

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. IX

NOVEMBER, 1915

NO. 5

To Him no high, no low, no great, no small,  
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.—*Pope*

**GOD:** by H. T. Edge, M. A.



**A** GOD of some sort being considered necessary, and the traditional and sectarian Gods being at a discount, attempts are made to reconstruct God in a scientific or rational manner. As a starting-point there is the dual nature of man, as manifested by the opposition of two wills in him — a personal and an impersonal one. To explain the latter, some people have postulated a sort of collective will — the will of humanity as a whole — and to this they have perhaps added a collective intelligence, which is that of humanity in general. Thus we obtain a simple philosophy, giving an explanation of morality and of the combat between selfishness and self-sacrifice. But the philosophy is far from complete. For one thing, it is very evident that the collective will of large masses of people may be a very evil thing; and it is notorious that the collective intelligence of crowds is a long way behind the intelligence of individuals. It would be tantamount to making God a kind of mob-spirit, or national ideal, or spirit of the times. And there are such Gods; but the trouble is that there are too many of them. Just now we see bitter emulation between such tribal deities, each of which is appealed to by its own votaries, just as the people in the Old Testament, with far more frankness, invoked their God to destroy the Gods of the other tribes. The collective will of humanity is a very vague phrase.

Perhaps in these philosophies there is a trace of the modern scientific idea of synthesis, whereby wholes are supposed to be merely the arithmetical sum of their parts. But before parts can make up anything better than a junk-heap, they must be organized; and we cannot make a man out of blood and bones alone. A number of separate hu-

man wills may unite so as to have a collective value, but speculation still remains open as to the precise nature of the mixture or compound that will be generated; and if we take analogies from chemistry, we may infer that the product might easily be either a balsam or a poison. However interestingly such philosophers may write, it is clear that a far deeper study of human nature and nature in general is necessary before the contents of their note-books will be of much value in book-form.

We have spoken of the idea of *synthesis*, by which great things are regarded as being made up of small. The *analytical* view represents small things as being parts of great things. There is a considerable practical difference between the two; for, though we cannot make a man out of blood and bones, we can easily make blood and bones out of a man. Man is a great deal more than the arithmetical sum of his component parts. Before a house can be built, the idea of the house must have pre-existed in the mind of the builder; otherwise nothing but a heap of bricks and mortar will mock the eye of the intending home-seeker. It is more reasonable to say that man made his own bones and blood than that the bones and blood made him. And it is more illuminating to say that the personal human will is a torn fragment of the real human will, than to regard the latter as being merely the sum of a great number of separate wills. Thus at least we shall find a means of distinguishing between wisdom and folly, and avoid identifying God with a popular hallucination or a national character. It is much more likely that a mere addition of selfish human wills would generate a Devil than generate the Deity.

Scientific analogies may always help if intelligently applied. We are told that decomposition is attended with a dispersion or running-down of energy, and that recombination can be effected only by supplying some more energy from an external source. Iron and oxygen reduce each other to a state of mutual inertness, wherein they will slumber throughout the geological ages in the bosom of the earth, until somebody brings the all-potent spirit of fire — whether in the furnace or in the ardent acid — and reproduces both elements in their pristine vivacity. The mere putting of things together will not suffice to produce anything of a higher order; an access of energy must come from somewhere — from a source of latent energy within or from an outside source. *Oxygen and hydrogen could never make water unless water itself were a pre-existent reality*; the invisible

element of water (unknown to science) must enter to bless the union.

A single man contains within himself a vast number of separate lives, presiding over the various organs, cells, and even atoms, whereof he is compact. But it is a serious error to say that man's self-consciousness is nothing more than the sum-total of all these minor consciousnesses. Man is a being that is independent of the body, and he enters the body and controls it. When the man himself withdraws, the various lesser lives in him begin at once to fall apart. It is the same with humanity. A number of people merely makes a crowd or a nation or a race; if there is such a thing as a higher order of being, to which the name of "collective man" might be applied, that being must exist independently, and must be regarded as entering into and ensouling the race. Moreover it is evident that an evil influence might be regarded as entering into a race, as well as a good one.

Conscience is something more than a pooling of self-wills or a mutual adjustment of personal desires. How many wrong notions must be added together before the combination will result in the production of divine wisdom, we are not prepared to say. When a Master says: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," he does not mean that he has not existence until that is done. In the same way, God does not owe his existence to the fact that a number of men have put their heads together.

Morality is often supposed to have "evolved" out of immoral or unmoral elements by a process akin to that which is believed to have evolved man out of the amoeba; and conscience is often defined as being merely a recognition of other people's interests. This idea of the gradual building-up of the mind, conscience, sentiments, aspirations, etc., of human nature, out of lesser elements, is really absurd. The source of all human faculties must lie in something far vaster than any of them and comprehending them all and much more besides. A code of mutual agreement, such as might be supposed to exist among villains, is a poor substitute for morality.

The real source of morality is the essential Divine nature of man himself. The personal ego, which looms so largely in his life, is not really an important part of him. It is a blend of animal propensity with self-conscious mind. Animal propensity is that which drives the animals, and for them it is the natural law of their lives; it acts within the narrow limits prescribed for it by the simple mind of the

animal. But man brings his *self*-consciousness to bear on his propensities, thus turning them into potent and far-reaching forces; and out of this alliance is developed the thing known as the personal ego. But whence comes man's self-consciousness? This mysterious faculty was never evolved from the animal mind, nor is it possible to imagine any intermediate steps between the unself-conscious mind of the animal and the self-consciousness of man. The faculty of self-consciousness is something original, and to trace its source we must look up, not down. If, starting in the middle of man's nature, we can trace his lower faculties downwards towards the animal kingdom, so we must trace his higher faculties upwards towards the divine.

Man may be analysed into three souls, as follows:

(1) The Animal Principle or Soul, called in Theosophical terminology *Kâma*. This is the impelling force in animals, containing the instincts and propensities.

(2) The Human Soul, or *Kâma-Manas*.

(3) The Spiritual Soul, or *Buddhi-Manas*.

In man two lines of evolution converge: an evolution from above downwards, and an evolution from below upwards. Hence the Human Soul is the arena of conflicts between a higher and a lower law. Man oscillates between the laws of his lower and higher natures. Just as propensities spring from our animal nature, so higher aspirations spring from our Spiritual nature. The truth is generally found to be simpler than the theories which are offered as substitutes. God, then, is not merely the aggregate of a number of personal human wills, but is that boundless ocean of wisdom and power which animates all creation; and the highest manifestation (on this earth) of this universal deity is the Perfected Man. It is from this source that come the spiritual influences that make men's lives better; it is this that is the true source of morality. Cut off from this source of life, man would begin to wither like a plant cut off from its root; but it might take him several incarnations to die out altogether. We see around us people who seem to be thus withering, but under the merciful law of reincarnation they have other chances in store.

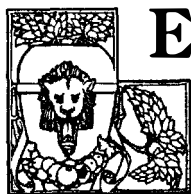
Possibly some people do not think there is a God in man or anywhere else, so these remarks must be considered as applying to those who do think there is a God and who would like to know more on the

subject. We have aspirations, and we fail to realize them because we make them too personal. We try to bring down the higher to the plane of the lower. This is the principal explanation of the frustration of geniuses. Geniuses, like Shakespeare, do not seem to have any personality; Shakespeare went back to his beloved Warwickshire, when he had finished his work; he did not stay in London and try to outdo himself. We love music, perhaps, and strive to fathom its meaning and to realize the message that it has for us; but to do that, we must soar out of our personal limitations. Thus perhaps a person with no technical knowledge of music may have more music in his life than a talented but discontented artist.

It is of course impossible to devise a consistent philosophy of life without taking into account Reincarnation. Wordsworth, realizing that his Soul came "from afar" and had lived before, was unable to complete his thought because he was limited by current dogmas; and so with many others. Reincarnation is a subject that needs to be pondered long, earnestly, and reverently, until the idea becomes so familiar that we unconsciously refer everything to it. In this way knowledge and conviction may come. Once admit that one has a higher nature, and the path is opened for that higher nature to manifest itself. But we must not expect to see too far ahead of where we are standing; much of the path we have to tread is concealed by turnings in the way, at which we have not yet arrived. When we reason as to the nature of God, or other such problems, we do so from the standpoint of our present normal waking consciousness, which is very limited. We are not conscious of the link that unites us with fellow human beings, nor do we recollect the experiences of deep sleep; and death is an even greater mystery. So people discuss whether God is a personality or not, without knowing what a personality is; and they reflect on the relation of the deity to themselves, without understanding what the self is. Thus many people are impatient because they know so little, and are inclined to abandon the search because they cannot arrive at the goal in one bound. But when we study Theosophy we find how many things there are to be learned first, and how much there is for us to do in the way of immediate practical work in remodeling our way of life in the light of Theosophy. By pursuing this path we shall certainly arrive at a point of clearer vision and advance into a larger life wherein lies that peace which nothing can disturb.

**ETRURIA: by C. J. Ryan**

What about the Etruscans—the race mysterious and wonderful if any, for the historian, and whose origin is the most insoluble of problems? That which is known of them only shows that could something more be known, a whole series of prehistoric civilizations might be discovered.—*H. P. Blavatsky*



**E**VERY schoolboy knows Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* in which he sings of the bold Horatius who kept the bridge against Lars Porsenna and his host in the brave days of old, but few persons know anything about the great Etruscan civilization which, though overwhelmed by the more warlike Roman power, impressed its ideals and methods upon its conquerors so forcibly that they have lasted, with modifications, until the present day.

Professor George Hempl, of Stanford University, California, who recently addressed the session of the Archaeological Institute of America in the Greek Theater at the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Point Loma, profoundly interested his auditors by giving an outline of the process through which he claims to have made the brilliant and startling discovery of the keys to the Etruscan and some other early Mediterranean languages. If his discoveries can be fully worked out, we shall be in possession of information of priceless value, derived from the eight thousand or more hitherto incomprehensible Etruscan inscriptions, and may find records of historical events now as vaguely known as were those of Ancient Egypt before the discoveries of Champollion. The Etruscan language having been, till now, a sealed book, we have had to depend for our limited historical information on the scanty references of a few more or less prejudiced classical historians.

Just before the war distracted the attention of Europe from peaceful studies, great interest was aroused by some remarkable discoveries made by Professor Gabrici on the site of the great Etruscan city of Veii, near Rome. After completing the exploration of a necropolis in which numerous bronze vases and weapons, bronze and gold brooches, amber and glass necklaces, were found, he excavated the foundation of a temple which bears traces of restoration. The temple was dedicated to a female divinity represented as a mother seated on a throne nursing a divine Child, a practically universal type worshiped ages before the introduction of the Christian form of religion. From the débris of the temple, Professor Gabrici collected many fragments of friezes, pieces of ornament, and well-preserved examples of

polychrome decoration. As our first-hand knowledge of Etruscan temples is extremely limited, being chiefly derived from descriptions by Vitruvius and representations found in tombs, the new discovery is of great importance. Covent Garden Church, London, is a modern building constructed according to the design of an Etruscan temple, and there is another more elaborate reconstruction, in Florence, Italy.

Etruria proper, practically the modern Tuscany, stretches from the Tiber on the south almost to Spezzia on the north, a distance of about two hundred miles, and extends eastward from the Mediterranean about one hundred miles at the widest part. It was formerly densely populated, even in the parts now desolated by malaria, and contained numerous powerful cities, among which the famous Twelve Cities of Etruria, the capitals of the federated states, were prominent. The modern cities of Florence, Pisa, Siena, Lucca, Perugia, Orvieto, and Leghorn are included within the boundaries of Etruria proper, and stand upon or close to the sites of their Etruscan predecessors. When the cycle of barbarism was spent in the Dark Ages, the ancient greatness re-incarnated on the same soil in new forms, and Etruria produced a galaxy of brilliant intellects, such as few, if any, other countries can boast. Among them stand prominently the names of Dante, Petrarch, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Michelangelo, Galileo, and many others. Etruria offers a good example of the law of cyclic return, according to which the arts and sciences as well as men die, like the Phoenix, but to revive.

Veii, the powerful bulwark of Etruria against its mighty rival, Rome, from which it is only eleven miles away, is an exception to the general rule of Etruscan cities, for its destruction seems to have been final. It was subdued in 396 B. C., after ten years' siege, and even then it was so strong that it had to be overcome, like Troy, by stratagem. Some followers of Camillus, the Roman Dictator, tunneled under the Acropolis and broke through the floor of the temple of Juno, thus gaining an advantage which soon terminated in the entry of the whole army. According to Livy and other writers, the temple was violated at the critical moment when the *aruspex* or priest was telling the king of Veii that victory would rest with him who completed the sacrifice. Camillus was just in time to do this, and Veii was utterly crushed. What information has come down to us about Veii consists entirely of the records of fourteen wars with Rome. The story of the Fabii, that great Roman family or clan whose entire

membership marched out alone and successfully defied the power of Veii for years, is one of the most cherished traditions of Rome.

Roman splendor, Roman patriotic pride, have driven the greatness of Etruria into the background, and but for the evidences of the tombs and their riches, we should have only known the Etruscans through the prejudiced accounts of classical writers. Now, however, there seems little doubt that the moral and intellectual endowments of the race were at least equal, if not superior to those of the Romans of the earlier days. It is fully proved that the Romans, before their close contact with Greece, owed the larger part of their political, religious, and social institutions, their appliances and principles of warfare, the main characteristics of their art, and all that really humanized their rugged natures, to the mysterious people who colonized Etruria before Romulus plowed the first furrow which marked the foundations of the future mistress of the western world. Historians say that after the defeat of the Etruscans in the fifth war with Rome, Tarquinius Priscus (who, though king of Rome, was of Etruscan origin) seized and adopted their insignia of authority, i. e., the twelve lictors with their fasces, the golden crown, the ivory chair, the double flute, the purple robe, and the eagled scepter; the the triumphal procession was also of Etruscan origin.

The sacred books of the Etruscans are mentioned by many classical writers, and their authorship is attributed to Tages (supposed by some authorities to be the same as Tarchon, the founder of the metropolitan city of the Etruscan Federation, Tarquinii, now called Corneto). Tages, like so many of the national heroes of antiquity, was reputed to have had a marvelous birth; he sprang up from a furrow newly plowed, and, though a boy in appearance, was a patriarch in wisdom. His Code of Discipline, which included everything pertaining to peace, war, and divination, was transmitted by the Etruscans to the Romans, who were accustomed to send their sons into Etruria to study its literature and language. From some curious statements of Pliny and others it is plain that Tarchon, who, if not the same as Tages, was his colleague or successor in authority and wisdom, had a considerable practical knowledge of electricity. Desiring to preserve his house from lightning, he surrounded it by a hedge of white bryony. In parts of France today the peasants still plant white bryony for the same purpose. Porsena, as well as the Etruscan priests, were believed to have the power of "bringing down lightning from



heaven" by invocation. "Guided by Numa's book," says Pliny, quoting from an ancient writer, "Tullus (Hostilius) undertook to invoke the aid of Jupiter. . . . But, having performed the rite imperfectly, he perished, struck by thunder." Numa probably derived his knowledge from the Etruscans.\*

Though the Etruscans never, as far as we know, reached the supreme heights of glory in art and literature attained by the Greeks, and perhaps never produced a Phidias, a Plato, or an Aristotle, in many respects their culture was more advanced than the Greek. They were a united people, largely free from the internecine warfare that fatally weakened the Hellenic states, and in matters of practical science, agriculture, medicine, navigation, military tactics, and civil engineering, for instance, they were probably ahead of the Greeks. Their extraordinary skill in dentistry is proved by exquisite gold plates for holding artificial teeth which can be seen in the Etruscan Museum at Florence. In astronomy they evidently had considerable learning and careful observers, for they had fixed the length of the tropical year almost exactly. In their treatment of woman they were far ahead of the Greeks. She was honored and respected and took her place beside her husband. She was given a good education and even instructed in the mysteries of divination. Tanaquil, wife of Tarquinius Priscus, is reported to have been deeply versed in mathematics and medicine, though this did not prevent her from being an excellent housewife and accomplished wool-spinner. The Etruscan wife was not, as in Greece, subordinated in public and intellectual affairs to the anomalous *hetaira* class, nor was her freedom accompanied by the laxity of manners that disgraced later Rome. In their reasonable treatment of woman the Etruscans resemble the ancient Egyptians.

The origin of the Etruscans has long been one of the great historical puzzles, but the Roman and Greek writers, with the exception of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, declare that they came from Lydia in Asia Minor, probably about 1000 B. C. The large oriental element in the character of their civil and religious polity and many of their customs and arts, strongly support the theory of an Asiatic connexion. A marked Egyptian influence is also traceable. If Professor Hempl succeeds in deciphering all the hitherto incomprehensible Etruscan inscriptions in our possession we may soon have positive evidence. In

\* See *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, p. 527; also Dennis' *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, Introduction.

any case the testimony of Theosophy is in favor of the common origin of most of the littoral races of the Mediterranean. About 9000 B. C. a considerable migration moved away from the last sinking islands of the lost continent of Atlantis and took refuge in the firm lands which were reached after passing through the Pillars of Hercules. To follow the subsequent minor movements of the refugees in their entirety will probably be an impossible task, but the researches of Professor Hempl on linguistic lines will undoubtedly carry us a long way.

The government of Etruria was apparently confided to the hands of the princes of the federated states, who were also the priests and military chiefs. With triple authority they ruled the masses of the people "as the soul governs the body," but very little is actually known about the political principles prevailing in ancient Etruria. It is supposed that the lower classes were mainly derived from the Pelasgic tribes who inhabited the land before the arrival of the Rasena, as the Etruscans called themselves. Slavery was not unknown, but the plebeians seem to have been more like what we understand as serfs.

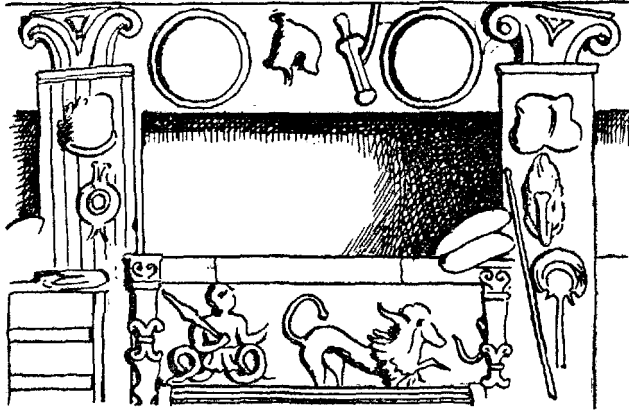
The Etruscan mythology somewhat resembled that of Greece; it was partly adopted, even to some of the names, by the Romans. In accordance with the universal teachings of antiquity there was a dominant Trinity of great gods; their names were Tinia, Cupra, and Menerva, and they corresponded to Jupiter, Juno and Minerva in Rome. Then came twelve great gods, six male and six female, awful beings, but not eternal. There were many other gods and genii, and perhaps the most striking of all from the standpoint of the student of Theosophy were the "Shrouded Gods," the *Dii Involuti*, whose nature was profoundly mysterious. They held sway over gods and men, and to their decisions even great Tinia had to bow. The Shrouded Gods were, in one sense, the personification of the eternal Law of Karma, of cause and effect; "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Galatians, 6, 7)

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter true  
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;  
Times are as naught, tomorrow it will judge,  
Or after many days.— *Light of Asia*

The Shrouded Gods are the Lipika of Oriental philosophy, the Fates, from whose decrees even Zeus —

E'en he the fore-ordained cannot escape. . . — *Aeschylus*

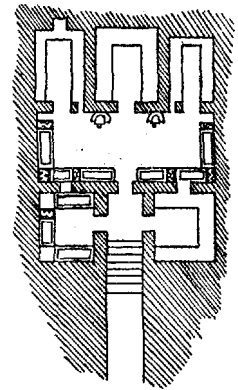
It is fortunate for us that the Etruscans, in common with many other nations of antiquity, had such a reverence for the dead and such a definite belief in the immortality of the soul that they took immense



Couch-tomb with Stone Cushions

pains in the construction and decoration of spacious underground tombs for their great families. Though little has been preserved in writing concerning the domestic history or customs of the race, the pictures and carvings in the tombs present us with a mass of authentic information. Two

kinds of tombs are found: immense rock-cut sepulchers, and tumuli consisting of chambers of masonry covered with mounds of earth. The interiors of many of these cave-tombs closely resemble houses, and the cemeteries themselves are not unlike cities. Ranges of tombs hollowed out of low cliffs face one another in streets, which branch off into smaller lanes and courts. While the outside of the tomb is generally very simple, the interior is ornate. A large central room represents the *atrium* of a house, and the surrounding chambers the *triclinia* or banqueting halls. Each of the latter has benches round three sides on which the effigies of the dead were placed, reclining as if at a feast. The roofs were carved in imitation of beams and rafters. The only thing wanting to complete the likeness to the main portion of a Roman or Pompeian house is the opening in the roof of the *atrium* which lets in the daylight; as all the Etruscan tombs were covered, this was out of the question. A striking description of the impression produced by the life-like figures on the lids of the sarcophagi at Toscanella is given by Dennis, the eminent authority on Etruscan remains:



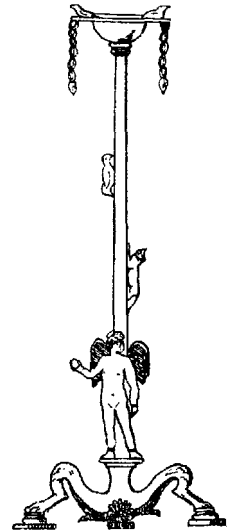
Plan of Etruscan Tomb

You seem transported to some scene of Arabian romance, where the people are all turned into stone or lie spell-bound, awaiting the touch of a magician's

wand to restore them to life and activity. All around they lie — Leucomones (scnators) of aristocratic dignity — portly matrons, bedecked with jewels — stout youths, and graceful maidens — reclining on the lids of their coffins, or rather on their festive couches — meeting with fixed stony stare the astonishment of the stranger, yet with a distinct individuality of feature and expression, and so life-like withal, that “like Pygmalion’s statue waking,” each seems to be on the point of warming into existence. Lions, sphinxes, and chimacras dire, in stone, stand among them as guardians of the place. . . . These figures all rest on their left elbow, supported by cushions, and the sarcophagi beneath them are often hewn to represent couches.

They are never represented as dead, nor even in sleep, as in the Middle Ages, but simply as having passed on to another state of existence. Some of the finest specimens of such sarcophagi with reclining figures are now exhibited in the wonderful Etruscan Museum at Florence, and elsewhere.

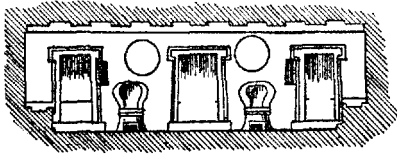
Many of the tombs were rifled in late Roman or medieval times, but a good many were left for modern archaeologists. At Cervetri, the ancient Caere, a marvelous tomb was opened in 1836, filled with wonders. In the chambers stood a bier, a car, shields, tripods, and numerous exquisite vessels of bronze, silver, and even gold. This tomb lay beneath a tumulus of earth, and had an arched entrance. In general design this and several others resembled the well-known “Treasury of Atreus” at Mycenae, certain tombs in Asia Minor and Scandinavia, “New Grange” and “Knowth,” near Dublin, “Maes Howe” in the Orkneys, Gav’r Innis in Brittany, and many others of the prehistoric ages. Though most of these were certainly tombs, it is probable that some of them at least were used for the celebration of the Mysteries, an important part of which centered round the simulated or metaphorical death of the candidate for initiation. On the basis that they are simply tombs it is impossible reasonably to explain the design of many of them, with their winding passages, obstructions, etc. The well-known Egyptian symbolic picture of the Solar Bark with Ra, the sun’s disk, hovering over it, is found crudely but unmistakably reproduced in New Grange and Scandinavia. In the Etruscan tombs we find much that reminds us of Egypt, and the Solar Bark which carries the souls of the departed to another world is suggested in Etruria by the constant



Bronze Candelabrum

presence of Charon, the ferryman of the Greeks, who steers the departed over the dark waters. The Etruscan Charon sometimes carries an oar, but often he leads a horse equipped for the long journey to the Underworld.

In one of the rock-cut tombs at Cervetri two armchairs with footstools cut out of the living rock were found; above them hang carved shields.



Tomb at Cervetri

From the decorations on the vases and bronze objects preserved in the tombs and from the elaborate wall-paintings, we can trace the life and customs of this highly civilized people from the cradle to the grave and even after. We see them "in their habit as they lived," we can study their faces, learn their names, understand the arrangement of their houses, acquaint ourselves with their trades, arts, games, military exercises, and hunts. We can watch them debate in the council chamber or attend the solemn rites of their religion; and finally, after seeing their bodies deposited in the tomb, we follow their souls to the unseen world whither each is accompanied by the good or bad angels appropriate to his nature. They are tried before the judgment seat and rewarded according to their deserts. In the judgment scenes there are some which strongly remind us of those in the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*. The medieval Christian artist, looking for inspiration for his religious subjects, had little to do but adapt the ideas and even many of the details of the Etruscan paintings.

One wall-painting, now unfortunately destroyed, showed that the Etruscans had a very definite appreciation of the duality of man's nature. It represented Cupid and Psyche as two children embracing. An evil genius is drawing Cupid towards the things of this world, while Psyche, pulls the other way. Standing by Psyche is a good genius, presumably the higher overshadowing immortal reincarnating Ego, watching the contest of wills, and while not actually touching Cupid, trying to gain his attention with outstretched arms and appealing looks. Many other paintings indicate a knowledge of the once universal Wisdom-Religion or Theosophy. The serpent, whose good aspect is symbolic of regeneration and rebirth, and is an emblem of spiritual power, eternity, and sacredness, is found everywhere associated with the mysteries of the afterlife. In the ancient world the initiates were called "serpents of wisdom," and, if we may judge by

the paintings, the Etruscan priests used the serpent in the service of the temple to establish and maintain their authority as possessors of superior knowledge and power. "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves" (Matthew, x, 16). The cross, one of the most widely distributed symbols of the ancient world, long antedating Christianity, is found in Etruria. Upon a sepulchral urn from Volterra there is a curious painting of an altar or shrine, with a cross in the middle, before which some bound captives are *apparently* being offered in sacrifice. The Italian writer Maffei indignantly repudiates the charge that the Etruscans offered human sacrifices, and Dennis admits that there is no historical authority to support it. It may or may not be a "fortuitous coincidence" that a similar design is found at Palenque, in Mexico, where the famous Tablet of the Cross contains a priestlike figure offering a child before a cross. There is good reason to believe that these sacrificial scenes are not literal representations of human sacrifice, but are symbolic of the highest possible act of devotion, i. e., the offering or surrendering of the desires and lower propensities in the presence of the divine.



"Marine Deity," or Dragon of Wisdom

The Etruscans pictured many deities whose names and functions are quite unknown. One of these, an apparently dual-sexed Dragon of Wisdom, reminding us of certain pictures of Krishna, etc., is here shown; it is from a vase found at Volterra and is worth careful study by the student of symbolism. The Chimaera, also illustrated here, is another mysterious symbolic figure. It was found at Arezzo in 1534, and is now in Florence. It has the body of a lion, the tail of a serpent, and a goat's head springing from its back. It is one of the finest existing specimens of the bronze work in which the Etruscans were highly skilled; it is less archaic in style than the Wolf of the Capitol. The Etruscan word *Tinscvil* is inscribed on the foreleg. Not only were the Etruscans supreme masters in the art of bronze casting and chiseling, but their gold filagree work and jewelry in various metals, precious stones and variegated glass is of the most exquisite beauty and elegance. A small microscope is needed to appreciate the beauty of a hundred-and-twenty gold figures of animals

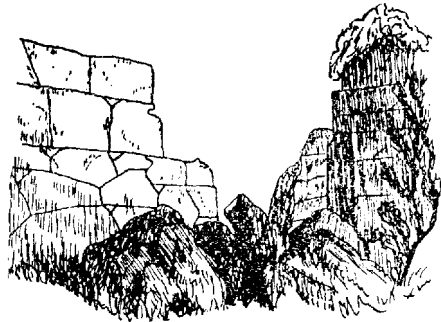
which are contained within a few square inches of one famous ephod.

The appreciation of the best art by the Etruscans is proved by the large number of beautiful Greek vases found in their tombs as well as by the splendid painting of the thousands of vases of their own workmanship.

The influence of Etruria upon Roman architecture is strongly marked. The main feature which distinguished the Roman from the Grecian style is the round arch, which was in constant use in Etruria from the most ancient times. The Romans, who saw its constructive possibilities, quickly adopted it and developed it to its culmination in the gigantic vaults and arches of the palaces and Thermae of the imperial age, and, as a consequence, the whole subsequent history of European architecture was profoundly affected. The Roman Order of architecture called "Tuscan," a simple form of Roman Doric, was derived from Etruria. In the Pantheon at Rome and in other temples, we can see the Etruscan circular temple magnified and glorified. The temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, Rome, was originally an Etruscan building, but no vestige remains. The Romans derived the design of their theaters from Etruria; the one at Fiesole is probably Etruscan.

The great Cyclopean walls of many Etruscan cities are very striking. An interesting problem in connexion with these confronts those who believe that there has been an unbroken march upward from barbarism in the Mediterranean countries. Twenty miles from the coast lies the prehistoric city of Saturnia. Its Cyclopean walls are practically intact and around it stand a large number of dolmens, some surrounded by circles of large upright stones. These dolmens, like so many of their kind found in nearly every other part of the world, are built of three massive stones surmounted by a gigantic capstone sixteen feet or so in length. Some are approached by narrow passages, and many, if not all, may have been covered by mounds of earth. They are not decorated nor inscribed, and their history is unknown, but the peasants speak of bones of giants having been found in them in former days. What was this race of builders that delighted in handling quantities of stones of such magnitude that they would tax our engineering skill today? Certainly not the Etruscans of the historical period, for great monuments of colossal stones similar to those in Etruria are widely distributed throughout the world, pointing to a common origin. But to return to our problem: at Saturnia

we can distinctly see the weakness of the popular belief that the early Cyclopean age — “Pelagic,” if we may use that vague and elastic term — was but little removed from primitive savagery. The walls of Saturnia and part of those of the neighboring city of Cosa — shown in the sketch below — are composed of great polygonal stones so beautifully dressed and fitted that a penknife will not pass between the joints, and so evenly tooled that the outer surface looks like one great smooth rock lined with surface scratches. Only the *lower* part of the wall at Cosa is built of polygonal stones, exquisitely carved and fitted into each other; the upper part consists of courses of plain flat blocks, not fitted, but simply laid. The usual explanation of polygonal masonry is that the “primitive” builders used naturally irregular pieces of rock and fitted them together as best they could, but the walls of Saturnia and



The Walls of Cosa

and Cosa are made of travertine, a rock which splits longitudinally into fairly rectangular blocks, as shown in the upper part of the wall of Cosa. The builders of the lower part, in order to get the polygonal stones they desired, had to hew them carefully into shape, regardless of the natural cleavage of the travertine. How was it that the earlier inhabitants of Cosa — the Pelasgi? — *supposedly* more savage and uncultured, had the skill and the desire to build their time-defying walls of beautifully carved and smoothed polygonal stones, while the later builders, who raised the walls higher, were content with the easier and clumsier method of splitting the travertine? This is only one of many problems in Etruscan archaeology, and is nearly as puzzling as that of the Cyclopean walls of gigantic polygonal stones built by the prehistoric dwellers in Peru.



The Greek word *Hydranos* means literally the “baptist.” It was a name of the ancient hierophant of the Mysteries who made the candidate pass through the “trial by water,” wherein he was plunged thrice. This symbolized his baptism by the Holy Spirit which moves on the waters of Space. Paul refers to John as *Hydranos*, the baptist. The Christian Church took this rite from the ritualism of the Eleusinian and other Mysteries.—*H. P. Blavatsky*



# GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

## PART TWO

### THE GOLDEN THREADS IN FAR EASTERN HISTORY

By using a mirror of brass, one can see to adjust one's cap; by using antiquity as a mirror, one can learn to foretell the rise and fall of empires.

— *The Emperor Taitsong*

#### FOREWORD



WE gage by ourselves the importance of things: unless they have affected us, they are negligible. Of old, China never contacted Europe; why then bother with Chinese history? Because we are human, is the answer; and because this is one of the main currents of human story. Without knowledge of it, we get no *perspective* for a philosophy of history.

We have a few skeleton records of it, here in the West; mostly profoundly unsatisfactory. They gallop through the dynasties; we are told who fought or poisoned whom; there are countless queer names, without meaning or personality attached; so and so was vicious, we read; or bought off the Turks or Huns; sent armies across Asia, or had so many thousand volumes in his imperial library. There were so many centuries of confusion, and then this or that dynasty came in, and there were more centuries of worse confusion. Wan light dawns with Kublai, on account of Marco Polo and the stately pleasure dome; with the Mings we are all in dim dusk again, and the great Manchus appear but in a kind of twilight; then come painful and lengthy records of the nineteenth century and disastrous intercourse with Europe. Those who have troubled to wade through, get an impression of endless discord; those who have not, remain with the impression of endless stagnation. Both are wrong. There have been glorious ages in China during the last two thousand years: times when the Chinese were the most progressive, as well as the most civilized people on earth. They have stood quite at the center; have led the vanguard; have been the Chosen People.

One wonders, sometimes, whether the true story of the past will ever be recovered. We clamor for the seas and deserts to give up their secrets; but what prizes do we really deserve? We base our whole philosophy of history on mere fragments of that which is ac-



ity. If we have had nothing yet from China, it is because we have not arrived at capacity to receive it. We must grow a little more civilized: even to the point of understanding the brotherhood of man.

I toss out a date: 800 A. D.: what does it bring to mind? — The reign of Charlemain, you say; and may add perhaps, that of Haroun al-Raschid. How many will think also of Kwammu Tenno of Japan? And yet in those days it was Kwammu that was leading the van of civilization; Haroun marched some way behind him; and Charlemain and all Europe were far in the rear.

We boast our Athens, Weimar, Florence, Paris, Rome: what a tale of cities in the Orient might challenge the glory of these! Kioto, that in her day was rich, gorgeous, and learned as Bagdad, beauty-loving as Athens; that was a Calvin's Geneva freed of bigotry; a Lorenzo's Florence with spirituality for sensuousness; an Athens divested of levity. Singanfu of the grand Hans and of Tang Taisong the Mighty; Loyang on the Hoangho, where Hsuantsung's court held poetic revels, and the great Buonarottis and Da Vincis of the Orient gathered; Kaifongfu of the Northern, and Hangchow of the Southern Sung — Hangchow, that city of cities, all a dream of beauty and genius! If one were asked where and when in historic times, civilization had reached its peak, produced its loveliest flower, one would almost have to answer, hesitatingly perhaps: In twelfth century Hangchow.

— All of which, of course, is outrageous. Kioto we can tolerate; like *Athenai* or *Firenze*, or even *Cordova* or *Cairo*, it has music in it. But tell us not of these Singanfus, Loyangs, and Hangchows! It is too queer and punchinello a language altogether; not for serious consideration. — Not to be imagined from its vocables set down in western characters, certainly; but to be heard aristocratically spoken, tinkling up and down a scale of tones, rippling silvery like little bells: and giving a new standard of beauty, all unlike our own — which is the Italian — but not less exquisite, melodious, or refined.

We are all the time confronted with this difficulty of names. They sound so meaningless to us, these many monosyllables; yet there are a few that must be fixed in the memory, or there will be no following intelligently what is to come. Chow, Tang, Han, Shang, Sung, and Hia — one must attach a definite idea to each; so here, in this introduction, it will be well to give a list of the more important dynasties, with dates ascribed to them and a few other particulars.

## THE THREE GREAT EMPERORS:

*Yao, Shun, and Yu*

The Patriarchs of China; patterns to all succeeding ages of goodness and wisdom.

## THE FEUDAL PERIOD:

The HIA Dynasty 2205 B. C. to 1766 B. C.

The SHANG Dynasty 1766 B. C. to 1122 B. C.

The CHOW Dynasty 1122 B. C. to 250 B. C.

In later Chow times came the Teachers Laotse and Confucius, and still later, Mencius and Chwangtse.

## THE FIRST EMPIRE:

The T'SIN Dynasty 250 B. C. to 206 B. C.

Mainly consisted of the reign of T'sin Che Hwangti, a semi-barbarian prince, Founder of the Empire, Builder of the Great Wall, and Destroyer of the Ancient Literature.

The HAN Dynasties

Western and Eastern: 206 B. C. to 220 A. D.

The first great national dynasty: the first period of Chinese glory (historical).

Period of Anarchy, like that which two centuries later followed the fall of Rome; closing with the establishment of order in the South in 420 A. D.

THE FIVE SOUTHERN DYNASTIES: 420 A. D. to 580 A. D.

## THE SECOND EMPIRE:

The SUY Dynasty, the prelude to

The TANG Dynasty 618 A. D. to 907 A. D.

Anarchy 907 A. D. to 969 A. D.

The SUNG Dynasty, Northern 969 A. D. to 1126 A. D.

Southern 1126 A. D. to 1268 A. D.

It was under the Tangs and the Sungs that China attained her greatest heights in civilization.

## THE PERIOD OF DECLINE:

The YUEN or Mongol Dynasty 1268 A. D. to 1368 A. D.

The MING Dynasty 1368 A. D. to 1644 A. D.

The Manchu Dynasty 1644 A. D. to 1911 A. D.

In what follows, the endeavor has been to trace, as you might say, a kind of human sequence down the ages of China: to pick out the epochal characters, and clothe them with a little semblance of life:

to articulate the great confusion, as far as possible. It would take far more scholarship than the present writer's, to do this with a sure hand and mastery; nevertheless something can be done, when you know that there is a plan. We have leaned mainly on two books, not of the bare-bones and dry-as-dust kind: Professor Harper Parker's *Ancient China Simplified*, for Chow and earlier times; and Professor Ernest Fenollosa's masterly *Epochs in Chinese and Japanese Art*,\* for Han China and since, and for Japan. These both are notable exceptions to the rule: they are valuable works on Chinese history.

### I — IN THE DAYS OF LAOTSE AND CONFUCIUS

The figure of Confucius stands out from all the millions and ages of China; we have had to put his name into Latin, that it might come pat and trippingly to every tongue; because of all Chinese names, it is the one that everybody knows. You glance at China, and it is Confucius that catches your eye: the rest is a background for him.

We might divide Chinese Chronology into B. C. and A. C.: before and after Confucius: even more rationally than we divide our own by the Christian era. He appeared in the midst of an age of change, before which all was ancient, and since which, all has been (so to say) modern. If he had not lived, his time would still have been central in the centuries of transition. As it is, his personality has served to preserve it intact, as if we still saw the movements of the men, and heard their voices; a sudden clearness of vision and audience, arising out of vagueness and shadow and confused sounds. The eyes of eighty generations have been turned on him with exact and rationalistic scrutiny; he stands in a blaze of noonlight, he and his time, not much more remote or misty than the Stuarts or Bourbons. We know his personal and daily habits; his contemporaries remain living personalities because they were his contemporaries; and not only they, but all who figured largely in the neighboring centuries. We are ad-

\* Had Fenollosa lived to see his book through the press, it is doubtful whether the present writer would have felt any necessity to write this. But he died when it was still no more than a rough draft written in pencil; and, as I imagine is inevitable in such cases when the author is something greater than a plodding hack-writer or uninspired garnerer of facts, the book, splendidly illuminating as it is, contains many historical inaccuracies. These it has been the endeavor to correct here; also to carry further certain philosophic conclusions, and to show the significance of currents and events in the light of universal history and the laws of cyclic evolution. For all descriptions of life, art, and civilization, however, I am almost entirely indebted to this great critic, who had the eye to see into the *meaning* of history.

mitted to conversations between this statesman and that, and excellent historical novels might be written upon their wars and intrigues. So that although the great change that made the First Empire of China, and sent her carcering, for the first time in recorded history, on the path of progress, did not materialize until three centuries later, it is convenient to begin our study of China at the Age of Confucius; then to glance back at the Preconfucian ages.

He came in the declining days of the Chow Dynasty, which had held the throne some six centuries, since 1122 B. C. China was a very small country then: an Egypt with the Hoangho for Nile. Northern Honan and southern Shensi constituted the imperial domain of the Chow sovereigns. Eastward along the southern bank of the Hoangho lay numerous feudal principalities, owing more or less nominal allegiance to the Chow; they extended over the southern half of Shangtung, not as far as to the sea. These, with the imperial domain, were known as Chu Hia, "All the Chinas"; their inhabitants were the Blackhaired People, the pure Chinese race. Beyond lay the Great Powers of the day: warlike and vigorous states, mainly barbarian in blood, but owing such culture as they had, and their existence as nations, to Chinese influences. These were T'sin (Shensi) in the northwest; Tsin (Shansi) in the north, and T'si (Chili) northeastward; T'su (Hupeh) to the south, and Wu and Yueh (Nganhwui, Chehkiang and Kiangsu) to the southeast. They had been founded long since among the Turks, Tartars, Annamese, and other barbarians, by Chinese adventurers, Lords Marchers as we might call them, generally members of the royal family; and their ruling dynasties remained of mixed Chinese and native descent. They bore the same relation to the Blackhaired People of the right bank of the Hoangho, as the Macedonians to the Greeks; politically, they stood to the Chow sovereign, as the Turkish and Persian princes of the eleventh century to the Caliphs at Bagdad. For the Chow was still head of the national religion or ritual; he had been temporal monarch also, but that was centuries since. One after another these great feudal vassal states rose into power, and their princes were installed "Protector" by the feeble Chow; the Marquises of T'si and Tsin; the Kings of T'su and Wu; the Earl of T'sin: these were the great Buwayhids, Seljuks, and Ghaznewids of Chow China.

As to what lay beyond the realms of these vigorous fighting vassals, the Blackhaired People themselves knew nothing of it. They

were no gadabouts, at that time, and had not even discovered the Pacific; a peace-loving, industrious, home-abiding people, trusting to their wits mainly to steer them clear of the wars of their restless neighbors: who fought things out, as often as not, on their territory, with or without leave given. Confucius himself, a great traveler, had seen little beyond the limits of Shantung and Honan; it was T'sin, T'su and the others, that knew the outside world. T'si (Chili) might have discovered Liaotung, and even Corea; T'su knew the middle Yangtse Valley, and had vague relations with Szechuen in the west; T'sin and Tsin (in pronunciation no more indistinguishable than *Russia* and *Prussia*) had great experience of the Turks and Tartars to the north of them; Wu and Yueh knew the mouths of the Yangtse; but all those regions and the races that dwelt in them were half mythical, or wholly unknown, to the Chinese.

It was a state of things, of course, that could not continue. The old order was going to pieces, and no definite new one had taken its place. Meanwhile all was tradition, fuss, and bustle. Our present epoch is not phenomenal: there have been times of "progress" before, with the census proclaiming the eagerness of souls of all sorts to tempt the perils and flock into incarnation. At such times old things crumble; and your rare conservative is tossed up, landed high and dry, very lonely, and left mainly to grumble. Such a time was the sixth century B. C. in China. All manner of new forces were coming into action; all old landmarks and anchorages were being torn up. The Caliph at Honanfu, absolute spiritually and temporally at one time, had now come to count for nothing at all. Let him attend to the rites, and appoint Protector whomsoever of the great fcoffees — their lordships of T'sin, Tsin, T'si and T'su — may hold the office already *de facto*; and who shall hereafter deal with him, the Chow, with velvet glove it may be hoped, but with the iron hand certainly. A time of prodigious wars, too, the like of which had never been fought of old time: then a thousand men or so were a great army; whereas now there were battles being fought, in which anything from eighty to two hundred and forty thousand of the defeated might be slain. "The allies," says Ssuma Ts'ien, the Father of Chinese History, ". . . dashed a million men against T'sin. . . ." (No question about the civilization of later Chow China, you see.) And we are even to look to those days for the first "Hague" Conference: it was held at one of the minor courts in Honan, and achieved putting a

stop to the seventy-two years' war that had been raging between bellicose T'sin and Tsin, now Shensi and Shansi. They had all the paraphernalia, as you might say, of the Chancellories of Europe: statesmen, and acute, smooth diplomatists: Yengtse and Shu Hiang, and above all that unnamed and greatest of them, who diddled all the Powers into meeting in the Peace Conference, and diddled Peace out of their deliberations; although not one of them had wanted to meet, and having met, not one but was averse to peace on its merits. And one statesman there was, not so modern in his seeming: Confucius himself, who had put an end to crime in Lu during the short period he held office there: not by severity, but by genius of character and the triumphant force of example. . . . It was but a short time; he was too good a man for his age, and served a prince unworthy of him.

He was the second messenger whom the Gods sent to Chu Hia in the seventh century of Chow. No two men could have stood in greater contrast to their age or to each other, than did he and his predecessor Laotse. Laotse was Keeper of the Archives at the imperial court at Honanfu; and thus dwelt at the source and center of the national religion. He was all for forsaking rites, and mending the age through silence and simplicity. That he had attained fame as a man of learning, a philosopher, and even as a teacher of disciples, is proved by the fact that young Confucius journeyed up to court from his native Lu, in Shantung, expressly to receive instruction from him. What he had to give was deep, spiritual, mystical; he did not agitate reforms or preach to the crowd; he had no public or organized body of followers. For those that had ears to hear, and for them only, he had the lofty and basic ideas. In the royal library, where he moved among his archives, there was peace: an atmosphere in which the old man could care for the development of his handful of disciples. It was the utmost he could do for his age, in which there was no peace elsewhere in Chu Hia. His serene oppositeness to its loud activity was not of a kind that could strike home as it were, and make its visible mark; it hit obliquely, glancing. His was the still, small voice: not to be heard for the noise of overmuch "progress." But it had in it to go on sounding down through time, awakening wonder forever, and pervading the great ages with an atmosphere of mystery. Five thousand words we get from him: the texts, probably, of sermons preached to his disciples. Whether these last were many or few we do not know; nor whether they dwindled



away, and left the royal library empty of scholars, the Old Teacher with no one to teach, or whether he had formed them into a pledged body, and finished his work before he departed. Of his life we know next to nothing: it is always this quiet figure of an old man we see:



an old man teaching in the library; an old man at last going forth, riding his ox, into the West.

With Confucius, all was different. His oppositeness to the age was apposite, as it were. He figured there with the greatest figures; made a stir and would not be silenced. He opposed the tumult of chaotic action with action nearly as loud and even more forceful, but ordered — minutely ordered. He filled every moment of his life with what was absolutely ritual, and stalked abroad so practising in high daylight, where none should escape seeing him. One can divine the reason. The old ritual of religion had broken down, and was left for

the Chow Caliph to practise lonely in his palace; with it, the old moral sanctions — chiefly in the way of international law — had disappeared. Very well then: Confucius would have that ritual forth from the lumber-room, make it a blaring, flaunting, rigid thing. There were two means of enforcing it: by precept and example; and but one season: always. He would dun the ears of his age with the common moralities; he would never rest; he would make the still, small voice, if he could, a good deal louder than the noise of the million-manned armies at battle. He never did rest — or succeed. International law was still no more respected; the laws and courtesies of war still went no less gaily by the board, when the strong came to interpret them, than under our modern dispensation. As if the old Chinese had enjoyed all the manifold blessings which Providence and the cannon-founders have so lavishly bestowed on Christian Europe; or as if Confucius had never lived. Yet he did make an impression on his age, too; he certainly did stamp himself on the memory of his race.

He had far less to teach than Laotse had; seer or mystic, apparently, he was none; great or profound thinker you can hardly call him; but he had the genius of character to a degree that was sublime, and we do not scruple to rank him among the Great Messengers. Both he and Laotse did their appointed work, and it was the work of the Gods.

They met once, did those two Teachers — perhaps often, but once certainly; and here is how Confucius gave his opinion on Laotse after the interview. "I know," he said, "how birds can fly, how fishes can swim, and how beasts can run. The runner, however, may be snared, the swimmer may be hooked, and the flyer may be shot with an arrow. But there is the Dragon: I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds and rises into heaven. Today I have seen Laotse, and can only compare him with the Dragon."

"He mounts on the winds through the clouds and rises into heaven" — that is the characteristic, the proper motion of the Dragon, as flying is of birds, running of beasts, or swimming of fishes. It is of course, simply a matter of symbolism. The clouds are all the doubts, fears, passions, and common thoughts of our minds; but the Dragon rises on the wind, soars through them and attains the celestial consciousness. In all prechristian ages and all lands there was one meaning attached to this sublime Dragon Symbol: it was the

Dragon of Wisdom, the Master, the divine Seer, the Man made God.

So that, mystic or none, you see Confucius knew a mystic when he saw him; a fact which argues that he knew a deal more than ever he chose to preach in public. He recognized in the old librarian one of those kingly Masters who have access to regions supernal beyond the clouds of thought. . . . But your man in the street may hobnob with such an one for a lifetime, and die unware that it was an angel he had been entertaining; he might not even guess his companion anything unusual at all; unless, as is likely, too, he should consider him an unusual humbug.

Taoists and Confucians, in after times, were forever at outs; rivalry had come into being as early as the days of Mencius and Chwangtse (350-290 B. C.). To the credit of this we may put down all stories of rebukes administered by Laotse to Confucius; in real life two such men, each with his work to do for humanity, would understand each other very well. K'ung Jung desired to gain admission to the house of Li Ying, and told the doorkeeper that he was a connexion of the family. Admitted as such, he was questioned by his host as to the relationship. "Sir," replied K'ung; "my ancestor Confucius and your ancestor Laotse were friends and fellow seekers after truth; so that you and I may be said to be related." Twenty generations separated these two from their great forebears; yet the tradition remained in the families, it would seem; even though all the world thought otherwise.

We are to see in the story of these two Teachers, and in the unlikeness of their methods, an illustration of the methods of the Gods; who will sometimes send a Messenger tentatively with big draughts of truth for the people; and then, if he and his message prove ineffectual; if the ears of the world are too gross altogether to hear the finer harmonies; they will change their tactics: call back their first envoy, and send another man, mighty of character, but with little more than platitudes to preach. If the world needs platitudes, why, it shall have them; and have them with the whole force of the World-Soul behind. Chu Hia would have none of the bright light and simplicity of Tao, the Path of Self-emptiness; could not apprehend the doctrine of the Supreme Self; could not so much as hear when that doctrine was being spoken — for the time being. This teaching, too, was to bring forth fruit an hundredfold in the aftertime: was to fire art and poetry with wizardry incomparable;

was to inspire and spur up to wonder the Chinese imagination for a matter of nineteen centuries. But now there was a need that it would not meet, being too lofty, simple, spiritual. So the Gods raised up a formalist: precise Confucius, with hands nicely clasped and bodily attitude always just so; who will see what can be done by taking things on the outside, rectifying names, as he said; urging respect for observances and ritual; who will conjure and hypnotize the people, if he can, into walking the straight, decent path of their ancestors. A century or two of this, and they shall have swung with the cycle into the road of real advancement: Han glory will be here: things will have settled; the people will have grown calm, and ready for something a little deeper. — But the truth is, they did not propose to accept even so much as this. Laotse had ridden away, years since, into the West; and now Confucius died, an utterly weary and disappointed man.

Whatever may have been Laotse's attitude towards Confucius, there can be no doubt as to the great Taoist Chwangtse's attitude, some two hundred years later, towards the Confucians of his day and their leader Mencius. Perhaps the virtue of Confucianism would have lain precisely in the carrying of it out at the time Confucius preached it. Then, it would have given form and symmetry to the growth of Chinese life: imposed quietude on the gestation time of a great nation; or, if you like, discipline on its rampant youth. The state should be ordered in accordance with the principles of music, said the Teacher; in his own day, and during two or three centuries before and after him, it was nothing but a series of jangling discords, into which ever and ever a greater volume of sound was pouring. Between the teachings of Confucius and those of Laotse there is nothing incompatible, as the great Sung philosophers of the twelfth century were to show; the bane and historical disease of China is due to an incompatibility which developed between a Confucianism that became hard and fast, dogmatic (but dogmatic in another sense than we give the term in Christendom) on the one hand, and on the other, a Taoism that became with the mob, imaginative, fantastic, and superstitious (the adjectives mark the grades of its descent), and later a Buddhism with its danger of over great other-worldliness.

Laotse preached the purification of the individual, until all personality, all mortality, in him should be merged in the Tao, which we may explain at once, and have done with it, by calling it the Supreme

Self and the Path thereto. Of his two chief followers or exponents, Lehtse debased, and Chwangtse expounded and maintained, the purity of his doctrine; and in these two we find a symbol of the after-course of Taoist history. To launch a religion is to start a movement, an organization; and let the teachings be as sanative, as dazzling as they may, it is not they, ultimately, that are the safeguard. There is such a thing as apostolic succession: let the control of your movement pass from the Illuminated, from a true, appointed succession within the Brotherhood that first ingeminated it from above; let it fall into the hands of wordly-ambitious Tom, of Dick with the genius for organizing, or of Harry of the urbane manners and infallible handshake; and though they be excellent fellows, all three of them, the tree shall wither that is cut off from its root. So here in the Taoist Church that came to be, though we may suspect, and though the history of many centuries tends to prove, the permanence of an esoteric body in touch with the Heart of things, we are to behold, with the masses and outward organization, a quick falling off. The purification that Laotse had taught came to mean a sloughing off of all those physical and mental elements that bring about old age, sickness, and decay; men looked for personal immortality and everlasting life in the body: at first, perhaps, through a genuine purification, then through the Elixir of Life.

Confucius preached the utter subordination of the individual to the state, which was to be governed according to the principles of harmony, the principles of Heaven. Thus both he and Laotse arrive at this: that there is a Path by which the lower becomes servant of, and at last one with, the Higher Self: the conquest of personality, the refining away of the grosser elements. Laotse arrived there *via* the individual, dealing with man as soul and personality; Confucius *via* the state, dealing with man as social aggregate. And as the roads they took were divergent, so were the perils through which those two roads would lead. The effect of the higher Taoism was to quicken genius, imagination, all the divine, immortal qualities in the impersonal part of man; that of the lower Taoism was to pander to personal cravings after phenomena, and all things weird and strange. The effect of the higher Confucianism has been racial stability: the invincibility of the race that conquers all its conquerors; sees its thrones and dynasties fall, and remains sublimely unshaken; is Atlantean, and outnumbers any Aryan people; goes from pinnacles of

power to depths of humiliation, and returns again; and always is China, always endures. Could you imagine a British sovereign seated on the throne of the Pharaohs, speaking their language, carrying on the grand Ramessean tradition, sacrificing to Osiris and Ra? Power to bring about marvels such as that, this higher Confucianism conferred upon China; while on the other hand its lower aspects inflicted on her a formalism barren and dry, robbing her of the ability to meet events and master them, always tending to paralyse her genius.

These two forces, each dual, have run through the whole of Chinese history, contributing to its splendor and decay. The tendency of western writers, following the native (Confucian) authorities, has been to damn Taoism altogether, as a mere hotbed of dark superstitions. In China, it should be noted, the historians have been as generally Confucian, as the artists have been generally Taoist, or Taoist-Buddhist. Fenollosa, coming to the controversy from the standpoint of art, and armed with records that have perhaps been more fairly preserved in Japan, makes out a case all against Confucianism, and in favor of its rival and of Buddhism. 'This much must be said, at any rate: whenever China has been greatest, in an active and positive sense, then Taoism has been strong; stimulating genius and imagination, acting as a gateway to the sublimities of Buddhism, producing wonderful results. On the other hand, whenever she has been weakest, Confucianism has been her stay and passive strength. In times of dynastic disunion, it has been a racial bond of oneness; when the great conquerors have conquered her, it has approached, submerged, and assimilated them, imposed on them Chinese culture, and converted them to Confucius.



ULŪPĪ was the Sanskrit name of a daughter of Kauravya, King of the *Nāgas* in Pâtâla (the nether world, or more correctly, the Antipodes — America). Exoterically, she was the daughter of a king or chief of an aboriginal tribe of the *Nāgas*, or Nagals (ancient adepts) in prehistoric America — Mexico, most most likely, or Uruguay. She was married to Arjuna, the disciple of Krishna, whom every tradition, oral and written, shows traveling five thousand years ago to Pâtâla (the Antipodes). The Paurânic tale is based on a historical fact. Moreover, UlŪpĪ, as a name, has a Mexican ring to it, like "Atlan," "Aclo," etc.

— H. P. Blavatsky

## THE THIRD EYE: ANCIENT RACES AND CONTINENTS: by H. Travers, M.A.



THE cyclic evolution of human races, submerged continents that were once dry land on which humanity flourished, the interpretation of the geological record, the possession by some of the ancient races of faculties which are not manifested in present-day humanity, and the relation of the animal kingdom to man — these are some of the topics which have to be studied in connexion with each other by the student who would understand the teachings about the earth and man, about past ages and universal evolution, which are outlined by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*.

Geologists divide the past history of the earth into periods in accordance with the thicknesses and the character of the sedimentary deposits which they study. These periods are necessarily very great in duration compared with any figures which our meager knowledge of history has accustomed us to assign to the duration of human races; but the finding of fossil animals and plants in the rocks has compelled us to admit that the lower kingdoms of nature flourished in those remote times. Among the plant and animal remains, too, we observe a progressive scale of forms, from the simple organisms that flourished in Palaeozoic times to the complex types of the later strata; and this fact has been regarded as supporting the broad conception of evolution, in accordance with which the more complex types are held to have been derived from the more simple. Finally, since this theory of evolution has sought to regard man as merely the highest point in the scale of zoological evolution, the idea that man appeared on earth for the first time in geological eras that were comparatively recent seems reasonable.

The evolution of man is a fact, but it is not accomplished in the way imagined by the theorists, nor has it followed the same course. The facts prove conclusively that the aboriginal races at present on the earth are not evolving in the way in which the evolutionary theories would seem to require that they should be, but that they are retrogressing. The patent fact is that these peoples are the remnants of races that were once civilized, and that their greatness lies in their memories and not in their prospects. As races, they are passing away, their life-cycles nearly over; and the evolution of the human Égos tenanting the individual bodies must be achieved by reincarnation

in more advanced races. Observation (when unencumbered by speculation) also teaches us that the progress of humanity is brought about by influence, instruction, and example communicated by more accomplished people; and to this must be added the potent effect of the incarnating souls of great men from the past — whereby is explained the emergence of great geniuses and leaders.

Conformably to these ideas, then, we should expect to find, in the records of the past, evidence that great civilizations have flourished and have handed down their culture from race to race, just as we ourselves have built up our own civilization upon what we have recovered from the ancient Orient, from the ancient Levant, and from every available source. We should not expect to find any evidence that our culture has proceeded from savagery by a mere process of spontaneous evolution, though we might look for the signs that cultured races have come over and taught our rude forebears, mingling their blood and instilling their culture and living force. And truly this is just what the records do prove, once we can rid our minds of preconceived theories and avoid regarding human history from a point of view exclusively biological or exclusively anything else.

As to fossil evidence of the existence of man in remote geological ages, there can be no doubt that it will be forthcoming as soon as we find our minds disposed to receive it favorably and to interpret it without prejudice. So far the tendency among anthropologists has been to minimize the value of the evidence as much as possible and to use every endeavor to make it support preformed ideas as to what ought to be found. It is essential also to bear in mind that fossil remains in general constitute but a very small proportion of the number of organisms of their kind that actually lived and died — a fact which is seen even more clearly when we contrast the remains of the higher animals with those of such types as the Mollusks. Human bones are of perishable material, nor does man secrete a hard shell. Further, man has probably not at any time been wont to lie down and die in the mud, and have other men come and attach themselves to his skeleton, thus building a human coral reef; and in fact his favorite mode of disposing of his remains has been to burn them. These considerations alone are surely enough to account for the infrequency of human fossils, as also for the circumstance that such as are most often found are those of low type, being the luckless remains of poor wights that have somehow missed their funerary dues. Finally we



may point out that the remains of many of the people considered in the present writing lie where they cannot easily be gotten at, unless by some submarine *Challenger* expedition of the future.

An appreciation of the Theosophical view of human history relieves us of the supposed necessity for regarding man as a *recent* product of evolution; hence no theories will be upset by any proofs that may be forthcoming of his immense antiquity — even as a *civilized* being. At this point it becomes necessary to state that the Theosophical view of evolution, being greatly more comprehensive than those of contemporary scientific opinion, is under no obligation to regard organic life as having pursued a course as simple and uniform as that imagined by the theorists. Like all Nature's works, the course of evolution is complex, varied, and involved to a marvelous degree; and what has so far been discovered is evidently but a few fragments that it is difficult to piece together in their proper places in the puzzle, for want of so many missing pieces. Moreover, an important exception has to be made in favor of man, who is far more than a product of zoological evolution, being separated from the animals by a gap wider and far more significant on account of his intellectual and spiritual nature, than those which sunder animal from plant and plant from stone. Theosophy, finding itself quite incompetent to shut up its mind in compartments, and to study man from an exclusively biological point of view, or in any other exclusive way whatever, is bound to take into its calculations the *fact* that man is a being endowed with the marvelous and unique faculty of *self-consciousness* and all which this implies. And, since self-consciousness is not evolved or produced in any way by gradual stages from animal consciousness, we must seek the source of this faculty elsewhere. It has been, in short, *communicated*, and has to be regarded as primal, underived, an essential part of the primordial Cosmic Soul.

Thus, if we take this view, we shall find no difficulty in the way of regarding man as a Soul whose antiquity is illimitable; and the question of his earliest appearance on this earth assumes an entirely different aspect. For, instead of trying to trace his evolution zoologically from the animal kingdom, we may expect to regard man as descending rather than ascending, and as having assumed the physical condition, in which we now find him, at some epoch, prior to which he was not physical. This is in fact the teaching in *The Secret Doctrine*. Certain early races of men were not physical, and man has,

as it were, solidified or condensed, or put on "coats of skin," as the Jewish allegory has it.

According to these teachings we have a history of humanity on a scale commensurate with that of the geological ages. Now it is recognized by geologists that certain areas now beneath the ocean were once dry land, and likewise that most of the present dry land has been at one time or another below the sea. The Secret Doctrine teaches that the sunken continents were the home of past great Races of humanity. The two most recent of these continents are those of Atlantis and Lemuria, the former name being taken from Plato and the latter having been adopted by A. R. Wallace. On these continents flourished respectively the Fourth and Third Root-Races of humanity — our own Root-Race being the Fifth. The Atlantis spoken of by Plato in his account of the disclosures made to Solon by Egyptian priests, was merely the last surviving island of the great continent which itself had sunk long before. To the great Atlantean humanity is due much of the mysterious culture whose remains were inherited by races that belonged to the Fifth Root-Race, and which has been preserved in part in the ruins of Central and South America, as well as in many other places. Lemuria had its vast extent in the southern ocean; and when it sank, it contributed fauna and flora both to Australasia and to the southerly peninsulas of the great continents, as naturalists can testify by the remarkable analogies between these faunas. Also, certain types became shut up in the islands of the southern ocean and are now found in these parts only. New Zealand and Australia are relics and memorials of Lemuria, both in fauna and flora and in their aboriginal humanity.

In connexion with this, we read lately that a lecturer described the most ancient living reptile — that called by the Maoris the *tuatara*, to which science, perpetuating some modern patronymic, has given the name *Hatteria punctata*, or *Sphenodon Punctata*. It is a sort of lizard, of which the male is two feet or more in length and the female about half that size. It is the sole surviving member of the whole group of Rhynchocephalia, and is described as an almost ideally generalized type of reptile. The nearest ally is a fossil form in the Jurassic rocks of Germany. Thus it may be described as a surviving fossil, and in order to find anything structurally like it we must go back to quite early geological times. It combines in many respects the peculiarities of both the crocodiles and the turtles. But the most

interesting thing about this Sphenodon or Hatteria is that it presents in a remarkable degree a peculiarity noticeable in some animals, particularly the lower orders of the vertebrata, of having a *third eye*, now atrophied, but necessarily active in its origin. To quote from *The Secret Doctrine*:

It was thought, at first, that it was no more than the prolongation of the brain ending with a small protuberance, called epiphysis, a little bone separated from the main bone by a cartilage, and found in every animal. But it was soon found to be more than this. It offered — as its development and anatomical structure showed — such an analogy with that of the eye, that it was found impossible to see in it anything else. There were and are palaeontologists who feel convinced to this day that this “third eye” has functioned in its origin, and they are certainly right. (II, 296)

It is necessary here to state another teaching of *The Secret Doctrine*, which has a most important bearing on evolution and on the relation of the animals to man. Reasoning from the fact of the many analogies found between the structure of man and of the animals, and taking into account the fact that the human foetus goes through a set of transformations like the succession of types in the animal kingdom, we can infer nothing definite unless we establish other premisses. Such analogy does not of itself imply derivation of one form from another. If such derivation is a fact, it may or may not have been accomplished by the ordinary physical processes of reproduction. And the derivation may have proceeded from the animal to the man or from the man to the animal. *The Secret Doctrine* definitely states that, in this Round, (that is, in the present great cycle of evolution) man preceded the mammals. (Vol. II, p. 180) The Bible, by the way, represents Adam as being created before the animals. The animals, further, are created on models furnished by man himself, and use up some of his cast-off physical and psychic materials. It is easy to understand, in the light of this teaching, why the animals present such resemblances to man, both physically and in character. Also, one would like to know what becomes of certain passions and tendencies which man generates, and which become at last so gross and intense that they could no longer be satisfied in a human form. Is it not reasonable to suppose that such tendencies are worked out harmlessly in the animal kingdom, where they are free from that association with intellect and self-consciousness which makes all the difference between a horrible vice and a mere instinct? Thus we see around us

the incarnations of our own thoughts and passions, good, bad, and indifferent.

But the immediate bearing of this teaching is that it enables us to make an important inference with regard to the lizard and his *third eye*. If such a structure is found in animals, may we not look for its analog in man? The eyes in the human embryo grow from within outwards, originating in the brain, and not, as in insects and cuttlefish, being a part of the epidermis. Our mammalian ancestors, suggests an eminent zoologist quoted by H. P. Blavatsky, *may have been transparent* — which would, of course, enabled them to use their eye while yet it was a wholly internal organ. And indeed, according to the teachings, there was a time when man and all the animals were transparent. This need not surprise anyone who believes in evolution, for it would be a strange thing if matter itself were not subject to evolution, and consequently different in its properties in those remote ages from what it is today. It was subsequent to this transparent stage that man “fell,” the event known as the separation of the sexes took place, and man (and with him the animals) became grosser and acquired “coats of skin.”\*

The early Race of mankind here spoken of was endowed with a power of inner sight, having a corresponding sense-organ, which we refer to under the name of “Third Eye.” The various myths of Cyclopes will be recalled in this connexion, as also the frequency of the mark in the center of the forehead in representations of Buddhas and other divine personages. The putting out of the eye of the Cyclops by Ulysses may have symbolized the supersession of this spiritual vision by cunning, or the loss of the third eye through the abuse of human faculties. It should be carefully noted that the inner sight spoken of as pertaining to the third eye is not what is ordinarily understood as clairvoyance or astral vision, but true *discernment*, whose use cannot be dissociated from absolute purity of mind, heart, and body.

But the animal of those days did not have a third eye in the same sense as the man. In the animal the structure, but not the function, was copied, and found its analog in an internal eye that was the

\* *Iatteria punctata* is mentioned in the books on reptiles as having no copulatory organs, and as being unique among its class in this respect. What bearing this may have on the subject we are not prepared to say; but it is suggestive in view of the fact that man lost his inner sight through a certain physical degeneration which animalized him.

organ of physical sight. With the densifying of the body the eyes have become external, and two instead of one — another fact pregnant with meaning; our eye is no longer “single,” we see double; and duality pervades our entire mental life, giving rise to irresolvable dilemmas and to irreconcilable differences of opinion.

This ancient lizard, then, unique and lonely survivor of a multitudinous race now represented solely by its ancestral portraits hung in the galleries which the geologist excavates, stands as our reminder of our own most glorious past. And even the familiar lizard of many parts of America has in the center of its forehead the same calloused lump.

It is indeed inspiring to reflect thus upon our past and upon the latent faculties within us, which once were active but now are usually dormant. For let it be remembered that *Paradise Lost* has its sequel, and that the “curse” on man was accompanied by a promise. Man was endowed with Free-will, and abused the privilege, as he still does; but the gift carries with it its own redemptive power, and man shall win through to greater heights.

### THE GREAT CAREER: by Percy Leonard



STUDENT of Theosophy soon meets with numerous references to a career so far transcending all the ordinary methods of exploiting one's abilities for private gain, that on the first encounter it is apt to be passed by as something foreign and remote. To one who looks upon his private interests as his chief concern in life, and on his death as the last, closing scene of his career, the prospect of devotion to the welfare of mankind in general through a long series of earth-lives, affects him like a casual glimpse of mountain summits caught in the intervals of work, by one who tills his little plot of garden ground. Yet on acquaintance, unfamiliar thoughts become less strange, and though the great career is sketched in lines of such tremendous sweep and is portrayed upon the background of unlimited futurity, it slowly gathers form and substance in the mind, so that the life impersonal becomes his most absorbing interest, and his ambition so expands its limits as to include the welfare of all living men within its scope.

“To live to benefit mankind” becomes a mental habit with the aspirant, so that asleep he dreams great dreams for human betterment which in his waking hours he tries to put into effect. Yet even if he works without design, his mind is so in tune with universal life that, as he does the obvious duty of the moments as they come, he finds that all his acts conform to some unknown, but comprehensive scheme. A genial current of good will is felt by all around so that their stunted, undernourished characters expand their blooms, and seeds of latent virtues suddenly take root and rear unlooked-for leafage to the sky. His mind, which formerly was agitated by his changing fortunes, finds a deep refuge of untroubled calm in which to dwell, and the continuous flow of thoughts, sensations, and emotions, often supposed to constitute our very life itself, are recognized by him as merely Nature’s tides within the body which he uses as his temporary home.

Paul, though no pessimist, has rendered us familiar with the idea of the whole Creation groaning and travailing in the throes of birth up to the present hour, and the impelling motive of the man who enters on this path is to assuage the universal pain so that the masses of humanity, now borne upon the currents of their vehement desires, and with no other guidance than their brain-made plans, shall realize their sonship with the Parent Flame and prosecute their future voyaging illumined by the kindly radiance of the Soul.

The first, faint beams of such enlightenment may be discerned even today, and intermittent though they be, they give a promise of the coming dawn. The simplest person sometimes gives advice so pertinent and sound, that it admits of no improvement even by the greatest sage, and everyone who stoops to pick a piece of orange peel from a sidewalk down which he never thinks to pass again; or helps a perfect stranger with his burden is really prompted by a wave of that impersonal compassion that seeks no private ends; but lives for all that breathes.

In every life brief moments come in which we get a far-off view of regions of such measureless extent that for an instant we forget ourselves and thrill with the exhilaration of the larger life. Although a strenuous calling, yet the Great Career is free at least from all that stress of competition which prevails among the strugglers of the world. The volunteers who work “unthanked and unperceived by men” in those calm spaces where the laborers are so few, have always

ample room, and fields of usefulness so vast and varied in their scope that one may freely enter on an undertaking where there is room for all, and which will never end till the last pilgrim has arrived at home. The great career is staged in such an ample theater and deals with forces of such subtlety and power, that he who enters it becomes almost a being of another kind from those whose orbit is confined to the small limits of the self. Although he mingles with the city's busy life, yet calm and peace forever brood within his soul. As he surveys the present moment and his near surroundings on the background of unending time and boundless space, the vice of egotism and the grip of personality slacken their strangling hold. He breathes an atmosphere so rarified and pure that the fierce brood of passions and desires are starved for lack of food.

He cultivates and finally enjoys a strong continuous flow of memory, bridging the gulf called death, and linking his successive lives on earth in one unbroken chain. His glance pierces the corridors of future time and values all the paltry, fading laurels others struggle for exactly at their proper worth. The plaudits or the execrations of the crowd have no more power to turn him from his course than the shrill chatter of small birds, or the dull roaring of the surf upon some distant beach.

Although emancipated from the narrow bounds of home and country as he passes in successive lives from race to race, yet is he far from feeling like a homeless wanderer on the earth. Conscious of aiding Nature, he can fearlessly rely upon her grateful help, and, knowing every man to be his brother, he is everywhere at home.

Those who have chosen this sublime but unpretentious calling form integral parts of one united whole, though for a lifetime they may never meet a comrade in the flesh. Stationed at isolated points like sentries at their lonely posts, their days are passed in outer solitude, and yet they never feel unfriended or alone. The lives of absent comrades are perceived like distant but harmonious song, and heartbeats of the loyal, far away, are felt as strongly as the handclasps of a neighboring friend.

By his devoted study of the laws of Nature his penetration deepens day by day, for the great Mother lifts her veil to those who aid her purposes, and by the selfless exercise of power, he grows in strength and versatility. He recognizes and salutes Divinity in every creature and in every place however lowly and despised, and though

he never meets the God he worships in a concrete shape, nor hears the accents of his voice; yet as a child enveloped by the dark is comforted because he hears his father breathing near, so in the ordered rhythm of the cycles as they ebb and flow, he gains assurance that the unseen, but all-persuasive Presence labors with tireless patience everywhere, and will maintain that sleepless oversight till planets cease to roll and suns shall shine no more.



THE NAZARENES were the same as the St. John Christians — called the Mendaeans, or Sabaeans. Those Nazarenes who left Galilee several hundred years ago and settled in Syria, east of Mount Lebanon, call themselves also Galileans; though they designate Christ a “false Messiah” and recognize only St. John the Baptist, whom they call the “Great Nazar.” The Nabatheans with very little difference adhered to the same belief as the Nazarenes or the Sabaeans. More than this — the Ebionites, whom Renan shows as numbering among their sect all the surviving relatives of Jesus, seem to have been followers of the same sect if we have to believe St. Jerome, who writes:

I received permission from the Nazaraeans who at Beraea of Syria used this (Gospel of Matthew written in Hebrew) to translate it. . . . The *Evangel* which the Nazarenes and Ebionites use which recently I translated from Hebrew into Greek.

— Hieronymus' *Comment. to Matthew*, Book II, chapter xii;  
and Hieronymus' *De Viris Illust.*, cap. 3

Now this supposed *Evangel* of Matthew, by whomsoever written, “exhibited matter,” as Jerome complains (*loc. cit.*), “not for edification but for destruction” (of Christianity). But the fact that the Ebionites, the *genuine primitive Christians*, “rejecting the rest of the apostolic writings, made use only of this (Matthew's Hebrew) Gospel” (*Adv. Haer.*, i, 26) is very suggestive. For, as Epiphanius declares, the Ebionites firmly believed, with the Nazarenes, that Jesus was but a man “of the seed of a man” (*Epiph. Contra Ebionitas*). Moreover we know from the *Codex* of the Nazarenes, of which the “*Evangel* according to Matthew” formed a portion, that these Gnostics, whether Galilean, Nazarene, or Gentile, call Jesus, in their hatred of astrology, in their *Codex Naboo-Meschiha* or “Mercury.” This does not show much orthodox Christianity either in the Nazarenes or the Ebionites; but seems to prove on the contrary that the Christianity of the early centuries and modern Christian theology are two entirely opposite things.— *H. P. Blavatsky*



## THE GRAND OLD SIMPLE TRUTHS: by T. Henry, M.A.



IN European papers commenting on the war, people are saying that now "we are up against the realities of life"; and that, instead of learning anything new and abstruse, we are only having enforced on us the grand old simple truths.

One of these truths is that selfishness is the cause of woe. Self-seeking has been practised on a large scale, and even given the sanction of science and economic philosophy. The result has been as predicted. Theosophists would say that present sufferings are an illustration of the law of Karma, which brings to all their just meed of weal or woe. And here we see the operation of Karma on a large scale, national and even racial. Humanity has to be considered collectively as well as individually; it was as a body that we erred, and it is as a body that we suffer. Our individual lots are thrown in with the common lot, for profit or loss, for the sowing as for the harvesting.

But our reward lies in the immense opportunity now offered; for it will be our part to do our share in the common work of sowing better seed for the future. Everyone feels this, but the ordinary beliefs and theories of life do not give much encouragement. The law of Karma, and its twin-doctrine of Reincarnation, are not understood; and the facts of life make short work of our poor theories and dogmas. A man who has been bereft does not see why he should thus suffer, for he can but attribute it to the inscrutable will of a deity, or evade the question by talking about chance and fate. But in his Soul he knows and understands. And perhaps his bitter experience may be the means of awakening within him a deeper, truer life, the Heart-life, and ridding him of much of his selfishness, so that he may become a real power in bringing consolation to others and sowing good seed for the future.

Anything that makes a man come closer to the realities of life and be more sincere and earnest in his living, is to that extent a blessing to him; and though the war is a great and lamentable catastrophe, we are not forbidden to learn from it as much as may be learnt. For long years we have been privy to an order of society that visits with grave injustice the lives of multitudes of our fellow-beings; and many noble and well-meaning people have been forced, by the existence of this complicated system of society, to take an indirect part in its manifold injustices. And consequently they are equally involved in the consequences, now that the system has produced its fruit. For

the future we shall know that it is not safe for anyone to live in disregard of the welfare of his fellow-man.

In talking about Karma, students of Theosophy have often unwittingly allowed a selfish attitude of mind to creep into their philosophizing, and have reflected only on the personal aspect of the question. But crises like the present show that the merits and demerits of one particular personality look small beside the question of the destinies of millions. Yet it is equally true that Karma acts unerringly on the smallest scale as on the largest, and that the fate of each individual is equitably adjusted to his deserts. But it is neither very wise nor very conducive to self-respect to regard oneself as *castigated* by one's destiny, a far better attitude being that of the man who realizes that he is merely working out the results of his own acts. Just as adventurers willingly encounter privations that they may make discoveries, so strong Souls, incur sufferings in the pursuance of great and far-reaching purposes. We must try to understand life better and to view things on a larger and grander scale.

The still small voice of the Soul never ceases to whisper to man in the silence, bidding him shake off the fetters of the narrow life he is living, and perhaps a shock may be necessary to induce him to do this.

It may well be that the reason why we suffer is that the Soul within us has deliberately encountered this suffering for the purpose of gaining some great prize worth fighting for. For if the heart really loves an ideal, it will willingly suffer for that ideal, even counting that suffering as an essential part of the tribute that must be paid to that great ideal — as a means of expression, as it were, whereby the Soul strives to strengthen itself so as to be worthy of the ideal which it loves.

Another simple old truth that is being brought home to us is that human life must be based on the Divinity of man, whose law is the law of conscience and justice and mercy; and that materialistic doctrines which deny this Divinity and the reality of conscience, are the worst foes of the human race. But here again the popular theories and dogmas do not help along, and we need to return to the grand old truths which Theosophy has proclaimed.

Men have not been taught to rely on their inner essential Divinity, though it would seem as though religion teaches them to do so. But religion is a thing that can be tinkered at, and there are always in-

fluences at work trying to take away man's reliance on his Divinity and make him rely on something else. If we had been taught this simple truth from the cradle up, how different would be our attitude toward life today! But we have been taught quite otherwise, and so now we do not know on what to rely. We are not accustomed to invoke that central source of strength and guidance. Men are supposed to have self-confidence, but this is usually mere physical well-being, or pride, or vanity, and it does not stand the strain. When the strain comes, they find themselves despondent and diffident; but that is the very time when their real strength should show to best advantage. It is so easy to be bold when the foe is not present; and it is so easy to talk about the great virtues of heroes. But those heroes did not view their difficulties from a safe and romantic distance, as we view those difficulties; it was all present-day work for them. And so with us: the time to be heroic is when we are under stress. Hence such occasions are opportunities.

This advice may not be so easy to take as it is to give; but the point is that it will grow easier and easier the more we accustom ourselves to rely on our interior strength. And if we have the right understanding about man's Divinity, then, though we may bow before the blast while it is blowing, yet when it is over we can stand erect again and say that we are glad to have had the experience. This we could not do if we had a false philosophy of life.

This has been an age of worship of the gross material forces, and we have ceased to have faith in the efficacy of Spiritual forces, such as those which proceed from a pure and lofty resolve and a good conscience. We do not think that the mere fact of one man living honestly and truly to himself can make any difference to the world around him. But it is a fact nevertheless, for Spiritual forces are realities. However materialistic a man may be in his beliefs, he has to recognize the power of personal influence, for it is one of the greatest factors in life. Spiritual powers act on unseen planes of nature, affecting men through their thoughts, giving them inspiration; and who can tell whence these inspirations come? Our thoughts are more and less powerful according to the level on which they act; and the Spiritual ones are the most potent.

Undoubtedly we are in the midst of a struggle between Spiritual forces and materialistic forces; but what nation can presume to claim for itself that *it* represents the *higher forces*, and *its enemies* the

*lower forces?* None. Both forces are evident throughout the nations, and the fight is one that is always going on in some form or other. When the war is over, the two forces will still be opposed to each other, and the battle between harmony and selfishness will still be waging. Selfishness is a disease that encroaches on human nature, an excrescence that does not belong to the sound tissue of human life. We have to fight this disease in ourselves. It is said that in business there is far more of the spirit of unselfishness, of sharing between employer and employees, and of regard for the rights of both, than there used to be a few years ago. This is a move in the right direction provided it does not degenerate into an "enlightened selfishness."

Some of the grand old simple truths have been lost sight of, and we need reminding of them. That man has an Individuality and a personality, and that the former is immortal, living on throughout many successive lives on earth, a new personality being developed in each life while the Individuality remains the same — this, the law of Re-birth, is one of the grand old truths that has been neglected. But without it we can never make sense of the problem of life. Because of his lack of knowledge of his immortal Self, man lives in a state of continual fear, and clutches the perishable things of this life. Because he has no foothold outside the swirling eddies of circumstance, he is involved and drifted about by the currents; whereas, if he realized his immortality and his divine strength, he would have the poise and the power necessary to enable him to master his circumstances.

The law of Karma is another grand old truth, without which life seems a cruel farce, but in the light of which we regain our confidence in the reign of universal law and realize that we ourselves are the makers of our destiny. How can people regulate their lives, whether individually or socially, if they believe that life is a chaos without law and order? Are we living for the purpose of making ourselves as comfortable as possible, and pushing unpleasant reflections out of our heads as much as possible, until death delivers us? Or are we living to fulfil the grand and far-reaching purposes of the Soul which extend far and away beyond the limits of birth and death?

## THE TEMPLE OF THE BABY APOLLO: by Sergius Mompesson

Pen and Ink Drawings by R. Machell



INES overshadowed its age-gray pillars and lichened roof; its outlook was across a narrow valley, unseen, on to mountains; it stood high on the mountainside itself, and was always murmurous with the cooing of doves and the tinkle and dropping of waters. It was a very old temple indeed: I doubt an older was in Hellas.

'There was a sacred spring there, anciently very renowned for its healing properties: time was when the track from the valley below was much traversed: you might say thronged. Apollo as a child had wandered there, said the legend; as a child that knew nothing of his parentage and divine status, but accepted as the right of all children the homage he heard sung to him at noon, or in the magical hours of morning and eve, by the elemental races.

*Shepherd of the wandering constellations, hail!*

*Evoë, hail!*

they sang: sweet, far voices passing with the wind through the pine-tops, or with a rumor of lyre-music blown and swooning along the ground.

One day, it seemed, he gave the slip to his nurse and strayed, a dark-eyed, round-limbed, fun-loving rogue, away through the woods that so loved him, and up the mountainside that glowed to him like a mother's breast. They say the ground put forth deep red and purple anemones, sun-dusky like his own baby face and hair, wherever his fat little hands and feet touched it as he crawled and toddled, crowing with delight, or chuckling deliciously, to hear his nurse calling to him from the valley. — In mid-morning she missed him; by high noon the little naked joy had grown somewhat hot and tired;

and what would he do, imperious and babylike, but smack the earth where he was rolling with a soft pud, and cry out: *Baby thirsty!* — demanding comfort of the mountain or the Mighty Mother as if they had been the nurse that was fretting for him so far below. And with his baby faith and his godhood, the mountain and the Mighty Mother responded, and the clear, ice-cold waters bubbled up from the ground. By that spring they found him sleeping; and there, in after ages, the temple was built. But that was long ago: ever so long ago.

The Dorian had conquered Arcady since then; the phalanx and the legion had passed through the valleys, but without disturbing the worship on the hill. Priests had been appointed by Argive and Spartan and Macedonian kings, and then by consuls and Caesars. The devotion of the villagers had ebbed with the dissolution of the ancient world and its standards; had flowed in again, somewhat feebly, under Diocletian, and had gone right out under Constantine. Julian, that marvel of activity, had found time to make a pilgrimage thither; and while he lived, the path from the valley, the path the baby Apollo had first trodden, felt daily the pressure of feet. Now, even Julian's time was long past: among the earliest memories of the very old man who still nominally held the priesthood there. No worshipers came now from the villages; it was three years since the old priest had made his way, for the last time, down to the temple from the little house in the pinewoods where he and his daughter lived; and twenty since love of Apollo had drawn anyone to listen to the invocations, or to make vows or give offerings at the shrine. But still the sundusky anemones bloomed beside the rill that went tumbling and singing valleyward from the fountain where his sacred baby hand had smacked the soil; and still Daphne, the priest's daughter — Daphne the beautiful, the white, tall, willowy maiden nourished upon wholesome poetic dreams from the Golden Age — wreathed the altar about with purple and dark red blossoms daily, and burned the incense, and chanted the hymns at dawn and noon and sunset. To her, the laughing baby had grown up to chariot the sun and shepherd the planets; but he was not dead; he was near, and had not passed from the earth; she lived always in his sight, worshiping the glory and beauty of him; never felt sure that he might not come strolling and singing up the path, or down from the holy peak above, while she was making the sacrifice. She did not know that the Golden Age had passed.

Formerly she had been used to go down into Thymaleia, the nearest village, to buy the necessaries of her housekeeping; but it had long since become much wiser to leave the villagers unreminded of pagan temples and priestesses. She had been received coldly, then rudely; on her last visit a threatening little crowd, mainly of women, had gathered, and she owed her safety simply to her fearlessness. But their hostility hurt and puzzled her, and was not to be ignored: she saw no way out of the difficulty. Then the marvelous happened: next day, Leonidas the shepherd presented himself at the temple at noon; he came bearing a garland of wild flowers as an offering, and somewhat sheepishly knelt before the altar, as one unaccustomed to the work, while she made sacrifice. Alas, his worship was not in truth, for the bright-rayed Deity — as you have guessed. But to this serene, dispassionate priestess, who would dare speak of passion? There was too lofty a simplicity about her; drawn from no personal pride, but from companionship with the night-skies and the untroubled mountains, and a close inner friendship with her lord the Sun.

“May Apollo shed his light upon you,” said she, greeting him. “Whoso worships him, is rewarded even in the worship.” . . .

“Aye, priestess,” he answered; and was at a loss for words. But she saw he had more to say, and waited. “I — I live below in the valley,” he said. “Every week I go down into Thymaleia. It would be nothing for me to do your errands when I go, and to bring you back what you may need when I come here — to worship the God. Will you permit this?”

He had seen her in the village the day before; and the fire that the sight of her had kindled in him, burned only, so far, towards adoration and desire to serve. He would be her votary, as one might worship a star. . . . He felt deity throb in the sunlight, and mingle mysteriously with the silver of the moon; he breathed not air, but intoxication, and went through his days exalted; his passion was not yet wholly personalized, and his weekly worship before the altar still not altogether sacrilegious — though Daphne would have deemed it so, perhaps, had she known. For her part she could not but feel kindly towards him; and the more so when she noted that, as the months passed, his piety grew; and that now he must bring flowers daily where he had brought them weekly at first. — In sooth, after a year of it he was undergoing great torment: his passion having passed from ecstasy into fierce desire.

He was held back from declaration partly by the shyness of his lonely life, partly by a feeling of her remoteness from him, and fear to hazard all upon a word; partly too, let us say, from an unextinguished instinct of the sacredness of the temple where he met her. Not that religion played a great part in his being. Down below, at Thymaleia, were the Christians; above, at Phassae, was the pagan shrine; he had been brought up to believe in the Gods, so far as he had been brought up to believe in anything; but they made a poor showing against the Galilean, in those days. Nothing had come of Julian's efforts; and now Theodosius, in an opposite direction, was carrying the world before him. So it looked, when one reasoned, as if the Christian deities were the more powerful; and yet — it might be dangerous to take liberties with Apollo. Could one but be sure that there was no God in the sun! . . . He took to frequenting the church in the village, that by absorbing Christian doctrine, he might purge himself of fear and hesitation. But the presence of the white priestess behind the altar, and the tones of her invocations, struck Christian confidence out of his soul. Sometimes even, when she called upon that Light within us and without us which is Apollo, his passion and bitter longing passed up into a region of inward snows: breathed an atmosphere too rare for them, and vanished trembling. Then he would go back to his sheep, repentant and with a mind for self-conquest; the words of her ritual had fallen sweet upon his soul; the sight of her had rebuked and given the lie to his longings; she was as the snow-peaks, as the mountain wind, as the immaculate blue of heaven. For an hour or two he would have mental glimmerings of the reality of Apollo. For an hour or two —.

Meanwhile the spirit of the age was not to be shut out even from remote valleys in the Peloponnese. Things were moving, in a religious sense. Wandering saints lit the fires of bigotry, and left them to smolder; anon came other wandering saints and fanned them, where the need was, into a blaze. Temples, not so far away, had been wrecked: whose priests sometimes were moved by the devil to defend themselves, and then the church would be enriched by a martyr or two before the idolators were extirpated. Generally, however, the idolators were glad to escape, and conform quietly where their antecedents were unknown. Such expeditions had not yet gone forth from Thymaleia; yet even there paganism had been forbidden rigorously, and one or two of the old-fashioned, loath to put away utterly rites



from which benefit *might* be derived, had been clubbed or stoned into orthodoxy or their graves. Leonidas, attending the church of a Sunday, found this new spirit infusing itself into his mind, and grew more and more at one with it. The old fear to offend Apollo, and capacity to feel the sacred influences of the temple, weakened to vanishing point; and they were the only curbs he had upon his passion. — Still he knelt daily before the altar, and watched the priestess as she chanted; but now with a sneer at her credulity mixed with longing for herself, where before that longing had mingled, sometimes, with a purifying veneration of the God. The day came when he would hold himself no longer. After the invocation, she would remain for a while silent behind the altar; then, seeing him linger, sometimes would come forward and talk with him; sometimes would retire without speaking. But always those few moments of silence were observed, and he had understood them to be sacred. Now, the moment her chant had ceased, he was on his feet before her and pouring out his passion. Her amazement gave place to pity. “Poor youth,” she said; “poor youth, thou hast been driven to this sacrilege —” —“Sacrilege!” he blazed; “priestess, thy religion is a lie. ‘The Christian God is the Lord of things; he has conquered the demons of Olympus, and they are burning in hell; thy Apollo is in hell. But the God that is God is the God of the Christians, and He is Love; and love is the only reality —”

And so on, and so on. He implored, stormed, raved, entreated, besought and insulted her; and she stood unmoved and immovable, dispassionate in her compassion. “Poor youth,” she said, “poor youth! Go! I will even pray to Apollo for thee! . . .” One queenly gesture cowed the fiend in him, and drove him back; “Go!” she said, “lest Apollo hide his face from the world because of thee.”. . . He broke down, fell a-sobbing, and went.

She had been quite dependent on him for her supplies from Thy-maleia; and knew that, even might she venture there herself, and pass unmolested, no one would deal with her. So here was a predicament . . . which, however, never entered her mind. Had it done so, no doubt she would have banished it with thoughts upon her God. As for making petitions to Him for help in her need, she had no mind for it; yet did offer up a prayer not in her ritual. “O Apollo,” she said, standing by the altar in attitude of invocation; “send a shaft of thy light into the heart of that sorrowful youth, that

the world may be pleasant and wholesome to him once more." . . .

Meanwhile Leonidas had rushed down into the valley, and flung himself on the ground in his cabin, face to earth, to writhe and groan over his fate: over his tormenting passion, and his powerlessness to appease it: over the fear that struck in on him and came between him and his purpose. What should he do against all this hell let loose in him: slay himself, or wait for death where he lay — and forgo his hope forever? No; he would go pray. Christ and the saints were all-powerful, and perchance would help him; he would wear out their patience on his knees in the church. . . . Utterly a madman, he hurried down into the village; noticing vaguely, when he came there, that the street was emptied of folk. On to the church, which he found crowded: the whole populace rapt while a blazing-eyed harsh fanatic poured out upon them the fiery good tidings of great joy. . . . Death to the pagans; ruin to the temples, lest the vengeance of a jealous God should fall upon them: lest their harvests should fail; lest they should be visited with plague, pestilence, and famine; lest they should spend eternity wracked and twisted in the flame. . . .

Here was bitter stuff: a heat of passion from without that soothed the burning of his own passion within; Leonidas listened and enjoyed and was carried away with it. — Were there no idolators in the countryside? yelled the preacher; were there no temples to be given to the fire, after their wealth had been glutted for the service of Christ and his flock? — "Zeus hath a shrine at Andrissa!" shouted one; and another: "The shrine of Aesculapius is at the crossroads!" — "Forth to Andrissa!" cried the monk; and was down from the pulpit, and half way to the door, the crowd surging round and after him. "And there is the temple on the mountain at Phassae — the temple of the Baby Apollo," cried Leonidas; "stop! there is the temple at Phassae." . . . It was so remote, on the way to nowhere, and had been so long without worshipers, that none there had remembered or thought of it; and now he must plant himself in the monk's path, and shout again and again, before the cry *Phassae!* was taken up. A halt then, some urging Phassae, some Andrissa; but Andrissa won it, being known to all, and by tradition wealthy. "Today for Zeus, tomorrow for Apollo," cried the holy man. "Come, ye faithful, ye beloved of the Lord!" So they surged out into the sunlight and the dust, and went forth to their work of destruction. It seemed to the shepherd that the Christian God had answered his

prayers. Tomorrow he would guide them to Phassae, and claim the priestess as his reward. For the time his misery left him; no fear or hesitation would balk him in such company. He went forward with them shouting and singing, the maddest of them all.



But by the time they had broken and sacked the temple at Andrissa and certain horrors had been done there, reaction set in, and he came to his senses a little. Not, however, until he was alone. They returned in the evening drunk with fanaticism and singing barbarous hymns; whatever had been done, Leonidas had had his full share in it. The priest of Zeus, a cunning, meager-minded fellow, had attempted argument; and died very ingloriously trying to proclaim himself a Christian. The shepherd left the mob at Thymaleia, where he was to meet them again in the morning; it was under the stars, on his way home, that reaction began to afflict him. He remembered the scene at Andrissa, and shuddered at its beastliness. There would be no influencing, no winning anything from the Christians. By the time he reached his cabin, he was ill at ease and sick. Ancestry in his blood pleaded for its natural gods, and he fell much in doubt of his new faith. He remembered the only bright moments he had known latterly: the moments in the temple above, when Apollo's influence wrought him peace. He spent a sleepless night despairing and repenting; and climbed the path to the temple while it was still dark, to wait there suppliant before the altar, haggard and feverish, for Daphne and the dawn.

She came at last, impersonal as a cloud or a star, and if she saw him, made no sign. Her voice chanting the hymns, seemed to him like a bell rung out of the infinite azure; the words she uttered, to have a magical sweet potency of their own. He remembered the cries of the mob yesterday, harsh with all the cruel vileness hidden in the beast in man; Apollo had answered her prayer, and sent a

shaft into his heart. Yesterday he had hobnobbed with dementia and destruction; it seemed to him that he had forfeited forever all the sweetness and beauty in the world. Now this ray shone out of heaven; here was the truth, golden and free and beautiful . . . the reflection of Apollo from afar, beheld within. . . .

She had finished the service and her silence before he stirred, and had turned to go, still apparently without having seen him. Then he rose, and called to her: "Priestess," he cried, "forgiveness, forgiveness!" She stopped and faced him, still impersonal; conceding no forgiveness, as having received no offense to forgive. "They will be here this morning," he cried, "—the Christians; they will destroy the temple and—ah, be not thou here when they come! It was I—I betrayed thee to them; I was mad."

She was stirred by nothing but wonder and pity. The man before her was simply an incident in the scheme of things, unlike the mountains and the trees only in that, somehow, he stood in need of her compassion in his dire plight. "As for what is past, let it be," she said, "since neither thou nor I can change it. Tell me rather what is this that will happen; let me understand." So she got the whole story from him; before midday the temple would be a ruin, and she herself, and her father, doubtless slain. Why? That was another question; the meaning of bigotry she had it not in her to fathom. Whatever God might be, one would naturally love and worship and honor; and the infinite beauty of things proclaimed that there were infinite hosts of Gods: causes innumerable why the world should rejoice. . . . Yet from her mythology she knew of an evil principle opposed to Apollo; and supposed that here was some resurrection of Python at work. How to meet its attack?

Leonidas broke in on her meditations, imploring her to let him guide her to safe places far away. He would be her slave; for him she was utterly holy and apart: Apollo shone through her, and only living in her service could he enjoy the light of the sun. —All this talk of adoration fell away and left her consciousness untouched; she heard only the suggestion that she should leave the house of her God to its enemies. That she did not propose to do. If the temple was to perish, let her perish with it: as a sacrifice to Apollo for the sins of the people, and to show him that in a degenerate Hellas there was yet one left who loved the light. She did not tell herself he would protect her: would have been ashamed of such a thought had it come to her.

She was for the Gods; let Them not trouble to be for her! It was for the good of the country and the people that temples existed and worship was paid in them; not by any means for the good of the Gods. She knew well that her Deity would chariot the heavens as brightly and proudly as of old, and as beneficently, though not one single mortal gave him tribute of praise and sacrifice; but what would then befall mankind, who could say? — since that tribute was the channel through which the Gods poured down their light into hearts. “No,” she said; “I will not go. I fear nothing from these folk. I will protect the temple from them; they will hear reason from me; Apollo, I doubt not, will give me wise words, and will shine upon them inwardly; and if their God is a God indeed, he will cause them to reverence his elder brother the Sun. Fear thou nothing for me, good Leonidas.”

He groaned. “I saw them,” said he. “I was with them at the temple of Zeus, and beheld what they did; and the Thunderer sent no bolt —”

“Hush!” she said, lifting a hand. It was he, not she, who turned pale then. The noise that came up from the valley was unmistakable; less pleasant to hear than the howling of the wolf pack or the brool of hungry lions drawing near. It was the roaring of the beast that is in man; its hideousness lies in this: that it is not merely bestial, but half bestial, half fiendish. It was but an hour after dawn, and yet the mob was already in the valley; would be at work soon, very soon.

In his panic he would have caught her up and carried her away; but some divinity seemed to enter into her, and she quite overawed him. “Go!” she said, pointing to the path that led to her father’s house; “carry him away; quickly; there is no time to lose.” He was filled with the idea that she had knowledge that was concealed from him; and that no course was open to him but to obey. He went: inspired to seeming desertion as to an act of supreme faith.

Then she went into the temple again, and stood in her place behind the altar and chanted her hymns; and the noise of the mob drew nearer and nearer, till she could distinguish the voices clearly, and the words shouted or spoken.

Suddenly it stopped — just below the bend where the path rounded under the steep bank and the pine-clump; stopped, and gave place to — a crowing of baby laughter. Then she heard the voices again, but growing human now: women’s voices and men’s. *Ah, little*

*sweetheart! . . . Come then, my pretty! . . . I tell thee, my little Basil was like that—as beautiful! . . . Oh, wonderful . . . most sacred!—see the halo about his head! . . . But it is the Holy Babe! It is the Child Jesus! . . . Ah, sacred little rogue! see, he pelts us with the flowers!*

She waited listening, and never saw or knew what happened below. Only she heard strange words cried, *Hosannas* and *Halleluias*; but the sound of them was full of delight and reverence: the beast and the devil in man had no part nor note in it. And then, by noon, they were withdrawing; still singing hymns of praise with voices sweet with humanity. . . .



When they had all gone she went down by the path to see. As she passed under the bank and the pine-clump, and turned, she heard a little chuckle of delight. . . . And there, rolling on the slope amid the anemones, half buried in the deep red and purple blooms that wantoned out into their glory at his touch, was a little brown-limbed, beautiful, sun-dusky rogue, black-haired, and with the eyes of a baby god. . . . As she came, he held out his fat little arms to her, and she picked him up, and he nestled to her breast and kissed her as she carried him up to the temple. And as it was noonday and hot, and he had been basking and rolling all the morning in the sun, what wonder if he cried out as she brought him past the spring where the clear, cold water dripped from its marble basin in front of the temple, *Baby thirsty. . . ?*

And what wonder if from the mountain tops and the pinetrees, from the rocks and the grassy valleys, from the fountains of the nymphs and from the forests, the voices of the elemental hosts rose swooning up to her and to Him:

*Shepherd of the wandering constellations, hail!*  
*Evoë, hail!*

## SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS: by The Busy Bee

HOW OLD IS THE EARTH?

A SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC OPINION



THE eye of the spectator of current events has recently lit upon an address entitled "An Excursus in Geological Time," delivered by Alfred Harker, F. R. S., before the Yorkshire Geological Society. In this address he considers the question of the age of the earth, but comes to no definite conclusion, though he compares a number of estimates and shows us what is the nature of the problem before us. People ask, he says, when told about mammoths or coral-reefs, "How long ago was that?"—and are sometimes met by the answer: "Oh! geology does not deal with ordinary measures of time, but has a system of chronology of its own, which cannot be translated into years and centuries." The lecturer confessed to a sense of inadequacy in this reply, and to a sympathy with the inquirer, in which we agree with him; for it amounts to an evasion — an attempted escape into the region of transcendentalism, where science is not wont to dwell. Instead of saying, "We don't know," the answer is in effect, "We know, but we can't tell you, because it is too mysterious." The Uniformitarians, who believed that all geological changes were the result of slow and uniform processes, allowed limitless time for the deposition of the sedimentary strata; and Hutton is quoted as saying that there was "no vestige of a beginning, no prospect of an end." He regarded geological time as infinite. The Darwinists supported the Uniformitarians, for their views demanded plenty of time for the development of species. Unfortunately, so we are informed, Sir William Thomson hurled a bombshell into this peaceful camp by publishing his contributions to the mathematical side of the question. His calculations were based on the loss of energy in the form of heat, as proved by the observed temperature-gradient; in other words, on the rate of cooling of the globe. He arrived ultimately at the conclusion that the earth was a molten mass twenty-four million years ago. But, as Mr. Harker points out, what you get out of the mathematical mill depends on what you put into it, and Sir William Thomson, supposing his reasoning to be correct, had only proved that, if certain assumptions are granted, certain consequences will follow. One assumption was that a body which is radiating heat is also cooling; but he himself admitted that the loss of heat *might* mean a loss of potential energy in some other form — chemical affinity. This idea, however, he

dismissed as "extremely improbable." And now, since the discovery of radium, we know that the earth contains vast stores of potential energy of a kind quite undreamed of by Thomson. Strutt has calculated that the temperature gradient can be wholly accounted for by radio-activity if the rocks to the depth of forty-five miles contain as much radium as those at the surface; that is, the observed loss of heat can be compensated by this amount of radio-activity. From this it follows that the loss of heat is reduced to nothing at all for as long as there is any radium left, and the age of the earth is increased enormously. This conclusion is, however, not accepted by all geologists, and there is a tendency to limit the age to eighty or a hundred million years; the estimates being arrived at by computing the rate at which some observed process is now going on, and from this calculating the time which this process would have taken throughout all past geological history. The chief uncertainty of this method lies, of course, in the assumption that the rate at which the process went on was constant; or, assuming that the rate was not constant, in attempting to assign figures for its variation. The lowering of land surface by erosion or by solution, the deposition of sediment, and the accumulation of salt in the sea, are some of these processes.

But while there is much doubt concerning the *secular* changes in the conformation of the strata, there is no doubt that great *cyclical* changes have been repeated several times during the earth's history, the cycle beginning with an epoch of important crust-movements; and the lecturer says that such a cycle was initiated at an epoch not far remote from us by geological reckoning, and that we are now consequently in a period of more than ordinary geological activity, with continental masses rising higher than their average level, and with large tracts of newly deposited strata exposed to denudation. This would mean that the present rate of erosion is higher than the average, and that we must consequently increase our estimate of the total time required. But these records constitute a clock that now accelerates and now retards itself, and is a most unreliable time-keeper; so that, even in estimating the most recent events, we find ourselves greatly at fault. In attempting to gage the epoch of the final retreat of the ice from North America by the rate of recession of the Niagara Falls, we find that that rate has varied widely even during the last half-century.

So the lecturer thinks we must search outside the strictly geo-



logical domain, and suggests radio-activity and astronomy. As to the former, he quotes an estimate of the age of the haematite overlying the Carboniferous Limestone in Cumberland at 140 million years, and 30 millions for the Eocene iron-ores of Antrim; 370 million for the igneous rocks of Devonian age in the Christiania district; and from 1000 to 1600 million for the Archaean in different countries.

The other method involves a consideration of some known secular change in the earth's movements, and of the effects which such change may be supposed to produce in the geological processes. On these lines Croll tried to explain the recurrent glacial epochs, and Blytt studied the alternations observed in successions of sedimentary strata. Precession, compounded with the apsidal movement, gives a period of about 21,000 years, producing changes in the duration of winter and summer; but the attempts to arrive at reliable figures by seeking the results of these climatic changes among the strata have led to vague and diverse results.

The lecturer concludes his paper with an expression of gratification with the way in which is emphasized the *fundamental unity of the sciences* — a point of which we should like to register our approval, since much error is due to the narrow and arbitrary divisions which researchers are prone to impose upon their researches.

#### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NEW DISCOVERIES IN PHYSICS

Taking this remark as a starting-point for our considerations, we may add that, even when all the branches of science do co-operate, there is much left out and they are badly handicapped. The view of most modern research is limited to a certain small area of the domain of knowledge and experience; and while such a limitation may not matter for limited purposes, it counts seriously when we aspire to such ambitious aims as a determination of the age of the earth. One has only to consider what radical changes are introduced into this, as into other problems, by the recent discoveries concerning electrons. The electronic theory of matter, while not necessarily disturbing the usefulness of the older atomic theory, does most certainly deprive the latter of its monopoly. Are we still to go on reckoning the age of the earth from considerations derived from that system of molecular mechanics that formed the basis of computation for last century? The introduction of the new conception of electricity (ionization, etc.) into questions of meteorology and astronomy, has given us new ideas about such things as wind-movements, distribution of temperature,

and storms, as well as of the conditions in interplanetary space. We know now that solid matter itself is in a more or less transient state, subject to evolution. The radio-active series of elements, which pass into one another, gives us an idea that at long past ages the chemical elements present in the earth's crust may not have been entirely the same as those now present. It has been urged that certain flying reptiles could not have flown in an atmosphere of the density we are familiar with, and that therefore the atmosphere of their times was very dense. Other differences corresponding, the general conditions must have been widely different. We should mark well the fact that a system which, at one time in the last century, seemed so all-sufficient, has since had to be much modified by the discoveries of this century; and from this we should infer that our knowledge of nature is still very imperfect, and that consequently our calculations are always liable to error through the omission of certain factors pertaining to undiscovered realms.

It will occur to many people who ponder over this problem that, however old we make the earth, its age counts for practically nothing in the immensity of time; and that the question, What happened before? still remains open.

#### FIGURES QUOTED IN "THE SECRET DOCTRINE"

In *The Secret Doctrine* (published in 1888) is a summary of various computations, which sufficiently illustrate the uncertainty, though that can hardly be said to be any less at the present date than in 1888. Sir William Thomson, says H. P. Blavatsky, on the basis of the observed principles of cooling, gives ten million years, and elsewhere 100 million, since the temperature was cool enough for vegetable life. Helmholtz calculated that 20 million would suffice for the original nebula to condense to the present dimensions of the Sun. Newcomb required only ten million to attain to a temperature of 212° F. Croll estimated 70 million for the diffusion of the heat, etc. Bischof calculated that 350 million would be required for the earth to cool from 2000° to 200° C. Read, on the basis of observed rates of denudation, demanded 500 million years since sedimentation began in Europe. Lyell ventured a rough guess of 240 million. Darwin thought 300 million demanded by the organic transformations which his theory contemplates, and Huxley was disposed to demand 1000 million. The time elapsed since the Glacial Epoch was given as 20,000 years by Belt, 240,000 by Croll, and 80,000 by R. Hunt.

## THE BEARING OF EVOLUTION THEORIES

As regards the theory of the development of man, either from an anthropoid ape or from some animal that was the forebear of both man and of the ape, it may be pointed out that, even granting this theory, in either of its forms, for the sake of the argument, still the amount of time required by it is enormous. But we do not grant the theory; for to us it seems a mere speculation, founded only on structural analogies between man and animal. Given the fact of such analogies, we cannot infer anything unless we have first established some other premiss; this analogy may or may not imply derivation; if it does imply derivation, that derivation may be either from man to animal or from animal to man. If there is derivation, and if the derivation is from animal to man, it may have taken place in the supposed way or in some other way. To settle the question in favor of the Darwinists we must either have facts that prove it, or else we must be able to show that (1) all more complex forms have proceeded from analogous simpler forms, (2) that they have done so through the processes of generation and variation, (3) that this rule is invariable and therefore applies to man. These things have not been established. As to the facts, they do not provide us with any evidence that man has passed through such a peculiar succession of changes as the theory contemplates; the facts are so much the other way that the utmost efforts made to distort their meaning do not suffice. This theory as to the origin of man, therefore, cannot inform us regarding the age of the Earth.

Our knowledge of the evolution of organisms in general is equally unreliable. Some forms that were dominant and gigantic in former ages have degenerated or died out, so the process of evolution runs down as well as up. The fixity of type observable among organisms requires explanation, as does also the fact that domesticated types revert, instead of evolving forward. Such facts show that evolution is not accomplished altogether in the way imagined. Yet the forms *have* changed. Hence, in order to use the chain of organic life as a basis for inference about the age of the earth, we need to know more about it.

## NON-PHYSICAL MATTER

We can never solve the problem of organic evolution, nor that of the past history of the earth, unless we recognize that there are other kinds of matter besides the physical matter with which our physic-

al senses acquaint us. Physical matter itself passes through many changes, and we have to assume that there is a fundamental matter underlying all these different modifications; and this we call *ether*, etc. But to pass from physical matter to ether is to take but a single step, and it is not likely that things are so simple as that. Why only one ether, and why not many? Solid, liquid, and gaseous — to which may perhaps be added the condition of incandescent gas — are all physical states of matter; they are perceptible to the physical senses. But surely matter can exist in states wherein it is not perceptible to the physical senses. In considering the age of the earth, then, this ought to be taken into account. The globe may not always have been in the physical condition; but yet it could have been quite objective to the creatures and men upon it, for their structure and organs would correspond to the conditions in which they lived. It will be found by students of *The Secret Doctrine* that the existence of these other states of matter is everywhere taken into account. Organic beings were not always material in the present sense of the word material; and man himself was ethereal before he was physical. This last circumstance puts the question of his evolution in an entirely different light.

#### MIND PRIOR TO MATTER

But really it is impossible for a contemplative person to be satisfied with considering the history of the earth and its creatures as a merely mechanical and chemical process. To such a person, *mind* must ever be the most important fact; and since he has in any case to begin by assuming the existence of his own mind, he will find it more logical to regard matter as a manifestation of mind than mind as a manifestation of matter. The history of the universe thus becomes the history of the purposes and activities of hierarchies of intelligent Beings of innumerable orders, ranging from those that animate the atoms to those that inform man with his higher principles. An examination of the rocks and their records, of the movements of the visible celestial orbs, and of the physical forms of the organized creatures, may form an essential portion of our general studies; but considered alone it will be found misleading. How, with our inner senses blinded by the glamor of physical life, can we form an adequate idea of what the earth *really is*? True, one is not bound to speculate; but if he does, his ideas must be expanded, or he will suffer.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

## CHAPTER XVI

## MRS. HEWIT GOES TO THE CITY



WHEN Dave returned he found Mrs. Hewit still sitting before the fire gazing steadily into the glowing embers, although it was then past one o'clock. Anne sat by the table, as ever, patiently waiting on her movements.

"She won't move nor speak," whispered the girl. "You better lie down, Dave, and git some sleep."

"But you, Anne; you're tired, too, I reckon."

"Yes, but I'm used to watchin' Aunt Polly an' bein' up a good deal with her. I'm not mindin' it, Dave."

Hour after hour went by. Dave had lain down and the weary girl rested her head on the table and dozed. Still the grim, gray-haired woman sat silent, immovable, with unseeing eyes fixed upon the dying fire. Daylight was stealing dimly in when Dave entered the kitchen and Anne raised her weary head.

Then Mrs. Hewit rose, and looking quietly at them, said in a low steady voice:

"I've thought it all out an' made up my mind what to do. I cursed that poor wicked critter up there an' it all come as I prayed it would. But that can't bring Jimmy back nor it don't make any of us any happier. I know now I ought to done as Mrs. Weitman says, leave it all to the Good Law. I never thought how many innocent folks would have to suffer — his children an' his wife — an' she was good to me, too. Now, Dave, I want you to go to the city with me. I'm going to find that poor woman an' have her come up here to her man."

After Mrs. Hewit had begun the preparations for her journey the others still stood looking blankly at each other. Then the girl spoke:

"Would you ever have thought, Dave, that she listened and understood the things that Mrs. Weitman was telling us?"

"No, I never thought so; an' do you notice the change in her?"

"There's sure a change," replied Anne. "Why, Dave, this is the first time she has been her real self since — since —"

"Yes, I know — but do you think she ought to go to the city? Won't it upset her again?"

"I don't know," said Anne dubiously. "Anyhow she'll do as she pleases; we can't help it. You mustn't leave her for one minute."

"Don't you worry, Anne," replied Dave as he went out to prepare for his trip, while the girl attended to the breakfast.

It was dark when the train drew into the station, and Dave led his companion through the hurrying throng to the quieter street. To his relief she appeared in no way excited or troubled by the noise or the jostling crowd.

"Hadn't we better git rooms, Aunt Polly, and then have supper?" asked Dave.

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Hewit resolutely. "I can't eat or rest till I find Mrs. Milton. I reckon the pore thing is nigh about crazy with trouble an' worry. We'll go right out to the house."

Some time was consumed in finding the right car and when at last they reached the place Mrs. Hewit stopped on the corner, faltering a little. As the memory of that former visit swept over her it left her faint and trembling.

"I guess we better wait till morning an' then come again," suggested Dave.

"No," said Mrs. Hewit, rallying her shrinking courage. "No, it wouldn't be any easier then"; and moving on they were soon in front of the stately mansion. But what a change! closed doors and windows, darkness and desertion. It was a shock to both, for they had always thought of the house as it appeared that night, full of life and blazing with light.

"O Dave, what can we do now?" cried Mrs. Hewit in the utmost distress. But without waiting for an answer she accosted a policeman who happened to be passing.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "where Mrs. Milton is?"

"Milton!" replied the man; "why they lost this house and it's tied up in a law-suit, I believe. I don't know where they went."

"Then where does Mrs. Weitman live?"

"I don't know that either," he replied; "but I'll tell you what you do: just go into that drug-store on the corner and look in the directory. That's the way to find people."

They obtained Mrs. Weitman's address and after several mistakes and many inquiries at length found her abode. The door was opened by Florence Vining, who was in the hall talking to Hylma.

"Why yes," said Florence, "Mrs. Weitman is at home. I will

go and tell her you wish to see her. Hylma, please take them into the parlor and give them seats."

In a few moments Mrs. Weitman appeared and both girls were surprised to see her go up to the quaintly attired old woman and take both her hands.

"Dear Mrs. Hewit," she said, "how glad I am to see you. And you, too, Mr. Warnock. When did you come down?"

"We just come from the train," replied Dave.

"And you brought her straight to me. That was right."

"But I must find Mrs. Milton," said Mrs. Hewit.

"Why must you find her?" inquired Mrs. Weitman.

Then to the eager, wondering group the story of finding Mr. Milton and of his condition was told. Just as it was concluded Dr. Desmond came in. Mrs. Hewit and Dave were introduced to him and their story repeated.

"How shall we tell Agnes?" asked her friend. "Is she able to bear it?"

"I think so. Good news is not apt to harm anyone."

"But I must see her — I must tell her," said Mrs. Hewit.

"Very well, after I have seen her," said the Doctor.

"You know," said Mrs. Weitman, "that Mrs. Milton has been ill and has suffered a great deal. We must not excite or agitate her."

"Yes, I know," murmured Mrs. Hewit. "I made her suffer. I didn't think."

"Oh no, dear," said Mrs. Weitman soothingly, "it was not you who caused her trouble."

"Yes," insisted the old woman, looking solemnly at her, "I cursed him, and hoped and prayed for evil to fall on him, and it did. You told us about what our thoughts could do; an' now see what mine has done."

"But it was not you alone; there were many other causes. He had many enemies."

"But I hated him, an' I must see her an' tell her."

"Don't you think it would be better to see her tomorrow?"

"We must go home tomorrow; we won't have time to come out here in the morning." And with renewed effort, Mrs. Hewit rose.

"O my dear, you are not going to leave me tonight. You are to stay here, you and Dave, too; I shall not let you go away. And all

this time you are both famishing. Florence dear, go and see what you can find for supper."

Mrs. Hewit yielded to the wishes of her friend; and Dave, with the good manners belonging to simple and upright manhood, neither felt nor appeared embarrassed by the strange and luxurious surroundings. He conversed with the girls as easily as he did with Anne; and Mrs. Hewit, comforted and refreshed, felt a sense of peace and calm restfulness stealing over her which she had not known since the cruel loss of her boy; and her sleep that night was peaceful and unbroken.

The next morning Mrs. Hewit had a long interview with Mrs. Milton. What passed between them was never divulged by either of them.

At early dawn Dr. Desmond in his auto, accompanied by Hylma and Dave, had already departed on their way to the bedside of the sick man. It had been arranged for Jasper Raymond, with the three women, Mrs. Weitman, Mrs. Milton, and Mrs. Hewit, to start that afternoon, to give Mrs. Milton the benefit of a night's rest on the journey.

There had been no change in Mr. Milton's condition when Dr. Desmond arrived. The paralytic stroke had left him helpless and speechless. It was difficult to estimate how much consciousness he retained; but the doctor agreed with Granny Ferris that there were no indications of a speedy death.

When the ladies arrived, Mrs. Milton at once desired to take her husband back to the city; but Dr. Desmond opposed the plan, believing the quiet of the hills with the pure air would greatly benefit both of them. Little could be done for Mr. Milton, and the doctor promised that either Dr. Jordan or himself would come up as often as necessary. Mrs. Weitman also promised to spend as much time with her friend as possible.

Granny was easily persuaded to retain the post of chief nurse, and Sally was willing to come as often as needed to assist with the labors of housekeeping.

Before Dr. Desmond's departure he walked about with Mrs. Weitman and Jasper, considering the question of a Home for their afflicted.

"Your friend Anne is undoubtedly a fine girl," said the doctor. "I admire her very much."

"So does our friend Jasper, I believe," said Mrs. Weitman, smiling at him. "But I give him fair warning; it's of no use."



"There she is now," said Jasper, "over by that big rock with Hylma and Dave."

"Let us join them," said the doctor, "and find out what they think of our plans."

"And how much they will help us," added Mrs. Weitman.

Dave and Anne were both ready to aid in furthering Mrs. Weitman's plans, and able to offer some useful suggestions. They sat on the rocks and talked until both had to return to their home duties. After they had gone Hylma asked Mrs. Weitman if Mrs. Hewit might not object to having the Home so near her own.

"No," she replied; "I have talked to her about it and she is willing — in fact eager to help in some way. She believes that her cursing Mr. Milton has had much to do with bringing on their troubles and misfortunes, and she wishes to atone as far as possible."

"What name is the Home to bear?" asked Jasper.

"We shall have to consider that," said the doctor.

"We should give it a name that will commemorate poor Jimmy and his mother," said Mrs. Weitman.

"But how could we do that?" asked Hylma.

"This was Jimmy's spring and his big rock."

"And they are fine," said Jasper, "but difficult to make into a beautiful name."

"I wanted something sweet and romantic," said Hylma.

"Well," replied Jasper, "look at this beautiful moss. How would 'Moss Bank' sound?"

"Too soft," said Mrs. Weitman, smiling.

"Then see these splendid ferns — 'Ferndale'," said Hylma.

"But Mrs. Weitman shook her head.

"Jimmy must have loved them," added the girl, "and how could you use spring or rock?"

"Simply enough," answered her father. "This is Jimmy's spring and this is his rock. He and Anne were to live in the cabin they built for Mrs. Weitman. Even the logs were Jimmy's. Shall it be the 'Rock Spring Home,' Mrs. Weitman?"

"Yes," she said, and there were tears in her eyes. "Nothing could be better. And I know Jimmy's mother will like that."

## CHAPTER XVII

## JIMMY HEWIT'S MONUMENT

Two years passed swiftly by, bringing changes to some, leaving others apparently untouched.

A party of friends were grouped on the veranda of the mountain cabin which Mrs. Weitman had enlarged and changed in many ways. It was now the headquarters of the Rock Spring Home, which had developed into a thriving enterprise. Here Dr. Desmond had brought a number of his patients and Miss Edison had sent there many ailing mothers and suffering children. A score of roomy, airy cabins dotted the hillsides, still clothed in Nature's covering of ferns and moss, wild shrubs and vines.

The forest stretched away in its primeval grandeur, unmarred, untouched by man; and "Jimmy's Place" lay apart under the shining silver fir, always carefully tended and fragrant with honeysuckle and brier-rose.

The well-worn pathway between it and Mrs. Hewit's cabin was held inviolate as belonging to her alone, and no other feet ever intruded there.

The clear, cool spring welling out from under the mass of gray, old rock had been left as Jimmy had known and loved it; still flowing over the white sand and fringed with dainty mosses and drooping ferns. Water was brought in pipes from other springs higher up on the hillsides for daily use.

There had been a double wedding in the city, Florence and Jasper Raymond; Hylma and Dr. Jordan.

They had planned a short wedding trip, intending to spend a couple of weeks on their return at the delightful mountain Home, in which all were warmly interested, and which had become very dear to all those concerned in carrying on its work. Florence and Jasper, Hylma and Dr. Jordan, were to arrive that afternoon, and Miss Edison and Dr. Desmond were there to meet them with the Rogers and Mrs. Hadly. Helen Lane had been left with Mrs. Weitman. She was a slender, delicate child, whose clear gray eyes were still darkened by solemn shadows.

Mrs. Milton, placid and content, sat a little apart with Milly on one side and Bert on the other, while Clara the baby laughed and babbled at their feet. Mr. Milton had passed away a year before; and though his wife, son, and daughter stood at his bedside, he gave no

sign of being conscious of their presence. Bert was now studying with Dr. Desmond, and Milly was a widow, Rex Gordon having been drowned when on a boating excursion with a party of riotous companions.

Dr. Desmond had persuaded his wife to accompany him in this trip to meet and welcome Hylma and her husband; but she saw no beauty in Nature's face and felt uncomfortable and out of place.

"Dear me, Miss Edison," she was saying, "I really cannot see how you people can be so taken up with these things."

"But just think of the number of people who are being benefited by our work here. Isn't it pleasant to see those tired mothers resting in cheerful groups around the cottage doors? And listen to the voices of the sickly, puny children, who never before had a chance of breathing pure, fresh air. Hear them singing and laughing: Oh, it makes me glad all through."

"What is making you so glad?" asked Mrs. Weitman, joining them and drawing up a chair.

"Why, the children," answered Miss Edison. "What a lot of good this place is doing them!"

"Yes; and we will go on enlarging the work as fast as possible. I almost grudge the time I am forced to spend in the city. And how much we have missed our young people."

"Well, you know, Mrs. Weitman, that I never approved of Hylma giving so much time to these things," said Mrs. Desmond. "It is well enough for people like you and Miss Edison who have no social duties nor domestic ties to give up; but Hylma was bound by these and went against my wishes. I will not attempt to deny that in the matter of marriage, Hylma has disappointed me terribly."

"But Hylma has married well, Mrs. Desmond. Dr. Jordan is a fine character, an upright, honorable man, and Hylma will surely be safe and happy with him."

"He may do well enough, I suppose; but he will never be popular or wealthy. Like my husband, he has too many fads. I shall always regret that she broke her engagement with Edgar Swann. Why, see where he is now! What a place he has already won. And Hylma threw all this away."

"There is the Doctor walking with Mrs. Hewit. Why, I do believe she is taking him to Jimmy's place!"

"Yes, she takes a few privileged ones there. I think she is going

to consult him; the young people wish to put up a monument, but she prefers the little headstone. I think Dave and Anne agree with her."

"I think they are right," said Miss Edison. "Yes, Mrs. Hewit is sane enough about that."

"She is sane in all other matters now," replied Mrs. Weitman. "The sudden shock of meeting Mr. Milton at Jimmy's grave seemed to swing her mind back again to its proper balance. She is really a remarkable woman, and has proven a real help to us. Dr. Desmond says he has known several such cases."

"How cheerful and contented Mrs. Milton seems; and I never knew her to appear so strong and well," said Miss Edison.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Weitman. "They are a happy and united family now; Bert is really a fine manly fellow. He is doing so well; Dr. Desmond thinks he has a great future before him. Milly was always devoted to her mother — I never can think of Agnes as a step-mother — and that baby is the joy of them all."

"And how much more healthful and cheerful Mrs. Hadley has become. What a blessing it was for her to find this work. Why, here is Granny — about the dinner, no doubt."

"Yes, Granny," said Mrs. Weitman, "yes, they ought to be here very soon. Just keep things hot, and ready to dish up. Anne is going to help you. Now, Miss Edison, if you will have Hazel get the children ready; and ask Mrs. Forest, please, to look over the tables."

Miss Edison hurried away and Mrs. Weitman proceeded to gather her scattered forces.

"Mrs. Hadley, if you will help Mrs. Rogers look after the women; and Mr. Rogers, please, assist Dave with the boys. Oh, here are the girls with their flowers and wreaths. Now Hazel dear, make the girls sing their best. But of course they will. There — hark! yes, they are coming! now, all ready — come, children."

As the auto came to a halt the band of children emerged from the corner of the veranda which had concealed them and burst into a song of joyous greeting. Before the young people could leave their seats they were almost buried under the wreaths and bunches of fragrant wild flowers. The boys were ranged back of the girls, and behind them the women, many of them with babes in their arms. All faces were lit up with smiles of welcome. On the wide veranda stood the eager group of waiting friends.

The eyes of both girls were moist when they finally reached the ground and were surrounded by the children.

"Oh, you dear people!" cried Hylma, "I shall never forget this welcome, which I know is from the heart."

"I never had such a beautiful home-coming as this," said Florence. "This makes Rock Springs feel more like a real home than ever before, though it has always been one to me — the best and dearest."

Then followed warm hand-clasps and affectionate greetings, questions and replies, until the patience of Granny was exhausted.

"Now looky here, Mis' Weitman, ma'am; I hain't agoin' to stand for that there supper bein' fitten to eat if it's let to wait much longer."

"Good for you, Granny," laughed Jasper. "We're all famishing. But we know nothing can spoil your cooking."

At sunset they were all gathered again on the veranda. They watched the long level shafts of golden light that streamed along the forest aisles as Jimmy Hewit had so often watched them, sitting with Anne on the moss-covered rocks by the spring. A silence had fallen on the little party.

As the last ray faded from the silver fir, Hylma turned to her father and spoke:

"What about Jimmy's monument, father?" she asked.

"Why," responded the doctor slowly, "it is kind and generous of you young people to propose this; but his mother really does not wish it. She believes that if the boy knew it he would still choose the plain little headstone. Dave put it up and I think Anne would rather have it remain there. What do you think about it, Mrs. Weitman?"

Mrs. Weitman's eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the distant fir, and without removing them she spoke:

"If it had not been for the boy's short life and tragic death," she said, "we should never have had this place. The land was his; his hands cut down and shaped the logs that built the first cabin, which is now a part of this bungalow. It was to have been his own and Anne's future home. His spring and rock have not been, nor, I think, should they ever be, touched; and his silver fir, in the most beautiful spot in the forest, keeps watch over his grave."

She ceased. The sun shone like gold on the tops of the trees, and a few moments later sank beneath the rim of the world.