THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. XVIII, NO. 5 MAY 1920

"Our philosophy of life is one grand whole, every part necessary and fitting into every other part. . . . The spirit of Theosophy must be sought for; a sincere application of its principles to life and act should be made. . . . This will then raise in our hearts the hope that at least a small nucleus of Universal Brotherhood may be formed before we of this generation are dead."

— WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

THE SIGNS OF THIS CYCLE

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

MEN of all nations for many years in all parts of the world have been expecting something they know not what, but of a grave nature, to happen in the affairs of the world. The dogmatic and literal Christians, following the vague prophecies of Daniel, look every few years for their millennium. This has not come, though predicted for almost every even year, and especially for such as 1000, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, and now for the year 2000. The Red Indians also had their ghost dances not long ago in anticipation of their Messiah's coming. [See Note at end.]

The Theosophists too, arguing with the ancients and relying somewhat on the words of H. P. Blavatsky, have not been backward in respect to the signs of the times.

But the Theosophical notions about the matter are based on something more definite than a vague Jewish priest's vaticinations. We believe in cycles and in their sway over the affairs of men. The cyclic law, we think, has been inquired into and observations recorded by the ancients during many ages; and arguing from daily experience where cycles are seen to recur over and over again, believing also in Reincarnation as the absolute law of life, we feel somewhat sure of our ground.

This cycle is known as the dark one; in Sanskrit, Kali-Yuga, or the black age. It is dark because spirituality is almost obscured by materiality and pure intellectualism. Revolving in the depths of material things and governed chiefly by the mind apart from spirit, its characteristic gain is physical and material progress, its distinguishing loss is in spirituality. In this sense it is the Kali-Yuga. For the Theosophist in all ages has regarded loss of spirituality as equivalent to the state of death or

darkness; and mere material progress in itself is not a sign of real advancement, but may have in it the elements for its own stoppage and destruction. Pre-eminently this age has all these characteristics in the Western civilizations. We have very great progress to note in conquests of nature, in mechanical arts, in the ability to pander to love of luxury, in immense advancements with wonderful precision and power in the weapons made for destroying life. But side by side with these we have wretchedness, squalor, discontent, and crime; very great wealth in the hands of the few, and very grinding poverty overcoming the many.

As intellectualism is the ruler over this progress in material things, we must next consider the common people, so called, who have escaped from the chains which bound them so long. They are not exempt from the general law, and hence, having been freed, they feel more keenly the grinding of the chains of circumstance, and therefore the next characteristic of the cycle — among human beings — is *unrest*. This was pointed out in THE PATH in Vol. I, p. 57, April, 1886, in these words:

"The second prophecy is nearer our day and may be interesting; it is based upon cyclic changes. This is a period of such a change. . . . This glorious country, free as it is, will not long be calm; *unrest is the word for this cycle.* . . . The statesman who can see might take measures to counteract. But all your measures cannot turn back the Karmic wheel. . . . Let those whose ears can hear the whispers and the noise of the gathering clouds of the future take notice; let them read, if they know how, the physiognomy of the United States whereon the mighty hand of Nature has traced the furrows to indicate the character of the moral storms that will pursue their course no matter what the legislation may be."

. . . We are not dealing with the rights or the wrongs of either side in these struggles, but only referring to the facts. They are some of the moral signs of our cycle, and they go to prove the prognostications of the Theosophist about the moral, mental, and physical unrest. The earth herself has been showing signs of disturbance. . . . All these are signs. The cycle is closing, and everywhere unrest will prevail. As lands will disappear or be changed, so in like manner ideas will alter among men. And, as our civilization is based on force and devoid of a true philosophical basis, the newest race — in America — will more quickly than any other show the effect of false teachings and corrupted religion.

But out of anger and disturbance will arise a new and better time; yet not without the pain which accompanies every new birth.

—*From* THE PATH, *October, 1892*

NOTE: A safe rule will be that those who say they are Jesus or the equivalent of Christ, are not so, and instead of either following them or looking about for wonderful beings we will follow the ancient saying: "Man, know thyself."

—*From article, 'Claiming to be Jesus,' by William Brehon (William Q. Judge), in* THE PATH, *1895*

THE HEART DOCTRINE

LEONARD LESTER

THE spirit of discontent with his earthly lot which has overshadowed man's life from time immemorial has today reached a climax more intense and far-reaching than any which history records. Its voice, raised intermittently in protest or questioning down all the past ages, has grown to a chorus whose deep undertone is heard in every quarter of the globe. And within it is a new note — peremptory and unmistakable, as of great events impending, — and there is no human heart but feels the stress of change and the disruption of the old order even within the limits of his own familiar environment.

If Theosophists had only the outer phase of life to look upon, if their Leader had not, years ago, given the Watchword of a New Order of Ages, and already fashioned in the world of the actual a living symbol of its reality, they might well be appalled by the hopelessness of the ideals which the world's life, lived for its own sake, has to offer. For the Teachings of Theosophy, which inspire the Higher Optimism and point out the Path of Light and True Liberation for all Humanity, at the same time rend the veil from many a cherished illusion and show the barrenness of many a hope which still beguiles the minds of men. If there be a true and a false optimism, the same may be said of pessimism. The pessimistic attitude of mind, be it granted, is wrong, but one may justly feel pessimistic over that which, though inherently possessing no basis of hope or inspiration, yet masquerades as the true, flaunting the colors of optimism, and followed by deluded millions. The true Optimism is based on that which endures; it justifies itself continually by its inherent vitality, its fortitude under trial, and by an infinite trust in the Cause which inspires it, albeit unknown, ignored, or even despised by the world's elect, and unattended by applauding multitudes. The Teachings of Theosophy alone have this power to awake in man that which truly lives, which has always lived, but has slept for long ages; they open the fount of inspiration which flows from the Living Rock of Truth, that which alone can survive the rudest shocks of Time, when the sand-founded towers and palaces of this world's life with its pageantries of desire and ambition shall have been swept into oblivion.

To assimilate even in a small degree the Teachings of Theosophy is to see the world with new eyes, to feel the spirit of a deeper sympathy of heart and understanding. The conception of Human Nature and its

vast evolution and destiny which it evokes is profound and illuminating; it brings a majestic symmetry and beauty into the confused and fragmentary picture which materialized versions of Religion and Science have left colorless and devoid of true grandeur of design. It opens a new horizon to the imagination and summons man as a Soul to fields of enterprise worthy of his innate divinity. It is not to be compared with any brain-mind philosophy wrought out laboriously in the shadows of intellectual speculation. For Theosophy is born of the Light, it is Spiritual Truth, and is to the mind as light is to the eye. It is the heritage of Man as a Soul, and is of an order of Wisdom which lies beyond the power of the supremest efforts or the profoundest researches of learning and intellect alone, either to create or destroy.

It is this essential light-bringing message of Theosophy that makes it a living power to touch and awaken the nobler part of human nature, just as it is the intuitive spark of man's own Higher Self which, anticipating and responding to the rays of Divine Truth, proves its innate kinship therewith and opens a channel through which that living, transmuting power may illumine the consciousness, and find vital expression in actual daily life. The boundless vistas which gradually unfold before the mind as the beautiful and profound concepts of Theosophy are assimilated by it, offer inexhaustible scope for intellectual study, but its essential appeal is to the Heart, its essential spirit is kindled in the pure fire of Devotion. In this intimate inner cognisance it becomes a Heart Doctrine, and it is by this name that it is known. For to approach and study Theosophy through the intellect alone with the heart-motives unresponsive to its transmuting power, is to miss its vital message and inspiration. Such is "the Eye Doctrine" —"Head-learning without Soul-Wisdom to illuminate and guide it."

To seek the Light of Truth for the personal acquisition of knowledge and power is but a form of spiritual selfishness. Theosophy teaches us that True Wisdom is not found on that path. And why? Because to those unwilling to surrender the personal viewpoint it is obscured by the delusion of separateness; its followers would appropriate knowledge for themselves alone,— would seek a private salvation. True, Universal Wisdom exists for all men as an impersonal possession, and can be acquired only by those who work impersonally for universal ends. The Path to Enlightenment is within, and is a path of right motive — of Duty, of Compassion. Just as with the mind, the thought-life is colored and modified by the nature of the ideas it contemplates: so with the Heart, it is according to the motives which a man allows to animate his actions, mental and physical — the treasure upon which the heart is set — that the vital current which enters it flows beneficent and clear or turbid

and corrupt. And how can it be otherwise? Upon what terms can Wisdom be expected to reveal itself except through an inner communion with, and an actual living of, its principles? Theory is incomplete and misleading if not balanced by practice. The essential light of wisdom cannot be put into words, although words may be a means of invoking it. The written wisdom of books — of the world's scriptures — lives only through its power to evoke the Light within the human heart and bear spiritual fruit. For true Wisdom is spiritual and "is from above," as is clearly stated in the Bible,— in the Book of Job, by St. Paul, and in the Epistle of St. James, where it is contrasted with the lower, terrestrial wisdom which is "earthly, sensual, devilish." This duality of Wisdom* corresponds with the dual nature of Man — the higher and lower Mind — as taught by Theosophy. The True Wisdom is a radiation from the Impersonal Higher Self, while the lower is a reflexion of the unillumined brain-mind,— illusory and false. Spiritual teaching, intellectualized only, and not realized in the life, becomes materialized into dogma. Of such 'wisdom' the world has had more than enough; it has burdened the moral and mental atmosphere of humanity for ages, obscuring the true light, perpetuating errors which lead only to confusion and despair. Born of the lower mind, of selfish motives, such teachings have yielded abundant fruit after their kind; they have fostered religious controversies and wars, dividing instead of uniting mankind; they have choked the good seed with the thorns of ignorance and poisoned the pure wells of Truth.

How different is the quickening power of true Theosophy,— the Heart Doctrine, which demands of us that these great principles shall become living realities! For it is only then that the essential light of Wisdom can shine; it is ours in so far as we create within ourselves the conditions natural to its reception. Man is a creator and can mold his destiny: he has power to choose the path he will follow. Here, at their source, he has control of the causes which shape his future environment. Through the Will, which is Spirit in action, he may elect the nature of that force which shall ensoul him. This effort is comprehended in the attitude of heart and mind which he adopts, and demands a frank facing of his own dual nature, a voluntary surrender of the lower in order to become the higher. For every adoption of this right attitude is, in reality, an inner call upon the divine within himself, an intuitive expression of that Faith and Trust which is the soul's natural endowment. And in thus rising superior to the dominion of the old anchorage we find that the act of surrender is but a giving up of that with which we had falsely identified ourselves, and is, in reality, a coming to our own.

*For a comprehensive study of the above subject the reader is referred to H. P. Blavatsky's 'The Dual Aspect of Wisdom,' *Studies in Occultism, No. IV.*

Thus the Heart Doctrine is as a light upon that inner shrine where Conscience dwells; it sets a watch upon those hidden springs of motive which make or mar our lives. It invokes the aid of the Spiritual Will, that Power of Choice, the Warrior Christos, who daily descends to drive out the money-changers who defile the Temple, and stills to a divine silence the chattering voices of the market-place. And although the brain-mind, like the chief-priests and scribes — true emblems of spiritual blindness — may lie in wait to entrap the Christos with its familiar "By what authority doest thou these things, and who gave thee this authority?" yet, of the light that kindles devotion is also born a Trust which no doubt can disturb, and a power of discrimination undeluded by the subtlest wiles of argument. And in this light of self-knowledge and true self-control the intellect, no longer blinded by a false sense of separateness, finds its true subordinate relationship, and as a sane ally of the heart becomes vitalized and illumined by spiritual intuitions.

That there does exist a True Path of Life for Humanity; that the great ideal of Human Perfectibility -- of the Soul's immortality -- is no illusion, has been voiced by the great Spiritual Teachers in all ages. All religions in their first pure forms of expression were witnesses to it, not as special revelations or as resting upon individual authority, but because their teachings were based upon the eternal principles, the Laws of Being. And because of this and because human nature is essentially divine, the human heart is the inner witness and prophet of this greater Life which beckons it. Towards the portals of this inner Path all the devious ways of human experience are tending. All men may feel at times the pulsations of a deeper being that enspheres them, of which their own inner lives are a part and to which their own hearts may throb responsive. The conviction that this earth-life of ours, its varied experiences, objects, environments, exist not for themselves but for vast, far-reaching ends with which, sooner or later, by our very natures, we must consciously co-operate,-- this conviction is ever waiting on the threshold of our minds to discount the petty triumphs of personal aims and ambitions and appraise all our acts by a juster and grander standard of proportion. And surely there was never a time when the need for an inner readjustment of our lives was greater than it is now,— when it is daily becoming more evident that the material interests which have so exclusively engrossed our civilization cannot support great ideals, and are an unworthy expression of the greater soul-life which is normal to man as a spiritual being. There was never a time when Man was more forcefully challenged to face his own nature, to recognise his duality; when current events forced into clearer relief the tragic contrasts of that duality. The enormous material wealth of our civilization is offset by moral and

spiritual bankruptcy. Our control and conquest of material forces is in glaring contrast with our lack of moral self-control and self-conquest. With all our heritage of intellectual treasures, of scholarship and scientific knowledge, we are still devoid of true self-knowledge and the wisdom to use our knowledge aright. Our religion with its churches, its ecclesiasticism, devitalized of essential truth,— put to proof, has failed to enlighten and guide humanity in the hour of greatest need. And while our civilization can buttress itself materially with every engine of military resource, and worship the Almighty in sumptuous cathedrals, where is its *inner Moral Stronghold and its Temple of Spiritual Light?*

That the energies of the race have been overwhelmingly turned into material channels, that these life-absorbing, deadening, worldly interests are of the lower, animal, perishable side of our nature, and can never satisfy the Real Man — this great truth is being voiced in a language that none can mistake or ignore. For the very forces which our civilization has evolved in its creation are arming themselves for its destruction, at the same time revealing the spiritual blindness, the paralysis of true discrimination which this abandonment to the life of sensation has produced. The events of the past few years still shed their lurid light to show how near our boasted march of civilization has been skirting the abyss of barbarism. For the lower, animal nature of man, lacking higher guidance, is ever a barbarian at heart, selfishness incarnate, although disguised with the gloss of culture, endowed with giant intellect, and equipped with every weapon that science can bring to the art of destruction in its mastery of earth, air, and sea; and, as a barbarian, will at last reveal itself when the tide of an exhausted civilization ebbs to its decline. For its blighting presence in human life, — Theosophy shows us — every man is responsible, for all in the past or present, by thought or deed, have contributed to its disruptive elements of lust and strife.

To expect a solution of the world's problems through an adjustment of outer conditions without an inner readjustment of human nature, is vain. A first essential is a deeper understanding of man's nature, an influx of the higher wisdom. And to this self-knowledge, the basis of all spiritual adjustment, Theosophy holds the key. Men strive to effect permanent reforms through schemes of social and industrial economy,— by politics, legislation, diplomacy, or force,— seeking to change surface conditions, conceiving of life as though its great character-evolving drama were but a puppet-show to be worked by a mechanical pulling of the strings; as though the plastic form and character of material conditions could ever rise above the moral level of the motive forces which animate them, or take on shapes of beauty and power until vitalized by an inner reality of being; and forgetting that the human Spiritual Temple cannot

attain its true symmetry and proportions lacking the Master Craftsman's larger vision and creative ideal to guide its evolution. Such efforts are a result of the materialistic conceptions of the age with its superficial reading of cause and effect; for although we know that the condition of matter is that of constant change, we persistently treat it as though it were the Real — the only reality,— and have so far cultivated our life in matter that our conscious world of mind is overpopulated with its denizens of sensation, emotion, and impulse. Madame Blavatsky, in a letter to the American Convention of the Theosophical Society, held in Chicago in 1888, wrote the following significant words, which, like all from the pen of the great Founder of modern Theosophy, passing years have served but to vivify and illumine:

> The tendency of modern civilization is a reaction towards a development of those qualities which conduce to the success in life of man as an animal in the struggle for animal existence. Theosophy seeks to develop the human nature in man in addition to the animal, and *at the sacrifice of the superfluous animality which modern life and materialistic teachings have developed to a degree which is abnormal for the human being at this stage of his progress.*" [Italics ours.]

Of the dual forces which ensoul man, it is the Spiritual that is the true *re-former,* - the molder and transmuter. The words of the Bible, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," are but an echo of what the Wise in all ages have taught,— that the constantly changing life around us is but the expression of man's inner nature, that within man's Heart-life is that dynamic urge that is molding human destiny, and that the spontaneous utterance of its purified wisdom is the vital source of all reform and spiritual reconstruction.

It is constantly assumed that man is the victim of his material environment; he feels self-justified in striving forcibly to change it, evade it, or even to destroy it, as was the half-wisdom of Omar, voicing the ever-restless, never-satisfied longing of desire,— uttered in our own day in wilder forms of suicidal mania and brutal destruction.

> ". . . . . could thou and I with fate conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Should we not dash it to the earth, and then
> Remold it nearer to our heart's desire?"

But what is man's real environment, and what determines its character? We habitually think of it as pertaining only to those material circumstances and surroundings into which we have been born, and judge of them as favorable or unfavorable from the personal standpoint of this one physical life. Taking for granted that our physical environment does play a most important, although secondary, part in molding character, yet from the higher standpoint of the Immortal Man, the reincarnating Ego, which on its own plane of loftier vision comprehends the ingathered

experience of aeons and looks across the ages, down the corridors of a vast perspective of incarnations as but incidents in its pilgrimage through matter — from this higher standpoint of the Human Soul, for whose experience and perfection the universe exists,— its true environment must include also the instrumental equipment, so to speak, which it uses to gain this experience, comprehending not merely the physical body, which is but its outermost sheath, but other more subtle vestures of its inner constitution,— the mysterious warp and woof of temperament and character of the evolving individuality. As a crude illustration we may conceive of this inner constitution as a sphere of interblended spiritual and material forces, agencies, and elements, epitomizing the whole compass of evolutionary life from the lowest up to the most subtle material elements, and ensouled by the indwelling spiritual principles; — a copy in miniature of the sphere of the universe and, like it, containing within itself the same contending elements of chaos and cosmos, out of which it is gradually evolving harmony. Of this human sphere, the physical body, contacting through the senses the outer world of matter (what we commonly call environment), is the material extreme; and within, at the center, shedding its radiance through the intermediate centers of mental and psychic vestures, is the Spiritual Heart, endowing the mind with Conscience and with that sense of self-conscious, permanent identity which differentiates man the thinker from the lower animals. It is this Spiritual or Higher Self which reincarnates, and in its descent into matter reclothes itself with new vestures, woven on the warp that its former lives have framed for it, being guided by unerring laws of affinity to the physical body with the particular hereditary equipment, together with the terrestrial field of action, corresponding to its evolutionary needs and just deserts.

Thus man's true field of reform, as a soul, is this inner potential environment. Here he stands at the dividing line between the dual forces which contend in him for mastery. Within this body, marvelously built to be the Temple of the Holy Spirit,— until dominated by that Spirit,— he finds entrenched his arch enemy; for it is true of man, individually as it is of the history of every Spiritual Movement where the forces of Light and Darkness are seen in direct conflict, that a man's enemies are those of his own household. With either one or the other of these opposing currents he must consciously identify himself, instead of wavering impulse-driven between the two. In this inner domain of causes — the seed-ground of future harvests — he holds the keys to outer environment and may wield the powers of a god by the nature of the forces he energizes through his conscious will. The choice of his environment was not and is not the choice of the personality, but of the Great Law with which the

soul is co-operating, and for the soul's ends. The heroic soul desires no favors for itself, but, feeling its unity with all other souls, desires impartial justice — the only kind of justice. It accepts unconditionally the karmic environment the Law brings, knowing that its own thoughts and acts in past lives have set in motion the causes of which the conditions of the present life are the corresponding effects — this forming not only the just and natural sequence of its larger life, but affording the opportunities to overcome those difficulties and weaknesses of the lower nature which bar its progress. Maintaining this soul-attitude which accepts trustingly even an apparently harsh environment, its very difficulties, resolutely faced, may become agents which yield the beneficent lessons of self-directed evolution. And thus attuning the inner heart-keyboard to the ends of the soul, the whole life may grow vocal to the breath of the Universal Life, a part of the grander harmony.

When the great Theosophical doctrines of Reincarnation, Karma and the Duality of human nature are accepted as keys to the right understanding of himself and his destiny, man may confront life squarely from the stronghold of his True Self, finding within himself the soul's weapons and armor, and the higher discrimination to give right emphasis to the energies of his nature, realizing that nothing short of Self-Conquest — transmutation of the lower animal man in himself by the Divine in himself — can bring the Peace and the Power of victory. For it is the need for Self-Conquest that Humanity is facing today. Beneath all the turmoil and discontent with outer conditions lurks the fact that mankind, *within*, stands self-convicted, conscience-burdened; his world-wide discontent is rooted in discontent with himself. The bitter harvest he is reaping is of his own sowing. If the human man persists in playing the part of the animal man, he must, because of his essential divinity — voiced by inner conscience, — inevitably submit to the scourge of sorrow and affliction. For Man, the Thinker, endowed with Mind, but impelled by selfish desire, has energized matter and the subtler elements of Nature with disruptive forces — disturbing nature's equilibrium and hindering evolutionary progress. Is it not, therefore, a just law of conservation which ordains that the effects of this misuse of energy should recoil upon man as their generator? But is it not also a tribute to his creative power, this recognition by the Law of man's responsibility as an evolutionary agent? The fact that man can suffer and rise purified by suffering proves his god-like power of co-operation with Karmic Law, which, behind its sternest chastenings, is at heart the Law of Compassion.

Madame Blavatsky's statement, made over forty years ago, that the present is a turning-point in the history of the world, and that changes of epoch-making importance would take place, has already had ample

confirmation. She said that the present is a time of transition, of moral and spiritual readjustment, when the Nemesis of violated Truth and Justice is visiting upon mankind a long-accumulated heritage of retribution. And yet this Karma-Nemesis — the sifting process of the Heart Doctrine,— rightly interpreted, is but as though the regenerative powers of the Great Law, stern yet beneficent, had gone out into the very highways and byways of the world's life to *compel* men to come in. Again Humanity is being called to face the ancient conflict which must be fought out and won individually in the human heart ere its victories can be gained outwardly.

In the broader view of human history made possible in the light of the Teachings of Reincarnation and Karma, which an intelligent conception of man as a Soul demands, the events as recorded by historians are recognised as but the outer shaping of inner conditions and not the causative agents of human progress. And the real significance of events is to be sought in the nature of the hidden forces, moral and spiritual, that ensouled them. Therefore all externally inspired efforts at reform, impelled as they are by other motives than the deep heart-urge for Truth and Justice, being but the result of external stimuli, must lack the vital power of *inner reality*. Cunningly devised pacts,— schemes of the brain-mind to restrain the barbarian in human nature – how can such self-interested bargainings in the name of high principle become beneficient agents for the healing of the nations, while it is but the disturbing effects of barbarism that we would avoid, continuing meanwhile to nourish it at the roots? Is it reasonable to expect that new arrangements of world-legislation can inaugurate a new era, if the old motives of national aggrandisement and selfish interests still dominate the world? All such superficial attempts to reform human life are but expressions of the letter of the law, and are on a par with dogmatic religion, which after twenty centuries of trial has left Humanity groaning under the burden of the greatest war in history. It is the pharisees, chief-priests, and scribes of Law and Religion who foster such schemes. The true world-saviors and reformers have ever repudiated them.

The millennial prophecy that Satan is to be bound for a thousand years may be figuratively true if the chain that binds him be forged in the fire that has tried human hearts. Humanity must arise to assert itself no longer the thrall of its lower instincts controlled by material ends. A new heart-attitude is imperative, at least from some,— the heroism which fears not to seek an inner Self-Conquest and scorns to evade a struggle which is inevitable from the fact that man is born man.

And as there can be no true conquest without a corresponding surrender of the usurping lower nature — which must precede attainment —

so this very surrender quickens the power to perceive the true motives at work within and around us. Wherever we look are dual forces at work — dual motives and tendencies; — duality in religion, in politics, in law, in education, in national and individual customs and habits, in commerce and industry, in science, literature, and the arts. They are as symbols written out large of our own dual handiwork, and in the transformations which they are daily undergoing we may trace the infinite workings of Karmic Law; tested by the law of a higher utility, they reflect in themselves the conflict of man's dual nature, and in their noisy world-arena react upon him as the benign or malignant agents of his self-woven destiny.

With an awakened perception of this pervading duality, there is prefigured a coming Choice for Humanity which awaits to challenge each heart individually — a dual Path opening for all — one leading down to the shadows of oblivion, the other upward to the Heights of Light.

To those who are seeking Light, Theosophy makes an irresistible appeal. For every awakened soul is at heart a Theosophist, and to these it calls to enlist in a Great Cause worthy of Man's inherent divinity — for it is of the Eternal and appeals for co-operation to the Eternal in ourselves.

How like a call from the Heights are the words of William Quan Judge:

"There is a Great Cause — in the sense of an enterprise — called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family and is a possibility because sublimity in perfection and actual realization of brotherhood on every plane of being are one and the same thing."

That such a Cause does actually exist is a fact that calls into play the noblest powers of heart and mind. The awakened soul stands in continual expectation of such a Quest and hails it gladly as the impelling duty whose call transcends the cries of all lesser aims, claiming again eternal allegiance to the divine comradeship of souls.

To realize the sublimity of this Cause of Universal Brotherhood the mind must abandon the false and sentimental associations which have clung to the idea; nor is it to be known through the analytic brain-mind whose materialistic conceptions of brotherhood belong to a lower order of thought.

The Heart Doctrine is the path to this realization of Human Brotherhood; the Heart and Higher Mind alone are native to the world of larger ideas whose grand proportions frame the portals of that Path. Already those portals, rising in clear-cut symmetry, are lit by the sunrise of Truth!

Without the larger light of Theosophy — the fundamental teachings of Reincarnation, Karma, and the Divinity of Man — no true conception of Brotherhood is possible. For it is all-embracing and vast. It seems

to need the imperial eloquence of music, some universal heart-speech, to awaken the deeper soul-harmonies.

And as such, indeed, to the inner heart-life of humanity, its message has gone out into the world. Down from the luminous heights to the gloomy ravines and desert wastes of the world's life, over populous plains, across war-devastated lands, "over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves and ways," its pure tones have floated, undulating round the world, binding the far-sundered, war-scarred nations in a zone of light. Its echoes are heard by wearied pilgrims in the shadowy valleys, lost chords of the ancient sphere-music are blended with the choral harmonies of the nations, and each in his homely marching-songs may catch some strain of the universal symphony to lighten the heart and stir vague soul-memories of the ancient Quest and Kinship.

HOME AND FAMILY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

AMONG all those human institutions which Theosophy aims to preserve, to sanctify, and to reinstate, there is none more sacred, more dear to the human heart than that denoted by these two words. Home and Family may fitly be described as the heart of human social life, that vital point upon whose integrity and purity the whole organism depends. A family is society in miniature, in the atom, in the pattern; and the welfare of the whole will be as is the welfare of the part; the germ will determine the nature of the growth.

Times of decadence in civilizations have always been characterized by a breaking up of family life, by a relaxation of the sacred obligations of wedlock, by a loss of filial respect from the children and of control by their parents, and by a general dispersal of the members of the family from the desecrated and desolated hearth to seek distraction in the tawdry allurements of fashionable street-life.

The efforts of wise statesmen in such crises have been directed to attempts to stem this current; and we read of their enactments against divorce, their subsidizing of large families, and other such expedients; — vain, however, so long as the spirit of decadence continues to reign unchecked among men. The civilizations which have the longest endured have been those which set the most value on the maintenance of family life in its integrity and sacredness.

The decay of family life, the increase of divorce, the hastiness and levity with which marital obligations are contracted, the growing loss of respect in children towards their parents, and of control by parents, are symptoms causing grave concern to thoughtful observers of our life today. Of what are they the symptom?

It is clear that, if civilization is to be saved from impending catastrophe or destruction, the condition of family life must be among the first matters to receive attention; and it will not be surprising to learn that this is indeed one of the chief concerns of Theosophy.

In speaking of Theosophy, we must here assign special importance to its practical aspect; for as long as Theosophy should remain a mere body of intellectual conceptions and nothing else, it could have little value for the world. Such barren beliefs are in fact another characteristic of a declining age; and history furnishes us with the examples of such prevalence of philosophies and cults in a decadent society. But Theosophy was never intended to add one more to the list of profitless intellectual pastimes; its teachings are all preliminary to practical results; and such results we now see being unfolded by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society as the fulfilment of the original plan of the Founder, H. P. Blavatsky.

It will be seen from the writings and public utterances of Katherine Tingley, the present Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, that she attaches the greatest importance to the maintenance of purity and ideal conditions of harmony in the home and family life; and the activities of the Society, as carried on under her leadership, illustrate the practical side of the matter. Lomaland — the International Headquarters of the Society — being a place where students of Theosophy have the opportunity of putting into practice their ideals, we shall find there many examples of family life in which parents and children are successfully realizing these ideals.

It has been said that marriages are made in heaven; and, if this be so, it would seem to supply a definition of marriage that would exclude from the category many unions that go by that name. The saying evidently means that marriage in the true sense implies a deeper and truer union than in many cases actually exists; a union which can be realized if both parties are sincere in their aspiration to govern their lives on principles of harmony and purity. If worldly interests or fleeting passion be the sole basis of union, there can be no true comradeship such as springs up when the twain are united in their common loyalty to high ideals of duty and conduct.

Many parents in Lomaland have their children in the Râja-Yoga College and Academy there; and other parents, who live elsewhere, in

America or other parts of the world, have sent their children to live under the care of the teachers and directors of the school. In every case the result is to produce between parents and children a mutual relation of greater harmony and understanding than is otherwise attainable. And the reason is simply the fact that the noble principles of Theosophy are made the directing force throughout.

It is impossible to imagine a better opportunity for realizing in practice the meaning of harmony and concord than is afforded by the mutual relations of man and wife. All life consists in a harmonizing of contraries and in a resolution of discords in a sublime concord; it consists in studying the relation between personal wishes and social obligations, between "the many and the one." And in this case the conflicts that would arise if each party followed desire are obviated by the fact that both are pursuing the same impersonal ideals. Common loyalty to high ideals brings about the true love and harmony between comrades, a love that is free from sentimentality or any other unreliable element; and the practical working out of this is manifest in the relations that ensue between man and wife and between parents and children.

To find the source of marriage troubles we must not consider particular details but seek the root causes. These are, first a lack of understanding of the real meaning and purpose of life in general, and second a lack of understanding of the import of wedlock in particular. Theosophy reveals the meaning of life and inspires the liver with renewed purpose; and marriage appears as one way of realizing the objects for which man is here on earth. A common ideal is the true source of unity; and if that ideal is a high one, it will tend to progressive elevation of those who entertain it. Thus marriage is not so much a loyalty to one another — though that is implied — as a common loyalty to the high ideal.

The disruption of families forms a sad and ominous feature of modern life, especially in the United States; and Theosophy is peculiarly adapted to the prevention of such disasters and to the restoration of union and harmony where the upstarting of selfish interests has already begun or menaced disruption.

"WITH that absolute knowledge that *all* your limitations are due to Karma, past or in this life, and with a firm reliance ever now upon Karma as the only judge, . . . you can stand anything that may happen and feel serene despite the occasional despondencies which all feel, but which the light of Truth always dispels."— *William Quan Judge*

IN A LOMALAND VALLEY

KENNETH MORRIS

ALONE little red star of blossom in the sun-rich quiet, as it were forlorn in
This gray-green vale of Spring-sweet sage-brush: overhead a buzzard wanders,
Slant-winged, slow-winged, peering down: the sea whispers. . . . And then, borne in
On the first slow wind of the morning, comes the news the morning ponders.

Only a moment ago I was watching the sea and the sky and the valley, unseeing;
Then the wind stole tiptoe o'er the chaparral, shaking out wormwood and sage aroma;
And 'neath the dark green manzanita I saw this bloom; — and the Heart of Being
Fierily took possession of the morning, and there was a new heaven above Point Loma.

All this world is a little foam, translucent, a glamour like the bow of Iris:
Silver and mauve and green and lavender; — sapphire, tourmaline, — air and ocean,
Men and cities,— they glimmer and pass; but behind them the Hidden Heart of Fire is,
Whence the beauty that thrills them through with endless quivering gleam and motion.

Rippling, changing, melting, vanishing,— Earth and her sons and civilizations,
And the glory of the hills and seas, and all that the eye of man o'errangeth,—
They are as the shadow of wings on the hillside, as the sun on the sea-breast's scintillations;
And the secret of our lives is hid in the Everlasting, in the Beauty that waneth not nor changeth.

Sometimes it is a thought in the heart; or a word on lips, or an eye's shining;
Sometimes it is a flower in the valley is stirred with a breath from the Worlds Supernal,
And lets the Marvel glimmer through, and sets our little minds divining
'Neath these selves of us exiled here, Selves archangelic, remote, eternal.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

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

PART IV

C. J. RYAN

WE must now continue the study of the Table of Periods and Types, which, for convenience, is repeated on page 434. Leaving the Vero and other American remains for later consideration, two famous relics — the imperfect skeleton of the *Pithecanthropus erectus* of Java, and the Heidelberg mandible — demand attention. The former, found in a stratum which it is difficult to place in exact correspondence with European time-periods, but which is generally supposed to be about as old as or perhaps somewhat older than the Galley Hill man (whose skull, as reconstructed logically by Dr. Keith, is quite modern in size and general appearance), possessed a very low cranium, little more than half that of modern civilized man or of most of the ancient Stone-age skulls. The capacity of the Java cranium is reported to be about 850 cubic centimeters; the average of modern human skulls varies between 1300 c.c. and 1500 c.c., but native Australian women have been found with only 930 c.c., though the Australian female average is about 1100 c.c.

In estimating the amount of mental ability possible with a low brain-capacity it is worth noting that native Australian children in modern schools have taken high rank at examinations. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in a lecture on 'Human Development,' reported in *The English Mechanic* for October 7, 1910, said:

> "It was very questionable whether in pure intellect we had any advantage over races which we were accustomed to consider quite inferior . . . even the aborigines of Australia showed similar capacity, for in Victoria the Aboriginal School for three years running stood highest of all the State schools in examination results."

As the *Pithecanthropus* was little inferior to the lowest Australian in brain capacity, he may not have been so much lower in intellectual possibilities! When, however, his fragmentary remains were discovered, a loud paean of joy was raised, "The missing link at last!" But *Pithecanthropus* has been dethroned from that eminence and he is now supposed, by one school, to be the lingering representative of a far earlier race, a very primitive one — *but quite unknown and purely hypothetical* — and, by another, to be nothing but a little twig on the tree of evolution which

TABLE OF TERTIARY AND QUATERNARY PERIODS

Formation	Remains of Man	Approximate date, beginning of each period
EOCENE		7,870,000
PALAEOCENE, London Clay (Engl.)	(?)	
OLIGOCENE	Eolithic stone implements made by man	
MIOCENE	(? "Eagle-beak" implements) *Primitive* anthropoid apes found in Miocene period	3,670,000
PLIOCENE		1,870.000
Coralline Crag Red Crag (Eng.)	"Eagle-beak" implements, scrapers, axes, hammers, etc. Not *later* than this and possibly much earlier. (England)	
Blue clay (Italy)	Castenedolo skeletons (Italy) Piltdown skull and eolithic implements (England)	
Gold-bearing sands (California) ? (Australia)	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	*Pithecanthropus erectus* (possibly late Pliocene) (Java) Bones	870,000
1st Glacial Period		
2nd " "	Heidelberg jaw (Germany)	726,000
	Vero (Florida) bones and pottery, Nampa (Calif.) clay image etc., Charleston (S. Carolina) pottery	
	Chellean: Galley Hill bones (England) Acheulean: Bury St. Edmunds skull (England) Acheulean: Denise, Moulin Quignon, bones (France)	
3rd " "	Mousterian: La Quina, La Chapelle (France) Mousterian: Spy (Belgium) skulls Mousterian: Gibraltar, skull Mousterian: 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

degenerated into the gibbon type of ape and there ended. Professor Buttel-Reepen wrote in 1914:

". . . Until now the scientific world has accepted the *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the ape-man found some years ago on the Island of Java, whose remains were supposed to furnish the 'missing link,' as the original ancestor of man. He was nothing of the kind. He was a freak. He could not and did not develop into man. He lived awhile and died — just as a sucker emerges from the trunk of a tree, to wither at last away without getting anywhere."

And, as was mentioned in the preceding article, *Pithecanthropus* gives no comfort to those who look for an intermediate type half-way between walking man and climbing ape. *Pithecanthropus* was, of course, exactly what Professor Buttel-Reepen and most of the modern school declare it to be, a minor twig thrown off from the main stem. It is, therefore,

unnecessary to dwell further on a subject in which there is no serious diversity of opinion.

The Heidelberg relic consists of nothing but a very massive and clumsy jawbone with quite human teeth; it belongs to the second Ice-age in Europe, a very early stage of the Pleistocene period. We have now reached a period of enormous antiquity. According to various authorities the Pleistocene age lasted from half a million to a million and a half years, and the succeeding periods to the present day must have been very long too. What does this Heidelberg jaw, which lived more than a million years ago, tell us? Dr. Keith says:

"How much can be inferred concerning *Homo Heidelbergensis*, seeing that we know only his lower jaw and his lower teeth? In the first place, the characters of the teeth leave us no doubt as to his race: he represents, beyond all question, a variety — a primitive variety — of the Neanderthal man. It is strange that we have not found a single trace of this race since we parted from the deposits of the Mousterian until now. The pre-Mousterian strata have only yielded us men of a more modern type. Here, however, we come across Neanderthal man of a more primitive type than any yet found in the Mousterian deposits. The teeth show those peculiar features which differentiate them from those of men of the modern type. . . . These are not primitive or simian features, but the reverse; they are modifications confined, so far as we have yet discovered, to this peculiar variety of species of man, *Homo neanderthalensis*. . . . In the Heidelberg mandible we find the usual Neanderthal features of the chin, only they are more primitive."— *Antiquity of Man*, pp. 237-244

The most surprising thing about the dentition of the Heidelberg jaw is that the canine teeth are less apelike than those of modern man. Dr. Keith says:

"One other feature of the Heidelberg dentition impresses the anatomist. At such an early date as the beginning of the Pleistocene period he was prepared to find in the canine or eye teeth some resemblance to the pointed canine teeth of apes. This expectation was founded on the form of the canine teeth of modern man and the peculiar manner of their eruption. In the Heidelberg dentition the canines are even less ape-like than in modern man — they have subsided into the ranks of the ordinary teeth. In this we find a second point which bears on the antiquity of man. In an early species of man the canine teeth had assumed the 'human' form by the commencement of the Pleistocene period."— *Ibid.*, p. 237

This famous mandible proves, then, that there lived at the beginning of the Glacial period a primitive form of Neanderthal man, who, we have seen, had a large brain, and who, though brutal enough in many points of structure, was perfectly human, and whose peculiarities of skull have been found to exist in a few highly-intelligent persons of our own time. But we must not forget that the entire Neanderthal race disappeared and that the Heidelberg man is not on the line of our ancestry, however brutal and 'primitive' he may be.

Is the Heidelberg man the earliest human being of whom we have record? Or is there a more intelligent-looking type of man as early or earlier than he? Certainly there is, and the most celebrated specimen is the Piltdown man, *Eoanthropus Dawsoni*, discovered in 1912 in Sussex,

England, who has already given occasion for endless controversy. As Dr. Keith's examination of the skull is highly exhaustive and recent (it takes about 200 pages of his book) and as that eminent anatomist and anthropologist exhibits a truly unprejudiced attitude (a mind keenly open to every scrap of evidence) and, most markedly, a willingness to modify his views for cause shown, we cannot do better than attach great weight to his conclusions, which seem far more logical than those of his opponents. After quoting Dr. Smith Woodward to the effect that the Piltdown remains "are almost (if not absolutely) of the same age" as the Heidelberg mandible, he says:

"When, therefore, Dr. Woodward assigns the Piltdown remains to an early phase of the Pleistocene epoch, we may, in the present state of our knowledge, suppose him to refer the Piltdown race to a time which is removed about half a million years from the present."

— *Ibid.*, p. 308

But other authorities, including Dr. Keith himself, are convinced that Piltdown man is a good deal older than the Pleistocene, that he really belongs to the much earlier age, the Pliocene, *which antedates the first Glacial period.* Dr. Keith points out with some humor that those who refuse to admit that Piltdown man dates from the Pliocene are not consistent:

"When Professor Boyd Dawkins found the remains of (Pliocene) Mastodon in the Doveholes cave in Derbyshire in 1903, unaccompanied by human remains, he unhesitatingly assigned the contents of that cave to the Pliocene period; but when the same remains are found in Sussex, accompanied by human remains, the deposit in his opinion should be referred to a much later date."— *Ibid.*, p. 309

Such is the effect of preconceived opinions. The reason why many representatives of official science hesitate in face of new discoveries to admit fully-developed man at such an immensely ancient period as the Pliocene is, of course, because it is almost impossible to find time for the enormous changes necessary to evolve man from the anthropoid ape, for the ape cannot be traced much farther back. We shall see, also, that evidences of man are found far earlier than even the Piltdown man of the Pliocene. Professor Keith and his school contend that the Pliocene age of the Piltdown man must be admitted, at whatever cost to the theories. The more advanced school have accepted, for several years, the existence of the chipped-flint implement industry in the Pliocene in England, which proves that some kind of intelligent man existed then, but the man himself was unknown till Mr. Dawson brought the Piltdown man to light.

An extraordinary thing about the Piltdown discovery is that although the remains of the skull as reconstructed by Dr. Keith show a well-developed head with a large brain and a generally more advanced appearance than the far-later Neanderthals, yet nearby, in the same Pliocene

stratum and accompanied by rudely-worked flint implements (eoliths) and extinct animals' teeth (such as those of Stegodon, a form of elephant found in Pliocene deposits in India but never before in western Europe), an incomplete jawbone strongly resembling that of a chimpanzee and a disconnected apelike canine tooth were found. Controversy has raged as to whether the jawbone and separate tooth belonged to the skull or only happened to have drifted into the group of animal and human fossils. Though Dr. Keith, after a most exhaustive examination of the jaw, believes they probably belonged to the skull, he has his doubts, especially in consideration of the inconsistency of such an apelike jaw being associated with a purely human skull. In this case it is very singular that several of the features which distinguish human from chimpanzee jaws are missing in the Piltdown mandible. There are also no remains at all of the upper jaw, teeth, and face, by which the missing characteristics of the lower jaw could be approximately restored. The single large and apelike canine found in the same stratum as the skull and animal remains is believed by a large number of authorities to belong (like the jaw) to an early form of chimpanzee, and not to the man's skull. It is true that no chimpanzee is known in Europe at that period, but neither had remains of the Indian elephant, Stegodon, been found in western Europe until fragments of its teeth were unearthed from the same Piltdown bed.

With reference to the missing condyle of the jaw, Dr. Keith admits that there are great difficulties in reconstructing one which would fit into the socket in the skull: a condyle which would harmonize with what remains of the jaw — a distinctly chimpanzee condyle — would not fit. The subject is highly technical, and as even Dr. Keith admits "a certain degree of doubt" that the jaw could possibly belong to the skull, and as an important school of anthropologists, including the Americans, repudiate the humanity of both jaw and tooth, it is plain that there is not sufficient evidence strongly to suggest, much less to prove, that it has anything to do with the skull. The opinion adverse to the humanity of the jaw and tooth has become so strong lately that Dr. G. S. Miller of the Smithsonian Institution has just published a monograph to establish an early species of chimpanzee by means of these fragments alone, which he calls *Pan Vetus*. We may safely disregard the jaw and tooth fragments and learn from Dr. Keith that the skull itself is perfectly human; he says:

". . . the comparison of the fragments of the skull with corresponding parts of modern skulls, convince students of anatomy that in general conformation, in actual dimensions, and in brain capacity, the head of the Piltdown race was remarkably similar to that of modern races. [*Ibid.*, p. 375] . . . The characters which mark Neanderthal skulls are all absent. [p. 396] . . . We have here — in the discovery at Piltdown — the certain assurance that one race of

mankind had reached, so far as the mass of brain is concerned, a modern human standard at the beginning of the Pleistocene period. All the essential features of the brain of modern man are to be seen in the Piltdown brain-cast. . . . A few minor alterations would make it in all essentials a modern brain. . . . We may rest assured that a brain which was shaped in a mold so similar to our own was one which responded to the outside world as ours does. Piltdown man saw, heard, felt, thought, and dreamt much as we do still. . . . [p. 420] The brain capacity of the Piltdown skull is thus above that of the average modern Englishwoman, and below that of the modern Englishman . . . the skull . . . may be safely calculated as reaching 1400 c.c., an amount equal to the average capacity of modern Europeans. If Dr. Smith Woodward and I are right as regards sex, then in the male of the Piltdown race we may expect to find a brain capacity of at least 1550 c.c."— *Ibid.*, p. 390

We have lingered so long over the Piltdown skull because of the importance of fully realizing its entire humanity in view of its enormous age, and because so many misleading things have been foisted upon the public as to its being the most brutal relic of humanity yet discovered. It was not specially brutal, even in comparison with high modern races, and the far later Neanderthals were much more gorilla-like. The Piltdown case well illustrates the difficulties which beset scientific researchers, who have only a few broken bones and a few flint implements to depend upon in order to settle the profoundest problems of prehistoric history. From the Theosophical standpoint Piltdown man *might* have had a human skull and an apelike jaw, though there is no valid reason to suppose his jaw was not as human as his brain. If it were not, though, the curious combination would place him among the anthropoids or other degraded offshoots, the product of Atlantean bestiality, who broke off from the true line of human evolution and mostly perished.

Referring once more to our Table, we shall notice that skeletons have been found in Italy in Pliocene strata. The Castenedolo remains have been the subject of prolonged controversy, though, to the student of Theosophy who has learned that intelligent man lived long before the Pliocene, there seems no cause for dispute.

Sixty years ago Professor Ragazzoni, an expert geologist of the Technical Institute, Brescia, Italy, discovered human remains in a coralline stratum at Castenedolo, near Brescia. This stratum was laid down when a Pliocene sea washed the southern flanks of the Alps, which had not been raised very long at that epoch. The bed is older, probably a great deal older, than the stratum from which the Piltdown skull comes; it belongs to the more ancient Pliocene formation. Ragazzoni minutely examined the strata overlying the bones, but found no signs of disturbance indicating that a grave had been dug through them. Twenty years later more bones were found near by, the overlying strata being also intact. Professor Sergi, one of the most eminent European anthropologists, then examined the bones and the place where they had been unearthed, and gave it as his opinion, expressed in many writings and often repeated since,

that there was no doubt that the remains came from the ancient and undisturbed Pliocene bed. Leading anthropologists differ widely as to how the bones got there, but Professor Sergi and others have never seen the slightest reason to doubt that they were laid there at the time the ancient stratum was in process of formation. Why should there be any hesitation in accepting this natural explanation? Because, in Dr. Keith's words, which are worth careful reflexion:

"the student of prehistoric man . . . cannot reject the discovery as false without doing an injury to his sense of truth, and he cannot accept it as a fact without shattering his accepted beliefs."— *Ibid.*, p. 245

What is the specially remarkable character of the Castenedolo discovery and what are the beliefs which it shatters? The reason which makes it so hard to harmonize with the Darwinian theory of man's evolution from an anthropoid ape in the middle Tertiary is, according to Dr. Keith, that:

"the remains were those of people of the modern type . . . only the skull of the woman was complete enough for reconstruction. . . . The brain capacity must have been about 1340 cubic centimeters — the average for modern European women. . . . It is a long narrow skull, with not a single character that we can identify as primitive. Indeed, if tested side by side with the skulls of modern women belonging to primitive races, we should select the Castedenolo skull as representing the more highly evolved example of the modern type." —*Ibid.*, pp. 247-9

It is extremely interesting to notice that the lower jaw is small, delicate, and pointed, "the angle between the ascending ramus and body very obtuse (130°) as in women with long narrow, oval faces"! Such pointed chins, though a little less so, are also found in the Galley Hill and other Pleistocene skulls; the Neanderthals, of course, had large, coarse, brutal jaws with apelike receding chins, though not apelike teeth; but they were certainly not on our ancestral line.

The belief that Dr. Keith says is imperiled is that man was extremely brutal in mind and body — emerging from the pure animal by extremely slow degrees — not much earlier, if any, than the Castenedolo age. It is imperiled, as he says, because of the lack of time for the ape to have evolved into man, if any modern type of man, anything but the most simian type, existed in the Pliocene, for anthropoid apes have not been found in the early Tertiary. Considering the minute amount of change, if any, that has occurred in man's structure since even the Aurignacian age (disregarding the Galley Hill, Piltdown, etc., for the moment), what enormous ages would it not have required to evolve, by Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest, a pure brute animal with a small brain, hand-like feet, etc., into the early Pleistocene or the Pliocene types with perfectly human bodies and modern-sized brains! So if Castenedolo is a true discovery, the time required for the evolution of highly-developed man from the ape is out of all proportion to the amount provided by the.

testimony of the anthropoid fossils. Yet we shall find that stone tools, worked by man, are found in periods hundreds of thousands if not millions of years earlier than Piltdown or Castenedolo.

The question of the age of the Castenedolo race is of great importance; it seems strange that further explorations have not been made at that spot, for, as Dr. Keith says, "our difficulties increase as we go back," *i. e.*, the Darwinian difficulties. While he cannot accept, however open-minded, the existence of modern types of man in the older Pliocene, he "grants the possibility"; but he thinks the skeletons may somehow have been buried at a later date, though he gives no explanation of the striking and conclusive fact that the overlying joints of the strata show no sign of disturbance, which should be seen if a grave had been dug through them. From the Theosophical standpoint the discovery at Castenedolo is not surprising. At that early Pliocene date there were men and their congeners in various stages of development and degradation, from the highly-cultured to the brutal savage and the anthropoid and half-anthropoid — the offspring of miscegenation as before-mentioned. Professor Sergi and those who have no doubt about the mid-Pliocene era of the Castenedolo people are right in believing that some advanced types lived then, and subsequent discoveries of flint implements, made at a far earlier period, add greatly to the strength of their position.

For many years the reports of curious flint implements found in caves by careful anthropologists were totally ignored, and the few audacious persons who persisted in believing them to be the relics of prehistoric man were abused or ridiculed and the subject looked upon as a joke or worse. Theological bias was mainly responsible for this, but not entirely. About 1858 the orthodox scientific attitude changed, and now the implements are indispensable to anthropology. It is generally believed that there are stages of culture which can be traced by the rudeness of finish of the stone tools, and the ages are more or less clearly defined as Palaeolithic (Ancient Stone-age), Neolithic (Newer Stone-age), and so forth. We must not forget that though we live in the Age of Metals, yet the Stone-age persists today in many savage localities, and we do not really know how far back the use of metals goes. Iron may have been in use in some places when savages in other localities were chipping the most primitive forms of flints — the eoliths. Iron very quickly oxidizes and disappears when not protected, as we all know.

The eoliths — only recently discovered — have had a hard fight for recognition, mainly because they prove that men of sufficient intelligence to make tools existed long before it seemed probable according to the Darwinian hypothesis; but there are few, if any, anthropologists who now deny their human origin. These extremely rudely-chipped flints are

found in company with the Piltdown man, but they occur at a much earlier date, even as far back as the *Oligocene division of the Eocene,* when the mammalian age was beginning to develop the great types which in succeeding ages evolved into the modern species. A special kind of eoliths, called from their leading characteristic in form 'eagle-beak' or *rostro-carinata* implements, prove the existence of intelligent man in the Pliocene. Sir Ray Lankester, F. R. S., says of these:

"The implements are not at all like those previously known. They are not flattened, almond-shaped or kite-like, as are the large Palaeolithic implements (the Chellean, Acheulean, and Mousterian) hitherto known. But they are shaped like the beak of an eagle, compressed from side to side with a keel or ridge extending from the front point backwards. . . . These implements are in fact beaked hammer-heads. With these were found a few other large and heavy sculptured flints of very curious shape (like picks and axes) unlike any hitherto known, but certainly and without the least doubt chipped into shape by man."

— *London Daily News,* November 20, 1911

The learned anthropologist then speaks of the time when these peculiar implements reached the place in the Tertiary strata where they are now found, beneath the 'Red Crag' deposit. At the close of the Secondary period the chalk rock which forms the south-west portion of England was elevated and the Eocene 'London Clay,' the first English Tertiary formation, was deposited in the shallows and along the shores of the new land. The London Clay was elevated in its turn and became dry land. As Professor Lankester says:

"But suddenly, almost violently, the great barrier across the North Sea from England to Norway was finally washed away. [No doubt this was caused by one of the convulsions which were gradually destroying Atlantis.] The cold Arctic waters streamed down into the German Ocean, the beautiful southern shell-fish died, great banks of finely-broken shell were piled up by cold currents over the low-lying land surface of the Suffolk coastline. This was the beginning of the Red Crag deposit, and not only that, it was the beginning of that period of great cold . . . which constitutes what we call 'the glacial period.' The flint implements — our eagle's beaks made by man in the relatively warm Coralline Crag days — were actually carried off the land by an ice-sheet and deposited in the earliest layers of the Red Crag deposit. The irrefragable proof of this is that very many of the eagle's-beak flints are scratched and scored on their smooth surface by those peculiar cross-running grooves which we find on a pebble from a glacier's 'moraine' or stone-heap. . . . In any case Mr. Moir's flint implements are pre-Crag; they were made before the glacial conditions set in."— *Ibid.*

The special interest to us in this is that the Coralline Crag, which is *later* than the implements, is at least as old as the middle Pliocene; how much older the implements are who can say, for the land surface on which their makers lived had been exposed for an immense time.

The simpler eoliths are also convincing evidence of man's existence in the early part of the Tertiary, earlier than the Pliocene, or even the Miocene, the period when anthropoid apes first appear. H. P. Blavatsky says:

"The *pure* Atlantean stocks — of which the tall Quaternary cave-men were, in part, the

direct descendants — immigrated into Europe long prior to the Glacial period; in fact as far back as the Pliocene and Miocene times in the Tertiary. *The worked Miocene flints of Thenay, and the traces of Pliocene men discovered by Professor Capellini in Italy, are witnesses to the fact.* These colonists were portions of the once glorious Race whose cycle from the *Eocene* downwards had been running down the scale."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 740

We do not look for human evidences in Europe until the later Eocene, for H. P. Blavatsky says:

"All the articles which geologists now excavate in Europe can certainly never date earlier than from the close of the Eocene age, since the lands of Europe were not even above water before that period."— *Ibid.*, II, 723

Dr. Osborn, speaking of the first appearance of the larger apes, says:

"As early as Oligocene times a forerunner of the great apes (*Propliopithecus*) appears in the desert bordering the Fayum in northern Egypt. Early in Miocene times true tree-living gibbons found their way into Europe. . . . In the Pliocene of the Siwalik Hills of Asia is found *Palaeopithecus*, a generalized form which is believed to be related to the chimpanzee, the gorilla, and the gibbon; the upper premolars resemble those of man.

"None of these fossil anthropoids either of Europe or of Asia can be regarded as ancestral to man. . . .

"Among these fossil anthropoids, as well as among the four living forms, we discover no evidence of direct relationship to man but very strong evidence of descent from the same ancestral stock."— *Men of the Old Stone Age*, p. 49

Yet in the Oligocene, when only the *forerunner of the great apes, Propliopithecus*, was wandering in the Fayum, man possessing sufficient intelligence to manufacture stone tools was living in parts of Europe that had risen from the ocean. Again, we may ask, where is the enormous period of time required to transform the tree-living anthropoid ape into walking, intelligent man?

Dr. McCurdy, in *Records of the Past* for January-February, 1909, says:

"The eolithic industry . . . is found not only in the lower Quaternary [Pleistocene] but also in the Miocene and even in the Oligocene at Boncelles, a station recently explored by Rutot. From the Oligocene and Miocene up to and into the lower Quaternary the industry remained practically at a standstill, representing one and the same grade of intelligence."

How many millions of years does this represent! During those ages, according to Theosophy, the heavy karma of Atlantean spiritual wickedness was holding down the majority of mankind in the lower arc of a cycle, while the new Fifth Race (Aryan we may call it) was gradually forming in Central Asia out of the small nucleus of civilization that had been saved from Atlantis. The Cro-Magnons and their kin, and then the Neolithics, were the pioneers of the new cycle of civilization in Europe. The hard fight the more liberal anthropologists had to get the human origin of the eoliths accepted is shown by a critical remark made a few years ago by Professor Duckworth of Cambridge University, England:

"The years that have elapsed since the commencement of the Oligocene period must be numbered by millions. The human type would be shown thus [if it existed then] not merely

to have survived the Hipparion, Mastodon, and Deinotherium, but to have witnessed their evolution and the parental forms whence they arose. . . . Eoliths carry man too far back."
— *Prehistoric Man*

Possibly man not only "witnessed" but helped in the evolution of Hipparion into the modern type of horse. The above remark by Professor Duckworth was published in 1912 and, notwithstanding the inconvenient inconsistency of the eoliths with the ape-ancestry theory, the artificial nature of the rude stone implements has been widely accepted since then.

We may now glance at some of the puzzling problems which have faced Darwinism in America. We shall find relics of men of apparently modern Red Indian type reported as existing in strata so enormously old that science cannot accept them with any better grace than it accepts the Castenedolo or other Pliocene Europeans, and for the same reason. In fact, as there are no anthropoids in America, the problem is even more complicated, for the presence of intelligent man in America in very early periods requires extra time for him to have slowly traveled from the region in Asia where the supposed theater of evolution from the ape is located by many biologists!

For a long time the prejudice against the possibility of Pleistocene man in America was too strong for the limited amount of evidence to prevail against it, but of late there has been a change, and Dr. Keith is able to state definitely that men of exactly the same type as the Indian of today existed in the United States in the Pleistocene period; he says:

"It is plain, to account for modern man in Europe, in Asia, and in America, long before the close of the Ice Age, we must assign his origin and evolution to a very remote period."
—*Antiquity of Man*, p. 278

The most sensational and surprising discovery in America was that of the human remains found in the *Pliocene* gold-bearing sands of Calaveras County in California, in 1866. These have been the subject of the most animated controversy ever since, and the subject is not yet closed.

A full and critical account of the discoveries will be found in *The Report* of the Smithsonian Institution for 1899, by Professor W. H. Holmes, and the unprejudiced reader will be able to see that if it were not for the strong preconception of the author in favor of the ape-ancestry theory, the arguments used to discredit the immense age of the skull and the utensils would never have convinced him. Their object is to suggest that the relics are modern or comparatively modern Indian ones which have fallen into the gold-mining shafts or have been carried into the horizontal tunnels and then covered by falls of gravel, to be discovered when new tunnels were bored. But there is at least one story of a discovery which is so evidentially strong that neither Dr. Holmes nor anyone else has been able to account for it on the theory of accident. A handsome polished

pestle was actually picked by an expert out of the ancient Pliocene river gravel beneath the beds of volcanic basalt, from a place in which it could not have been accidentally put by a fall or intentionally by a modern Indian. Yet this tool is patterned like many of the others, and resembles those used by the modern Indians, who are -- or were in 1866 -- in the Stone-age. Dr. Keith does not agree with those who utterly repudiate the Calaveras discoveries, yet he cannot give unqualified assent to their authenticity, and he concludes that we must wait for further information, *for how could there be a modern type of Indian in California at a period when there ought to be nothing but extremely primitive ape-like creatures!* This consideration does not trouble the student of Theosophy who knows that men in various stages of culture spread far and wide from Atlantean centers much earlier than the Pliocene. Dr. Keith points out that even if the Calaveras skull is not so very old, there remain:

"other mysteries connected with the ancient bed of the Stanislas even more difficult of solution. The skull was not the only evidence of man in the ancient gold-bearing river gravels in Calaveras County. These gravels lie buried under tides of lava which swept the western flanks of the Sierra Nevada in the Miocene and Pliocene periods. There are the most circumstantial accounts of the discovery, in the gravel-beds of these ancient Pliocene streams, of stone mortars, stone pestles, hammer-stones, spear-heads, etc., not only by miners, but by expert and reliable geologists. *Indeed, were such discoveries in accordance with our expectations, if they were in harmony with the theories we have formed regarding the date of man's evolution, no one would ever dream of doubting them, much less of rejecting them.* The consequence of accepting the discoveries of Calaveras County as genuine has been well expressed by Professor W. H. Holmes, when he presented the results of his investigations to the Smithsonian Institution in 1899. 'To suppose that man could have remained unchanged physically, mentally, socially, industrially, and aesthetically for a million of years, roughly speaking (and all this is implied by the evidence furnished), seems in the present state of our knowledge hardly less than admitting a miracle.' It is equally difficult to believe that so many men should have been mistaken as to what they saw and found."— *Ibid.*, p. 284 (Italics ours)

When we recollect the immense time that man remained in the Eolithic stage of culture in western Europe, it does not seem such a "miracle" that he may have remained as long, or rather longer, in western America in a considerably higher stage. Dr. Robert Munro, in *Archaeology and Fake Antiquities*, writing in 1905, before the recent European discoveries of the Piltdown man and the eagle's-beak implements and the wide acceptance of the eoliths, says:

"If the so-called Calaveras skull be accepted as a genuine relic of the period when the auriferous gravels of California were deposited, it would prove the existence of a highly-developed man earlier than the Pliocene period. . . . People who profess to believe that the . . . stone implements, weapons and ornaments . . . are relics of a human civilization of that period, are upholding opinions which, if true, would be absolutely subversive, not only of the doctrine of human evolution, but of the principles on which modern archaeology has been founded."

But other principles have had to be abandoned in face of awkward facts, and we may find the Calaveras discoveries, or some of them at least,

fitting very comfortably into the science of the twenty-first century.

The discovery of the image at Nampa, Ada County, Idaho, is one of several finds of pottery in America of far earlier date than anything of the kind in Europe, and it is a most significant piece of evidence, for men who had both the desire of using and the capacity of making a modeled human figure must have been infinitely removed from the supposed ape-man. The Nampa image, found in 1889, is made of partly-burnt clay and is one and one-half inches in length. It was brought up from a depth of 320 feet during the boring of a shaft through Tertiary strata, and is of early Pleistocene date, possibly Pliocene. Opposition to its genuineness has been raised, but without any foundation except that such things cannot be, in view of the lack of time necessary for so highly developed an artist to have been evolved from the Pliocene or Miocene apes! As Professor G. F. Wright says:

"No one has come forward to challenge the evidence except on purely *a priori* grounds arising from preconceived opinions of the extreme antiquity of the deposits in which it is said to have been found."

Animated controversy has raged for several years over the discovery at Vero in Florida of scattered human bones of modern type associated with baked pottery resembling that of recent Indian tribes. The same argument has been used against its authenticity that we are prepared to expect — primitive tribes cannot have existed for so many hundreds of thousands or more years without greater change, and early Pleistocene or late Pliocene men cannot have been so far removed from the ape. Dr. Oliver P. Hay, of Carnegie Institution, Washington, in replying to the theory that the bones and pottery were buried in the Florida Pleistocene beds in modern times, says:

"On his page 37 [*Bulletin No. 66* of American Ethnology Bureau] Dr. Hrdlička undertakes a consideration of the 'broader aspects of the case' and he asks whether it was possible for man to be in Florida in Pleistocene times. He himself replies that the presence of man there at that time, or even on the American continent, cannot be admitted by anthropology. In doing so, he simply assumes that what is supposed to be known about man in Europe furnishes a standard by which all matters anthropological the world over must be settled. He says that no pottery is known to have existed in the world before the Neolithic age. On the contrary, it has been shown (Note: Hay, *Amer. Anthrop.*, Vol. XX, pp. 15, 16, 25) that pottery has been found in this country in the early Pleistocene at Charleston, Vero, and Nampa. Did an Indian go out furtively into that swamp at Charleston, dig down three feet in the muck, and hide away from his fellows, alongside of the mastodon tusk and horse teeth, that potsherd?"

— *Science*, November 8, 1918

It will be seen, from the limited number of discoveries yet made in the United States, that there is cumulative evidence of the enormous antiquity of intelligent man in this country; and, from the evidence of the pottery, that the inhabitants of some parts of America who were contemporary

with the Piltdown man and other early Pliocene or Pleistocene Europeans appear to have been their superiors in culture.

So far we have directed our attention to the weaknesses in the Darwinian contention that man evolved very slowly from an ape ancestor during the Miocene and Pliocene geological periods, but we cannot close without referring to the startling attack made upon the whole principle of descent from any kind of anthropoid ape, by Dr. F. Wood-Jones, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London, in 1918. Though a Theosophical scientific writer recently discussed Professor Wood-Jones's lecture in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, it is sufficiently important to be again brought to the attention of our readers.

After showing that Haeckel's and Huxley's theory of 'end-on' evolution, in which the claim is made that man descended from the mammals which walk on four legs, through the monkeys and anthropoid apes, is impossible from the standpoint of the attentive student of human anatomy, Dr. Wood-Jones turns to a curious little animal, generally, but, he says, incorrectly, classed with the Lemurs, the *Tarsius* of the Malayan district, as a type more closely resembling man in many essential details of bodily structure than the anthropoid apes. He shows that man has retained a large number of 'primitive' features which have been lost by the monkeys and anthropoids. As an anatomist he makes a special point of this remarkable fact, which, he says, has not been sufficiently considered by investigators. His conclusion, after reviewing some of the muscular, arterial, and organic characters of man in comparison with those of the lower animals, is that:

> "We are left with the unavoidable impression that the search for his ancestors must be pushed a very long way back. It is difficult to imagine how a being, whose body is replete with features of basic mammalian simplicity, can have sprung from any of those mammals in which so much of this simplicity has been lost. It becomes impossible to picture man as being descended from any form at all like the recent monkeys, or anthropoid apes, or from their fossil representatives. . . . He must have started an independent line of his own, long before the anthropoid apes and the monkeys developed those specializations which shaped their definite evolutionary destinies."— *The Problem of Man's Ancestry*, p. 33

Tarsius, he says, is the only companion to man in primitiveness; it is nearer to man than any other animal known to the zoölogist. *Tarsius* dates back to the very earliest dawn of the Tertiary period, when the first generalized types of animals began to appear, and has hardly changed at all to the present day. Dr. Wood-Jones does not suggest that *Tarsius* is the direct ancestor of man, and he gives no information as to how or why man acquired his own specializations, but he shows by the evidence of embryology that man has possessed them for an enormous period, and has apparently been as stationary in physical development as *Tarsius!* He proves that Haeckel's teaching, that a human embryo cannot be

distinguished from that of the ape until very late in development, is wrong and must be abandoned, by showing that certain essentially human characters, such as the human walking foot with a leg muscle found in none of the lower animals, are visible in the human embryo at the earliest possible time and not late in its formation as they would be if man had passed through the anthropoidal and quadrupedal stages:

"Such a finding, in the development of any animal, forces the conclusion that a distinctive feature, so early acquired in embryology, was early acquired in history, and that the species must be very old indeed."— *Ibid.*, p. 38

According to Dr. Wood-Jones, no fossil has so far been discovered which throws any real light upon the actual origin of man, though *Tarsius* may be a cousin closely connected with the human stem. All the evidence available proves that man has not come through the anthropoid ape. He goes further:

"Although the depicting of the early stages of man's development is a pleasant and a simple business, it is one from which we are likely to be recalled to hard-and-fast reality by the very certainty which appears to be attached to our findings. We must be prepared at any moment to face the fact that our pleasantly-woven hypothesis may have to be defended as actual reality. If man is a more primitive mammal than are the monkeys and apes, and if he undoubtedly belongs to their phylum, then it follows that far from being a descendant of the apes, he may be looked upon as their ancestor. . . . Indeed, from the point of view of anatomy I conceive it to be impossible to take any other view; and it is for those who hold an opposite belief to show us how the bodily primitiveness of some Tarsius-like creature can have progressed into the stage of simian specializations, and then, after long ages, relapsed into an identical primitiveness such as characterizes man."— *Ibid.*, p. 38

Professor Wood-Jones fully believes in the immense antiquity of intelligent man, and in support of this he mentions the unexpected discovery of an 'Australian native' skull at Talgai in Queensland, belonging to a period when huge species of pouched animals, extinct for long geological ages, flourished there. Bones of the dog — not a native product of Australian evolution — are found in the same early period. Man and the dog

"arrived so long ago that they broke in upon a pouched fauna containing some huge forms which have long since become extinct. . . . But here, in the very remote past, are two trespassers from the outside world — the non-pouched man and the non-pouched dog. . . . It is a strange thing to remember that, having performed this wonderful journey, and broken into the isolated 'Pleistocene' fauna of this new land he progressed so little, that when his fellow-men of the outside world, in the shape of Captain Cook and La Pérouse, next visited his descendants, they found them, after this enormous interval, apparently but little advanced upon the condition of their remote pilgrim fathers."— *Ibid.*, p. 43

It really seems, in spite of Dr. Holmes' difficulty in believing that the Calaveras Indian could have existed in the Pliocene with so little change until modern days, that it is the custom rather than the exception for human types to be stationary for very long periods.

Dr. Wood-Jones's aim is to show that man did not survive by a bloody and brutal struggle for existence, but quickly evolved into the human state in which he has been predominant ever since attaining it, and he is quite as severe as any student of Theosophy upon the evil psychological impression that is made upon people by the widespread pictures and highly-colored accounts of "our ape-ancestors."

"Our hypothesis also demands that any so-called missing link would be very unlike the popular picture of a brutish, slouching creature made more horrible than any gorilla by a dawning touch of humanity. This missing-link picture must be deleted from our minds, and I find no occupation less worthy of the science of anthropology than the not unfashionable business of modeling, painting, or drawing these nightmare products of imagination, and lending them, in the process, an utterly false value of apparent reality. . . . Man is no new-begot child of the ape, born of a chance variation, bred of a bloody struggle for existence upon pure brutish lines. Such an idea must be dismissed by humanity, and such an idea must cease to exert any influence upon conduct. We did not reach our present level by these means; certainly we shall never attain a higher one by intensifying them."—*Ibid.*, pp. 39, 48

For a fuller understanding of Professor Wood-Jones's demonstration of the worthlessness of the ape-ancestry theory the reader is advised to read the article 'Man's Ancestry: Science comes round to Theosophical Views' by H. Travers, M. A., in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for December, 1919, in which there is a brief outline of the Theosophical teaching upon the true place of man in pre-history.

To summarize the main points we have been considering:

Theosophy repudiates the materialistic suggestion that Natural Selection by the Survival of the Fittest and the brutal Struggle for Existence are alone competent to explain the world of life as we find it, though they have their rightful place, a subordinate one. There is a spiritual explanation of the presence of man on earth, and the real 'missing link' in the theories of scientists is the Reincarnating Soul — the Pilgrim passing onwards through experiences in many bodies.

It is being increasingly recognised by leaders in thought that the mechanistic theories are inadequate, and certain advanced scientists are looking for something more probable than the 'blind force' explanations.

The discoveries of prehistoric human relics of various kinds, so far as they carry us, are just what might be expected from the standpoint of Theosophy; and the difficulties confronting the ape-ancestry theory are natural in view of its falsity.

Man's undoubted ancestry has not been traced by science beyond the highly-intelligent Aurignacians or Cro-Magnons in Europe; the brutal-looking Neanderthals who preceded them having been a special species of man, not ancestral to us.

The evidence for modern types of man in the middle and probably

early Tertiary is so strong that high authorities admit that nothing but the preconception of its 'impossibility' from the Darwinian standpoint has prevented its acceptance. As the Theosophical explanation of human evolution asserts the existence of man in the early Tertiary, it is a matter of rejoicing that nothing but materialistic bias stands in the way of the acceptance of the facts.

Professor Wood-Jones's bold challenge to the ape-ancestry theory is of great importance in view of his standing as an anatomist, for the arguments generally advanced on its behalf are almost always confined to the structure of the bones in exclusion of the muscular and organic anatomy.

Though we cannot yet say that human skeletons have been found in the early Tertiary rocks — unless the Talgai or other doubtful remains date from that period — yet the discovery of eoliths a few years ago and the general acceptance of them as proving the presence of man in the Eocene (Oligocene section) is a sufficient confirmation of H. P. Blavatsky's notable prophecy published in *The Secret Doctrine* in 1888:

"But if the skeletons of man should, at any time, be discovered in the Eocene strata, but no fossil ape, thereby proving the existence of man prior to the anthropoid,-- then Darwinians will have to exercise their ingenuity in another direction. And it is said in well-informed quarters that the XXth century will be yet in its earliest teens, when such undeniable proof of Man's priority will be forthcoming."— II, 690

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

R. MACHELL

WHEN I was a child, these words, inscribed on every tombstone in the old churchyard, excited my imagination; for I was told that the dead went to Heaven if they had been good in life, and if they had lived badly they would be otherwise provided for: this inscription seemed to express a doubt as to this general arrangement for the accommodation of departed souls, that puzzled me. I read as many of the epitaphs as I was able to decipher, and found that the tombstones testified to the exemplary conduct of all those interred within the sacred precinct, and further expressed a rather general conviction that the condition of the dead was far more blessed than that of the living: and yet there stood those words, which clearly indicated doubt and fear as to the peace of that last sleep.

I concluded that it must refer to the body alone, the soul being cared for by higher powers. But then, I asked myself, if the soul is gone and the body is "earth to earth and ashes to ashes" as the funeral service said,

what was it that could be disturbed, and needed this warning, or injunction, or petition, or whatever it might be? To whom were those words addressed? Who could disturb their peace, whose souls were all in paradise and whose bodies were, as I then believed, already "turned to clay"?

Later I learned that bodies do not so quickly disappear, for the sexton frequently dug up skulls and bones, and buried them again. I saw no signs of life in those old bones; and could not think that they would care whether their slow decay were hastened or delayed. That they should all be able to resuscitate themselves in order to be present at the last judgment, did not trouble me, because it was so far away, and so miraculous, that it seemed unnecessary to think about how it would be accomplished. Besides, all those that had been buried in that particular churchyard had gone to paradise already: the tombstones said so. Why then those words of doubt?

Later there came to my mind a question as to the accuracy of those statements and assurances so firmly carved in stone. I heard most serious doubts expressed in private conversation as to the actual condition of some, whose state was there so optimistically described. My childish faith was shaken, and I was ready to believe that the after-death condition was so doubtful as to leave room for the pious prayer, addressed to some unknown power, for the peace of the departed. *Requiescat in pace!*

Naturally I thought of the disturbers of the peace as demons, evil spirits, ghouls, and such unholy creatures, and I wondered if they could read Latin, and where they learned it. I concluded the formula must have some magic potency. I never dreamed it could be addressed to human beings: the desecration of a tomb was an unthinkable crime to me. And something of that early reverence for the dead still lingers in my mind, in spite of all experience, though it is changed, and has assumed a very different meaning: but the injunction now appears to me peremptory. Let the dead rest in peace!

In those days death was a black terror. Later I came to look for him as for a friend whose coming was too long delayed: and then he came, and passed me by, but called another that I loved, and I was left to wonder, and to mourn, unreasoning and unresigned. The parting was absolute; it did not seem to be in any way softened by what I had been taught: the loved one was gone beyond recall, and all was dark and doubtful beyond that fact. Death seemed to be a parting, final and irrevocable. I found that my early faith was gone, and that I had no philosophy to fill the gap. The one I loved was gone, I knew not where. But even then I could not believe that death amounted to annihilation. No. The dead lived on; of that I was convinced.

Then came some knowledge of what passed for spiritualism, and I

learned that there were people who claimed to hold communion with the dead. They published books and magazines, and did their best to make the 'good news' known. They claimed that death was a delusion, that life was indestructible, that the soul passed on out of the body, with no loss of consciousness or alteration of the personality, ascending gradually to higher states of bliss and spiritual illumination. The teachings were not always clear, but this was the general impression that I gained. I thought it reasonable and comforting, if not entirely convincing. I found that the adherents of this cult spent much of their time in efforts to establish definite connexions with the dead, who they assured me were not dead at all. They claimed to have communications from beyond the grave; and these I studied carefully. They were discouraging. They showed no signs of spiritual unfoldment. They showed no clearer vision, nor surer understanding, in fact no progress. I was told that this was not to be expected, seeing that progress requires time. Often I found the communications foolish, sometimes worse. This I was told was due to evil spirits, elementals, or some malicious influence. Then I remembered the inscription on the tombs, *Requiescat in pace!* and it took on a new meaning to me. It seemed to say plainly to the living: "Let the dead rest in peace!" It was no magic formula, no prayer, no exorcism addressed to evil spirits, but a warning to men and women not to disturb the dead.

I spoke of this to my friends, and was assured that I was on the wrong track: that the dead asked nothing better than to be given the opportunity to reopen intercourse with those they left behind them. And again I was referred to numberless communications from the dead confirming that view. I read them with feelings of pity, which changed to something like disgust. In spite of all expressions of delight at the new conditions, there was in all of them an evidence of a hankering after the affairs of earth that shocked me. Sometimes the departed urged the living lover to be constant in love and confident of the assured reunion, which did not seem to me to be so much a higher kind of fellowship, but rather a more vivid and intense emotion, in which I saw no trace of spirituality. In fact I felt no faith that the communicating agents were what they claimed to be.

About that time I came in contact with Theosophy; and I met those who had gone through just such experiences as mine. I questioned them, and got an answer that agreed with my own feelings on the subject. They told me that the soul, at death, frees itself gradually from its 'bonds of flesh,' that is to say from its association with the body; and that this process of liberation may be hindered or hastened by circumstances,—among which the most important may be the mental attitude of those who were most intimately associated with the one who is 'passing on.' A distinction was made between the mental personality and the soul,

which latter might indeed be reached by a pure soul embodied still; but such impersonal communion would be, perhaps, entirely beyond the understanding or appreciation of the ordinary person.

I spoke of the natural desire to open communications with the loved ones whom we have lost, and I was answered with the words of that old inscription, *Requiescat in pace!* Let the dead rest in peace! Set them free! Cease your long lamentation, with which you make death seem terrible for those that live, and which may serve to hold back the passing soul, for whom the gates of life stand open.

Why will you try to call the loved ones back to soothe your selfish sorrow? And would you be so cruel as to seek to gratify your curiosity at their expense? Such dealings were called necromancy formerly, and were accursed.

If you had really loved, you would know now that what you loved was deathless. If indeed you love them still, send your love after them — send it as a pure benediction, without thinking of yourself or of the answer you may get. Love is a gift that is exhaled like the aroma of a flower. Breathe out your love and know that it will reach its goal!

It may be hard for you to realize that love like yours may be unkind. Nor could it be if it were worthy. Is it so? That is the question every mourner would do well to answer honestly.

If this self-discipline were undertaken there would be no more attempts to violate the sanctity of death by practices that hinder the departing soul, and hold it from its full release.

What would you say to a nurse who would not let the patient go to sleep for fear of loneliness? or one that woke a sleeper to administer a sleeping draught? Let the dead rest in peace! — 'tis a good motto.

"IT is only the knowledge of the constant re-births of one and the same individuality throughout the life-cycle . . . that can explain to us the mysterious problem of Good and Evil, and reconcile man to the terrible and *apparent* injustice of life. Nothing but such certainty can quiet our revolted sense of justice. For, when one unacquainted with the noble doctrine looks around him, and observes the inequalities of birth and fortune, of intellect and capacities . . . that blessed knowledge of Karma alone prevents him from cursing life and men, as well as their supposed Creator. . . ."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 303

FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE

HERBERT CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

"MAN, know thyself," said the Greek oracle in a famous aphorism, but it unfortunately omitted to tell him how to do it. And he has been suffering from the omission ever since. It would have been a little better and more stimulating if the oracle had said, "Man, *seek* thyself," or, "Man, *find* thyself." We could understand that last.

We know that if a shy, nervous young man is suddenly pushed into a crowded ballroom he is at first dazed and confused, has *lost* himself, and only finds himself or comes to himself after a good while. And the same with most of us if we were suddenly introduced into a noisy, clanging workshop with a hundred great machines going and their connecting belts whirling everywhere. It would take some time to get our brains quiet enough to find ourselves in the dazing confusion. Our bodies and brains are a far more confused and whirling workshop than that, close about us; and outside the body is the confusing whirl of life with its daily and hourly happenings. In that double confusion most of us never do find ourselves or come to ourselves, and reach death without having gained any light. For the whole of our minds has been taken up all the time with externals and has never even thought of turning away from the confusion and looking inward.

Suppose Euclid, instead of compiling his geometry and showing us *how* to find the properties of lines and space, had merely said, "Man, know the properties of space." But even a geometry book might be studied in two ways. If you study it properly you *realize* in yourself the truth of each proposition and can never doubt it any more. You *know* it now. It is a part of you. It was a part of you, deep in your mind, before, but you did not know that. By following the book with your reason you got at your own hidden knowledge. Everyone knows, for instance, that two things which are each equal to some third thing are equal to one another. As soon as the young student reads that he recognises it as the truth, knows that he knew it all along, inside, but did not previously realize that he knew it. He does not take it on faith. He does not go about saying, "I know that two things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, because Euclid says they are, and I have absolute faith in him." Here is the difference between certain knowledge and mere faith.

For of course there are two kinds of knowledge: knowledge that is

absolutely certain, like knowledge of geometry, knowledge which, though you may have been *guided* to it by a book, you really got out of yourself; and knowledge which you do get entirely out of a book, such as the facts of chemistry, for instance, and which, though you may verify it experimentally, you could never be said to get out of yourself. You could conceive of chemistry changing its facts as the planet gets older and matter alters its nature, but you could never imagine the possibility of two things equal to a third thing *not* being equal to each other. The Greek oracle, when it said, "Man, know thyself," meant, "Get *certain* knowledge, get out of thyself the knowledge of thyself which is already in thee, realize thyself." And to that end we may use teachings. But the knowledge is not in the teachings, but in us. They show what to do to get at it, how to transform *faith* in what they say into knowledge of our own.

We need to be quite clear about the two meanings of the word *know*, for we are told that man cannot *know* anything about his own real being, about immortality, divinity, life in its essence. The philosopher Kant said we might *believe* in Divinity, immortality, and the soul, and that it was good and helpful to do so; but that these could not become matters of knowledge, objects of knowledge. And of course they cannot; *objects* of knowledge cannot be looked at, weighed, measured, tested with machines.

Consider the axiom again that two things which are each equal to a third thing are equal to one another. As we saw, there are two ways of knowing that. The first way is certain; we absolutely know it from within ourselves, cannot doubt it for a moment.

Suppose we did not know it in that way. There would be another. Someone might suspect it to be true and try it in a number of cases. He would tell us that so far as his experiments went he had always found it to be true. "If," he would say, "two things that are each equal to the third thing are sometimes *not* equal to each other, the difference is so small that my instruments do not detect it. But of course," he would add, "it is quite possible that with further investigation we may light upon cases of two things being each equal to a third thing, yet unequal to each other. Still, as we have not yet discovered any such things and as our instruments of measurement are very refined nowadays, we may provisionally say we know that when two things are each equal to a third, they *are* equal to each other."

That is the other kind of knowing. It gives very good results for practical life, but of course it differs altogether from *certain* knowledge, and the two knowledges ought not to have the same name. This second or inferior knowledge is largely *faith.* We say we *know* that a revolving magnet will generate an electric current in a neighboring coil of wire.

What we mean as scientists is that we have hitherto always found it to do so; what we call our 'knowledge' that it always *will* do so is really *faith.* For magnets might one day be found not to do that. Some change in the earth or the sun, for example, might conceivably alter the nature of magnets.

Suppose Kant and his like were wrong, and that we need not content ourselves with *faith* in Divinity, Immortality, and the soul, but could get real knowledge, certain knowledge. Nothing else will ever do the world any real good and bring joy and peace into human hearts. If any way were generally known to get this knowledge, men would naturally go after it just as they now go after science and literature and music and education in general. In fact, far more eagerly. It would be considered the first and most interesting and inspiring of all knowledges, the first point in education, everything else coming after. "*Of course,*" they would say, "you must ascertain and know about your immortality and divinity, about soul and the meaning of life. But how oxygen combines with hydrogen, and the properties of magnets, and the motions of the stars, and the Greek and Latin languages and literature, and so on, though interesting and in their way important, are not the *really* important things, the grand knowledge. That first; the rest can come after."

But they don't know how to get this grand knowledge. It is not got at through science; it is not got at through culture or art. Men go to the furthest point on these lines without ever getting on to *this* line, though some of them may be nearer to it than they know. They have never learned as certain knowledge that when death comes to them it will leave them *more* alive, *more* full of consciousness than they ever were before. Yet that knowledge can be had, can be gained in ordinary life, can be gained along with the gaining of the ordinary knowledges and forms of culture. But at best there is now only faith.

The old question: Canst thou by searching find out God? has already its answer *No* if the word 'searching' means thinking of the ordinary sort — namely, dealing mentally with things seen, heard, or otherwise outwardly contacted. For to 'find out' means here to come to *know* in the deepest sense. We can *reason* ourselves on to some sort of belief that Divinity, soul, and immortality must be, but we cannot reason ourselves on to *knowledge* that they are. And so faith is put in as a substitute. But let us render every respect to strong faith, for it brings some to actual knowledge.

All sorts of definitions of man exist. Man is a tool-using animal, a fire-making animal, a bargaining animal, and so on. There are so many that there will be no harm in trying to make one or two more. He is a beauty-appreciating 'animal,' and an ideal-making 'animal.' Let us

begin with them. The Irishman said that not being a bird he could not be in two places at once. At that rate we *are* all birds, for we always are in two places at once. "So many men on earth, so many gods in heaven," is an old Eastern saying. Each of us, says Theosophy, lives two lives at once, a life as man on earth, and a concurrent life as soul or a god on a plane that the saying calls 'heaven.' And the god-part knows all that is done and thought by this man-part here, but the man-part here knows next to nothing of what his god-part there does and what its consciousness is like. But flashes of it thrill down to him and give him his sense of beauty, and inspire him to ideals of what he might be and what humanity might be, and give him compassion and a desire for universal good, and make him rather work for that than for his own personal advantage. And they give him the power to create beauty in sound and color and words as the expression of his highest and ever-changing ranges of feeling. And they warn him when he is thinking of doing wrong. An animal has none of any of this. It is all superadded to animal mentality. It is a mentality of its own sort, not the reasoning mentality which of course some animals do possess in a degree. And by the cultivation of all these together man takes his first step to real knowledge of his own soul, the part of him that dwells beyond. As he takes this first step and holds to it he begins to be aware in his highest moments of a Presence with him, himself but also much more than himself. His redemption has begun. The god is becoming known to him.

An animal, we said, has none of these marks of higher mentality. A dog cannot make an ideal in his mind of something higher and nobler than he is, and try to live up to that in thought and feeling. *That* power and part of mind is specifically *human*. We all have it. Below it is the reasoning power and part of mind, possessed in degree by animals also; markedly, for instance, by ants and elephants and beavers. Our higher part of mind, which is in touch upstairs with the soul, the god, is indeed derived from, a ray from, that god and can consequently be inspired from that source, from its parent. Its 'Father-in-secret' is, as it were, soon after birth let down into the body, 'sown' in it, mixes up with the reasoning and sensuous or sense-based animal-mind, and at once forgets itself in animal sensation,— sometimes never remembers itself any more till death. And so, when at death it looks back along the life just closed, it finds that it has wasted it, got nothing out of it. So in due time it begins the next earth life none the better for having lived this present one — except perhaps that a dim something may remain in its memory from that retrospect and cause it to do a little better.

So this especially human part of us, this ideal-making part, this part with the power of imagination, goes up and down every day, every hour,

between the part above it and the part below: between the soul which is its origin — the god,— and the animal part below — the sensuous and merely reasoning mind, which works among sensations and compares them, thinks about them and draws deductions from them. It goes up and down, this specially human part, carrying its imagination — a divine and creative and also path-finding power — with it. When it is downstairs, at the animal end, in the basement of our nature, it uses its imagination to recall and magnify pleasant sensations, and consequently there arises in it an intensity of desire for more of them that no animal can equal. As it goes upstairs towards the parent Light it begins to have ideals and to receive inspirations. When it is for the time a good way up, it may exhibit such powers as those of the musician, the artist, the poet, the humanity-lover, the great reformer, the hero, the spiritual teacher. But till it has recognised its oversoul, its god and emanator, for certain, and made the link very close, it is apt to be constantly slipping back again more or less into the lower places in the basement. That is why it is so important that we should have knowledge — from teaching or Theosophic study — that there *is* such a god within us (and beyond us). For then the mind has something definite to set its compass by and consciously and intelligently steer towards. From study and teaching comes this knowledge. We use imagination and presently get the strength of faith. And after a while this first sort of knowledge, the sort that is got from teaching or reasoning, turns into the other sort, the absolute or realized sort. We *know* at last. Knowledge, presently glowing into faith-imagination, and that taking fire at last into perfect and realized knowledge; thus the three stages. A man's nature has utterly changed when he gets to that last point, though all along he consciously remains his unbroken self.

You see we have had to use the word 'faith' in two senses, like knowledge. As we study Theosophy there is the conviction or faith of the reasoning mind that we are getting a true account or picture of human nature. We have an explanation that is satisfactory to our reason. Living accordingly, we presently begin to get flashes of actual realization that this is true, that there *is* a divine Presence aiding and illuminating us. And from that the first sort of *reason*-faith glows up into the assured faith of the mariner who, having till now gone by his chart, at last sees the point of land on his horizon.

Soul, in the sense we have been giving the word here — the god in and beyond us, the shining seer, the warrior — is not taught of and pointed to except by Theosophy. The word has lost its golden meaning, its light, its life, its inspiration. People do not live by it, do not look out all the time for the flashes of message from their souls, do not recognise

what those flashes are when they feel them, do not know their significance and promise.

We have been using the word 'imagination.' Imagination is generally thought of as a picturing of what is actually *not*, a constructive picturing. But it may also be a picturing of what *is*. Imagination may be of *living reality*, contain reality, reality seen in advance. Theosophy gives material for this use of imagination and presently we find that what we imagined is fact. The god is found. True prayer is imagination, and so is meditation as distinct from reasoning. And imagination is the mother of all our tomorrows with their achievements. Without imagination we do not live but merely exist. Without it there *are* no tomorrows, only a repetition of the mere today. Whatsoever state a man can truly imagine himself to have attained, that state for that moment he has actually attained.

Theosophic teaching, then, shows us faith of two kinds, and knowledge likewise of two kinds, corresponding to our two minds or two levels of mind. There is mind dependent on the senses for its knowledge, a kind of knowledge added to by reasoning and made exact for purposes of action; that field, in fact, of the lower mind that is in degree shared with us by the animals. And the faith of this mind is the sort of faith we have when, putting a seed into the ground, we look forward with reasonable assurance to its coming up — the faith of the animal which having found its food in a certain place today and yesterday, expects without question that it will be there tomorrow. It is a faith resting on remembering and reasoning, coming automatically into action. It is one and the same with *passive* imagination, non-creative imagination, the mere picturing of tomorrow as a repetition of today. For the faith that the seed will come up in due time, or the food be there tomorrow, is a picture of previous such events expectantly thrown forward. This kind of imagination or faith is therefore only remembrance carried to tomorrow. And the faith that some people have in their religious creed is of the same kind. The pictures of heaven and hell, for instance, are in the case of such people merely abstracts of different kinds of pleasant or painful experiences thrown forward into a post-mortem future, a process that does itself as soon as they are taught the dogmas they accept. There is no glow of creative imagination anywhere in the matter, no rising to another and greater state of consciousness.

But besides this mind we have the other — more truly, *are* the other — with another faith, another imagination, another knowledge possible to it. And here, in this mind when aroused and at work, all is fire, action, new being, new life seized, hope, joy, ideals ripened into actuality. Its center is the heart, throwing up its glowing energy into the brain and giving it new powers of response as co-worker with the heart in imagination,

Faith in the soul is here nothing passive. It is the leap of mind towards making clear to itself what it already secretly knew. Faith, knowledge, and imagination are now at the same time three sisters and also generators of one another. Faith in the soul, the god, is a positive energy of consciousness inspired by the god himself. It is our response to the god's *I am.* Imagination is stirred into co-operation with this faith that has arisen in the heart and at the same time creates more of it. And some time the faith shows that it was secretly rooted in knowledge and also has knowledge for its outcome. Then man knows his divinity and deathlessness. For as this higher mind was not born with the body and animal mind but came down into their midst, so it does not die with them but is taken up out of their midst and is once more part of the parent soul or begins to energize under the full light of that. This new and completed kind of energizing is what we now, thinking of it from this side, call 'rest,' the 'rest' between two incarnations. So we understand what the old philosophies meant when they called birth an imprisonment and death regained freedom.

The great hope given by Theosophy lies in its teaching that this knowledge of the soul may be gained *during life* by those who will awake the activity of their higher minds by exercise and by mastery of the lower, and by study. Study gives us the map to steer by. Mastery of the lower mind with its unintermittent stream of thought-chatter shows us how it is but an instrument for practical life, a servant, and not ourselves at all. And exercise is evoking the higher imagination in the silence of brain-thought, aspiration, prayer, making ourselves sensitive to the presence of the soul within and beyond us.

Writers sometimes try to demonstrate immortality by argument, the first being Plato in his description of the closing scene in the life of Socrates. They are appeals to the reasoning mind, intended to make immortality seem possible or even probable to it. They might even bring conviction: but certain knowledge, never. We have certain knowledge of our own self-existence at every moment, and it is by pushing this same further in or further up that we come upon knowledge of our immortality. It is an extension of our present sense of our own existence, as immediate as that, as certain as that. Men come down at birth into the body from a world of light which is beyond the domain of death altogether. As the years of bodily life begin to spin their web the reasoning mind grows up in the brain and senses and surrounds this real self and overlies its knowledge and demands to be used and its opinion obtained upon everything, even upon matters which it can never understand and is unfitted to deal with. Of course it *is* a useful instrument, necessary for daily practical life and conduct, so incessantly useful from moment to moment and so incessantly

active, whether useful or not, that its noise and chatter drown out and prevent us from attending to anything else and make us forget that there is anything else of us but it. And so, as *it* does not know of immortality, behold, presently *we* do not know of it either; all that remains known to us of our *immortal* selfhood is just the selfhood without the adjective. That, fortunately, is extremely difficult to lose. And so the way back to knowledge of immortality is the reverse of the way *from* it; namely, the way by *silencing* the mind of brain and in the silence reaching up again to soul, to the light. This is no new thing; it has been said in a hundred ancient scriptures, taught all down the ages, taught by Katherine Tingley on this Isis Theater platform. Says one of the old Indian Upanishads: "When a man, having freed his mind from sloth, distraction, and vacillation, becomes as it were delivered from his mind, that is the highest point. The mind must be restrained in the heart till its activity comes to an end;—that is knowledge; that is liberty."

And in such moments the presence of the soul begins to be known. They come uninvited sometimes — to the poet, the mystic, the thinker, the saint. Emerson knew them, and Whitman. They came sometimes upon Tennyson, who said of them: "By God Almighty there is no delusion in the matter! It is no nebulous ecstasy, but a state of transcendent wonder associated with absolute clearness of mind."

Another step would have brought him in sight of the truth of reincarnation. For the soul surveys our lifetimes as we survey our days. And as we join the soul more and more day by day we begin to partake of its glorious survey. Says H. P. Blavatsky:

"True knowledge is of Spirit and in Spirit alone, and cannot be acquired in any other way than through the region of the higher mind. . . . He who carries out only those laws established by human minds, who lives that life which is prescribed by the code of mortals and their fallible legislation, chooses as his guiding star a beacon which . . . lasts for but one incarnation. How much happier that man who, while strictly performing on the temporary objective plane the duties of daily life, carrying out each and every law of his country, leads in reality a spiritual and permanent existence, a life with no breaks of continuity, no gaps, no interludes . . . all the phenomena of the lower human mind disappear like the curtain of a proscenium, allowing him to live in the region beyond it. If man, by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is behind the veil of physical matter, he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond all the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, and yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it, and will experience everlasting life even while in temporary bodies of short duration. All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or selfishness, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently of all human sorrow."

IMPIETY IN PRAYER

R. MACHELL

HAVING brought disaster upon themselves by violation of the laws of life, men pray for help to escape the consequences of their acts. They do so partly in the hope that some deity will accept the responsibility of their misdoing, and partly in forgetfulness of the obvious truth that "results follow causes as the furrow follows the plough." In either case the prayer is a reminder to a god, who, without some such prompting, might neglect his duty, or might not care to bother with such trifles unless flattered by attention or cajoled by promises of faithful service in the future.

Many religious minds have been shocked by the horrible impiety of forms of prayer in vogue among their coreligionists, and some have revolted against the ordinary use of prayer, because of its impiety. The religious mind has faith in God, even if the word 'god' is beyond its comprehension. This faith is an intuitive perception of the rule of Law, the higher Law, in nature; and it inspires trust. To such a mind prayer of the ordinary kind is shocking, and would be blasphemous if it were not so pitiful: for it is pitiful to see human beings devoid of faith in the wisdom of their own gods.

The piety of the fetish-worshiper, who looks to a particular deity, a racial, tribal, or even family god, for direct protection and special favors, is a state of mind that is perfectly intelligible in people who have no higher conception of the universe than that it is a fortuitous aggregation of atoms and entities, arranged by Chance, and organized by the caprice of supernatural powers, themselves inherently evil, and to be conciliated in various ways by those who would escape the misery to which man is foreordained by an anomalous power called Destiny. In such people piety is based on fear and self-interest, and it is entirely devoid of any element of spirituality or true religion.

The task of the churches has been gradually to raise these masses of 'primitive' pietists to some conception of the meaning of true Religion: but it is to be feared that it is they rather who have controlled the churches by the power of their mass and number, and have continually obscured the spiritual significance of ecclesiastical ceremonies by the rankness and intensity of their primeval ignorance and gross superstition.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that piety of this kind is limited to the ranks of the illiterate or uneducated. There is a remnant of illiteracy in many educated people; and primitive barbarism is an active

force in civilized society today. The savage is always with us, till we have finally transmuted him into the divine human ideal, to which the highest of humanity aspires.

This transmutation has not yet been accomplished in any large proportion of the people in any known land; and it is therefore not surprising to find nations, that pass as highly civilized, displaying evidences of sheer barbarism in their religious practices, and imitating in their forms of prayer the crudest kind of fetish-worship: prayers that invoke the aid of a god in the slaughter and destruction of people who are at the same time, in the same way, worshiping (?) the same God; prayers for the punishment of others, and for the forgiveness of themselves; prayers for more wealth, while others starve. Prayers such as these are powerful evocations of the spirit of evil that lies very near the surface in human nature. Prayer is a power for good or evil; for it gives point to the aimless selfishness of the lower world, and makes all the latent brutality in man potent for destruction; just as it can give efficacy to the vague aspirations of an awakening soul that seeks the light of Truth. Prayer is an attempt to organize and to direct the forces of nature in man and in the universe. The measure of the success of such an effort is the measure of man's will.

Thus piety may be ennobling or degrading; its character is not determined by the name of the deity invoked, but by the trend of the aspiration or desire of the devotee. The true name of the god is unconsciously uttered in the heart of the worshiper, for it is expressed in the dominant desire embodied in the prayer.

When it was said that "to labor is to pray," I think that there was in the speaker's mind a mystical conception of God and man that made man appear as the outer form through which the Unknowable Deity manifested. Thus man would seem as the instrument of music responding to the breath of the divine unseen musician, and uttering the song of life, which is the Word of God: Man, not as a senseless tool in the hand of the Master Mechanic, but as the living expression of the divine thought. The labor of the man was the echo in the material world of Spiritual Will in the universe, focused in the vital center of a human organism for the expression of the Eternal Thought, which is the world we live in.

Thus piety may be entirely apart from what is ordinarily called religious worship, and yet be marked by spiritual devotion and true adoration of the Divine. Therein lies the key to the meaning of art, and to the respect men pay to a Master Craftsman, in whom they seem to vaguely recognise a priest (in the best sense), an agent of the gods, an inspired genius. This is the religious idea of man in his relation to the Divine. The belief in the reality and permanence of separation between

the two is characteristic of fetishism, barbarism, and all forms of superstitious or degraded cults, in which the religious spirit is lacking, though they may be classified in the same category as the real religions, simply because they are not merely speculative forms of intellectual materialism.

The Theosophical philosophy shows man as the middle factor in the trinity — Spirit, Soul, Matter; or God, Man, Nature. That is to say, man is himself the link between all parts and states of this universe, and he may be considered as a spiritual being overshadowing a psychic entity that ensouls a material body. The middle principle in man himself is mind, which is colored variously by rays of spiritual light or by flashes of earthly fire and by the dark shadows of matter.

Thus the religious mind is mind receptive of the influence of the divine Self; while the superstitious mind is mind so beclouded by matter, or the lower self, as to regard its own mediate self as a god apart, a being to be worshiped, or conciliated, or perhaps to be cajoled or cheated into granting favors to the lower creature that the degraded man thinks himself to be. And as such various states of mind are possible to men, it is not to be wondered at if the majority of mankind should vacillate and fluctuate between an inclination to look upward to the light, and constant temptation to follow the promptings of the lower nature; nor that the mind should at times, and in some men continuously, deem itself self-sufficient, and should repudiate allegiance to its divine Self, for a time, till the laws of Life assert their natural supremacy and the man awakens to the Truth once more. And this must come about because Truth, or the nature of the universe, is the basis of the Law of Life, and its accomplishment. And so from age to age we find that Theosophy appears as a new revelation of eternal verities, and calls men back to the path of evolution from which they have so constantly diverged, following some partial truth until it seems no truth at all, but a mere 'will-o'-the-wisp' flickering above the deep swamp of doubt.

And while Theosophy reveals the pitfalls in the path of evolution, yet it distinctly teaches the student that life is a song, and labor a glad tribute to the joy of life. While, as to prayer, it has no use for mere selfish supplication; but the Theosophist, to be worthy the name, must make his whole life an act of service to his kind and to all creatures — an act of voluntary service in the cause of evolution, a continual expression of that piety which is the aroma of the joy of life. It is in this sense that the Theosophist might indorse the old adage, *Laborare est orare*, and it would be as an expression of natural piety that he would denounce the impiety of such prayers as emanate from selfish ignorance.

Love of humanity is natural to man, and so to the natural man service is joy. But by the term 'natural' I mean that which is in accord with

the heart and soul of nature, not merely that which pertains to the material world alone, for the word 'nature' includes the spiritual as well as the material universe. The ignorance of our own spiritual nature has been mistaken too often for science, and has for a time been made the foundation of human culture, and the results have proved disastrous. Now that the world has been compelled to realize the folly of its courses, now that these temporary fallacies such as the 'struggle for existence,' the 'survival of the fittest,' and the rest, have shown their true character by the fruit they have borne, now that the world has seen the collapse of orthodox religion and conventional society, surely now is the time to turn again to the eternal Theosophy, that has never left the earth, though hidden for a while and almost entirely forgotten. Now is the time to ask of Theosophy the answer to the questions: How shall we reconstruct our ruined homes? What shall be the rock upon which we may most safely build? What shall be the plan of the edifice? And Theosophy will show the answer.

The Law of Life is Brotherhood; for all the universe is an emanation from the Supreme Soul, and every atom in it is potentially divine, eternal, indestructible in essence, though outwardly impermanent and perishable.

The Law of Life is Love. Death is a change of form, that only concerns the visible and external. That which is within is Eternal; and the Truth must be reached internally, for each one is his own redeemer and destroyer, the maker of his destiny, and the path of his own liberation. The divine man says, "I am the Way," and that divine man is the soul of all men. When men know these truths and see the divine soul in all, they will unite spontaneously to make life worth living here on this earth and will not need to have resort to physical violence to enforce peace: but they will establish it on its true basis and maintain it by the power of the Spiritual Will, which is the supreme power in the universe. To evoke this mighty power, each must have found it in himself, and must have made peace in his own heart. No man can give to others what he has not got himself.

It has been said that "The longest way round is the shortest way home," and the experience of life lends weight to the advice. It is a quicker and surer way to bring peace into the world to begin by establishing it in one's own heart, than to go about with a club breaking other people's heads in order to compel them to be brotherly to one another. For Self Divine is the Center of the universe, as of man, and action is reciprocal.

Reconstruction must begin at home, for self is the center of its sphere of influence; and as is the self, so will be its influence.

We all know the disasters that grow out of the general practice of

the 'get rich quick' methods, and we can hope for no great good from the equivalent in human reorganization. What is wanted is a realization of the ideal on which the new plans are to be laid out, not a theory; something that we have tried and found good.

International relations are based on the ideals by which we regulate our own lives, and it is useless to attempt to establish permanent peace among nations if the individuals are still living on the assumption that might is right, and that the struggle for existence is the final law of life. That it is incidental to life on the earth is obvious at the present time: but it is even more certain that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature," and we may demonstrate by experiment that it is a better rule of life, because it is not an incident but a principle.

Let us then make Brotherhood the basis of our personal reconstruction and it will not be long before the need for standing armies will cease to be a burden to the nations, and the permanence of Peace be something more than a matter for pious supplication or pessimistic scorn.

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.

XIV — THE MANVANTARA OPENS

LAOTSE'S Blue Pearl was already shining into poetry. Ch'ü Yüan, the first great poet, belongs to this same fourth century: it is a long step from the little wistful ballads that Confucius gathered to the "wild irregular meters,"* splendid imagery, and be it said, deep soul symbolism of his great poem the *Li Sao* (Falling into Trouble). The theme of it is this: From earliest childhood Ch'ü Yüan had sought the Tao, but in vain. At last, banished by the prince whose minister he had been, he retired into the wilds, and was meditating at the tomb of Shun in Hupeh, in what was then the far south. There the Phoenix and the Dragon came to him, and bore him aloft, past the West Pole, past the Milky Way, past even the Source of the Hoangho, to the Gates of Heaven. Where, however, there was no admittance for him; and full of sorrow he returned to earth.

* *Chinese Literature*, by Dr. H. A. Giles. What is said about the *Li Sao* here comes from that work — except the suggestions as to its inner meaning.

On the banks of the Mi-lo a fisherman met him, and asked him the cause of his trouble. —"All the world is foul," answered Ch'ü Yüan, "and I alone am clean." —"If that is so," said the fisherman, "why not plunge into the current, and make its foulness clean with the infection of your purity? The Man of Tao does not quarrel with his surroundings, but adjusts himself to them." Ch'ü Yüan took the hint: leaped into the Mi-lo; — and yearly since then they have held the Dragon-boat Festival on the waters of Middle China to commemorate the search for his body. — Just how much of this is in the *Li Sao*,— where the poem ends,— I do not clearly gather from Professor Giles's account; but the whole story appears to me to be a magnificent Soul Symbol: of that Path which leads you indeed on dragon flights to the borders of the Infinite, but whose end, rightly considered, is in this world, and to be as it were drowned in the waters of this world, with your cleanness infecting them to be clean,— and lighting them for all future ages with beauty, as with little dragon-boats luminous with an inner flame. Ch'ü Yüan had followers in that and the next century; but perhaps his greatness was hardly to be approached for a thousand years.

But we were still in Tiger-time, and with quite the worst of it to come. Here lay the Blue Pearl scintillating rainbows up through the heavy atmosphere; but despite its flashing and up-fountaining those strange dying-dolphin hues and glories, you could never have told, in Tiger-time, what it really was. The Dragon was yet a long way off; though indeed it must be allowed that night, when Chwangtse wrote and Ch'ü Yüan sung, was surprised with the far churr of startling wings under the stars. Ears intent to listen were surprised; but only for a moment; — there was that angry howling again from the northern hills and the southern forests: the two great Tigers of the world face to face, tails lashing; — and between them and in their path, Chow quite prone,— the helpless Black-haired People trembling or chattering frivolously. Not for such an age as that Chwangtse and Ch'ü Yüan wrote, but indeed you may say for all time. What light from the Blue Pearl could then shine forth and be seen, would, in the thick fog and smoke-gloom, take on wild fantastic guise; which, as we shall see, it did: — but what Chwangtse had written remained, pure immortality, to kindle up better ages to come. When China should be ready, Chwangtse and the Pearl would be found waiting for her. The manvantara had not yet dawned; but we may hurry on now to its dawning.

The Crest-Wave was still in India when China plunged into the abyss from which her old order of ages never emerged. Soon after Aśoka came to the throne of Magadha, in 284 B. C., Su Tai, wise prime minister to the Lord of Chao, took occasion to speak seriously to his royal master as

to the latter's perennial little wars with Yen.* —"This morning as I crossed the river," said he, "I saw a mussel open its shell to the sun. Straight an oyster-catcher thrust in his bill to eat the mussel; which promptly snapped the shell to and held the bird fast. —'If it doesn't rain today or tomorrow,' said the oyster-catcher, 'there'll be a dead mussel here.' —'And if you don't get out of this by today or tomorrow,' said the mussel, 'there'll be a dead oyster-catcher.' Meanwhile up came a fisherman and carried them both off. I fear Ts'in will be our fisherman."

Which duly came to pass. Even in Liehtse's time Ts'in characteristics were well understood: he tells a sly story of a neighboring state much infested by robbers. The king was proud of a great detective who kept them down; but they soon killed the Pinkerton, and got to work again. Then he reformed himself,— and the robbers found his kingdom no place for them. In a body they crossed the Hoangho into Ts'in; —and bequeathed to its policy their tendencies and aptitudes.

Ts'in had come to be the strongest state in China. Next neighbor to the Huns, and half Hun herself, she had learned warfare in a school forever in session. But she had had wise rulers also, after their fashion of wisdom: who had been greatly at pains to educate her in all the learning of the Chinese. So now she stood, an armed camp of a nation, enamored of war, and completely civilized in all external things. Ts'u, her strongest rival, stretching southward to the Yangtse and beyond, had had to deal with barbarians less virile than the Huns; and besides, dwelling as Ts'u did among the mountains and forests of romance, she had some heart in her for poetry and mysticism; whereas Ts'in's was all for sheer fighting. Laotse probably had been a Ts'u man; and also Chwangtse and Ch'ü Yüan; and in after ages it was nearly always from the forests of Ts'u that the great winds of poetry were blown. Still she had immense territories and resources, and the world looked mainly to her for defense against the northern Tiger Ts'in. Very soon after Su Tai told his master the parable of the mussel and the oyster-catcher the grand clash came, and the era of petty wars and raidings was over. Ts'u gathered to herself most of the rest of China for her allies, and there was a giant war that fills the whole horizon, nearly, of the first half of the third century B. C. New territories were involved: the world had expanded mightily since the days of Confucius. "First and last," says Ssema Tsien, "the allies hurled a million men against Ts'in." But to no purpose; one nation after another went down before those Hun-trained half-Huns from the northwest. In 257 Chau Tsiang king of Ts'in took the Chow capital, and relieved Nan Wang, last of the Chows, of the Nine Tripods of Ta Yü,

*The tale is taken from Dr. H. A. Giles's *Chinese Literature.*

the symbols of his sacred sovereignty; — the mantle of the Caliphate passed from the House of Wen Wang and the Duke of Chow.

The world had crumbled to pieces: there had been changes of dynasty before, but never (in known history) a change like this. The Chows had been reigning nearly nine hundred years; but their system had been in the main the same as that of the Shangs and Hias, and of Yao, Shun, and Ta Yü: it was two millenniums, a century, and a decade old. A Chinaman, in Chau Tsiang's place, would merely have reshaped the old order and set up a new feudal-pontifical house instead of Chow; which could not have lasted, because old age had worn the old system out. But these barbarians came in with new ideas. A new empire, a new race, a new nation was to be born.

Chau Tsiang died in 251; and even then one could not clearly foresee what should follow. In 253 he had performed the significant sacrifice to Heaven, a prerogative of the King-Pontiff; but he had not assumed the title. Resistance was still in being. His son and successor reigned three days only; and *his* son, another nonentity, five years without claiming to be more than King of Ts'in. But when this man died in 246, he left the destinies of the world in the hands of a boy of thirteen; who very quickly showed the world in whose hands its destinies lay. Not now a King of Ts'in; not a King-Pontiff of Chow; — not, if you please, a mere *wang* or king at all; — but Hwangti, like that great figure of mythological times, the Yellow Emperor, who had but to sit on his throne, and all the world was governed and at peace. The child began by assuming that astounding title: *Ts'in Shi Hwangti*, the First August Emperor: peace to the ages that were past; let them lie in their tomb; time now should begin again! — Childish boyish swank and braggadocio, said the world; but very soon the world found itself mistaken. *Hwangti;* — but no sitting on his throne in meditation, no letting the world be governed by Tao, for him!

If you have read that delightful book *Through Hidden Shensi*, by Mr. F. A. Nichols, the city of Hienyang, or Changan, or, by its modern name, Singanfu or Sian-fu in Shensi, will be much more than a name to you. Thither it was that the Dowager Empress fled with her court from Pekin at the time of the Boxer Rebellion; there, long ago, Han Wuti's banners flew; there Tang Taitsong reigned in all his glory and might; there the Banished Angel sang in the palace gardens of Tang Hsuantsong the luckless: history has paid such tribute of splendor to few of the cities of the world. At Hienfang now this barbarian boy and Attila-Napoleon among kings built his capital; — built it right splendidly, after such ideas of splendor as a young half-Hun might cherish. For indeed, he had but little and remote Chinese heredity in him; was of the

race of Attila and Genghiz, of Mahmoud of Ghazna, Tamerlane, and all the world-shaking Turkish conquerors. — Well, but these people, though by nature and function destroyers, have been great builders too: building hugely, monumentally, and to inspire awe, and not with the faery grace and ephemeral loveliness of the Chinese; — though they learned the trick of that, too,— as they learned in the west kindred qualities from the Saracens. Grand Pekin is of their architecture; which is Chinese with a spaciousness and monumental solemnity added. Such a capital Ts'in Shi Hwangti built him at Hienfang or Changan. In the Hall of Audience of his palace within the walls he set up twelve statues, each (I like this barbarian touch) weighing twelve thousand pounds. Well; *we* should say, each costing so many thousand dollars; you need not laugh; I am not sure but that the young Hun had the best of it. And without the walls he built him, too, a Palace of Delight with many halls and courtyards; in some of which (I like this too) he could drill ten thousand men.

All of this was but the trappings and the suits of his sovereignty: he let it be known he had the substance as well. No great strategist himself, he commanded the services of mighty generals: one Meng-tien in especial, a bright particular star in the War-God's firmament. An early step was to disarm the nations, and have all weapons sent to Changan; then, with these, to furnish forth a great standing army, which he sent out under Meng-tien to conquer. The Middle Kingdom and the quondam Great Powers were quieted; then south of the Yangtse the great soldier swept, adding unknown regions to his master's domain. Then north and west, till the Huns and their like had grown very tame and wary; — and over all these realms the Emperor spread his network of fine roads and canals, linking them with Changan: what the Romans did for Europe in road-building, he did for China.

He had, of course, a host of relatives; and precedent loomed large to tell him what to do with them: the precedent of the dynasty-founders of old. Nor were they themselves likely to have been backward in reminding him. Wu Wang had come into possession of many feudal dominions, and had made of the members of his family dukes and marquises to rule them. Ts'in Shi Hwangti's empire was many times the size of Wu Wang's; so he was in a much better position to reward the deserving. We must remember that he was no heir to a single sovereignty, but a Napoleon with a Europe at his feet. Ts'in and Ts'u and Tsin and the others were old-established kingdoms, with as long a history behind them as France or England has now; and that history had been filled with wars, mutual antagonisms and hatreds. Chow itself was like an Italy before Garibaldi; — with a papacy more inept, and holding vaguer sway: — it

had been at one time the seat of empire, and it was the source of all culture. He had to deal, then, with a heterogeneity as pronounced as that which confronted Napoleon; but he was not of the stuff for which you prepare Waterloos. No one dreamed that he would treat the world other than as such a heterogeneity. His relations expected to be made the Jeromes, Eugenes, and Murats of the Hollands, Spains, and Sicilies to hand. The world could have conceived of no other way of dealing with the situation. But Ts'in Shi Hwangti could, very well.

He abolished the feudal system. He abolished nationalities and national boundaries. There should be no more Ts'in and Tsin and Ts'u: no more ruling dukes and marquises. Instead, there should be an entirely new set of provinces, of which he would appoint the governors, not hereditary; and they should be responsible to him: promotable when good, dismissable and beheadable on the first sign of naughtiness. It was an idea of his own; he had no foreign history to go to for models and precedents, and there had been nothing like it in Chinese history. Napoleon hardly conceived such a tremendous idea, — much less had he the force to carry it out. Even the achievement of Augustus was smaller; and Augustus had before him models in the history of many ancient empires.

Now what was the ferment behind this man's mind; — this barbarian — for so he was — of tremendous schemes and doings? The answer is astonishing, when one thinks of the crude ruthless human dynamo he was. It was simply *Taoism:* it was Laotse's Blue Pearl; — but shining, of course, as through the heart of a very London Particular of Hunnish-barbarian fogs. No subtleties of mysticism; no Chwangtsean spiritual and poetry-breeding ideas, for him! — It has fallen, this magical Pearl, into turbid and tremendous waters, a natural potential Niagara: it has stirred, it has infected their vast bulk into active Niagarahood. He was on fire for the unknown and the marvelous; could conceive of no impossible — it should go hard, he thought, but that the subtler worlds that interpenetrate this one should be as wonderful as this world under Ts'in Shi Hwangti. Don't argue with *him;* it is dangerous! — certainly there was an Elixir of Life, decantable into goblets, from which Ts'in Shi Hwangti might drink and become immortal, — the First August Emperor, and the only one forever! Certainly there were those Golden Islands eastward, where Gods dispensed that nectar to the fortunate; — out in your ships, you there, and search the waves for them! And certainly, too, there were God knew what of fairylands and paradises beyond the western desert; out, you General Meng-tien, with your great armies and find them! He did tremendous things, and all the while was thus dreaming wildly. From the business of state he would seize hours

at intervals to lecture to his courtiers on Tao; — I think *not* in a way that would have been intelligible to Laotse or Chwangtse. Those who yawned were beheaded, I believe.

How would such a prodigy in time appear to his own age? Such cataclysmic wars as Ts'in had been waging for the conquest of China take society first, so to say, upon its circumference, smash that to atoms, and then go working inwards. The most conservative and stable elements are the last and least affected. The peasant is killed, knocked about, transported, enslaved; but when the storm is over, and he gets back to his plough and hoe and rice-field again, sun and wind and rain and the earth-breath soothe him back to and confirm him in what he was of old: only some new definite spiritual impulse or the sweep of the major cycles can change him much,— and then the change is only modification. At the other end of society you have the Intellectuals. In England, Oxford is the home and last refuge of lost causes. A literary culture three times as old as modern Oxford's, as China's was then, will be, you may imagine, fixed and conservative. It is a mental mold petrified with age; the minds participating must conform to it, solidify, and grow harder in the matrix it provides than granite or adamant. We have seen how in recent times the Confucian literati resisted the onset of westernism. All these steam-engines and telegraphs seemed to them fearfully crude and vulgar in comparison with the niceties of literary style, the finesses of time-taking ceremonious courtesies, that had been to them and to their ancestors time out of mind the true refinements of life, and even the realities. China rigid against the West was not a semi-barbarism resisting civilization, but an excessively perfected culture resisting the raw energies of one still young and, in its eyes, still with the taint of savagery: brusque manners, materialistic valuations.

Ts'in Shi Hwangti in his day had to meet a like opposition. The wars had broken up the structure of society, but not the long tradition of refined learning. That had always seemed the quarter from which light and leading must come; but it had long ceased to be a quarter from which light or leading could come. Mencius had been used to rate and ridicule the ruling princes; and scholars now could not understand that Mencius and his ruling princes and all their order were dead. They could not understand that they were not Menciuses, nor Ts'in Shi Hwangti a kinglet such as he had dealt with. Now Mencius had been a great man,— a Man's son, as they say; — and very likely he and Ts'in Shi Hwangti might have hit it off well enough. But there was no Mencius, no Man's son, among the literati now. The whole class was wily, polite, sarcastic, subtle, unimaginative, refined to a degree, immovable in conservatism. The Taoist teachers had breathed in a new spirit, but it had not reached

them. How would Ts'in Shi Hwangti, barbarian, wild Taoist, and man of swift great action, appear to them?

Of course they could not abide him; and had not the sense to fear. They were at their old game of wire-pulling: would have the feudal system back, with all the old inefficiency: in the name of Ta Yü and the Duke of Chow they would do what they might to undo the strivings of this Ts'in upstart. So all the subtleties of the old order were arrayed against him,— pull devil, pull baker.

He knew it; and knew the extreme difficulty of striking any ordinary blow to quiet them. He had challenged Time Past to the conflict, and meant to win. Time Future was knocking at the doors of the empire, and he intended it should come in and find a home. His armies had crossed the Gobi, and smelt out unending possibilities in the fabulous west; they had opened up the fabulous south, the abode of Romance and genii and dragons. It was like the discovery of the Americas: a new world brought over the horizon. His great minister, Li Ssu, had invented a new script, the Lesser Seal, easier and simpler than the old one; Meng-tien, conqueror of the Gobi, had invented the camel's-hair brush wherewith to write gracefully on silk or cloth, instead of difficultly with stylus on bamboo-strips as of old. It was the morning stir of the new manvantara; and little as the emperor might care for culture, he heard the Future crying to him. He heard, too, the opposing murmur of the still unconquered Past. The literati stood against him as the Papacy against Frederick II of Sicily: a less open opposition, and one harder to meet.

He did not solve the problem till near the end of his reign. In 213 he called a great meeting in the Hall of Audience at Changan. See the squat burly figure enthroned in grand splendor; the twelve weighty statues arranged around; the chief civil and military officers of the empire, thorough Taoists like himself, gathered on one side; the Academies and Censorates, all the leaders of the literati, on the other. The place was big enough for a largish meeting. Minister Li Ssu rises to describe the work of the Emperor; whereafter the latter calls for expressions of opinion. A member of his household opines that he "surpasses the very greatest of his predecessors": which causes a subdued sneer to run through the ranks of scholars. One of them takes the floor and begins to speak. Deprecates flattery guardedly, as bad for any sovereign; considers who the greatest of these predecessors were: — Yao, Shun, and Yü, Tang the Completer, Wu Wang; and — implies a good deal. Warms to his work at last, and grows bitter; almost openly pooh poohs all modern achievements; respectfully — or perhaps not too respectfully — advocates a return to the feudal —

—"Silence!" roars Attila-Napoleon from his throne; and motions

Li Ssu to make answer. The answer was predetermined, one imagines. It was an order that five hundred of the chief literati present should retire and be beheaded, and that thousands more should be banished. And that all books should be burned. Attila-Napoleon's orders had a way of being carried out. This one was.

He had meanwhile been busy with the great material monument of his reign: the Wall of China; and with cautious campaigns yearly to the north of it; and with personal supervision of the Commissariat Department of all his armies everywhere; and with daily long *hikes* to keep himself in trim. Now the Wall came in useful. To stretch its fifteen hundred miles of length over wild mountains and valleys in that bleak north of the world, some little labor was needed; and scholars and academicians were many and, for most purposes, useless; and they needed to be brought into touch with physical realities to round out their characters; — then let them go and build the Wall. He buried enough of them — alive, it is to be feared: an ugly Ts'in custom, not a Chinese,— to make melons ripen in mid-winter over their common grave; the rest he sentenced to four years of Wall-building,— which meant death. That, too, was the penalty for concealing books. He was now in dead earnest that the Past should go, and history begin again: to be read forever afterwards in this order,— the Creation, the Reign of Ts'in Shi Hwangti.

But he spared books on useful subjects: that is to say, on Medicine, Agriculture, and Magic.

So ancient China is to be seen now only as through a glass darkly; if his great attempt had been quite successful, it would not be to be seen at all. His crimes made no karma for China; they are not a blot on her record; — since they were done by an outside barbarian,— a mere publican and Ts'inner. From our standpoint as students of history, he was a malefactor of the first order; even when you take no account of his ruthless cruelty to men; — and so China has considered him ever since. Yet Karma finds ruthless agents for striking its horrible and beneficial blows; (and woe unto them that it finds!). It seems that Ts'in Shi Hwangti did draw the bowstring back — by this very wickedness,— far back — that sent the arrow China tearing and blazing out through the centuries to come. The fires in which the books were burned were the pyre of the Phoenix,— the burning of the astral molds,— the ignition and annihilation of the weight and the karma of two millenniums. The Secular Bird was to burn and be consumed to the last feather, and be turned to ashes utterly, before she might spring up into the ether for her new flight of ages.

One wonders what would happen if a Ts'in Shi Hwangti were to arise and do by modern Christendom what this one did by ancient China.

I say nothing about the literati, but only about the literature. Would burning it be altogether an evil? Nearly all that is supremely worth keeping would live through; and its value would be immensely enhanced. First the newspapers would go, that sow lies broadcast, and the seeds of national hatreds. The light literature would go, that stands between men and thought. The books of theology would go, and the dust of creedalism that lies so thick on men's minds. A thousand bad precedents that keep us bound to medievalism would go with the law-books: there would be a chance to pronounce, here and now as human beings, on such things as capital punishment; — which remains, though we do not recognise the fact, solely because it has been in vogue all these centuries, and is a habit hard to break with. History would go; yes; — but a mort of pernicious lies would go with it. Well, well; one speaks of course in jest (partly). But when all is said, China was not unfortunate in having a strong giant of a man, a foreigner withal, at her head during those crucial decades. Ts'in Shi Hwangti guarded China through most of that perilous intermission between the cycles. It was the good that he did that mostly lived after him.

In 210 he fell ill, took no precautions, and died,— in his fiftieth year. A marvelous mausoleum was built for him: a palace, with a mountain heaped on top, and the floor of it a map of China, with the waters done in quicksilver. Whether his evil deeds were interred with his bones, who can say? — certainly his living wives were, and the thousands of living workmen who had built the mausoleum. Ts'innish doings, not Chinese. In the *Book of Odes*, Confucius preserved a Ts'in ballad mourning over men so buried alive with their dead king.

The strong hand lifted, rebellion broke out, and for awhile it looked as if Chu Hia must sink into the beast again. His feeble son got rid of Meng-tien, poisoned Li Ssu, offered the feeblest resistance to the rebels, and then poisoned himself. After four years of fighting,— what you might call "unpleasantness all round,"— one Liu Pang achieved the throne. He had started life as a beadle; joined Ts'in Shi Hwangti's army, and risen to be a general; created himself after the emperor's death Prince of Han; and now had the honor to inaugurate, as Emperor Kaotsu, the greatest of the Chinese dynasties.

In the two-fifties strong barbarous Ts'in had swallowed unmanly worn-out China, and for half a century had been digesting the feast. Then — to mix my metaphors a little — China flopped up to the surface again, pale, but smiling blandly. In the sunlight she gathered strength and cohesion, and proceeded presently to swallow Ts'in and everything else in sight; and emerged soon young, strong, vigorous, and glowing-hearted to the conquest of many worlds in the unknown. What was

Ts'in, now is Shensi Province, the very Heart of Han: the Shensi man today is the Son of Han, Chinesest of the Chinese. We call the country *China*, which is simply *Ts'in* Englished; but in Shensi, the old Ts'in, in their tenderest moods, they call it *Han* still,— the proudest most patriotic name there is for it.

Not at once was the Golden Age of Han to dawn: half a thirteen-decade cycle from the opening of the manvantara in the two-forties had to pass first. Ts'in Shi Hwangti had mapped out a great empire; it fell to the Hans to consolidate it. Han Kaotsu followed somewhat in the footsteps of his predecessor, less the cruelty and barbarism, and most of the strength. The sentiment of the empire was Chinese, not Ts'innish; so, though not a brilliant or always a fortunate soldier, he was able to assert his sway over the greater part of China Proper. Chinesism had spread over territories never before Chinese, and wherever it had spread, the people were glad of a Chinese dynasty; besides, his rule was tactful and kindly. They were glad that the Gods of the Soil of Han were to be worshiped now, and those of Ts'in disthroned; and that the Ts'in edicts were annulled; — as they were with one important exception: those relating to literature. A cultureless son of the proletariat himself, Han Kaotsu felt no urge towards resurrecting that; and perhaps it was as well that the sleeping dogs should be let lie awhile. The wonder is that the old nationalities did not reassert themselves; but they did not, to any extent worth mentioning; and perhaps this is the best proof of Han Kaotsu's real strength. Ts'in Shi Hwangti had dealt soundly with the everlasting Hun in his time; but when he died, the Hun recovered. They kept Han Kaotsu busy, so that his saddle, as he said, was his throne. They raided past the capital and down into Ssechuan; once very nearly captured the emperor; and had to be bought out at last with a Chinese princess for the Hun king. Generally speaking, the Hans would have lived at peace with them if they could, and were ready to try better means of solving the problem than war. But it certainly was a problem; for in these Huns we find little traces of human nature that you could work upon. But China was a big country by that time, and only a part of it, comparatively small, suffered from the Huns. For the rest, Han Kaotsu was popular, his people were happy, and his reign of twelve years was a breathing-time in which they gathered strength. He kept a hundred thousand workmen busy on public works, largely road- and bridge-building: a suspension bridge that he built, a hundred and fifty yards long, and crossing a valley five hundred feet below, is still in use,— or was during the last century. He died in 194.

He was succeeded, nominally, by his son Han Hweiti; really by his widow, the Empress Liu Chi: one of the three great women who have

ruled China. At this time the Huns, under their great Khan Mehteh, were at the height of their power. Khan Mehteh made advances to the Empress: "I should like," said he, "to exchange what I have for what I have not." You and I may think he meant merely a suggestion for mutual trade; but she interpreted it differently. She thanked him kindly, but declined the flattering proposal on the score of her age and ugliness. Her hair and teeth, she begged him to believe, were quite inadequate, and made it impossible for her to think of changing her condition. — I do not know whether it was vanity or policy.

But it was she, or perhaps her puppet son the emperor, who started the great Renaissance. A commission was appointed for restoring the literature: among its members, K'ung An-kuo, twelfth in descent from Confucius. Books were found, that devotion had hidden in dry wells and in the walls of houses: one Fu Sheng, ninety years old, repeated the Classics word for word to the Commissioners, all from his memory. The restrictions gone, a mighty reaction set in; and China was on fire to be her literary self again. A great ball was set rolling; learning went forward by leaps and bounds. The enthusiasm, it must be said, took directions legitimate and the reverse: — bless you, why should any written page at all be considered lost, when there were men in Han with inventive genius of their own, and a pretty skill at forgery? The Son of Heaven was paying well; to it, then, minds and calligraphic fingers!

So there are false chapters of Chwangtse, while many true ones have been lost. And I can never feel sure of Confucius' own *Spring and Autumn Annals*, wherein he thought lay his highest claim to human gratitude, and the composition of which the really brilliant-minded Mencius considered equal to the work of Ta Yü in bridling China's Sorrow; — but which, as they come down to us, are not impressive. — The tide rolled on under Han Wenti, from 179 to 156: a poet himself, a man of peace, and a reformer of the laws in the direction of mercy. Another prosperous reign followed; then came the culmination of the age in the Golden Reign of Han Wuti, from 140 to 86.

The cyclic impulse had been working mainly on spiritual and intellectual planes: Ssema Tsien, the Father of Chinese History, gives gloomy pictures of things economic.*

"When the House of Han arose," says Ssema, "the evils of their predecessors had not passed away. Husbands still went off to the wars; old and young were employed in transporting food; production was almost at a standstill, and money was scarce. The Son of Heaven had not even carriage horses of the same color; the highest civil and military

*The passages quoted are taken from Dr. Giles's work on *Chinese Literature*.

authorities rode in bullock carts; the people at large knew not where to lay their heads. The coinage was so heavy and cumbersome that the people themselves started a new issue at a fixed standard of value. But the laws were lax, and it was impossible to prevent the grasping from coining largely, buying largely, and then holding for a rise in the market. Prices went up enormously:" — it sounds quite modern and civilized, doesn't it? — "rice sold at a thousand cash per picul; a horse cost a hundred ounces of silver."

Under the Empress Liu Chi and her successors these conditions were bettered; until, when a half cycle had run its course, and Han Wuti had been some twenty years on the throne, prosperity came to a culmination. Says Ssema Tsien:

"The public granaries were well-stocked; the government treasuries full. . . . The streets were thronged with the horses of the people, and on the highroads whole droves were to be seen, so that it became necessary to forbid the public use of mares. Village elders ate meat and drank wine. Petty government clerkships lapsed from father to son, and the higher offices of state were treated as family heirlooms. For a spirit of self-respect and reverence for the law had gone abroad, and a sense of charity and duty towards one's neighbor kept men aloof from disgrace and crime."

There had been in Kansuh, the north-westernmost province of China Proper, a people called the Yueh Chi or White Scythians, whom the Huns had driven into the far west; by this time they were carving themselves an empire out of the domains of the Parthians, and penetrating into north-west India, but Han Wuti knew nothing of that. All that was known of them was, that somewhere on the limits of the world they existed, and were likely to be still at loggerheads with their ancient foes the Huns. Han Wuti had now been on the throne seven years, and was and had been much troubled by the Hun problem: he thought it might help to solve it if those lost Yueh Chi could be raked up out of the unknown and made active allies. To show the spirit of the age, I will tell you the story of Chang Ch'ien, the general whom he sent to find them.

Chang Ch'ien set out in 139; traversed the desert, and was duly captured by the Huns. Ten years they held him prisoner; then he escaped. During those ten years he had heard no news from home: a new emperor might be reigning, for aught he knew; or Han Wuti might have changed his plans. Such questions, however, never troubled him: he was out to find the Yueh Chi for his master, and find them he would. He simply went forward; came presently to the kingdom of Tawan, in the neighborhood of Yarkand; and there preached a crusade against the Huns. Unsuccessfully: the men of Tawan knew the Huns, but not Han Wuti, who was too far away for a safe ally; and they pro-

posed to do nothing in the matter. Chang Ch'ien considered. Go back to China? — Oh dear no! there must be real Yueh Chi somewhere, even if these Tawanians were not they. On he went, and searched that lonely world until he did find them. They liked the idea of Hun-hurting; but again, considered China too far away for practical purposes. So he struck down into Tibet; was captured again; held prisoner a year; escaped again,— and got back to Changan in 126. A sadder and a wiser man, you might suppose; but nothing of the kind! Full, on the contrary, of brilliant schemes; full of the wonder and rumor of the immense west. These he poured into Han Wuti's most sympathetic ears; and the emperor started now in real earnest upon his Napoleonic career.

The frontier was no longer at the Great Wall. Only the other day Sir Aurel Stein discovered, in the far west, the long straight furrows traced by the feet of Han Wuti's sentinels on guard; the piles of reed-stalks, at regular intervals, set along the road for fire-signals; documents giving details as to the encampments, the clothes and arrows served out to the soldiers, the provisions made for transforming armies of conquest into peaceful colonies. All these things the sands covered and preserved.

And behind these outposts was a wide empire full of splendor outward and inward; full of immense activities, in literature, in engineering, in commerce. New things and ideas came in from the west: international influences to reinforce the flaming up of Chinese life.

The moving force was still Taoism: the Blue Pearl, sunk deep in the now sunlit waters of the common consciousness, was flashing its rainbows. Ts'in Shi Hwangti, for all his greatness, had been an uncouth barbarian; Han Wuti was a very cultured gentleman of literary tastes,— a poet, and no mean one. He too was a Taoist: an initiate of the Taoism of the day: which might mean in part that he had an eye to the Elixir of Life; but it also meant (at least) that he had a restless, exorbitant, and gorgeous imagination. Such, indeed, inflamed the whole nation; which was rich, prosperous, energetic, progressive, and happy. Ts'in ideas of bigness in architecture had taken on refinement in Chinese hands: the palaces and temples of Han Wuti are of course all lost, but by all accounts they must have been wonderful and splendid. Very little of the art comes down: there are some bas-reliefs of horses, fine and strong work, realistic, but with redeeming nobleness. How literature had revived may be gathered from this: in Han Wuti's Imperial Library there were 3123 volumes of the Classics and commentaries thereupon; 2705 on Philosophy; 1318 of Poetry; 2528 on Mathematics; 868 on Medicine; 790 on the Science of War. His gardens at Changan were famous: he had collectors wandering the world for new and ornamental things to stock them; very likely we owe many of our garden plants and

shrubs to him. He consecrated mountains with magnificent ceremonies; and for his sake the gods and genii appeared as flaming splendors over Tai-hsing and the other sacred heights. For the light of Romance falls on him: he is a shining half faery figure. — Outwardly there was pomp, stately manners, pageantry, high magnificence; inwardly, a burning-up of the national imagination to ensoul it. The Unseen, with all its mystery and awe or loveliness, was the very nearly visible: not a pass nor lake nor moor nor forest but was crowded with the things of which wonder is made. Muh Wang, the Chow king, eight centuries before, had ridden into the West and found the Garden of that Faery Queen whose Azure Birds of Compassion fly out into this world to sweeten the thoughts of men. Bless you, Han Wuti married the lady, and had her to abide peaceably in his palace, and to watch with him

"The lanterns glow vermeil and gold,
Azure and green, the Spring nights through,
When loud the pageant galleons drew
To clash in mimic combating,
And their dark shooting flames to strew
Over the lake at Kouen Ming."

From about 130 to 110 Han Wuti was Napoleonizing: bringing in the north-west; giving the Huns a long quietus in 119; conquering the south with Tonquin; the southern coast provinces, and the lands towards Tibet. Ssema Tsien tells us that "mountains were hewn through for many miles to establish a trade-route through the south-west and open up those remote regions"; that was a scheme of Chang Ch'ien's, who had ever an eye to penetrating to India.

There was a dark side to it. Vast sums of money were eaten up, and extravagance in private life was encouraged. Says Ssema:

"From the highest to the lowest, everyone vied with his neighbor in lavishing money on houses and appointments and apparel, altogether beyond his means. Such is the everlasting law of the sequence of prosperity and decay. . . . Merit had to give way to money; shame and scruples of conscience were laid aside; laws and punishments were administered with severer hand."

It is a very common thing to see signs of decline and darkness in one's own age; and Ssema himself had no cause to love the administration of Han Wuti; under which he had been punished rather severely for some offense. Still, what he says is more or less what you would expect the truth to be. And you will note him historian of the life of the people; not mere recounter of court scandals and chronicler of wars: conscious, too, of the law of cycles: — all told, something a truer historian than we have seen too much of in the West. — Where, indeed, we are wedded

to politics, and must have our annalists chronicle above all things what we call political growth: not seeing that it is but a circle, and squirreling round valiantly in a cage to get perpetually in high triumph to the place you started from: a foolish externality at best. But real History mirrors for us the motions of the Human Spirit and the Eternal.

I said that what Ssema tells us is what you would expect the truth to be: this way: — After half a cycle of that adventurous and imaginative spirit, eyes jaundiced a little would surely find excuse enough for querulous vision. There is, is there not, something Elizabethan in that Chang Ch'ien, taking the vast void so gaily, and not to be quenched by all those fusty years imprisoned among the Huns, but returning only the more fired and heady of imagination? If he was a type of Han Wuti's China, we may guess Ssema was not far out, and that vaulting ambition was overleaping itself a little: that men were buying automobiles who by good rights should have ridden in a wheelbarrow. Things did not go quite so well with the great emperor after his twenty flaming Napoleonic years: his vast mountain-cleaving schemes were left unfinished; Central Asia grew more troublesome again, and he had to call off Chang Ch'ien from an expedition into India by way of Yunnan and Tibet and the half-cleaved mountains, to fight the old enemy in the north-west. But until the thirteen decades were passed, and Han Chaoti, his successor, had died in 63 B. C., the vast designs were still upspringing: high and daring enterprise was still the characteristic of the Chinese mind. The thirteen decades, that is, from the accession of Han Hweiti and the beginning of the Revival of Literature in 194.

"Intimately, or rather indissolubly, connected with Karma, then, is the law of re-birth, or of the re-incarnation of the same spiritual individuality in a long, almost interminable, series of personalities. The latter are like the various costumes and characters played by the same actor, with each of which that actor identifies himself and is identified by the public, for the space of a few hours. The *inner*, or real man, who personates those characters, knows the whole time that he is Hamlet for the brief space of a few acts, which represent, however, on the plane of human illusion the whole life of Hamlet. And he knows that he was, the night before, King Lear, the transformation in his turn of the Othello of a still earlier preceding night; but the outer, visible character is supposed to be ignorant of the fact."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 306

AUTUMN LEAVES

R. MACHELL

CHAPTER III

THE rattling of the train was a sufficient excuse for the two men to abandon all attempt at conversation. Vauclerc was extraordinarily silent. Usually his flow of talk was irrepressible; but he sat back in his place absorbed in his own thoughts, which were no longer his servants but his jailers, who held him down while they recited the indictment of his life from the record of his own memory. The story itself was ancient history to him, but it was hardly recognisable in the guise in which it was presented for his unwilling inspection. Never before had he experienced any sense of shame in looking back at the extremely variegated pattern of the web that he had woven on the loom of time: but it was different tonight as he sat there in the ill-lighted compartment of the local train and watched the pictures that came up before his mind and forced themselves on his attention. Formerly he had been rather proud of his achievements, and could laugh comfortably at the success of his ingenious duplicity: but he saw nothing amusing in the memory of it all now. The game seemed to have been played out and he was the loser; he had lost everything, even to his interest in the game itself. There he sat, mentally face to face with something horrible that he knew to be himself; and seemed as if he were looking into a mirror in which he saw a desolate expanse of nothingness, a fathomless depth of mere vacuity, on the surface of which appeared the ghosts of memory like corpses rising from the ocean of time to sink again into the abysses of eternity.

A sense of intense loneliness and utter weariness fell upon him. Formerly his restless brain was full of schemes, and his fantastic fancy kept his mind occupied with dreams of strange delights and weird adventures, of fabulous treasures to be won and feats of superhuman ingenuity to be achieved—dreams strangely in contrast with the sordid facts he was now forced to contemplate, when that appalling depth of nothingness was broken by dark pictures from the pages of his own book of life.

Whether the two men's minds contacted one another, or whether they both vibrated sympathetically to the same impulse, one subject occupied them both, the past: and neither of them found pleasure in it. Different as were their characters, their lives had crossed and recrossed each other so frequently that they seemed linked by some guiding hand; or they were like different colored threads woven into a design of which they were unable to detect the meaning. Such is the tapestry of life, which represents the evolution of humanity. The weaver himself

may perhaps only be following a pattern designed by a master-mind. And if so, what can the threads know of the beauty of the great work in which they play their part unwillingly, priding themselves perhaps upon their independence?

To Vauclerc indeed it seemed that the design was arbitrary and capricious, and that all along his purposes had been defeated by chance, behind which stood Fate, alternately favoring and frowning upon him, and eternally baffling his ingenuity. What use was another chance to him if a capricious fate were master of his life and he himself were impotent? — What chance could there be for him? And yet he clung to that phrase 'another chance' as if he felt something behind it that as yet escaped him.

He had the fatalism of the gambler, who eternally hopes that he may beat the game and get Fate on his side at last. . . .

Charles Appleby's philosophy of life was vague and full of paradoxes, with which his mind tormented itself for its own gratification: but through it all deep down ran a rich vein of gold, that would occasionally crop out and shine with promise of undeveloped treasures. It was this streak of gold which gave his character the force and charm that to some people seemed unaccountable, and which had saved him from falling into the deepest depths of pessimism.

It seemed to him that life was originally intended as an opportunity for happiness, and, if he blamed fate or providence or any unseen powers for his own failure to attain that object, he did not spare himself, and only railed at fate to vary the monotony of continuous self-contempt.

Not dreaming of the hidden possibilities in the soul of man, he thought he had exhausted his fund of opportunities, and that his own life was

a finished failure; yet he paradoxically held that every man or woman was entitled to another chance, no matter how recklessly they might have squandered their spiritual inheritance. But in this generous theory he made exception for himself: for him there was no future.

Most of us have this kind of double scheme of life, just as we have two standards of morality, one for ourselves and one for other people. He was intelligent enough to see the incongruity of his two theories of life, but accepted his own lack of logic as confirmation of the distressing fact that he was an ass. He always had been. Vauclerc was right; but then Vauclerc, who certainly was shrewd enough, had wrecked his own life more hopelessly than Appleby had done.

As he reviewed the tangled web of destiny that he had woven so clumsily, and tried to find a meaning in it or a pattern, he felt a new kind of sympathy for his fellow-traveler. They both seemed to be on the same road, in more senses than one, and traveling it as aimlessly and unsuccessfully. His old contempt for the unprincipled adventurer had turned almost to pity for a victim of the same disaster that had involved himself, one who had lost more heavily than he in the general shipwreck we call life.

Vaguely he wondered how many so-called successful men were not actually in the same predicament. He had been so long content to look upon himself as a hopeless failure, that he could not see how fate could hold a chance of happiness for him; yet he could see a possible future for the rascal by his side. And the said rascal envied the man he called an ass; envied him most of all for that generous faith in human nature, that had made him such an easy dupe in the old days, but that had also made it possible for him to think of giving another chance to those who had most deeply wronged him. What would he not give to be capable of such an impulse? Give? What had he left to give? Not even a little rag of self-respect. What use could such as he make of generosity?

And yet he felt that generosity is natural to man. For the first time he longed to be a MAN. Hitherto he had been content to be mistaken for a man, or else to be admired for his cunning and audacity, envied for his skill, or perhaps feared a little for his recklessness.

Now he was offered another chance . . . for what? That question brought him face to face with life; what was he living for? He found no answer, or feared to find one; and the problem was still unsolved when the train reached the terminus.

But when the two men finally stood on the pier beside the gangway to the steamer they were conscious of a subtle change that had come over their relations; and when Vauclerc said, "Appleby, will you shake

hands with me and wish me luck?" Charles Appleby was ashamed, and would have liked to apologize for all the evil things that he had thought about this man.

He could only do as he was asked, saying, "With all my heart I wish you luck."

As he stood watching the great ship move out into the river he felt that a load of bitterness had fallen from his heart, and he turned homeward with the conviction that he had discharged a debt, though what the debt was or how it had been incurred he could not tell.

The master of Thorneycroft returned as unexpectedly as he had left, but his return caused no more surprise in the house than his absence had done. He had been at some pains to cure the household of the bad habit of expecting him to conform to custom in anything. His will, or his caprice, was law in that house; and the law worked easily, thanks to the genius of the housekeeper; and life at the Abbey presented a peaceful picture that was in strange contrast with those days in California when the young Charles Appleby first met the woman who seemed so inevitably associated with his life.

His love for her had turned to bitterness. His hatred became almost a religion to him. He came to look upon her as the embodiment of all his weaknesses and vices, for which he had paid so dearly. She typified to him all that he was most ashamed of in his own life; and almost unconsciously he made her play scapegoat for his follies and his passion, and cursed her for his own disgrace.

In those days he was romantic, and inclined to an unguarded kind of hero-worship. He had taken men and women at their own valuation, until he was ruined by the rate of exchange, as one might say, for the rate was ruinous in those days in California. The price that he had paid for his experience had broken him, and he had passed through life's court of bankruptcy, emerging as a moral pauper, stripped of his fund of faith in man and woman as well as in himself. Sometimes it seemed to him he was but an uncertificated bankrupt who might at any time be called upon to liquidate some half-forgotten claim indelibly recorded in the book of Fate. But, as he looked out over the lawn from the windows of the library, life seemed to him better worth living than before he went away.

Old Watson was pottering around as if unaware of his master's presence; but in reality he was showing himself there in the hope that Master Charles would be tempted to come out and give him an opportunity to ventilate his accumulated wisdom. He sometimes felt overburdened with the weight of his superiority to his fellows, and longed for the society of his philosophical equals.

And Master Charles felt the unspoken invitation just as he had done when a child, before his father had been exiled from Thorneycroft, and before he had become a wanderer, an adventurer, a gambler, a drunkard, and a mistakenly-convicted criminal, who for a short while had to pay that price for his association with such men as the one he had so recently sent back to the other continent with a new chance.

The sight of old Watson brought back his childhood days, and the whole tangle of his life slid from him, as he threw open the window and stepped out into the sunshine.

The garden was a place of peace, and the old gardener sweeping up the dead leaves seemed emblematical of that eternal vigilance which is the price of peace, of that labor which is pure joy, and of man's intimate relationship with Nature.

The old man went on sweeping as usual till his master spoke, then touched his cap with a cheerful greeting:

"Good-day, Master Charles, good-day, Sir."

"Watson, tell me, do you ever get tired of sweeping up dead leaves? I do."

The old man missed the last words, but was shocked at the question and protested:

"Why Sir, I would not be fit to call myself a gardener if I did that. I could not let them lie there neglected to be wasted, and to make the place look like a wilderness."

"But there are such a lot of them," said Master Charles speaking like a child; and the old man smiled indulgently.

"Aye! there's a many of them surely, and more where they come from."

"Yes, that is just what I feel. It is the endlessness of it that makes me feel tired. What does it all lead to?"

"Well, for one thing, it makes work; and what would a man be without work?"

"Not much, perhaps, and yet after all why should we work? Is work what we live for?"

The gardener answered promptly and with conviction: "I reckon that it is."

"And death is the end of it?"

"I'm not saying that, Sir. No: that's not the end of it, not by a long sight; not as I look at it."

"Watson, you must have found life pleasant, to look forward so contentedly to a continuation of it after death. I think it is rather greedy to ask for more when the end comes. Oh yes! I know, you say there is no end. That means that you are not going to let go even when Death has destroyed your body. But what will you do then? you won't have

dead leaves to sweep up in Paradise, will you?" queried Appleby.

"Why not, Sir? Why not? Maybe we are in Paradise now if we only knew it. Our eyes are over dull perhaps, and so we see only the dull side of things. The other side, I reckon, is too bright for us to bear the sight of it; but for all that it may be here."

His master pondered the matter for a while, and Watson made an attack upon a weed, smiling contentedly to see his listener so much impressed. But Master Charles was obstinate.

"Yes," he admitted, "that sounds good; but if we are in heaven where are the saints and angels, to say nothing of the harps and halos, and the cherubim and seraphim? I hear no heavenly choirs. No! It won't do. The world we live in is the only one that can be real to us; that is, the world we see and feel and suffer in. The other or a dozen others may be here too, but if we do not see or feel or know of them they are not here for us. That notion of yours of a heaven in which souls sweep up the dead leaves fallen from the tree of life is almost too pretty to be true. Besides they always told us that heaven would be a state of absolute idleness, eternal uselessness, the only allowable occupation being the singing of endless, unnecessary praises of the Absolute."

"Nay, nay, Sir. That is no heaven for a man. There's some as might enjoy it for a spell, but not for long. There's heavens and heavens, I say; just as there are men and men; and one man's heaven may be another man's hell."

"Where did you get that from, Watson? You certainly have some original ideas. You did not get that from the church catechism, I'm thinking. Where did you find it?"

"Out of the earth, Sir, maybe: out of the sky, where the birds sing, and from the trees and flowers where the bees make music as they work, and the butterflies . . . why, as to harps and halos, them creatures come near enough to angels and cherubim for a man like me, and maybe the saints are not so far away as some folks think. There's more in life than most folks have power to dream of, let alone seeing. A man may learn a many things without book l'arning, while he is at work. And he don't need to hear things told to him in words. The thoughts will come of their own accord out of the air, though belike a many folks think their thoughts are all their own; but they are not, no more than the air they breathe."

"But a man's breath is his own, surely," exclaimed the skeptic thoughtlessly, and was promptly corrected.

"Nay Sir, begging your pardon, a man's breath is not his own. As soon as he gets it in his lungs he has to get it out again, or it will choke him. That shows it is not his, though he is free to as much as he can

use. Did you ever think, Master Charles, how hard a man works all his life just taking in breath and getting rid of it again? That is surely hard work, but no man asks for a holiday from that kind of labor. And everything in nature works like that and never stops. But folks don't call that work; they call it life. Life is work, and work is the greatest joy in life. Where there is no work there is no life, in this world or in any other."

This was said with such conviction that the listener found it necessary to light a pipe in order to get time to think it over. Finding no satisfactory argument at hand Charles Appleby shifted his ground and asked: "Have you seen this London lawyer who has been visiting at Framley Chase? What aged man is he?"

The gardener showed no surprise at the question, and answered as if it were quite in line with the argument. "Mister Charlton? Why he's a man getting on in years, not to say old, but he won't see sixty again, I'm thinking. They say he's courting Mrs. Mathers."

This was said somewhat indignantly, and brought a half protest from his master, who however seemed little interested in the matter, ejaculating merely, "Well, why not?"

But the gardener's sense of the fitness of things seemed shaken, and he justified his attitude by an explanation:

"Well, Sir, at his time of life I think he might be better employed than courting widows from foreign parts. It's flying in the face of providence, I call it, for a man to think of marrying a woman who might be his daughter as far as age goes; and who has had more husbands than one, they say, and a foreigner. Not that I have aught to say against travel in foreign lands, not if folks live decently when they come home."

This was a concession to his master's wanderings, as well as a veiled reference to strange rumors as to the history of those wanderings.

"And do not decent people get married occasionally?"

But this was frivolous, and Watson was in a philosophical mood.

"There's marriages and marriages. It's well enough for a man that's getting on in years to have a woman to take care of him, but . . ."

He stopped and scratched his head dubiously as if afraid of having gone too far. The ground was dangerous. His master was reported to have been married himself in foreign parts, and no one knew for sure if it were true or not. Watson did not attach much weight to foreign marriages. He had a general belief that England was the only law-abiding country in the world, the rest being mostly savage, and he supposed that foreign marriages were not particularly binding anyway. Still it was best to be careful, for he held it a grievous fault to hurt anybody's feelings by careless speech. So he turned the subject tactfully by

saying: "A man may easy be mistaken in choosing a wife, and when he is well on in years mistakes like that are bad to remedy; and so I says it's best to let well-enough alone. There was a talk of Mr. Mason himself courting the lady, but I think it was but gossip, there's a deal too much of that kind of talk in the village; and all for want of occupation. It's a terrible trial, is want of occupation. When hands are empty then tongues wag. That's why I says there must be work to do in heaven for them as wants it."

Charles Appleby was trying to follow out the gardener's idea to a logical conclusion, and he began to think aloud more than to reason with the old man.

"If heaven and hell and earth are all here and now, we must be going round and round, like squirrels in a cage, without ever getting anywhere. Where is the end of it all, or the beginning? And what is the use of it? Perhaps the idea of cyclic evolution is sound after all, and life may be continuous as the Theosophists declare. Watson, are you a reincarnationist? I believe you are a Buddhist in disguise."

The gardener shook his head doubtfully. He was suspicious of long words and unfamiliar names: but the continuity of life was no new idea to him. He had long ago concluded that death was but a passage from one life to another, and that a man might come back to earth again and again, to learn the lessons that the earth had to teach him: but such names as those, Theosophy, and Buddhism, and Reincarnation, had a suspicious sound suggestive of idolatry and paganism: so he said cautiously:

"I'm not a man of l'arning, Master Charles, and them names sound strange and unnatural-like: but I know that the flowers spring from seeds, and the seeds come from the flowers year after year. They live and die, and never stop living even when they do seem dead. A man might say they live by dying: and why not men too? A man is as good as dead when he's asleep, yet he wakes up again. And when he dreams, he might as well be gone to heaven, or to hell as the case may be; but when it's past he soon forgets it and goes on living just as he did the day before. What difference is there between sleep and death? Not much, as far as I can see."

This seemed conclusive to the old philosopher, but it did not satisfy the critical mind of his master, who answered with a smile:

"Not much, perhaps, except that today we can remember yesterday and the days that went before, or at least enough of them to make it certain that our life did not begin this morning when we woke up: and enough to let us go to bed content with a reasonable chance of waking up again tomorrow morning. That is an exception that, I think, makes

all the difference between sleep and death. Now what guarantee can you give me that when I die I shall come back to life again?"

"Well, Sir, we know well enough we are alive today, and then we know that tomorrow this here day will be past, it will be yesterday, with a night, and sleep, and maybe dreams between. Now, Sir, tomorrow we shall remember some of the things that are happening today, but not all of them. Well, those things that we forget, what proof shall we have that they happened? Not much, sometimes. And when it comes to remembering our childhood — why we might almost as well never have had a childhood, and yet we'd think a person foolish that said he never was a baby because he could not remember anything about the first year of his life. Same way with the future. We do not see what's coming, mostly, but it comes all the same, and then we know it. Where did it come from? from nowhere? What becomes of it when it is past? It is not lost, because we can recall it to mind and some folks can see the future most as well as they can the past."

"That is just guessing," put in the skeptic.

"Well, Sir, and what is guessing? Isn't it trying to see something? Why should we try to see it, if there is nothing to be seen?"

The old man put this as if it were a 'poser,' but Appleby capped it with a string of similar conundrums:

"Why should we always long for what we cannot get? Why should we want to do the impossible? Why does a child cry for the moon when he sees it in a pond? I'll tell you why. Because the things we can get seem not worth having as soon as we get them, and so we imagine that things further off and harder to be reached must be more worth while; and by the same reasoning we fool ourselves into the belief that the best things of all are those that are impossible to reach. So to be safe we only really yearn for that which does not exist at all. We, grown-up babies, are worse than the little ones that want the moon."

The gardener chuckled and nodded.

"Aye! there's maybe truth in that too. But it looks to me as if it might be because there is something there to know: something we want to know more clearly, something more to do than we have done yet, something to live for. And, Master Charles, I do believe that somewhere down inside of a man's heart there's something that does know, and that won't let him rest till he gets knowledge of it. I reckon that is the real man that is inside, just like the real plant is in the seed, though we cannot see it nor feel it, and it can't get out and grow until the seed dies. Oh aye! the seed may die outright and nothing come of it; but I am thinking of the seed that sprouts, it is alive as a shoot, but it is dead as a seed. Well, the plant comes out of the seed, and in its turn bears seed, and then

dies down, but the life goes on in the seed; and other plants just like the first will come from the seeds without a break in the life. It is the same life, though the leaves and branches may be new each time. There is no stopping anywhere and no beginning neither. It just goes on."

"But what's the good of that to the plant if it does not remember? It might as well have no past life behind it. I doubt if a plant thinks much about its next life anyway."

"Maybe it don't. That's more nor I can tell. But, Master Charles, you hadn't ought to say the plant does not remember. Why how could it grow up just like it was before if it had no memory of its former lives? Something goes on from year to year through seed, and plant, and flower, and on and on for generations. If that is not memory what is it? If memory is not in it, where is it? Same way with a man. He grows like his forebears; that is his memory, and when he is born he has a character of his own that belongs to him, his own memory. Some things he gets from his parents, and some from his country, so that he looks like one of the family or one of the nation; but his character is his own. Where did he get that from if he began life when his body was born? You say the plants don't fret about their next life; maybe they don't. I reckon they're wiser than we are in some ways: though there is a sight of folks as never thinks about tomorrow, let alone past lives or lives to come. But then there's others that think a deal about the future, some more, some less; and a few, I reckon, come to know more than they care to tell, for folks is apt to call it all fancy, or worse belike."

Charles Appleby looked curiously at the old gardener as if inclined to credit him with just that kind of knowledge. He felt like a child again when listening to his exposition of the mysteries of life; and it seemed sometimes that surely a door would open into the wonder-land and the old gardener would be transformed into a Magian leading his disciple to the Hall of Learning, wherein all mysteries of life and death will be explained. But at such moments something would always happen to bring him back to earth, some envious power perhaps that feared the intrusion of a mortal into the world that lay beyond. So now as he looked up he saw two visitors approaching from the direction of the ruined abbey; one was the vicar Mr. Mason and the other was a stranger.

As Charles Appleby knew that his friend Mason was well acquainted with his dislike to visitors in general and to strangers in particular, he examined the newcomer critically to find some explanation of the parson's violation of the unwritten law.

As the two men came nearer, the stranger seemed suddenly to take on a certain familiarity, and Appleby muttered the name of "Withington."

(To be continued)

THE DARK RIVER OF DESPAIR

H. T. PATTERSON

IN surety of the truth of this tale will I name the name of the emperor in whose time it did behap, and the name of the man to whom it did behap, and the province wherein his honorable parents did dwell. Other matter, pertaining hereunto, shall I omit, lest, perchance, I make the narrative too long.

In days of yore, when the good Fuhu was emperor of Cathay, Wi Hun Lung, who was beloved of all by reason of the much good that was found in him, having burnt incense at the tombs of his revered ancestors, having reverently saluted his honorable parents, and having said farewell to his beloved brothers and sisters, did leave his agreeable home, in the beautiful province of Hwanghu, for to journey to the far-away Mountain of Light.

Long and weary was the way. Beset was it with dangers and snares. But Wi Hun Lung was young, and stout was the heart of him. Singing the songs of faith and of hope of his beloved native land did he beguile the time and ease the pain of his footsteps; his heart ever turned towards the far-away mountain; his mind ever absorbed with thoughts of Tao; his memory ever intent upon the teachings of his worshipful master, Tchili.

When Wi Hun Lung had traveled a month and a day he did come, at eventide, to a steep and stony hill. Rough and difficult to climb was the path; but at the top did he find a house inhabited, the home of a woodman of those parts, he and his wife being the two only living people thereabouts. Kind and hospitable was the reception given to Wi Hun Lung in that delectable dwelling, for though the woodman and his wife were but simple folk, they ever welcomed the wayfarer who did pass that way, and did share with him of their store of rice, of honey of the wild bee, and of the milk of the mountain goat.

When Wi Hun Lung had eaten, being aweary, he did lay himself down upon the bed wherewith his host had provided him. Anon, near by, through a thin wall could he hear the deep breathing of the woodman, but he heard not the breathing of the woodman's wife. By reason of over-weariness Wi Hun Lung slept not. Or did he sleep and dream? Did he dream of the celestial singing in the country beyond the celestial lake? Or was it the woodman's wife outside of his window, in the bright moonlight, singing of the Soul and of the life thereof? Or was it the voice of the wandering winds? Or was it the sprites of the pines? Fitfully

did words come to his ear. In snatches did they come, and brokenly. Some of them as of the gentle winds of the summer in the southland. Some as of the harsh winds of the northland in the winter time. Some as the wailing of the afrits of the desert when they scatter the dry sand hither and thither therein. Some as if from the light clouds above, which floated in the sky below the moon as floats white foam upon the billows. Hark! What is it that the voices say? —

"Sleeper . . . sleep thou . . . sleeper, dream thou . . .
Luna smileth . . . see how fair . . .
Whither . . . thither . . . listen . . . whisper . . .
Now here . . . now there . . . now everywhere . . .

Breath of fever . . . sluggard . . . sleeper . . .
Terrors . . . dangers . . . things of sorrow . . .
Paths unending . . . dark morasses . . .
The day . . . the night . . . beware the morrow . . .

Sleeper . . . sleeper . . . comfort . . . comfort . . .
Unseen succor . . . shake off fear . . .
Whither . . . listen . . . gentle whisperings . . .
Unknown waters . . . day is near . . ."

Thus did the voices sing and the pines make moaning — or, perchance, it was the winds — or the singing of the woman — or the stars — or the moonlight — or, mayhap, the aerial sprites of the night.

When the darkness had worn away and dawn was nigh, wearily did Wi Hun Lung rise from his bed, considering carefully in his mind all that had happed that night before. Having bathed in the cool waters of a pool of a near-by mountain brook, he ate his breakfast of rice cakes, milk, and honey, and, putting into his wallet some of the cakes and some cheese, pressed upon him by his hospitable hosts, did he take courteous leave of them and go again upon his way.

The hill where this did hap yet endureth to bear witness to the truth of this tale, though the house which was thereon has long since passed away.

Not far had Wi Hun Lung gone when the path ended. Before him was a broad river. Appalling was the look of it. Black were its wide waters, opaque and slimy; and ever to the surface thereof rose dreadful creatures, dire and fearsome to gaze upon, of kinds many and unknown, hideous and of amazing semblance; plunging and snorting, with mouths agape and with devouring demeanor. Wi Hun Lung drew back in fear and horror. But, alas! he wist not whither to go. Behind is the path, but now hidden in impenetrable fog, and from it come hollow voices

saying, "Beware! beware! not here! not here!" He turneth to the right. His heart sinketh within him, for he seeth but an endless quagmire there, stretching out, out, out, farther than the eye can reach, and from it guttural sounds reach his ear, saying, "Away! away! not here! not here!" Then to the left turneth Wi Hun Lung, but lo! he perceiveth on this side a fetid mass of steaming, rotting undergrowth, in which are crawling things, which come and go into the river, and thence issueth a hissing, as of snakes, saying, "Back! back! not here! not here!" In unspeakable dread and stupefied with fear, would Wi Hun Lung have sat down upon the ground, for his limbs trembled with horror, his mind whirled round, and the breath left his body, and he wist not whither to go. But he dared not tarry, for the hours of the day were passing by.

At last, in his despair, did he lift his eyes towards heaven. There did he see the sun shining brightly. Then did he remember his vow that he had made, that he would go ever forward, turning neither to the right nor to the left, until he should reach the Mountain of Light, or that he would bravely perish on the way thereto. Closing his eyes, with his mind fixed on Tao, did he then plunge into the stream. Behold what did hap! No stream was there, but a little stretch of soft sand. The air was balmy. Celestial music was borne upon the breeze. Unseen benign presences, which he felt but saw not, were everywhere about him. Quickly did Wi Hun Lung cross the little stretch of soft sand and reach the greensward beyond. Looking up he beheld before him a road, straight and smooth. Beyond were the purple mountain heights, and in the midst thereof, pinnacling the blue sky, was the marvelous Mountain of Light.

Identification Keys for Views of Reception to Katherine Tingley at San Juan Hill, Santiago de Cuba, February 22, 1920

(A report of this reception, translated from *El Cubano Libre*, was published in the April issue)

(*Plates 3 and4*) To the right of the Theosophical Leader are Hon. and Sra. Emilio Bacardí; to the left, Mrs. Emily Lemke-Neresheimer and Sra. de Moya. Sr. Bacardí is one of the foremost surviving patriots of Cuba's struggle for independence; he was Mayor of Santiago at the time Katherine Tingley first went to Cuba with her relief expedition in 1898, and he has ever since been her stanch friend and supporter. He was a Cuban Senator under Estrada Palma's administration; he is now to be decorated by the Cuban National Academy in Havana for his literary and patriotic achievements. His daughter Lucía, who received her education at the Râja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma, has achieved distinction as a sculptress. His wife recently conferred a benefit on the city of Santiago by having a children's hospital constructed largely through her own efforts.

(*Plate 6*) From left to right: Sr. Eugenio Kindelán C., former student of the Râja-Yoga School

in Santiago de Cuba, now with the National Bank of Cuba; Sr. Antonio Planos, former student of the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, California, and now holding a responsible position with Rodríquez Hermanos of Santiago; Sr. Pedro L. Boudet, a high official of the National Bank of Cuba,— President of the Sobrado Branch, Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Havana,— husband of Octavia Franco, a former Râja-Yoga student at Point Loma; Sr. Eugenio Porro, a prominent business and literary man of Santiago, who will be of invaluable assistance in the new Branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Santiago; Srtas. Teresa and Josefina Kindelán C., the former holding a responsible position in the National Bank of Cuba, the preparation for which she received at the Râja-Yoga Academy in Santiago de Cuba; Mr. Iverson L. Harris Jr., Mme Tingley's Traveling Secretary.

(*Plate 7*) Sr. Manuel Millares, Manager of Besalu & Co., of Santiago de Cuba. When the Râja-Yoga School in Santiago was opened, this young man was the only boy-pupil from Spain. He has now become a successful business man of excellent character and full of the energetic spirit of Râja-Yoga.

(*Plate 8*) Srta. Teresa Kindelán C., a former student of the Râja-Yoga Academy of Santiago de Cuba, now holding a responsible position in the National Bank of Cuba. She will take an active part in the new Branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Santiago.