that, to the grand idea he bequeathed to China.

"Chwangtse one day saw an empty skull, bleached, but still preserving its shape. Striking it with his riding-whip, he said: 'Wast thou once some ambitious citizen whose inordinate yearnings brought him to this pass? - some statesman who plunged his country in ruin, and perished in the fray? — some wretch who left behind him a legacy of shame? — some beggar who died in the pangs of hunger and cold? Or didst thou reach this state by the natural course of old age?'

"He took the skull home, and slept that night with it under his head for a pillow, and dreamed. The skull appeared to him in his dream, and said: 'You speak well, Sir; but all you say has reference to the life of mortals, and to mortal troubles. In death there are none of these things. Would you like to hear about death?'

"Chwangtse answered that he would, and the skull went on:—'In death there is no sovereign above nor subject below. The workings of the four seasons are unknown. Our existences are bounded only by eternity. The happiness of a king among men cannot exceed that which we enjoy.'

"Chwangtse, however, was not convinced, and said: 'Were I to prevail upon God to let your body be born again, and your bones and flesh be renewed, so that you could return to your parents, to your wife and to the friends of your youth — would you be willing?'

"At this the skull opened its eyes wide and knitted its brows and said: 'How should I cast aside happiness greater than that of a king, and mingle once again in the toils and troubles of mortality?'

Here is the famous tale of the Grand Augur and the Pigs:—

"The Grand Augur, in his ceremonial robes, approached the shambles and thus addressed the Pigs:—

"'Why,' said he, 'should you object to die? I shall fatten you for

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three months. I shall discipline myself for ten days and fast for three. I shall strew fine grass, and place you bodily upon a carved sacrificial dish. Does not this satisfy you?

“‘Yet perhaps after all,’ he continued, speaking from the pigs’ point of view, ‘it is better to live on bran and escape the shambles. . . .’

“‘No,’ said he; speaking from his own point of view again. ‘To enjoy honor when alive one would readily die on a war-shield or in the headsman’s basket.’

“So he rejected the pigs’ point of view and clung to his own. In what sense, then, was he different from the pigs?”

— And here, the still more famous tale of the Sacred Tortoise:—

“Chwangtse was fishing in the River P’u when the Prince of Ch’u sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration.

“Chwangtse went on fishing, and without turning his head said: ‘I have heard that in Ch’u there is a sacred tortoise which has been dead now some three thousand years. And that the prince keeps this tortoise carefully enclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now if this tortoise had its choice, which would it prefer: to be dead, and have its remains venerated; or to be alive, and wagging its tail in the mud?’

— “‘Sir,’ replied the two officials, ‘it would rather be alive, and wagging its tail in the mud.’

— “‘Begone!’ cried Chwangtse. ‘I too will wag my tail in the mud!’ ”

Well; so much for *Butterfly*; now for *Chwang* — and to introduce you to some of his real thought and teaching. You will not have shot so wide of the mark as to see in his story of the skull traces of pessimism: Chwangtse had none of it; he was a very happy fellow: like the policeman in the poem,

“a merry genial wag
Who loved a mad conceit.”

But he was by all means and anyhow for preaching the Inner as against the outer. Yet he did not dismiss this world, either, as a vain delusion and sorrowful mockery;— the gist of his teaching is this: that men bear a false relation to the world; and he desired to teach the true relation. He loved the Universe, and had a sublime confidence in it as the embodiment and expression of Tao; and would apply this thought as a solvent to the one false thing in it: the human personality, with its heresy of separateness. Dissolve that,— and it is merely an idea: in the words of a modern philosopher, *all in the mind*,— and you have the one true elixir flowing in your veins, the universal harmony; are part of the solemn and glorious pageant of the years. The motions of

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the heavenly bodies, the sweetness of Spring and the wistfulness of Autumn, flaunting Summer and Winter's beauty of snow — all are parcel of yourself, and within the circle of your consciousness. Often he rises to a high poetic note;— it is largely the supreme beauty of his style which keeps his book, so thoroughly unorthodox, still alive and wagging its tail among his countrymen. Chwangtse will not help you through the examinations: but he is mighty good to read when your days of competing are over;— as I think it is Dr. Giles who says.

Like his contemporary Diogenes, he would have his dead body cast out to the vultures; but the spirit of his wish was by no means cynical. "When Chwangtse was about to die," he writes (anticipating things pleasantly), "his disciples expressed a wish to give him a splendid funeral. But he said: 'With heaven and earth for my coffin and shell, and the sun, moon, and stars for my burial regalia; with all creation to escort me to the grave — is not my funeral already prepared?'"

He speaks of the dangers of externalism, even in the pursuit of virtue; then says: "The man who has harmony within, though he sit motionless like the image of a dead man at a sacrifice, yet his Dragon Self will appear; though he be absorbed in silence, his thunder will be heard; the divine power in him will be at work, and heaven will follow it; while he abides in tranquillity and inaction, the myriads of things and beings will gather under his influence." — "Not to run counter to the natural bias of things," he says, "is to be perfect." It is by this running counter — going against the Law, following our personal desires and so forth,— that we create karma,— give the Universe something to readjust,— and set in motion all our troubles. "He who fully understands this, by storing it within enlarges the heart, and with this enlargement brings all creation to himself. Such a man will bury gold on the hillside, and cast pearls into the sea." — Sink a plummet into that, I beseech you; it is one of the grand utterances of wonder and wisdom. — "He will not struggle for wealth or strive for fame; rejoice over longevity, or grieve at an early death. He will get no elation from success, nor chagrin from failure; he will not account the throne his private gain, nor look on the empire of the world as glory personal. His glory is to know that all things are one, and life and death but phases of the same existence."

Why call that about burying gold and casting pearls into the sea one of the supreme utterances? — Well; Chwangtse has a way of putting a whole essay into a sentence; this is a case in point. We have discussed Natural Magic together many times; we know how the ultimate beauty occurs when something human has flowed out into Nature, and left its mysterious trace there, upon the mountains, or by the river-brink,

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“By pavéd fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beachéd margent of the sea.”

Tu Fu saw in the blues and purples of the morning-glory the colors of the silken garments of the lost poet Ssema Hsiangju, of a thousand years before — that is, of the silken garments of his rich emotion and adventures. China somehow has understood this deep connexion between man and Nature; and that it is human thought molds the beauty and richness, or hideousness and sterility of the world. Are the mountains noble? They store the grandeur and aspirations of eighteen millions of years of mankind. Are the deserts desolate and terrible? It was man made the deserts: not with his hands, but with his thought. Man is the fine workshop and careful laboratory wherein Nature prepares the most wonderful of her wonders. It is an instinct for this truth that makes Chinese poetry the marvel that it is. — So the man of Tao is enriching the natural world: filling the hills with gold, putting pearls in the sea.

I do not know where there is a more pregnant passage than this following,— a better acid (of words) to corrode the desperate metal of selfhood; listen well, for each clause is a volume. “Can one get Tao to possess it for one’s own?” asks Chwangtse; and answers himself thus: “Your very body is not your own; how then should Tao be? — If my body is not my own, whose is it, pray? — It is the delegated image of God. Your life is not your own; it is the delegated harmony of God. Your individuality is not your own; it is the delegated adaptability of God. Your posterity is not your own; it is the delegated exuviae of God. You move, but know not how; you are at rest, but know not why; you taste, but know not the cause; these are the operations of universal law. How then should you get Tao so as to possess it for your own?”

Now then, I want to take one of those clauses, and try to see what Chwangtse really meant by it. “Your individuality is not your own, but the delegated adaptability of God.” — There is a certain position in the Scheme of Things Entire,— a point, with a relation of its own to the rest of the Scheme, to the Universe;— as the red line has a relation of its own to the rest of the spectrum and the ray of light as a whole. . . . From that point, from that position, there is a work to be done, which can be done from no other. The Lonely Eternal looks out through these eyes, because it must see all things; and there are things no eyes can see but these, no other hands do. This point is an infinitesimal part of the Whole; but without its full and proper functioning, the Whole falls short in that much:— because of your or my petty omissions, the Universe limps and goes lame. — Into this position, as into all others impartially, the One Life which is Tao flows, adapting itself through

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aeons to the relations which that point bears to the Whole; and the result and the process of this adaptation is — your individuality or mine.

You are not the point, the position; because it is merely that which you hold and through which you function; it is yours, but not you. What then are *you*? That which occupies and adapts itself to the point? But that is Tao, the Universal. You can only say it is you, if from *you* you subtract all *you*-ness. Your individuality, then, is a temporary aspect of Tao in a certain relation to the totality of Tao, the One Thing which is the No Thing; -- or it is the "delegated adaptability of God."

How and wherein adaptable? -- The Infinite, occupying this position, has formed therein all sorts of attachments and dislikes; and each one of them hinders its adaptability. Your surroundings have reflected themselves on you; and the sum of the reflexions is your personality, — the little cage of I-am-ness from which it is so hard to escape. Every reflected image engraves itself on the stuff of yourself by the sensation of attachment or repulsion which it arouses. When it says, "The One becomes the Two" -- which is the way in one form or another all ancient philosophy sums up the beginning of things; — this is what is meant: the 'One' is Tao; the 'Two' is this conditioned world, whose nature and essence is to appear as pairs of opposites -- to be attractive, or to repel. The pigs' point of view was that it was better to live on bran and escape the shambles; the Grand Augur's, that the pomp and ceremony of the sacrifice, the public honor, ought more than to compensate them for the momentary inconvenience of being killed. Opposite ways of thinking; points of view: which cherishing, Grand Augur and pigs alike dwelt on the plane of externals; and so there was no real difference between them. When you stand for you, and I for myself, it is six of one and half a dozen of the other; but when either of us stands for That which is both of us, and all else, — then we touch reality; then there is no longer conflict, or opposites; no longer false appearances, — but the presence and cognition of the True.

Here let me note what seems to me a radical superiority in Chinese methods of thought. You may take the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, perhaps, as the highest expression of Aryan religio-philosophic thinking. There we have the Spirit, the One, shown as the Self of the Universe, but speaking through, and as, Krishna, a human personality. Heaven forbid that I should suggest there is anthropomorphism in this. Still, I think our finest mystical and poetic perceptions of the Light beyond all lights do tend to crystallize themselves into the shape of a *Being*; we do tend to symbolize and figure that Wonder as an Individuality in some indefinable splendid sort. Often you find real mystics, men who have seen with their own eyes so to say, talking about *God*, *the Lord*, *the Great King*, and what not of the like; and though you know perfectly well

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what they mean, there was yet that necessity on them to use those figures of speech. But in China, no. There, they begin from the opposite end. Neither in Laotse nor in Confucius, nor in their schools, can you find a trace of personalism. Gods many, yes; as reason and common sense declare; but nothing you can call a god is so ancient, constant, and eternal as Tao, "which would appear to have been before God." Go to their poets, and you find that the rage is all for Beauty as the light shining through things. The grass-blade and the mountain, the moonlit water and the peony, are lit from within and utterly adorable: not because God made them; not as reminding you of the Topmost of any Hierarchy of Being; but, if you really go to the bottom of it, because there is no personality in them,—and so nothing to hinder the eternal wonder, impersonal Tao, from shining through. — As if *we* came through our individuality to a conception of the Divine; but *they*, through a perception of the Divine, to a right understanding of their individuality. It amounts to the same thing in reality. The best of both perceive Truth. The worst of *us* fall into gross hideous anthropomorphism; the worst of them into superstitions of their own. — When one quotes Chwangtse as speaking of "the delegated adaptability of *God*," one must remember that one has to use some English word for his totally impersonal *Tao* or *Tien*, or even *Shangti*, or whatever it may be.

This Tao, you say, something far off,— a principle in philosophy or a metaphysical idea,— may be very nice to discuss in a lecture or write poetry about; but dear me! between whiles we have a great deal to do, and really — But no! it is actually, as Mohammed said, "nearer to thee than thy jugular vein." It is a simple adjustment of oneself to the Universe,— of which, after all, one cannot escape being a part; it is the attainment of a true relationship to the whole. What obscures and hinders that, is simply our human brain-mind consciousness. "Consider the lilies of the field," that attain a perfection of beauty. The thing that moves us, or ought to move us, in flowers, trees, seas and mountains, is this: that lacking this fretting, gnawing sense of I-am-ness, their emanations are pure Tao, and may reach us along the channel we call beauty: may flood our being through "the gateway of the eyes." Beauty is Tao made visible. The rose and the peony do not feel themselves 'I,' distinct from 'you' and the rest; they are in opposition to nothing; they do not fall in love, and have no aversions: they simply worship Heaven and are unanxious, and so beautiful. When we know this, we see what beauty means; and that it is not something we can afford to ignore and treat with stoic indifference or puritan dislike. It is Tao visible; I call every flower an avatar of God. Now you see how Taoism leads to poetry; is the philosophy of poetry; is indeed a *Poetics*, rather than a *Metaphysics*.

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Think of all the little jewels you know in Keats, in Shelley, or Wordsworth: the moments when the mists between those men and the Divine “defecated to a thin transparency”; — those were precisely the moments when the poets lost sight of their I-am-ness and entered into true relations with the Universe. A daffodil, every second of its life, holds within itself all the real things poets have ever said, or will ever say, about it; and can reach our souls directly with edicts from the Dragon Throne of the Eternal. — I watched the linarias yesterday, and their purple delicacy assured me that all the filth, all the falsehood and tragedy of the world, should pass and be blown away; that the garden was full of dancing fairies, joy moving them to their dancing; that it was my own fault if I could not see Apollo leaning down out of the Sun; and my own fatuity, and that alone, if I could not hear the Stars of Morning singing together, and all the Sons of God shouting for joy. And it was the truth they were telling: the plain, bald, naked truth; — they have never learned to lie, and do not know what it means. There is no sentimentalism in this; only science. We live in a Universe absolutely soaked through with God,— or with Poetry, which is perhaps a better name for It; a Universe peopled thick with Gods. But it is all very far from our common thoughts and conceptions; that is why it sounds to most people like sentimental nonsense and ‘poetry.’ No wonder Plato hated that word; — since it is made a hand-grenade, in the popular mind, to fling at every truth. And yet Poetry ‘gets in on us,’ too, occasionally, and accomplishes for

“the woods and waters wild”

the work they cannot do for themselves; — the work they cannot do, because we will not look at them, cannot see them, and have forgotten their ancient language, being too much immersed in a rubbishing gabble of our own.

What Taoism, and especially Chwangtse as I think, did for the Chinese was to publish the syntax and vocabulary of that ancient language; to make people understand how to take these grand protagonists of Tao; how to communicate familiarly with these selfless avatars of the Most High. Listen to this: the thought is close-packed, but I think you will follow it: —

“The true Sage rejects all distinctions of this and that,” that is to say, of subjective, or that which one perceives within one’s own mind and consciousness, and objective, or that which is perceived as existing outside of them; — he does not look upon the mountain or the daffodil as things different or apart from his own conscious being. “He takes his refuge in Tao, and places himself in subjective relations with all things”; he keeps

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the mountain within him; the scent of the daffodil, and her yellow candle-flame of beauty, are within the sphere and circle of himself;

“the little wave of Bressny goes stumbling through his soul.”

“Hence it is said”—this is Chwangtse again — “that there is nothing like the light of Nature.

“Only the truly intelligent understand this principle of the identity of things. They do not view things as apprehended by themselves, but transfer themselves into the position of the things viewed.” — And there, I may say, you have it: that last is the secret of the wonder-light in all Far Eastern Poetry and Art; more, it is the explanation of all poetry everywhere. It is the doctrine, the archeus, the *Open Sesame*, the thyme- and lavender- and sweetwilliam-breathed Secret Garden of this old wizardly Science of Song; — who would go in there, and have the dark and bright blossoms for his companions, let him understand this. For Poetry is the revelation of the Great Life beyond the little life of this human personality; to tap it, you must evict yourself from the personal self; “transfer yourself into the position of the things viewed,” and not see, but *be*, the little stumbling wave or the spray of plum-blossom, thinking its thoughts. — “Viewing things thus,” continues our Chwangtse, “you are able to comprehend and master them. So it is that to place oneself in inner relation with externals, without consciousness of their objectivity,— this is Tao. But to wear out one’s intellect in an obstinate adherence to the objectivity — the apartness — of things, not recognising that they are all one — this is called *Three in the Morning*. — ‘What do you mean by *Three in the Morning*?’ asked Tse Yu. — ‘A keeper of monkeys,’ Tse Chi replied, ‘said with regard to their daily ration of chestnuts that each monkey should have three in the morning and four at night. At this the monkeys were very angry; so he said that they might have four in the morning and three at night; whereat they were well pleased. The number of nuts was the same; but there was an adaptation to the feelings of those concerned.’ ” — Which, again, means simply that to follow Tao and dodge until it is altogether sloughed off the sense of separateness, is to follow the lines of least resistance.

All these ideas are a natural growth from the teachings of Laotse; but Butterfly Chwang, in working them out and stating them so brilliantly, did an inestimable service to the ages that were to come.

JEREMY TAYLOR AT GOLDEN GROVE

KENNETH MORRIS

BISHOP, of golden speech divine,
You for the flat Communion Wine,
Sipped sometime pagan Hippocrene
That fired the world to a druid sheen
For you, and made your words to be
All sunrise-strewn with druidry!

I love to think you used to rove
About the woods of Golden Grove,
(My Golden Grove!) and watched the sun
Rise o'er my Meusyddhirion
To gild the eastern hills with light,
And make your sermons golden bright.

I love to think your lark uprose
From fields wherethrough my Cennen flows,
And sang Welsh music o'er the vales
To flood your prose with the Soul of Wales;
And that you heard, at eventide,
Welsh fairies sing by Tywi side.

— By Tywi side, 'neath Dynefawr,
I think your rosebud came to flower,
And drew unusual sweetness there
From the rain-washed Llandeilo air,
All to perfume the language of
You, Golden-mouthed of Golden Grove!

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THE HIGHER SELF

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

ESORT to an interior source of power and comfort — this may be described as a sort of new gospel that is arising in our midst today. It is quite characteristic of the times in which we live: we meet it everywhere, now under one form, now under another. But in whatever form, the one principle is always the same — that there is a fount of power within us, back of our mind, a kind of superior self; and that we can learn to invoke this power, to tap this source, so as to secure increased strength and comfort. This description will probably be sufficient to enable the reader to identify the kind of schools of thought to which we are referring, without our having to be more particular; all searchers for truth must have come in contact with some one or more of such cults. And as this is such a marked sign of the times, it behooves us to take it into consideration and inquire as to its value and significance.

One very common criticism of this phase of thought is that it lacks the lofty enthusiasm, the moral idealism, the selfless devotion, so characteristic of all great religious movements. Its ideals, quite frankly proclaimed, are of a sort that has usually been considered quite inferior. Are they those of impersonal devotion to the cause of human welfare? Are they those of an arduous and unsparing quest for moral and spiritual perfection and the attainment of purity? Do its devotees set before themselves and preach to their followers a life of self-abnegation, or of charity, or of enthusiastic service? On the contrary, it must be confessed that the attainment of personal power and comfort is the great sheet-anchor, the very reason for existence, of these cults and schools; and the only distinction that can be made is between such as thinly disguise this fact and such as do not seem to consider any disguise necessary at all.

We have said that this is a sign of the times; but the times repeat themselves. A knowledge of history would prove that the same kind of thing has happened before. Our civilization has grown fat in material resources. It has lost faith in its own religion. It has come in contact, through conquest and travel, with older cultures. It has borrowed ideas from those older cultures. It has converted these borrowed ideas into a sort of dress for its own materialistic and pleasure-worshiping ideals. The ancient Romans grew fat in their own materialistic civilization. They came in contact with more ancient cultures. They borrowed the eastern gods and adapted the eastern cults to suit their own materialistic notions. Thus there were cults of Astarte, Isis, and many other names,

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shamefully desecrated from their original pure and lofty signification. What is the present movement but a revival of this old cycle?

Study the history of religions; you will find that a time always comes when a compromise is made between heaven and earth, between God and devil, between the spirit and the flesh. A complete somersault is often thrown. Christianity was once, we understand, a doctrine of resigning worldly possessions, a life of poverty and hardship, opposed to all material affluence and ostentation. Later on it became the very tabernacle and sacred banner of middle-class prosperity, and could in no wise be distinguished, by the unsophisticated foreign barbarian, from the materialistic and acquisitive civilization of which it was the emblem. This religion, carried to the heathen, brought with it the sword and strong drink. It was death to the natives. We had dethroned our original god from his seat in the temple and put in his place some other god, whose name was a good deal more like Mammon; and him we were blindly worshiping with the same rites as of yore.

Every movement in favor of light and truth is subject to two kinds of obstruction: direct opposition, and perversion. When direct opposition fails, then spurious imitations begin to appear. These imitations are of the nature of compromises between the spirit and the flesh. For the pure and lofty ideals of the original cult they substitute something 'easier,' something less exacting, something that will flatter the narrower and more sordid yearnings of our nature. Hence the meaning of all these present-day cults of comfort, of 'spiritual' consolation, of an interior source of power that can bestow personal graces or material prosperity or physical well-being or a complacent state of mind. It is not darkness that is the only enemy of light; there is also such a thing as moonlight, delusive and apt to be mistaken for sunlight by those who have never seen the latter.

All is not gold that glitters; nor is all sacred and beneficent that lies beyond the confines of our ordinary consciousness. If we are to go digging for latent powers and subconscious faculties beyond the mind, we may find other things in those mines besides the precious metal. Beyond the physical lies the psychic, but it is like an unknown sea to the unwary mariner who, leaving the shore, ventures upon it without a compass. Selfish desire is the great deluder of man; and if he is enthroned in the physical life, he is even more surely enthroned in the psychic, which is his very home. What guarantee is there that one who ventures into the psychic will escape the clutches of the enchantress? None, but on the contrary an assurance that he will be the more exposed to her wiles.

It may be futile to issue such words of warning to many people who have not yet had enough experience of life to have found out that the

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path of self-seeking is a path of woe and delusion. But there are other classes of people to whom our words will be useful. There are those who, seeking light with worthy motives, have never been attracted by the false lights and misrepresentations. These, when they hear what Theosophy really is, find what they want. But there are still others who, seeking light with worthy motives, have been misled into the blind-alleys, and into following will-o'-the-wisps, for want of knowing that there was anything else; and to these Theosophy, in its true and original form, is doubly welcome as an escape from the false and a finding of the true.

What the earnest truth-seeker wants is an escape from self, not an intensification of self. The ancient allegory narrates how Narcissus, stooping over a river, fell in love with his own image in the water. This seems an apt picture of the attitude of many of these schools of self-culture and metaphysics. They tell us to create in the mirror of our imagination a beautiful image of ourself, and to worship it, to fall in love with it. It is vanity in its real and essential character; it is self-love undiluted. How the Nymphs mourned for the deluded Narcissus, who had thus turned away to fall in love with — Narcissus!

The mind of man is indeed like one of those mythical heroes, hovering between the pure goddess of truth and the wiles of enchantresses. The mind of man is a prisoner, longing for truth and release, but always plagued by the importunate voices and caresses of a thousand attractions. What the light-seeker wants is to find a way of escape from this. Instead he is often offered a way of compounding with the enemy. It is the old mistake of trying to get rid of desire by satisfying it; a quest as vain as that of trying to put out a fire by feeding it.

We often hear it said of these cults that "they really do seem to have got hold of something, but what I can't swallow is their absurd teachings." The explanation of this is very simple: it is merely that, since what the cults have got hold of is a perversion, it requires a perverted philosophy to sustain it. It cannot stand the light. But contrast with this the teachings of Theosophy, and all is clear and consistent. Theosophy is one consistent whole, and there is no obscuration and strained logic, but plain common-sense and reason.

H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society, taught the ancient truth of the Higher Self within man. This was travestied into all the multifarious teachings about an inner self that gives material prosperity and comfort. In other words, for the real Higher Self was substituted the lower self, the personality in a new and attractive dress. The devotee is looking down, not up; and seeing his own image in the water. She taught the true and time-honored path of liberation, which consists in freeing the mind from its delusions created by constant yield-

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ing to the attractions of desire. She explained the real nature of man, showing the relations between his various natures, physical, psychic, mental, and spiritual. She emphasized the distinction between spiritual and psychic. This distinction is entirely ignored by the cults.

Theosophy — the true and original Theosophy of H. P. Blavatsky — does not inculcate any doctrine of self-gratification; does not flatter vanity by the promise of extraordinary powers; does not attract a crowd of ignorant, half-educated, and foolish people by weird and fantastic teachings and imaginary “Masters” and “Teachers” and “Christ.” Any reasonable person will see that all this is the mere dust thrown up around Theosophy by the force of its impact with the world; and such a person will insist upon knowing the original teachings. Theosophy does teach that there is a Higher Self; but that Higher Self is the center of all that is pure and unselfish in man. No ray of light from that Higher Self can feed our vanity or indulge our personal cravings in any way. If a man prays to God with a selfish desire in his heart, his prayer is answered (if at all) by the Tempter. For prayer is an invocation, and it goes to the place whither it is directed. If it is a selfish prayer, it goes no further than to the source of selfish desires in our nature; that is, it simply whips up the latent forces of desire; and, though it may bring results, these results are no more worthy and no more efficacious than the grasping of goods by any other means.

A real prayer, a pure invocation of the Light within, will bring spiritual help, not personal benefit. It will give the man strength to ease himself of some of the burden of his selfishness; it will send bright thoughts into his mind, that will enable him to make good resolves, and will dispel his illusions and make the path clearer before him.

It may be assumed that there are many people who have been taught by experience that the personality is not a thing to be worshiped and fallen in love with, but a great obstacle which they have gradually created in their path. We have our real life in association with others; the growth of personality tends to separate us and shut us up in a world of our own. This in time would become utterly unbearable. Theosophy can hold a man from falling in love with his own reflexion, and can help him to set his affections on something more worthy of his adoration.

Theosophy has been well described as sublimated common-sense, and there is nothing weird or fantastic about it. It inculcates a healthy and well-balanced life. Abnormal developments are an obstacle and may have to be got rid of before real progress can be made; and this is to be done by healthy outdoor work and occupation of the mind with simple duties, until the foundation is laid for a normal and well-balanced development.

A TALE OF CATHAY---THE TERRACE OF ENLIGHTENMENT

H. T. PATTERSON

IN the days when Cathay was young and strife and ill-will were not amongst men, there dwelt in Kiaya, in the province of Kai Hang Yang, that is a great province and good, an illiterate man, a cobbler, of the name of Wang Chuh. Spoken of was he, by his neighbors and by those others who knew him, as "poor Wang Chuh." Now be it known that Wang Chuh was not poor, but it were as if others, those who labored with their hands, were poor; for he was a good workman; honest was all the work that he did, good was the grass of which his shoes were made, good was the wood of the soles thereof, tightly drawn were the threads and firmly knotted were the ends of them. Therefore was his handicraft highly prized, and, therefore, never did he want for work, nor for the due wages thereof.

Wang Chuh was, withal, a modest man. Not greatly did he prize himself nor that which he did. Generous was he and freely gave of that which he had. He who came to his door an-hungered went not away unfilled. He who came shelterless went not away without a roof over his head for the night. Therefore did it come to pass, for this and on account of his great kindness and his unselfish virtues — ever forgetful of self, — and in that he esteemed others more highly than himself, and did rate their merit and their well-doing beyond their real value, and that his garments were forworn, that neighbors and other folk, those of them who knew him, spake of him, though in kindness, yet with depreciation, though they meant no discourtesy thereby, as "poor Wang Chuh."

When Wang Chuh was still young it did hap that there came to Kiaya, in the province of Kai Hang Yang, a rumor of 'The Terrace of Enlightenment,' and of the many and wondrous things thereon. By whom that rumor came did no one know, nor yet did they wit where that delectable land might be. But that it was a land of delight, delectable above all other lands, and hard withal to reach, was gainsaid by none. Some did aver that it was a place found in dreams; others, that it could be reached only after the body was laid in the tomb with the revered ancestors and the spirit had won to the home of them, and that it was in that land that 'The Terrace of Enlightenment' was to be found; still others declared that it was on the thither side of the great range, and that the way thereto was fell and beset with dangers. Thus did many contend, the one with the other, each intent only to show the correctness of his view and unheeding what others might vouch for.

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To all these herebefore spoken-of assertions "poor Wang Chuh" listened with humble respect. He wondered within himself where the so delectable abode might be, but hoped not to ever win thereto, being, as herebefore said, modest and prizing not at all his own worth. His heart was filled with sorrow for those who longed to reach that delectable habitation, yet he wist not whither to direct them. Moved by extreme pity and compassion, to whomsoever he did meet, after due salutation, taking the right hand of that one in his own right hand and respectfully placing it to his forehead, he spake reverently, saying, "Worshipful sir, you are on the road to 'The Terrace of Enlightenment.'" "

Now did the kindly folk of Kiaya, in the province of Kai Hang Yang, look wistfully upon their neighbor "poor Wang Chuh," for they did say, the one to the other, "Of a surety, in the night time, when the soul was away, perchance on the celestial lake in the far-off kingdom of Amítâbha, has some spirit possessed 'poor Wang Chuh.'" That which they said Wang Chuh heeded not, but ever went on his way, respectfully saluting, as aforesaid, all with whom he might meet, saying to each, "Worshipful sir, you are on the road to 'The Terrace of Enlightenment.'" Though all did smile at this, and though many, as aforesaid, did look wistfully upon "poor Wang Chuh," yet were they helped by the honorable salutation and the words spoken to them, either in their moments of despondency, or in their moments of levity when they heeded not the welfare of their own souls, or when anger was in their hearts and they were disposed to indulge in unkindly thought towards those against whom they were at outs. But those who selfishly sought to find the way, either by acting according to the books of the astronomers and in the planetary hours, or by making incantations, or by gathering charm-bearing herbs and, magically, making therewith philters by boiling in a cauldron of false fancies, were not helped.

In Kiaya, in the province of Kai Hang Yang, the years moved onward, as do years move onward in all lands, and in all times, so that Wang Chuh's hair grew white and his limbs lost their strength, until, at the last, he was borne to the tomb of his revered ancestors, and his honorable bones were laid therein, in the ancient sepulcher forby the honorable bones of those his revered ancestors. Sweet and peaceful was the smile on his face, noble the expression thereof, noble as it had ever been in life, albeit, when he still lived, was the nobility thereof not noticed, but it were by the few. Then was it known of all that he who had helped others on the way by his kindly words and his modest salutations, had preceded them and now awaited them on 'The Terrace of Enlightenment.' There does he still remain, until this day, lovingly calling, in a soft and low voice, for all to follow him to the blessed abode.

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R. MACHELL

CHAPTER I

HARLES APPLEBY sat alone in the luxurious library at Thorneycroft Abbey looking out over the well-kept lawn where old Watson the gardener was at work, as he had been for well-nigh half a century. And as he watched the old man among the rose-trees he almost envied him, wondering vaguely why he himself could find so little happiness in life.

Assuredly his lines were cast in pleasant places, and he was in no wise ungrateful; but a mild sense of gratitude to an unknown impersonal Providence is but a poor substitute for happiness. As a child he had accepted the joy of life just as he accepted the free use of the air he breathed: and even now he was inclined to look on happiness as a natural right of which he had been despoiled by destiny; but why?

He had been taught that happiness is the reward of virtue, and that unhappiness comes as a punishment for sin, but his experience had not confirmed this teaching, and he dismissed it, while looking elsewhere for a solution to the problem.

Fatalism had tempted him for a while until he fell to wondering who or what Fate might be. Was it a god? a devil? or a 'state of things'? The last seemed probable to him, for he was becoming pessimistic. But then he asked himself, "If Fate can arbitrarily interfere in my affairs to give me happiness, or to withhold it, how does it differ from the ordinary personal God, which the religious sects provide for their own justification and for the damnation of the rest?"

He found no answer to this question. Such a Deity was not acceptable to his reason; yet his imagination demanded some intelligent power pervading the universe, and whose will must be identical with law—neither the maker nor the slave of law, but Law itself. Yet he saw plainly that such an Intelligence must be beyond the comprehension of his intellect if it was to satisfy the demands of his imagination.

Fate was a name he gave to some other influence of a lower order, more intimately associated with mankind. It was, in fact, a kind of mental 'exit in case of emergency,' convenient upon occasion, but which, as a solution of the problem, was not one step in advance of the ordinary 'God-idea.' Some unknown power had placed him in the world with opportunities for enjoying life within his grasp, and with a craving for

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happiness in his heart that was not to be satisfied with luxury or mere material enjoyments.

Sometimes it seemed to him as if the ruling powers in the universe were malice and stupidity: and yet it was incredible that the whole world should be a stupid bungle and its Supreme Intelligence no better than a lunatic. Then he would grow impatient with the results of his own reasoning, and say, "Bah! I hate paradoxes," a conclusion that stamped him as a very poor philosopher.

To break the thread of such unpleasant speculations he rose and filled a pipe in an absent-minded manner. The match-box was empty: he tossed it in the wastepaper basket and looked for another. Not finding one he rang the bell. As it was not answered immediately he put down the pipe and picked up the book he had been reading, but found it as uninteresting as the empty match-box and tossed it aside. It was another disappointment. For consolation he went to the bookshelves and took down a volume of Shakespeare, saying to himself, "Old friends are best." Then he laughed sardonically. "Another paradox. We turn to the unknown in hope of finding satisfaction, and return to the well-known to find compensation for our disappointment."

He had not been reading long when the door opened and a servant appeared. "Did you ring, Sir?"

"No. Never mind. I have found what I wanted, thank you."

The servant withdrew, muttering to herself, "That's just like him, to call me from my dinner for nothing at all." But she smiled as she grumbled, for Master Charles, as they all called him behind his back, was very popular with his servants, even if he did sometimes ring the bell at inconvenient hours.

The pipe remained unlighted and unnoticed. Had he thought there were no matches within call, his need of a smoke would have seemed imperative, and he would perhaps have driven over to Easterby on purpose to get matches, and probably would have forgotten what it was he went for and would have returned quite contented without them; yet he believed that tobacco was necessary to the enjoyment of life. As it was, he sat reading till the bell rang for luncheon. Then he looked at the clock to see that the bell was punctual, and having satisfied himself that his housekeeper was attending to her duties, he turned again to his Shakespeare, and half an hour later sauntered out into the garden to see what old Watson was doing.

The gardener was smoking an after-dinner pipe, but put it in his pocket when the master came in sight, and made some show of sweeping up a few leaves that had fallen on the path. He gave no other sign of having seen anyone till he was accosted with the question, "Have you

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got a match, Watson?" He touched his cap, made a show of hunting in his pockets doubtfully for a stray match, and in due time produced one, lighted it by rubbing it in his usual manner upon his nether garment (it was before the day of matches which light only on the box) and offered the light discreetly shielded in the hollow of a horny hand.

Master Charles lit his pipe, and in return offered his pouch to the gardener, who however politely declined it. He only smoked black shag, and never that in the presence of his master. But he took the offer as an invitation to talk, and talk was dearer to him than tobacco.

"Them roses is not adoin' as well as they'd ought to," he said.

"Things never do," answered his master absently.

"Watson, why is it that we never get what we want in life, and never want what we get? Yet we hold on to what we have, and grab for more. I can't understand it."

"There's a deal of folks, Sir, as never gets within sight of what they want, and them as does holds on so tight to it, they get no pleasure of it. 'What's the use,' I says to 'em at times, 'of holding on so tight to what is made for passing round?'

Now there's old Dick Blatherby, who scrapes and saves, and pinches, to put money in the bank, and leaves his sister's childer without shoes and stockings to their feet —"

"Well, but," interrupted the other, "he does get enjoyment out of it, or he would not do it, would he?"

"Maybe not, Sir, but what's the good of it?"

"If it makes him happy —"

"Happy! Begging your pardon, Sir, it does not make him happy. That's just what I says to him. 'Dick,' I says, 'what's the use — ?'"

"And then," cut in the master, "those children are happy in their own way. What do they care for shoes and stockings? Would they be



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any happier if they were cleaned and dressed up and sent to school, and taught good manners? They are happier, as far as I can see, than any of the children in the village. Perhaps old Dick knows best after all. But he himself is certainly not a good specimen of happiness, if one may judge by appearances. Yet there are plenty of people who would like to get his money; no, I do not think old Dick is happy."

"Why, Master Charles, how can he be, living for nothing but to get money that he cannot or will not spend. A man that does not spend his money might as well not have it: not that he does have it neither, for the bank has it, or maybe the bank has not got it: banks do go broke at times, and then where are you? But when the money's spent, why then a man has had some use of it, and now some other man can have a chance to get some use of it and pass it round. There's sense in that. I says to him but yesterday, says I, 'Dick,' I says —"

Master Charles liked to hear the old man talk, but he always cut in when he saw a long story coming. There were flashes of wisdom in the gardener's conversation, but he was mostly unconscious of it; he prided himself upon his gift of narrative, which in itself was something miraculous, but was wholly devoid of those illuminating flashes of intuition that were so fascinating to Charles Appleby. So now he brought the orator back to the argument by saying, "But if the only happiness that money can buy is bought in the spending of it, why are not spendthrifts the happiest of men? yet they end miserably."

"That is because they waste. Wasting is not spending. That's what I says to my son James, I says —"

"Perhaps you're right. There surely is a right use and a wrong, for everything. I suppose there is a right way and a wrong for doing most things: and that means there is law and order in the universe. But how did it get there? And if it is there, why is there so much misery in the world? If there is a right way of doing things, it must be the natural way; and if so, why do we all do wrong instead of right, and do it as if it were natural? That is what I was asking: Why do we want the wrong things; or, if the things that come to us are natural and right, why are we not content? Watson, do you believe there is such a thing as happiness?"

The gardener took off his cap and twirled it slowly in his hands as he thoughtfully suggested, "They say there is happiness in heaven."

"Oh yes, I know," said Appleby impatiently, "in heaven; and where is that?"

"Why, Sir, I reckon it's where happiness is, in a man's heart: he can't be happy anywhere else. Heaven is maybe not so far away as parson thinks, nor hell neither, for that matter; and we don't have to

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die to get there neither. But there's a sight of folks as don't know whether they be in heaven or hell, and won't know when they die."

"Then what are they living for?" asked Appleby.

The old man looked round to see that no one else was within earshot and then answered solemnly, "Maybe they're not living; maybe it's all a dream to them. I think it is with most a good part of the time."

There was a moment's silence and the master looked up at the sky in a dreamy way as he asked half to himself, "And the awakening? What is the awakening? If life is all a dream, and death but a continuation of the dream, or perhaps a kind of nightmare, what is the waking state? When does a man awake? He must come to himself some time."

"I reckon you've spoke the word yourself, Sir. When a man comes to himself he's awake, and not till then."

Appleby laughed to himself and muttered, "The old story. 'Man, know thyself!'" Then aloud he said, "Watson, you are an old pagan: that's what you are: I shall report you to Mr. Mason and get him to ask for the prayers of the congregation on your behalf. Why, there he is. Shall I tell him what you were saying?"

"You'll do as you've a mind to, Sir. Maybe he can give a better answer nor I can. He's a man o' l'arning."

"By Jove! I've a great mind to try him. Hello Mason, glad to see you. How are you?"

They shook hands cordially and strolled back to the house together, leaving the gardener to his meditations and his work, if one could use the term for the light occupation he allowed himself when not superintending the under-gardeners at their labor.

The master of Thorneycroft and the vicar of Easterby were good friends, although they disagreed on almost every subject that they touched upon. The sight of the parson suggested entertainment, and Appleby asked, "Have you had luncheon? No? No more have I, now I think of it. Come in and we will see if the servants have cleared the things away yet."

Mr. Mason sincerely hoped they had not, for he knew that, if they had, his host was quite capable of forgetting to have the table laid again. But his fears were allayed when they reached the dining-room; and he did full (very full) justice to the excellent luncheon they found waiting for them. Cold grouse had a particular fascination for the reverend gentleman; and his friend enjoyed the keen appetite of his guest, though eating scarcely anything himself.

When at length the visitor reluctantly decided to put some restraint upon his appetite, the two men adjourned to the library to smoke, and

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the parson remembered the object of his call. "Appleby," he began rather pompously, "I want to ask your advice upon a rather delicate matter."

There was a pause while the visitor puffed nervously at his cigar and his host blew smoke-rings, wondering the while what kind of delicate subject was this matter. The parson plunged into his subject so suddenly as to make his friend start.

"Marriage is a serious matter," he said; and then paused again, but getting no help from his listener, he asked, "Have you ever realized how solemn a step it is?"

His host replied sententiously, "They say that 'Marriages are made in Heaven.'"

"Yes, doubtless; but their consummation is here on earth."

"And," added Appleby with something like a sneer, "their dissolution is in the divorce court. Eh?"

The parson suddenly remembered his 'cloth' and said with some austerity, "That which God hath joined, let not man put asunder."

To which the other replied in the same scoffing tone as before, "But that which man hath joined is apt to fall asunder of its own accord or disaccord, without the help or hindrance of God, as far as I can see. But no matter; you were saying —?"

Mr. Mason became confidential. "I wished to consult you upon a delicate matter. You know that I have some respect for your judgment, and really I am in considerable embarrassment as to what I ought to do."

Charles Appleby dropped his sardonic smile and became serious. He said nothing, but he wondered what kind of a tangle the good man had got into with his love affairs, which were as numerous as they were innocent and evanescent. The parson fidgeted uneasily in his chair, and said, "It is strange that you should have alluded to divorce."

"Why so?" asked Appleby. "You spoke of marriage, which is a necessary preliminary to divorce. My mind merely jumped to the second chapter of the story: why not? One ought to look ahead and be prepared, you know, for the inevitable."

Mr. Mason did not smile, but took up the point quite seriously. "In this case the inevitable, I mean the divorce, is not ahead but in the past."

"I see. Well, the divorce is in the past. Keep it there. The trouble is in the future; why not keep that there too?"

"Please be serious, and let me explain," pleaded the parson in a tone of evident distress.

Appleby laughed a little bitterly as he said, "I am more serious than you think. Well, never mind, old man, go ahead. I'm listening."

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Mr. Mason sat up and made a fresh start. "You know Mrs. Mathers who is living at Framley Chase?"

Appleby started slightly, and said indifferently, "Oh yes, I know Mrs. Mathers of Framley. Of course. She is well known — though, as you are aware, I generally avoid society as far as possible."

"Exactly. She is well known, and much admired, and I feel sure she deserves the admiration she receives: though I am afraid there is a prejudice against her in some quarters. She is a remarkable woman."

"Yes. She is certainly remarkable," said Appleby dryly; but Mr. Mason did not notice the tone in which the remark was made; he was too full of his subject, and went on with more decision:

"When she came to live at the Chase, of course I called on her, and have continued to do so ever since, though she did not come to church at Easterby. I fear that people have made remarks. That is natural in the country; it is impossible to escape gossip, and perhaps the purity of my intentions may have led me to disregard public opinion more than was wise for a man in my position. I took her for a widow. I understood her to be so; but she was always reticent about herself and never alluded to her family. No one seemed to know her history. Now I find that she is a divorced woman."

He paused dramatically as if he had announced the unveiling of some mysterious secret of the deepest interest; but his hearer made no observation and showed no surprise. So the narrator continued impressively: "The discovery was naturally very distressing, though I would not have you suppose that she deceived me at all intentionally. The mistake was entirely my own; and she was most frank in her explanation, when I ventured to question her quite delicately upon the matter. She made no concealment of the fact."

He looked at Appleby for some expression of his approval of such remarkable candor, but his host merely uttered the one word, interrogatively, "Indeed?"

Had the parson been less absorbed in his topic he must have noticed the sardonic expression of his friend's face and tone of voice, but he neither saw nor heard subtleties of the kind.

"I was interested in her," he explained, "but was really not curious about her past history, even when — when we became better acquainted. She is very entertaining, and I should say she must have a wide experience of life to be such a good judge of character — generally speaking —"

The hesitation was due to a sudden recollection that Mrs. Mathers had listened coldly to his rather enthusiastic praise of his friend, the master of Thorneycroft, whom she almost seemed to dislike, though they had so seldom met and were indeed hardly acquainted, so far as

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he knew. He concealed his embarrassment as well as he could, and continued in a more judicial tone: "Now whatever one's private opinion on the question of divorce may be, one cannot deny that a divorced woman in England is in a peculiar position, socially; and one could not blame her if she should try to establish herself upon a better footing, and make a respectable home for her daughter — she has a daughter, you know."

Appleby was listening intently now, and when his visitor paused, he asked, "Do you mean that she proposes to marry again?"

The clergyman was uneasy and answered indirectly, "Would you think it unnatural under the circumstances?"

"On the contrary," said Appleby, "I should think it most natural under the circumstances. But —"

He hesitated, and the parson answered what he supposed to be in the other's mind. "I think that women are sometimes too severely judged. Even if they have been driven to the very serious alternative of the divorce court, surely they should not be entirely condemned."

Appleby protested, "I am condemning no one. I would be the last to refuse any man or woman another chance, but it must not be at the expense of someone else."

"You mean the man? But men are generally supposed to be capable of taking care of themselves in such matters, are they not?"

"If they know all the facts, perhaps, yes; but —" Again he hesitated, and the parson helped him out with a suggestion.

"You think the man ought to be warned? A delicate task. But tell me, as a man of the world, what would you say to such a man in such a case?"

There was no hesitation in Appleby's tone as he answered: "I should say 'Don't!' emphatically, 'don't!'"

"Ah yes," sighed the kindly little clergyman. "I suppose that is what the average man of the world would say. Men are very hard on women."

"Hard?" answered Appleby bitterly. "It would be better for both sides if men were harder in the first instance. Then perhaps divorces would not be necessary. But a divorced woman—one that has been divorced I mean—carries a warning with her; and the man who would disregard it is beyond the reach of good advice. Well, he must learn his lesson for himself; he must gain his own experience, just as he must eat his own dinner for himself; no one can do it for him. Then if he eats too much, he will have the gout, and his children after him, according to the comforting assurance of the Bible."

The little parson drew himself up as well as he was able without actually leaving his comfortable armchair, and answered severely: "Ir-

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reverence is not wit. We all have our weaknesses, and a certain amount of charity to our neighbors is necessary if we are to make life easier for others, instead of sitting in judgment on those weaker than ourselves."

Appleby jumped up impetuously to apologize, saying in quite a different tone:

"Forgive me, my dear fellow, I forgot myself. I am ashamed: upon my word, I am ashamed. You know I am a bear, not fit for human intercourse. That is why I keep away from people and avoid society. Besides, marriage is a sore subject with me. I have seen some miserable samples, and now I hate to see a good man running his ship on the rocks deliberately. How can I help swearing at him? My profanity may be objectionable, but my motives are not ungenerous."

"I know it," answered the good-hearted parson, softened by his friend's evident sincerity. "I know your heart is pure gold, if your speech is sometimes very base metal. That is why I came to you for your advice, and that is why I venture to pursue the matter further, even though I see the subject is distasteful to you."

"Please do not think of that, my dear fellow; go ahead: but you must not expect me to accept Mrs. Mathers quite at your valuation, for I warn you I am prejudiced in that direction. Still if I can help you in any way, I shall be more than glad."

"Thank you, thank you. As to Mrs. Mathers, indeed I am sorry to find you prejudiced against her, because, between ourselves, your attitude seems to confirm some misgivings in my own mind."

"What?" cried his host, turning upon him in surprise. "You — ?"

"Yes. To speak plainly, I almost fear that she is not a woman to make a good man happy: but that is not quite the point. You see she is almost a parishioner. I really know nothing of her character; I have been received in her house most hospitably —"

The master of Thorneycroft smiled maliciously, as he interjected: "Yes! I have heard she has an excellent cook."

Mr. Mason blushed slightly at this direct reference to his besetting sin; but he continued as if he had not heard it. "She is very charitable to the poor. She really could be most useful in the parish. And now that she has asked me to marry her, I hardly know how to refuse. You see, she was married in America, and divorced there; and the whole affair is so unusual that I hardly know where I stand, although in any ordinary case my course would be quite clear."

Appleby sat staring at his visitor in amazement. "She asked you to marry her, and you would consent, although you have no confidence in her sincerity? Have you thought of the scandal it will create?"

"Have I thought of it? I was awake a great part of the night thinking

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of it, and now I am come to you in despair, for I am really worried about it. I never had such an experience before, and I sincerely hope it will not occur again."

"Occur again?" gasped Appleby. "Are you crazy? or am I mad? You who speak of marriage as an inviolable sacrament, propose to marry a divorced woman, and already contemplate a recurrence of the event. It is unbelievable."

"It is true," said the clergyman mildly. "My views are considered old-fashioned by some people. I do regard marriage as inviolable, and I cannot approve of divorce, though I may pity those who are driven to seek the dissolution of a bond that they no longer can believe sanctioned by a God of love. You said just now in jest, that marriages are made in Heaven, but I say in all solemnity, I verily believe that many of them are made in Hell. I know you will be shocked to hear a clergyman say such a thing, but I have seen such marriages, when I was a curate in London, as even Hell would not tolerate or condone. How can one think that they are blest by God? And yet I shrink from the divorce court, merciful as it may be at times. A vow can never be recalled. And yet — oh when I think of these things life seems unbearable. I am a simple man. I cannot grapple with great problems. These questions are beyond my grasp. I try to live my life honorably according to the canon of the Church and the dictates of my conscience, in charity to my neighbors. Why should I be placed in such a predicament? I think I should refuse. There really is no reason why they should be married here in the country, where people make so much talk about anything unusual. After all, she is not a parishioner of Easterby, and her intended is a Londoner. Why should they want to upset us all here, when it could be done in London without exciting comment or causing inconvenience to anyone? Do you not think I might refuse to officiate? Could I not honestly advise them to be married in London?"

Charles Appleby had fallen back limply in his chair and now was struggling with a fit of suppressed laughter that was fast getting beyond control. He managed to ejaculate a few words as he fled from the room, "Certainly. London: by all means. Most appropriate."

Closing the double-doors behind him he exploded in a fit of hysterical mirth that startled a housemaid in the hall and made her wonder if the master had been drinking again.

He quickly recovered himself, exclaiming, "What an ass I am! And yet that woman is capable of anything. Well, I am glad it is not Mason; he is too good for such a fate. How could I have believed it of him?"

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CHAPTER II

HARLES Appleby did not laugh, however, as he sat thinking over the interview that for a moment had seemed so ridiculous. His face was cold and hard, and there was an unpleasant sneer on his lip, which relaxed somewhat as a line he had been reading jumped into his mind. "Ye Gods, what fools these mortals be!" To which he added a commentary addressed to himself:

"Well, it seems there are more fools than you, Charles Appleby, in this world of rogues and imbeciles. Lawyers are usually more rogues than fools. I wonder 'what kind does this cock come of.' A lawyer, who cannot keep out of the trap of matrimony baited by a woman's beauty. A retired lawyer — a mitigated rogue, perhaps, turned fool. Well, what is it to me? Let him marry her and learn his lesson. It is never too late to learn; and he will learn, unless time has worked miracles.

"Why did she come down here to live? and why does she want to be married here? She is no fool: what was in her brain to come and settle within a few miles of me? Yes! — she is clever . . . she knows that she will be safer here than anywhere, because I shall not speak, and if anyone else should try to expose her she would calculate on my denying everything to protect myself from scandal. Yes, she is clever in her way; and I am but a fool. I always was. What a fool I was! How I loved her! and how I hated her! I could have killed her then — it did not seem as if it would be murder to strangle a soulless thing like that. But it goes against one's instinct to hurt a woman; and she had at least the form of a woman. Well, I am glad I let her live. What had she but life to live for, being without a soul? She dragged me down to hell, and I, poor fool, was out of my element and suffered there. Hellions no doubt are at home in their own element, and are presumably happy in hell.

"It may well be that hell is their 'land of heart's desire,' just as paradise is to a saint. There is an analogy between the two. They both are states of bliss: in the one there is the calm of absolute self-satisfaction, or satiety; and in the other the unending intoxication of insatiable desire — the positive and negative poles of ecstasy. I wonder which is worse. Bah! one is as bad as the other, and both are dreams. Perhaps old Watson is right, and heaven and hell are in the heart. Hell is, at any rate. I can testify to that, and Heaven may be there too, for aught I know, but I have not found it yet."

He rose and went to the window, which was still open; the sun was almost down, and the air was heavy with the perfume of syringa drawn out by the sun and still left floating in the damp air. Its sweetness almost nauseated him, and he closed the window in disgust, as if he

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would shut out some evil influence that was trying to creep in upon him. His mind gave him no rest, his thoughts ran on in the same strain.

“So! She will marry again; and this time she must have the blessing of the church upon her nuptials. Why not indeed? The blessings of the Church are marketable commodities, and she will pay the fees. If there were a God, I wonder what he would think of his church. . . . Poor Mason, with his tender conscience and his ecclesiastical scruples, he is too good to be a parson; and poor Charles Appleby, with his maudlin sarcasm, who is too foolish to be able to forget a dream of happiness, and hell.”

His ruminations were interrupted by the sound of wheels on the gravel of the drive, followed by a ring at the front door-bell.

A caller? so late! He did not trouble to wonder who it could be. The servants had their orders, and all uninvited visitors met the same formal answer: “Not at home.” This one, however, seemed to be stopping to leave a message, for no sound of retiring wheels reached the master of the house who was “not at home” in the library. But another sound did reach his ears, a voice, the sound of which sent the blood rushing to his head; a musical voice with a peculiar inflexion in it, that some people found irresistible. Apparently the servant had done so, to let a lady in upon her master against his orders, and so late in the afternoon.

The library door opened and the offending housemaid announced:

“If you please, Sir, Mrs. Mathers is in the drawing room.” Then, scared at the expression on her master’s face, she fled precipitately.

For a moment Charles Appleby stood as if doubting his hearing, then slowly sauntered out of the room as if it were the usual thing for him to receive callers who were not specially invited; but the look in his eyes spoke little welcome for the woman who was waiting in the drawing room.

She did not rise when he entered, nor did she show any surprise at the coldness of his manner, but smiled serenely as if she were receiving a visitor in her own house. Her smile made him furious, and he feared his temper would betray him into some regrettable speech, so he deliberately left the door open as a reminder to himself to control his tongue.

Stopping in the middle of the room he looked her up and down with a cold curiosity that got beneath the surface of her affectation of serenity and stung her like a whip-lash.

She dropped the mask, and said sharply, but in a low tone, “Shut the door! I want to talk to you.”

He ignored the order and merely answered languidly: “So I suppose. Well?”

“Do you want the servants to hear?” she asked in the same low tone.

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"I have nothing to say that I am ashamed of," he answered in a lazy drawl that contrasted sharply with the expression of his eyes.

"Fool!" she muttered, as she rose, swept across the room, closed the door, and faced him. "You have nothing to be ashamed of, did you say? I am more careful of your reputation than you are; or is it possible that you have forgotten California, and all that happened there?"

"No, I have forgotten nothing. I am not built that way. Were you afraid I might forget you and the hell you drew me into? What do you want? money?"

"Charles!"

There was a touch of dignity in her tone that carried the reproach home, and brought a quick apology.

"I beg your pardon," he said more gently. Then again with bitterness: "Why have you come? What have I to do with you? Have you not done enough to spoil my life? Have I interfered with you or breathed a word about your past to hurt your new-made reputation?"

She put up her hand as if to shield off a blow and said hurriedly: "No, no. Stop! Let me speak. I come to you for help. I am in trouble."

"And you come to me. You! — you come to me? That is more honor than I feel entitled to — or perhaps — you know me better than I do myself."

"Let me tell you. Sit down. I cannot talk while you stand there like that. You frighten me."

He laughed skeptically. "Have you grown timid? That would be something new. You must be hard pressed to come to me for help. Even you must have some sense of shame."

She waived off his words, and repeated entreatingly: "Please sit down."

He obeyed, and waited for her to begin. Speaking in the same subdued tone as before, she said abruptly: "Vauclerc has turned up again."

Appleby sat up stiffly in his chair, and ejaculated: "Vauclerc! I thought he was dead."

"Most people did. It was reported so: that was his doing; he fooled me: but actually he is alive and has found me out again. Now he threatens an exposure. He is desperate and knows I dare not turn on him and show him in his true colors. He can ruin all my plans and he knows it."

Appleby shrugged his shoulders, and asked impatiently: "What have I to do with your plans? Why come to me?"

"Whom else can I go to? There is no one else. You know all, and, yes, — I know you. I wronged you, and you turned me off, but you never tried to be revenged. You are generous, and I am — well — no matter. I know that you will help me. You must! Listen! You wonder why I came down here to make a home, so near to you. I will tell you.

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It was because I knew that you would not betray me; and because it was just the last place anyone who knew us in the old days would look for me, except perhaps Vauclerc, and I thought him dead. Marie is growing up, and I meant to make a home for her, where she would never meet anyone who would tell her the story of her mother's past. I knew that you would never speak of it, and I felt safer here. I wanted to protect my child from all that I went through and give her a fair start in life. Was that wrong? It was the same instinct that made me think of marrying again to hide myself behind the reputation of a man whose age and general respectability would be a sort of guarantee for all of us. These country people are suspicious of a single woman whose past history is not open to inspection. No doubt your friend Mr. Mason has told you of my intended marriage with Mr. Charlton. He was my late husband's executor, a retired lawyer; who, by the way, was brother to a very different person, whom you knew under the name of Withington, and who died at New Orleans. Mr. Charlton was with him when he died, so I know that he at least is actually dead; and his brother never knew what kind of a reputation Withington had made for himself."

"Mr. Charlton is fortunate in that at least," said Appleby dryly, and regretted the remark as soon as made, for Mrs. Mathers winced; but she went on more hurriedly:

"Well, now just when it seemed as if I could at last look forward to a little peace, this man turns up again to spoil my work, and throw me back on all that I had left behind for good. No! He shall not do that. I will not go back with him to the old life. He thinks he has a hold on me that I dare not break, but I will dare more than that for Marie's sake. She is my child. I love her. Do you understand?"

Appleby was more touched than he cared to show, and asked bluntly: "What does he want, money?"

"As usual. Oh, he says he wants me to go back with him, but it is my money that he wants, and I have learned the utter uselessness of paying blackmail to such a creature. It is simply to tie a rope round one's own neck and put the other end into the hands of a lunatic. That is what he is. But how can I get rid of him? I must, or he will talk. What can I do?"

"And so you come to me to help you?"

The question was asked in a tone of wonder. She looked at him eagerly, and held out her two hands with an impulsive gesture, from which he shrank as from a painful memory.

"You are the only one who can," she said. "He was always afraid of you — yes! — in spite of all . . . I come to you—you will help me."

There was a pause; Appleby was looking straight at her, but as if

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seeing something beyond, a memory perhaps. The impersonality of his gaze fascinated and almost paralysed her. At last he seemed to wake up from a dream, and asked: "Where is he?"

"At Framley. He came today, and I must do something at once. I cannot have him there, and he refuses to go without money. But I will not be weak enough to pay blackmail as I did before; it would be worse than useless. I told him I had no money in the house, and must apply to a friend to help me out. He was suspicious, of course; but I think he will not make trouble so long as he thinks he can get what he wants by threats. He has always succeeded hitherto, but I will not give him a fresh hold on me. I too am desperate. That is why I come to you to help me to get rid of this creature. You will help me — for Marie's sake."

Appleby had sat gazing at the floor for some time, but at the name of Marie he made an impatient gesture as he exclaimed:

"For Marie's sake? your daughter? and what is she to me? . . . No, not for her sake, but because . . . you are what you are; and more than that, because you would be that which you have not been — yes — I will help you. I will see the man, and if I am not mistaken he will listen to me. I think that he will listen to me. I will come."

So saying he rose and rang the bell. Mrs. Mathers rose too and walked over to the window, where she stood looking out while the servant was in the room.

"Jane," said the master, "tell Steven to put the mare in the dog-cart and to follow me to Framley Chase. He can wait there for me to bring me home."

The maid had brought in a tea-tray, but the visitor declined the offer, saying she must be going; and the servant withdrew. When Charles Appleby turned to look at the woman who had thrown herself on his mercy, he saw a glimmer in her eyes, that in another woman would have meant tears.

The bitterness had left his face, but he was not aware of it; he was thinking of the things that will not die, and of the dead who will not stay dead.

The drive to Framley was accomplished in silence, but the atmosphere was vibrant with memories whose vividness made speech seem strangely inadequate. That silent drive was the most painful interview that either of the occupants of the carriage had ever experienced, and both were thankful when it was over.

Vauclerc was waiting eagerly for the return of his hostess, but was unprepared to find her accompanied by the man of all others he least desired to meet. The recognition was immediate on both sides, and there

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was no need of introductions. Charles Appleby spoke first and turned his back on the unwelcome guest as he did so, saying with formal politeness: "Mrs. Mathers, will you allow me to speak to Mr. Vauclerc alone?"

"No need for that," interjected Vauclerc. "We are all friends, *n'est-ce pas?* Pray do not leave us, Madame."

But Mrs. Mathers was already at the door, which Appleby was holding open for her. He closed it as she went out, and came back quietly to the table on the other side of which stood the man Vauclerc.

He was changed, but not improved by time and a life of adventure. Well dressed as ever, he might have passed muster as a gentleman in a crowd, but here in this dignified old house he seemed strangely out of place. The expression on the face of his opponent was hardly calculated to put him at his ease. It was so calmly contemptuous, so suggestive of conscious advantage and intimate knowledge of the weak places in his armor, that he felt almost ashamed of his errand, if such a sentiment as shame could be attributed to a man such as Vauclerc had proved himself to be. He was irritated, and showed it weakly, as he asked almost querulously:

"What do you want here? This is no business of yours, Charles Appleby. You have meddled in my affairs before, but I will not allow it now. You were always in my way, and you paid for it more than once. I would advise you to profit by experience, for I tell you straight that you will smart for it if you spoil my hand this time."

"I do not doubt it," answered the other quietly. "I know your venomous tongue: but for all that you will leave this house just as you entered it: and I think that perhaps you will be glad of the opportunity before I have done with you; I know your errand here. I know your character and a good part of your record; and you know me."

Vauclerc laughed sarcastically as he sneered: "Know you? Oh yes, I know you. We are old companions, if not exactly old friends. I know you; men who have worn stripes together do generally know each other's weaknesses, though I have held my tongue about all that — so far —"

Appleby showed no emotion at the unpleasant reference to his past life, but went on quietly: "Since those days you have done many things to bring you within the clutches of the law, if they were known to the authorities as they are known to me. I am not vindictive, but I owe you nothing, and I tell you seriously that if you persist in your attempt to blackmail Mrs. Mathers . . ."

"Mrs. Mathers, ah ha! you mean . . ." began Vauclerc, but he was cut short peremptorily:

"I mean Mrs. Mathers."

This was said quietly but so firmly that the weaker man was momen-

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tarily impressed and silenced. Appleby continued in the same measured tone with his eye fixed on the vacillating countenance of the man before him.

“She has appealed to me to help her, and I tell you I will hand you over to the police unless you agree to leave the house at once and the country as soon as possible. Your crimes are mostly beyond the jurisdiction of the British courts, I know: most of them, but not all. Your name and several of your aliases are known at Scotland Yard, and there are things that I could tell that would make the remainder of your life monotonous even if it were not cut short unpleasantly. Have you forgotten Joe Dixon who was shot and robbed at -- ah! I see there is no need for me to go into details. Your memory has not begun to fail you yet. Yes! he is dead of course, but his widow is alive and in this country; you did not know that. Would you like to meet her? I could arrange it. No? I suppose not. Then there is a man living near here, who used to be in Arizona. He told me of a man de Leuville who robbed his ranch and shot one of his men down near the Mexican border, not so very long ago. A small affair no doubt, and one that would hardly interest the police in this country, but for an incident connected with it. Among the money taken from the ranch was a check book on a London bank with one blank form left in it. That check was filled out by de Leuville and made payable to one Maurice Vauclerc, who cashed it personally and actually indorsed it. The bank hearing the report of Vauclerc's death suspended search for him, but they are still looking for de Leuville. I know the manager of that bank. I know the man whose name was forged, and you and I both know the forger. Would you care to have me bring those gentlemen together? There are others, I fancy, who are quite anxious to meet Monsieur de Leuville. Shall I present you to them? They would be grateful for the introduction.”

Vauclerc had been listening attentively, trying to assure himself that all this was bluff: but as the story went on he grew uneasy, and now he stood staring at the table undecided which way to turn. He looked up furtively to find the unrelenting eyes still fixed upon him; then shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands, as if to admit that he was in a tight place; but there was no submission in his voice as he said sneeringly:

“The story is well put together, and does credit to your imagination; you think you have me cornered; and I must say I admire your courage; for you know me well enough to know that I will make it interesting for the man that dares to tell that story to any other ears than mine. You know that I too could tell a story, that would bring your respectability tumbling about your ears like a house of cards; for, as you said, my memory has not begun to fail me yet. You have an enviable position

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here; but what would it be worth to you if that story were once told as I could tell it? You know I have been a journalist in my day, and I could still do justice to a spicy theme like that. How would it read in the columns of your local paper, do you think? Have you thought of that? You certainly could make it hot for me, I see that: but is it worth your while to do it for the satisfaction of a woman who has given you no cause to bless her memory, I imagine? Oh, as to that, no doubt you know best; but is it worth your while to pay the price? And what good will it do her to have her history published? Do you imagine she will be grateful to you for that when all is said and done? The gratitude of women is an uncertain proposition at the best. Now I am not malicious. I have no wish to injure you, or her either for that matter, but I must have money. The luck has been against me lately, and I am hard pressed. I cannot and will not starve; I never have, and I do not propose to start now at my time of life. I am not asking anything from you. Why should you interfere? I have the right to make her contribute a trifle towards my support. Now I will keep my mouth shut as far as you are concerned if you will just go home and leave me to explain matters to your Mrs. Mathers. You do not expect me to starve while she lives here in luxury. I will not do it. Do you understand?"

Charles Appleby nodded his head slowly and answered quietly and deliberately. "I understand you perfectly; but I see no reason for a man with your talents to talk of starvation. Go back to America; you are at home there: but there is no room here for you with your record in a country as well policed as this. Believe me, it is not healthy for you here. You have shown your hand, and you have seen some of my cards, but not all. I warn you mine is the stronger hand, and I will play it. A woman has appealed to me to help her; I have given my word, and you know me well enough to understand that I will keep my promise. I tell you the game is up. You have one chance. You may go back to America with your mouth closed, or else . . . Well, will you go?"

Vaulerc hesitated, shifted his position, then snapped out: "Go back? How can I? I tell you I am broke."

"Oh, as to that, your passage will be paid, and you shall have what is necessary for the journey and something more. I am not looking for revenge, or even for justice, or anything of that kind, but you must go away and stay away. I am not sitting in judgment on you; but I have promised to help this woman, who is trying to start a new life for her daughter's sake. She is entitled to a chance as well as anyone else, and you shall not rob her of it. See! I am offering you another chance. Will you take it?"

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Vauclerc looked down at his patent-leather shoes, and when he raised his eyes there was a sort of puzzled look in his face as he searched his antagonist for signs of weakness. At last he spoke, and in a new tone.

“I almost believe you are a good man, though I took you for a fool, Charles Appleby. Yes! you hold a strong hand: it is stronger than mine, because you are not afraid to face the consequences of your own acts. I have been a coward all my life. I have stolen for fear of want; I have killed for fear of being caught. It has been a losing game all through for me. I never got a chance to start fair again. And now I am beat by a fool; for after all a man must be a fool to risk his own good name to give another chance to such a woman. She is not worth it; and I think you are an ass when all is said and done, Charles Appleby. But you are no coward, and you have the stronger hand. Well, I will go. And I will keep my mouth shut — she shall have another chance. I will not spoil it —”

He held out his hand in token of agreement, and Appleby took it, saying simply: “Thank you. I think that you will not regret it. Come.”

The dog-cart was at the door and the two men got in, the groom jumped up behind, and they were soon spinning down the drive at a brisk pace. At the gate they stayed to light cigars, and then smoked in silence till they reached Easterby station, where Charles Appleby took tickets for Liverpool, and sent word back to Thorneycroft that he would be away for a few days. The groom was accustomed to his master's erratic ways, and saw nothing remarkable about this sudden journey, except the companion, who in the servant's eyes hardly came up to the standard of the men who were usually made welcome at the Abbey.

(To be continued)



FROM CHIEH-SHIH INN

After Ch'en Tzu-ang

KENNETH MORRIS

OVER the trees from Chieh-shih Inn
I saw far off the Yellow Tower.
There once in flaming pomp and power
A Great King dreamed of endless fame.

O'er the mute streets where once his din
Of triumphs rolled, huge red blooms flower
Flaunting, their one sole splendid hour.—
I have forgotten that King's name.

And where his ladies used to spin
Huge spiders spin; in the queens' bower
The jungle beasts their prey devour.—
'Twas there love set his heart aflame.

Only the forest birds may win
To know where those strewn ruins cower;
There is no path from Chieh-shih Inn
To that far faint Pagoda Tower.—
I rode away the way I came.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*