

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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*“What is wisdom? Wisdom is manifold and various, and an answer that attempted to be exhaustive would both fail of its purpose and tend to still greater confusion. Therefore we will confine ourselves to the meaning here intended. — Wisdom is knowledge consisting in insight and conjoined with meritorious thoughts.”*

— Translated from *Viśuddhi-Magga*, a Buddhist work, by Warren

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 *HEOSOPHY makes its appeal only to those who are deeply and truly interested in the problems of human life, who are dissatisfied with other forms of teaching, whose hearts are yearning for the truths which reveal the meaning of life. Such as these will realize that simply a few hints are given here of these great truths; and that it is really the duty of each, at this crucial time of the world's history, to pay more attention to spiritual things and to the inner meaning of life. There should be more effort to study the great mysteries of life which each one has to meet and is meeting from time to time; and there is no solution to these problems except in the ancient truths, those truths that were taught ages ago, ages and ages before Christ's time, and which have been lost sight of, time after time, through the selfishness of man and the blinding inconsistencies promulgated in the name of religion.*

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*To know Theosophy one must study it. No one could expect to be a master-musician by simply reading the theory of music and without practice — constant practice and hard work; and no one would attempt to put forward the teachings of science or art or any other study without a deep and profound effort on his part to get at the deeper truths and find out how they could be applied to human life; and so it is with Theosophy. Theosophy is an open book to the sincere student; it is as simple as A-B-C to one who studies it in the right way and seeks to apply it to his life; but first of all the student must free his mind from the obscurations which have so long impeded human progress.*

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*One cannot start in to investigate these new truths — old, as they are, yet new in this age — without realizing that he must unburden himself, as it were; that he must begin at the very inception of his study to take a different view of life. Surely, by the very atmosphere of the work here at the International Theosophical Headquarters, by the earnestness and enthusiasm which are manifested by the students, one must know that there has been a compelling and an impelling force in the lives of those who have come here, arousing in them an enthusiasm to work devotedly and unselfishly for this Cause, asking nothing in return, no salaries, no public recognition — simply to have the privilege of doing and serving, of working out these problems of life in accordance with the principles of Theosophy, which have come to be a living power in the lives of each of the real members of the Theosophical Society, so that their hearts and minds have been stirred into action — into service for their fellow-men.*

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*Everywhere in the world today, what do we find? So many who have lost faith; so many who are side-tracked, running into all sorts of extremes, into faddism and uncanny and grotesque things — some even in the name of 'Theosophy.' They are discouraged and disconsolate, and you must certainly know that a supreme and superb effort is needed on the part of every human being to do something to lift the burdens of humanity. That is the object of Theosophy: not only to bring home to man the consciousness of his Divinity, but to have him realize that in making these spiritual efforts he must necessarily throw away a great deal of the rubbish which has been crowded into his mind and life — even into his very blood, all down the ages,— the result of teachings that are not founded on Truth, not based on knowledge, but on blind faith, on man-made dogmas and creeds. We know, if we look out in the world today, we can ask some very serious questions of those who have been professing to carry on the teachings of the Nazarene and the Christian religion. This is no reflexion on those who have done their best, for they could do no more; but now that Theosophy has been reinstated, so to speak, brought down to the modern times and placed within the reach of all, certainly there is no excuse for any mortal in this life to lose his opportunity of serving in the great cause of Humanity.*

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*The call for help is everywhere: you will hear it from the streets of our cities, from the most degraded quarters, from the poverty-stricken districts, from the city jails, from the penitentiaries, from our insane asylums, from our hospitals; if you listen, you will hear a cry going out all the time, from the home-life, from*

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*civil life, all along the way. The world is imperfect; human life is imperfect; happiness is not to be found in the truest sense; consequently there is a great call, there is a great urge for all the people to awaken and to find within themselves the power to give to humanity that solution of the problems that it has not found for ages. Every human being must have that solution; each of you, in your attempt to reach out a helping hand and give the truth to the world, must find in Theosophy not only the solution of life's problems, but the key to real happiness. That is what Theosophy is aiming to give. Some call it modern Theosophy; but it is not. It is the Ancient Wisdom presented again in these modern times as a complete philosophy of life.*

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*Nearly all of humanity, except materialists, believe in the immortality of the soul; but Theosophy declares that the soul is the man, the real man. Science has not yet opened to us the wonderful possibilities of human life. It stands timidly outside the door of the great revelations of Truth, and presents only the outer side of human life; and the scientists up to date ignore the invisible forces that are in man, his potential divine qualities and faculties of spiritual perception. These are unknown to science; and so Theosophy carries on its shoulders the burden of this great philosophy and is pushing its way through the universe, out towards the great multitudes and into the very hearts of the people, that it may bring to them the message of Brotherhood and make known the noble purposes of Theosophy.*

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*Now, first, bear strictly in mind that Theosophy and the Theosophical Society — and this is an old story, which has been told you many times — are non-political. Any body of people who call themselves 'Theosophists' and who participate in political agitation are not Theosophists. And Theosophy and the Theosophical Society are also unsectarian. Theosophists believe in the essential teachings of all religions; but have no part in dogmas and creeds and the forms and the rituals that have been formulated and presented from time to time in the different systems of faith which have so obscured the Truth, and blinded the understanding of man.*

*The Theosophical Movement, in its work, carries with it an inner body of study, and that study is for those who are ready for it; those who fit themselves for it by their life, who can utilize and love it so truly that they cannot do without it. It is an Inner School. Christ had the same form in his simple way. He took it from the ancient system. He was a great soul, a great Initiate, and he*

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*had lived along through many different schools of experience through reincarnation, and had brought back with him many old memories and teachings; and he received many teachings from the Egyptians — modern Egyptians in comparison with the ancient Egyptians who lived long before the time of the Shepherd Kings, when they had the same Theosophical truths that are now again being given out. And you will find, if you will turn to the Bible, that Jesus gave one teaching to the multitude and another to his disciples. Even to his disciples he said: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." He came at a time of great ignorance and of great incredulity in one sense, and of great credulity in another — belief in things that should not have been believed in.*

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*Today we have our scholastic life, our intellectual life, and on the outer plane many wonderful signs of progress and civilization; and if we could depend upon the outer life, if we could be satisfied with the one life of seventy or a hundred years, according to all other systems of teachings except Theosophy — why, then we could go on, and perhaps we could find some happiness; but up to date we have not found it: have we? Our ancestors did not find it. There is now in our very blood and in our very lives the result of the teachings of the dogmas and creeds that have been forced upon humanity through the ages; and naturally our ancestors had a share in bringing about this result. In some ways our intellects have broadened a little; we are, to a degree, breaking away from the idea that there is a special place called Hades for the punishment of man, and that there is another special point in space where some may go and be happy while others go to Hades! Quite outside of the teachings of Theosophy, we are beginning to do away with these limited conceptions and with the idea of a personal God. And those who have moved out from the bondage of the old beliefs can ascribe their freedom to the teachings of Theosophy; for from the beginning it has taught no creeds or dogmas, no personal God, but a Power Supreme that governs all, and the Universal Law that holds all within its keeping.*

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*And so when we reach a point of study when we begin to understand the meaning of Theosophy, we can see in part what its mission is; but before we can do so fully we must have an explanation in order to know why it is so attacked. Why are there so many obstacles put in the way of the Theosophical Society and its supporters? In the first place, most of my readers will admit that they are not satisfied with the condition of society today. Most of you, if you think well,*

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*are not satisfied with our systems of education, and you do know that, much as we have advanced as a people, there must necessarily be in the course of time, as man evolves, higher and better expressions of national and international life. You do know that it is so.*

*On the other hand there are those who are so devoted to their own systems of religion, their creeds and dogmas, that they have no room and can make no room for Theosophy; in their egotism they are sufficient unto themselves, and so nothing else can come into their lives. One of the first experiences that Madame Blavatsky had was with such people. That great Teacher, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, came to the Western world as to a land of opportunity, a place where, she felt, the great broad ideas of Brotherhood could be put into practice and sent out to the whole world, without that opposition which was so marked in Europe. She came to this 'Land of Liberty,' inspired with the mission of Brotherhood, to bring the light of Theosophy and to help all classes and all nations—and was met with misrepresentation and calumny and persecution.*

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*The persecution that began then has never ceased. It was supposed by those who were attacking Mme Blavatsky that she would go away, be driven out of the country, back to Russia where she had come from. Instead, she stayed, she worked and served and suffered and taught and wrote. Her principal supporter was a young law student, William Q. Judge, who stood by her and remained ever faithful to her and to the principles of Theosophy, becoming her trusted Colleague and afterwards her Successor. After a while the Society grew and grew and grew. It attracted thousands of people, of all kinds, people who had suffered and were searching for the Light. Some intellectual egotists also became members of the Society. Some of them never had had an opportunity to shine anywhere else, and thought that this new work might bring their intellection to the front. Some entered seeking public recognition, and there were some cranks, some very eccentric people; but there were also those — the great majority — who were hungering for the Truth, seeking more Light, more Understanding.*

*So the Theosophical Society was built, and in the course of time, holding to and carrying out the great teachings of Theosophy, it went through its sifting processes. It had its traitors just the same as Christ had. You know how some of the disciples failed him; and the Theosophical Society also had its delinquents; and today some of those very failures claim to unfurl the banner of Theosophy and pretend to preach Theosophy, when they were not able to keep up with the original Society beside the humblest of its faithful members. That is why you find more than one so-called 'Theosophical' Society in this country and other*

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*countries, which are in no way connected with the original Theosophical Society founded by Madame Blavatsky.*

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*The great purpose of the Theosophical Society, as originated by Mme Blavatsky, was to teach Brotherhood. She brought from the storehouse of the past these great teachings, and they have been preserved by those faithful members who stood by her and her successors, and who have sustained the original Theosophical Society, which is now called the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.*

*The purpose of the reorganization of the Society in 1898 was not to change the teachings in any way — not one of the principles has been changed — but to give to Theosophy a larger shelter-house, as it were, in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society — a larger vehicle, through which Theosophy could be more faithfully and fully expressed; and also to place the whole system of teaching on such a basis that no parliamentary tactics could ever interfere with its progress. A further purpose was so to safeguard the Society that it should forever be free from politics and sectarianism; for Theosophy being the truth underlying all religions and all faiths cannot be sectarian, nor can it be identified with any form of politics, or political agitation.*

*After I had seen Mme Blavatsky and Mr. Judge persecuted even unto death, not in a personal sense, but morally; after I had witnessed the attempts to destroy the Theosophical Society that was founded on these great inspiring truths, I knew that as long as I lived and perhaps afterwards there would be constant efforts to undo the Society unless it was safeguarded and protected. So, with the support of members all over the world, it was my pleasure to organize, or rather to re-organize, the Theosophical Society and merge it into the greater organization of the Universal Brotherhood. It is now 'The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society'; and the teachings sent out from the International Headquarters at Point Loma, through print and speech and example, are the same basic teachings of Theosophy which have been preserved through the ages and which were restated in this present age by Mme Blavatsky.*

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*Now, in trying to show the purpose of Theosophy and its great mission, let us pause a moment. Why was it that Mme Blavatsky brought these teachings to America? How did it happen? Was it not a very odd and eccentric thing this Russian woman did — brought up as she was in affluence, in the best society in Russia, gifted beyond the ordinary standards of literary ability, so that no matter where she lived she might have acquired fame and wealth through*

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*her writings? Why was it that she brought these teachings to America, I ask? That is one of the questions that possibly may come up in your thoughts. Her teachings were not mind-made nor originated by her; for she declares, in beautiful language that I will not attempt to quote, that none of these teachings were hers, that she had gathered them out of the mighty past. How was it that Mme Blavatsky, then, out of all the people in the world, undertook such a task? Is there any possible explanation except through accepting the teaching of Reincarnation?*

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*There is no question that her remarkable erudition, as shown in her wonderful books — read them, and judge for yourselves! — is proof that she had lived before, and had had experiences and gained knowledge in many lives, and that the immortal, divine spark in her soul had brought her along the pathway of life until she became conscious of the basic spiritual foundation of her nature. And when she found herself in poor depressed Russia with all its discouraging aspects; when in her travels she saw the unbrotherliness, the disintegrating forces that were everywhere in the world among all races of men on account of differences in belief — this belief and that belief, and hundreds of sects, even in the name of Christ — she must have been moved by something more than just her emotions, something more than her individual intellectual life and hopes. There must have been something more than these. It was knowledge — knowledge of man's possibilities. We cannot explain her in any other way; and so when her heart was touched by the sufferings of the world's children, when she found Russia in its terrible state of ignorance and unrest, when she saw the marked contrast between the rich and the poor, she felt what I call 'a divine urge,' something came to her. Out of the past? Yes! Out of her former lives? Yes! And what is more, she had that conviction and that quality of courage that all human beings must have when they undertake to overcome evil.*

*She knew her mission. Nothing could throw her aside; no one could discourage her; the more she was persecuted, the more she worked, and the same is true of William Q. Judge, her successor, with the result that the Society is today established on a basis of honor and dignity and integrity that is unassailable.*

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*And so Theosophy has plowed its way against all the opposition and the incredulity and the selfishness of the age. There is no power on earth that can stem the tide of Truth, and that is what Theosophy is — it is Truth.*

*We Theosophists are ready to say, as Madame Blavatsky herself said, that there will be a time when there will be no mysteries, if Theosophy is carried out in practice in everyday life. Theosophists are studying the inner teachings,*

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*and that is why they are so optimistic when the whole world is in a state of pessimism. That is why we are working for the establishment of brotherly love. What a great broad spirit of charity it throws over all! A Theosophist, more quickly than any other human being in the world, can forgive his enemy. Why? Because he knows that it is the ignorance of the age that has brought him to the point where he is, and because he is conscious that the immortal soul lives and progresses through different lives; he realizes that he is a soul. He knows that if he is to help on the progress of the human soul there must be no retaliation; there must be the spirit of forgiveness. Yet Theosophy teaches that we must defend the Truth, we must protest against evil. We do not impose Theosophy upon anyone, not even upon our enemies; for in Theosophy there is a superb charity, and that is what we need. We must learn to love our fellows better.*

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*Even the best of us know so little about love; the real Heart Doctrine is love and was taught by the ancients and taught by Mme Blavatsky. We all have much to learn, even those who do their best; we have yet to reach those deeper tones in human nature which proclaim compassion in all its greatness, in all its essential life, its spirituality. But we shall never know the true meaning of love and compassion, of self-forgetfulness and service to others, until we understand the mysteries in our own natures, those potential qualities that prove that man is verily immortal and that his soul is marching on through experience after experience in life after life.*

*We shall find that these great schools of experience are all open books of revelation, so that we shall learn in time to throw away our preconceived notions; to forgive the weaknesses of human nature and to stand for the greater things; to get away from unrest and incredulity, and come out open-minded, strong and pure, in the Light of the Divine Life.*

*This can only be done by carrying out the purposes of Theosophy and bringing home to discouraged humanity the message of brotherly love, and the knowledge that man is dual in nature. To know the truth, man must find the Inner Self and enter into the inner chambers of his Soul. He never can find his power until he has reached that point.*

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*All this takes time. As the child first begins to walk a few steps, and on and on, and afterwards can take great strides in the manly course of life, so it is with students of Theosophy. They must not only study, they must practise; they must profess less and work more and they must realize the preciousness of time. Every moment is so precious, so sacred. These opportunities will*

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*never come again. Today we must help man to find his own, to find his heritage; we must arouse in him that great courage of the soul which will enable him to face himself and his weaknesses. Through the power and the knowledge of Theosophy he can establish in his nature factors of self-conquest that will bring him to victories and victories along each life, until he reaches Perfection, which Theosophy teaches is within the reach of all men and is the goal of all Humanity.*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

## MAN'S ANCESTRY: SCIENCE COMES ROUND TO THEOSOPHICAL VIEWS

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

### NO 'END-ON' EVOLUTION



USEFUL summary of the present state of theories of human evolution, from the viewpoint of a particular writer, is afforded by a pamphlet entitled, 'The Problem of Man's Ancestry: by Professor F. Wood-Jones; published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London, 1918.' The author points out the antiquity of the idea of evolution, Darwin's connexion therewith, and the public misconception on these points.

"Charles Darwin did not, of course, discover, found, or invent evolution, he did not introduce it as a theory; but for the intellectual world of 1859 he explained a method by which it might have come about; and for all men he made it a real living factor which underlay every problem of biology."

Thus, while for the lay public Darwin's books produced opposed factions for and against evolution, for scientific men these books merely produced opposed schools of evolutionists — those who believed that natural selection was the means, and those who did not accept natural selection as the means of evolution.

"The expression 'end-on evolution' is applied to the theory that any animal represents a definite stage of progress along the scale of life, that it has evolved through the successive stages placed below it, and that its immediate ancestors are to be looked for in those types immediately beneath it in classification."

As a result of much subsequent research, however, it may be affirmed with safety of the biologist that,

"wherever his patient investigations into the ancestry and development of the lower types of animal life have been pushed home, he has *not* confirmed a belief in the existence of end-on evolution. Animal progress is far more complex than any procession climbing a long ladder.

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There are many ladders, and many climbing processions. The dictum that the highest member of the rank below develops into the lowest member of the rank above is the very reverse of truth, for the lowest member of the rank below and the lowest member of the rank above are more likely to prove akin."

As an instance of this, he considers the three great groups: Coelenterates (corals, anemone, hydra, etc.), Invertebrate Coelomates (worms, insects, spiders, etc.), and Vertebrate Coelomates (the great higher classes of backboned animals). In quite recent times it was believed that the highest of the Invertebrates were the immediate ancestors of the lowest of the Vertebrates, and that there was a real end-on evolution between these great groups. But the belief is now held by most biologists to be fallacious, and opinion has tended to turn lower and lower in the invertebrate scale in search of the ancestors of the vertebrates. Still more recent researches have rendered it practically certain that the Vertebrates do not arise from any of the Invertebrate Coelomates, and that a common origin for both great groups must be sought among the basal Coelenterates. To make this as clear as possible, we will call the three great groups A, B, and C; then, instead of C being descended from B, and B from A, the present conclusion is that C and B are both descended from A. Instead of a single stem running through A, B, and C successively, we have a root A with two branches, B and C. To quote from the author:

"Here we seem to have two old-established scales running side by side, each being wonderfully adapted and modified, but always retaining its definitely established structural bias. The one that leads to higher things does not arise from the blind-alley one, but both arise together from an extremely early form of life. One progresses so as to embrace within its phylum [stem] the highest forms of life, while the other led no farther than the spider, the lobster, and the scorpion."

In dealing with the great groups in general, we find that there is no single-line progress, and that it is not the highest member of the group below that leads to the lowest member of the group above. The affinities are between the lowest and most generalized members of all the groups. (Here we pause to ask if this last statement is not somewhat of a truism: things which are but little differentiated are more like each other than are things which are more differentiated; my father and I resembled each other much more closely when we were babies than when we were grown up.) Thus we get the analogy of a tree, in which the great groups of animals are represented by the branches, the subdivisions of those great groups by the smaller branches and twigs, and the main line of evolution by the trunk. The outbranching groups are linked by their most primitive members.

### WHAT OF THE MAMMALS?

HAVING thus laid down a principle for the middle part of the scale of life, the author proceeds to ask, What of its upper end? What of the

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mammalian series and its termination in the group of the Primates? And what of the culmination of the last group in Man?

Haeckel's work he stigmatizes as perhaps without parallel for its blind dogmatism, and as likely to be soon relegated to the 'Curiosa' in booksellers' lists.

"In 'The Last Link' . . . Haeckel traced the evolution of Man in twenty-six stages. In the twentieth stage Man had advanced to the level of a placental mammal, and the type of animal which marked his ancestry was a member of the '*Lemuravida*.' What the '*Lemuravida*' were no man knows, since they were a purely hypothetical group, invented by Haeckel for the purpose of filling in a gap. In the twenty-first stage advance was made to the '*Lemures*,' in the twenty-second to the '*Simiae*,' in the twenty-third to the typical Old-World monkeys. In the twenty-fourth stage the Anthropoid Apes were reached, in the twenty-fifth Pithecanthropus, the Javan fossil, develops; and typical man is easily arrived at in the twenty-sixth."

Huxley, though a more subtle thinker, led people to think that Man's origin along the final stages of the scale of life had been scientifically proved. Adopting a saying of Buffon's, in which Buffon said of the orang-outang that "as regards his body, he differs less from man than he does from other animals which are still called apes," Huxley said that "The structural differences which separate man from the gorilla and the chimpanzee are not so great as those which separate the gorilla from the lower apes." He came to the conclusion that a true end-on evolution was shown by man, the anthropoid apes, the monkeys, the lemurs, and the pronograde quadrupedal mammals.

It is thus seen that, according to this view of Haeckel and Huxley, and of others who support them, the latter end of the life-scale is on a different principle from the middle: it has end-on evolution, whereas this was shown to have broken down in the case of the middle part of the life-scale.

As to the belief that the ancestors of man were once four-footed creatures supporting their weight equally on all four members, and carrying their body parallel with the ground, the author says that no attentive student of human anatomy can possibly believe this to be true; and quotes Klaatsch to the effect that "Man and his ancestors were never quadrupeds as the dog or the elephant or the horse."

"It is enough to study the hand and forearm of man to note the astonishingly primitive arrangement of bones, muscles, and joints, to compare them with those of a primitive type of reptile, and to contrast them with those of a quadrupedal mammal, to be certain that at no period has man or his ancestors supported the body weight upon the fore-limb resting upon the surface of the earth. One thing is certain concerning the anatomy of man, and that is that he has retained a fore-limb practically unaltered from the dawn period of mammalian history, and that this fore-limb has never been a supporting structure as has the corresponding member in such an animal as a horse."

As it is therefore hopeless to expect light on man's origin from a search among the quadrupeds, the author rules them out and tries the quadru-

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mana, or, to use the now-preferred term, the Primates. This Order includes (1) Lemurs or Strepsirrhini, (2) New-World Monkeys or Platyrrhini, (3) Old-World Monkeys or Catarrhini, (4) Anthropoid Apes (also Catarrhini), (5) Man. To this list of groups the author adds Tarsius, to provide a place for a curious little animal of that name which lives in the Malayan Islands, and which, though at present classed with the Lemurs, is not a Lemur, but a true monkey, the most primitive (though specialized) of all the non-lemurine Primates. Thus we are left with the following conjectural sequence of groups leading to Man: Lemurs, Tarsius, New-World Monkeys, Old-World Monkeys, Anthropoid Apes.

From this list the author rules out the Lemurs; they cannot be regarded either as belonging to the monkey group or as ancestral of it; they do not belong to the Primate stem. This leaves Tarsius, the monkeys, and the anthropoid apes as possible ancestors of man. Before proceeding to consider the relations between these groups and man, the author issues a caution against mistakes that may arise from false analogies. We must not merely look for likenesses, but must also ask the significance of such likenesses. Likenesses may be due to the fact that both animals are primitive, a circumstance which admitted the lemurs to Primate rank. Animals leading similar lives, subject to similar influences, tend to grow alike by a process of adaptation, a tendency expressed by the term 'convergence.' In fishes, types of the same general appearance and habit have been developed repeatedly from utterly different groups in widely separated geological periods. In Molluscs, the same shell may be made over and over again in geological history and by animals utterly unrelated by time or by affinity. These phenomena were overlooked in Huxley's day, says the author. We must be careful how we use likeness as tests for affinity and ancestry. The mere fact that the anthropoids are big like man is not enough; and if both have been arboreal, they may have converged in certain features owing to this circumstance.

### HOW MAN DIFFERS FROM APES

MAN differs from all the anthropoid apes and monkeys in three general directions: (1) He does not possess certain features which may be termed simian or pithecoïd specializations; (2) he retains a large number of very primitive features which have been lost by the monkeys and anthropoid apes; (3) he has developed some distinctly human specializations, some of which are dependent on his upright posture, but some quite independent of this fact. Among the simian features which man has avoided must be ranked that type of brain development which expresses itself in the 'Simian sulcus' and is so distinctive of all Old-World monkeys

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and apes. Many simian types of muscle, artery, etc. are absent in man; and the loss of the thumb, the development of cheek pouches and laryngeal sacs, and the presence of ischial callosities may also be mentioned. As to number 2:

“The human skull shows a great number of features in which a condition of basal mammalian primitiveness is retained and which offer a marked contrast to the same parts in all monkeys and apes. In the base of the human skull, and upon the sides of the brain-case, the bones articulate in an order which is that characteristic of the primitive mammal. In these regions the human skull shows a condition exactly like that of the lemurs. But all the monkeys and anthropoid apes (with one exception) have lost this primitive arrangement and follow an utterly different plan. No monkey or anthropoid ape approaches near to man in the primitive simplicity of the nasal bones.

“The structure of the back wall of the orbit, the ‘metopic’ suture, the form of the jugal bone, the condition of the internal pterygoid plate, the teeth, etc., all tell the same story — that the human skull is built upon remarkably primitive mammalian lines, which have been departed from in some degree by all monkeys and apes.”

In speaking of muscles, he mentions the pectoralis minor, which passes from the ribs to the fore-limb. In man it is attached to the fore-limb at the coracoid process of the shoulder-girdle; in the anthropoid apes it is attached in part to the process, and in part to a ligament which passes downwards to the humerus. In many quadrupedal mammals it is attached altogether to the humerus. Now, if we follow the sequence of quadrupeds, lemurs, monkeys, apes, man, we shall say that in evolution this muscle has crept up from the humerus to the coracoid process; whereas the reverse is the truth. The coracoid process is the primitive attachment of this muscle, and this attachment is retained by man and some other exceedingly primitive animals. But by stages this primitive arrangement is lost in monkeys and apes, and is most widely departed from in the so-called lower quadrupedal mammals. And this story is only an instance, typical of many morphological facts. We cannot spare space to follow the author in his other instances, but they lead to the conclusion that *the search for man's ancestors must be pushed a very long way back.*

“It is difficult to imagine how a being whose body is replete with features of basal mammalian simplicity can have sprung from any of those animals in which so much of this simplicity has been lost. It becomes impossible to picture man as being descended from any form at all like the recent monkeys or anthropoid apes, or from their fossil representatives. Man must have come from the Primate stem at an extraordinarily early period. He must have started an independent line of his own, long before the anthropoid apes and the monkeys developed those specializations which shaped their definite evolutionary destinies.”

From an examination of the skeleton of the early individual discovered at Chapelle-aux-Saints, Professor Boule of Paris concluded that

“ ‘Man has been derived neither from the Anthropoid stem nor from any other known group. But from a very ancient Primate stock that separated from the main line even before the giving off of the Lemuroids.’ ”

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Reverting now to Tarsius, the author seeks a place for it, and says:

“The pre-human member of the human stock would probably be a small animal, and we would not venture on a nearer guess than that which anyone is free to make as to the identity of an animal intermediate between a Tarsius-like form and man.”

Tarsius, like man, shows primitive cranial architecture, his kidney is formed on human lines, his aortic arch is arranged as in man, and he shares with man the basal mammalian simplicity of the Primate group. He remains today a specialized primitive Primate, nearer akin to man than any known animal. He dates back, as *Anaptomorphus*, to the base of the Eocene, when he has already gained his own peculiar specializations. But as regards man, fossil evidence is lacking; and we therefore apply another test — that of the doctrine which states that every organism, in its development from the egg, runs through a series of forms through which in like succession its ancestors have passed in history. We seek to determine whether those characters which are distinctive of man as a species are acquired early or late in the development of the human embryo. Haeckel had taught that a human embryo could not be distinguished from that of an anthropoid ape until the fourth or fifth month; but this has been given up. One specific human character is that the premaxilla has ceased to exist as a separate bone in the human face, whereas in apes and monkeys it is mapped out by suture lines marking its juncture with the maxillary bones. Does this feature appear very late in the development of the human embryo? On the contrary, it is established as soon as the future bones are first represented as cartilaginous nuclei. Hence this feature, so early acquired in foetal growth, must have been acquired early in history, and the human species must be very old indeed. Man must be a very primitive animal, originating at the base of the Primate stem and acquiring his specific characters at a very remote date.

Again, in the human foot the great toe is the largest, while the monkeys and apes have the toes arranged like fingers, with the longest in the middle. The human foot, as soon as formed in the embryo, has the human type. Man has walked upright for an astonishingly long period.

### ARE APES DESCENDED FROM MAN?

WE here call special attention to the following, as interesting to Theosophists:

“If man is a more primitive mammal than are the monkeys and apes, and if he undoubtedly belongs to their phylum, then it follows that far from being a descendant of the apes, *he may be looked on as their ancestor.*”

And Klaatsch is quoted to the effect that

“When the whole evidence is reviewed, the monkeys and apes are found to be best regarded ‘as degenerated branches of the pre-human stock.’”

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Not less welcome, in our opinion, will be found the following:

“Our hypothesis also demands that any so-called missing link would be very unlike the popular picture of *a brutish slouching creature made more horrible than any gorilla by a dawning touch of humanity*. This missing-link picture must be deleted from our minds, and I find no occupation less worthy of the science of anthropology than the not unfashionable business of modelling, painting, or drawing these nightmare products of imagination, and lending them in the process an utterly false value of apparent reality.”

From the Eocene deposits of Egypt are two types, *Parapithecus* and *Propliopithecus*, which hold promise of revealing the ancestral forms which begat the human stock. In the Miocene occur the remains of real anthropoid apes. This suggests the idea that many stocks may have departed from the primitive pre-human lines, and that many may have become extinct.

If we discover missing links, they may be *missing links in the ancestry of the anthropoids*, not lost ancestors of man.

It is possible that not all human races arose from one common point of departure, thinks the author.

Enormous demands on time are made by these views, and indeed we are getting more and more liberal in our allowances. At Talgai in Queensland in 1884 a skull was unearthed, highly fossilized; and though we cannot assign it to any geological age definable in Europe, we know that this and other human beings were contemporary in Australia with huge species of pouched mammals which are now extinct. Remains of the dog have been found at the same early period. Now the fauna of Australia consists of pouched animals, which have existed in isolation on the island continent. The author supposes the man and his dog to have come in a boat, which implies an advanced degree of culture. Moreover he was already racially differentiated — an “Australian native”; and when his fellow-men from outside visited his descendants with Cook and La Pérouse, they found them after this enormous interval but little, if any, advanced.

We need not therefore be surprised that man should have chipped flints during the Miocene period when so many anthropoid apes were flourishing. The human origin of these ‘eoliths’ is now very generally admitted.

In concluding, the author thinks the time has come for a restatement of the problem of human evolution; that the knowledge scattered broadcast in 1859 has not benefited humanity, because of the unfortunate impression that man has originated after an *acute and bloody struggle for existence*, and by a process of survival of the fittest, from an existing anthropoid ape; that the times through which we are now passing owe something of their making to these beliefs. The evidence for an alterna-

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tive theory is at hand, and upon this evidence he urges a reconsideration of the teaching of the immediate post-Darwinian school.

“Man is no new-begot child of the ape, born of a chance variation, bred of a bloody struggle for existence upon pure brutish lines. Such an idea must be dismissed by humanity, and such an idea must cease to exert any influence upon conduct. We did not reach our present level by these means; certainly we shall never attain a higher level by intensifying them. Were man to regard himself as being an extremely ancient type, distinguished now, and differentiated in the past, purely by the qualities of his mind, and were he to regard existing Primates as misguided and degenerated failures of his ancient stock, I think it would be something gained for the ethical outlook of humanity — and it would be a belief consistent with present knowledge.”

### WHAT THEOSOPHY TEACHES

THUS far we have followed the author of the pamphlet, and we now proceed to comment. It is well known that Theosophists, since H. P. Blavatsky, have contended with might and main for a nobler view of human nature and origin, and have contended that such a view alone is consistent with the facts and with their just interpretation — the two points with which the author concludes.

The idea that the Anthropoids are from man, rather than man from the Anthropoids — an idea advocated above and which is cropping up more frequently elsewhere of late — is also strenuously insisted on by H. P. Blavatsky.

“The pithecoids, the orang-outang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee *can*, and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do*, descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race, being the product of man and an extinct species of mammal — whose *remote* ancestors were themselves the product of Lemurian bestiality — which lived in the Miocene age. The ancestry of this semi-human monster is explained in the Stanzas as originating in the sin of the ‘Mind-less’ races of the middle Third-Race period.”  
— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 683

It is thus definitely stated, as an integral part of the body of ancient teachings known as the Secret Doctrine, that these anthropoids have *descended* from the human stem; and that this took place at a very remote epoch. We must bear in mind that the present Root-Race is the Fifth, which is stated to have been in existence as an independent race for 850,000 years; so that the sin of those Fourth-Race men must have taken place at least a million years ago. Notice too that the process was in two stages, the first of these being of still older date; for the Lemurians were Third-Race. Still such figures should cause no stumbling-block to geologists, calculating by estimated rate of deposition and thickness of strata.

Other quotations from *The Secret Doctrine* to the same effect are:

“The anatomical resemblances between Man and the Anthropoids — grossly exaggerated as they are by Darwinists, as M. de Quatrefages shows — are simply enough ‘accounted for’ when the origin of the latter is taken into consideration. . . . Nowhere in the older de-

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posits is an ape to be found that approximates more closely to man, or a man that approximates more closely to an ape. . . . 'The same gulf which is found today between Man and Ape, goes back with undiminished breadth and depth to the Tertiary period.' (Pfaff.)"  
—*Ibid.*, II, 87

Professor Pfaff, of the University of Erlangen, is again cited to the effect that

“ ‘We find one of the most man-like apes (gibbon), in the *tertiary period*, and this species is *still in the same low grade*, and *side by side* with it at the end of the Ice-period, man is found in the same high grade as today, the ape not having approximated more nearly to the man, and modern man not having become further removed from the ape than the first (fossil) man.’ ”  
—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 681-2

De Quatrefages said that it is rather the apes that can claim descent from man than vice versa. As proven by Gratiolet, the development of the skull and brain, and of the intelligence, in apes during their lifetime, is in the opposite direction from what it is in man; for whereas man's brain and mind improve with the years of his age, those of the ape deteriorate as he grows older. This indicates, according to biological law, that the ape is a descending product, not an ascending one.

But we cannot encumber the page with quotations from the ample discussions which H. P. Blavatsky gives to the question of the alleged analogies between Man and Anthropoid. Let us pass to another point.

In the pamphlet we have been reviewing, the scheme of evolution has been compared to a tree with many branches representing the various Orders and their Groups. Each of these leads back to the trunk of the tree, from which they all diverge. We have been asked to consider at what point the branch corresponding to Man was given off from the trunk; and we have been shown that it is necessary to go very far back to find the junction. In short, the scale of animal life seems to consist mostly of side-lines, and we begin to wonder if there are any animals at all which we can claim as our ancestors, seeing that so many of them rank as cousins of the *n*th degree. To what is all this tending?

### MAN PRECEDES ANIMALS IN THIS ROUND

WE answer our own question by saying that it is tending to the truth — that is, to the ancient teachings outlined by H. P. Blavatsky. For she says:

“When it is borne in mind that all forms which now people the earth are so many variations on *basic types* originally thrown off by the MAN of the Third and Fourth Round, such an evolutionist argument as that insisting on the ‘unity of structural plan’ characterizing all vertebrates, loses its edge. . . . The human type is the repertory of all potential organic forms, and the central point from which these latter radiate.”  
—*Ibid.*, II, 683

“So far as our present *Fourth-Round* terrestrial period is concerned, the mammalian fauna

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are alone to be regarded as traceable to prototypes shed by Man. The amphibia, birds, reptiles, fishes, etc., are the resultants of the Third Round.” —*Ibid.*, II, 684

In short, the teaching is that, in this Round of evolution (which includes the four Root-Races mentioned) *Man preceded the mammals*; they were a later stage of evolution. This does not mean that they are descended from man by propagation. It means that man furnishes the astral models or prototypes for them. Man is indeed the most ancient type of all. And here it becomes essential to recognise that evolution is necessarily a twofold process.

“Man is the *alpha and the omega of objective creation*. As said in *Isis Unveiled*, ‘all things had their origin in spirit — evolution having originally begun from above and proceeding downwards.’ . . . There has been a gradual materialization of forms until a fixed ultimate of debasement is reached. This point is that at which the doctrine of modern evolution enters into the arena of speculative hypothesis.” —*Ibid.*, II, 170, 190

Thus we have the type of the ‘Heavenly Man,’ descending into Matter and causing an upward evolution of visible forms. But the process is far more complex than can be explained in a brief article.

### MAN’S DIVINE ANCESTRY

THUS the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky in her writings are being day by day vindicated; and as long as science is faithful to truth and fact, they are bound to be vindicated. It is comforting to know that scientific men are coming round to the view that man is not of degraded ancestry, and that the theories which said he was are erroneous. Nothing more outrageous can be imagined than those pictures and images of man’s supposed semi-animal ancestors — beasts with a horrible gleam of human intelligence in their eyes — that are set up in museums and even shown to children in schools as object-lessons. And the result of such hypnotic suggestions is seen in the outbreak of violence and reliance on brute force.

Man himself knows better than that. He knows that his Mind is not from the animals; and he demands that science shall demonstrate this by appeal to the facts. This has already been done by Theosophy, and science is inevitably following the lead. If we trace back the history of man (in *this* Round) we shall never come upon a time when he was not a fully developed being, a complete man, inseparably differentiated from the animals, as he is now; a distinct species, complete in himself. We shall find civilization preceding civilization back into the remotest past. And even though science were right as to the origin of man’s body, the problem as to the origin of his Mind would still remain as unsolved as ever.

It is truly a nightmare of the mind that *science* should ever be regarded as the prophet of a soulless animalism; and it will be a great relief to many that the theories which support that gospel are false. To have one’s

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intellect and one's conscience arrayed against each other on opposing sides is a terrible predicament; and glad we shall therefore be to find that this is not necessary. There do seem to be some people, whether rightly claiming the name of scientific men or not, interested in having us believe that we are more or less helpless victims of our animal nature. We are not; for whatever may be the origin and descent of our animal nature, we have, as men, our *divine nature*. The divine spark in man renders his mind entirely *sui generis* — of its own kind. He is the child of spiritual beings who existed before there was any physical man at all. And whatever we may believe as to this, we have our own nature to study; searching into which we may find abundantly the evidences of man's divinity.

## LARKSPURS

By K. N., a Râja-Yoga Student

WHEN God made you, he must have stood  
In silent, meditative mood  
An aeon or eternity,  
Pond'ring spring-delights to be;  
And all the blueness of his eyes  
Came streaming through the sun-lit skies,  
And he made you; but first he stood  
An age in some sweet mystic mood:

And wandering the garden through,  
I came upon your bed of blue,  
I saw you through the bamboo trees —  
And oh, the world was filled with peace,  
And deep sweet blueness — and I knew  
God's secret thoughts when he made you.

## DUSK

KENNETH MORRIS

IT is impossible to be alone here, even in this little  
cabin room,  
After beholding the Glory of God through the somber  
splendor of twilight loom,  
And the violet dusk of the mountains quiver, and the  
Holy of holies glow through the gloom.

Dusk as a brooding spirit whispered over the face of  
the harrowed field;  
Dusk as a dim-winged dragon darkened over the bay  
where the flame-points reeled;  
As an angel, veiled and flaming-sworded, watched at  
the gates of the Unrevealed.

Over the bay the lights of the city, a thousand blossoms  
of yellow flame,  
Gleamed and twinkled out of the blue and ash-gray  
darkness, and there came  
A slow wind thence: a murmurous rumor: human passion,  
sadness, shame.

And I beheld God in the mountains; God in the iris  
glow of the sky;  
And I beheld in the throbbing lights of the city, God  
in his agony —  
A heart-beat: a lamentation: an impassioned, low,  
insatiate cry.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## DUTY AND DESIRE

R. MACHELL

O most people, I suppose, Duty and Desire appear to be eternally opposed. Everyone knows the meaning of Desire; but it is probable that many would express their idea of Duty in ways that might imply a very vague understanding of the word; yet all would probably agree that Duty is a sense of obligation: a compelling force, that constantly urges people to resist and to oppose the prompting impulse of Desire.

Desire would seem to be inseparable from life; but that is looking on it as a universal principle, whereas the ordinary man naturally thinks of it as a purely personal impulse, which is so closely bound up with his life as to appear natural and unavoidable. Yet under the urge of Duty he will endeavor to conquer his desires, in detail, if not in general. But in doing so he will probably feel that he is sacrificing a personal right at the call of a higher power, not clearly understood, though recognised as good and very powerful. But, as this higher power is opposed to what he may well consider his natural right to indulge his natural desires, it will certainly have in it, for him, a quality of arbitrary compulsion, that will inevitably excite a certain degree of resentful opposition, as to the interference of a superior will.

It seems to be generally supposed that a sense of duty is acquired by education, and is distinctly an addition to the mental equipment of the ordinary man; but few would hesitate to declare that their desires are their own natural and inherent tendencies. But these popular ideas are not very firmly based on fact, nor well supported by philosophy: for while Desire is assuredly a universal principle from which none are exempt, particular desires may be acquired by imitation, association, or education. And it may be said that Duty is no more than a sense of the eternal fitness of things, a conviction that there is a right and a wrong in everything; and an inherent natural recognition of fitness, that enables a man to do right without being taught how to do it.

It is undeniable that some people are so highly evolved that their desires do not clash with their sense of duty; and that consequently in their case Duty and Desire may seem to coincide. But it is probable that in most cases of this kind the agreement between the two opposing forces consists in a judicious compromise that would hardly bear closer examination.

It is self-evident that life, as we know it here on earth, is inseparable

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from desire; but it is conceivable that life of a kind might continue, for a time at least, without the controlling influence of a sense of duty. But it is doubtful if HUMAN life could so continue; for man is not merely an animal, and even in a state of degraded savagery, human beings show a ruling sense of right and wrong, and a recognition of the fitness of things, that might be fitly called a sense of duty.

All men who attempt to live in association with their fellows recognise the obligation of the individual to the community. In some way or other the individual is expected to subordinate his personal desires to consideration for the welfare of the whole group. And this is Duty: the recognition of a higher power, with its right to control the individual's inherent and natural right to gratify his own desire in his own way.

Looked at from this point of view Duty and Desire would seem to be opposing forces; for while Duty might seem to be a unifying force; Desire, being apparently personal, must be considered as a disintegrating force, which, uncontrolled, would make each individual the servant of his own elemental nature, through which Desire acts, if indeed it does not, as some think, arise in that individual elemental self or personality.

A philosopher may say that all actions spring from Desire, and that there are no such things as involuntary acts: but the ordinary man is not willing to accept so much responsibility. He prefers to believe that many of his acts are not done by his own will, but are forced upon him by nature, or custom, or tradition, or the superior will of some person or group of persons, that he is not strong enough to oppose. So the average person would not understand how it could be that Desire was the cause of all action. Yet it is obviously so: for no matter how strong the pressure of will brought to bear upon an individual may be, when he finally consents to act, it is in accordance with his desire to escape the pain of further resistance, or the fear of possible consequences if the resistance be maintained. His body may be moved by a superior force indeed, and that motion might be involuntary, but it would not be action. There may be involuntary motion, but not involuntary action. Action is voluntary, because it is accomplished by the will of the actor, whatever may be the influences bearing upon his will.

But the ordinary man does not care to reason closely, and finds it simpler to renounce responsibility for acts that he thinks discreditable, by saying they were done under compulsion.

In the same way we must distinguish between Duty as a general principle and any particular set of duties: for while the former is Man's sense of the fitness of things, which is felt rather than reasoned; which is intuitively perceived rather than learned or acquired; the latter may be wholly the result of education and environment; and is often no

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more than a keen sense of the conduct that will prove most advantageous. Duty in itself is that which is right, fitting to the occasion, and conformable to Nature's law, or the eternal fitness of things.

The question of its desirability is merely a question of the power of a man's intelligence to perceive its fitness, for it is hardly possible that an intelligent person could say that what is right, fitting, and proper can be undesirable to the one who knows its fitness. And yet Duty most generally appears to be opposed to our desires. A man may perform acts that are distasteful to him in obedience to his sense of duty, but he will generally do so to gratify his desire for the reward of virtue, which is self-satisfaction. This is of course merely the triumph of the stronger desire. But the duty might be done simply because it was felt to be right; in which case personal desire would be over-stepped by a higher law, the law of the eternal fitness of things, which is the law of the spiritual world in which the higher self of man dwells.

The virtuous man does not necessarily act according to that law. He does not act 'because right is right' but because it is more pleasant to him to do right. He may have so purified his desires as to bring them almost into line with Duty, and he may persuade himself that he is acting from a sense of Duty, when in reality he is still the slave of Desire.

"The wise man," it is said, "does good as naturally as he breathes." What then is Virtue?

Virtue would seem to be the submission of the lower mind to the will of the higher self, which acts naturally in accord with the spiritual law, the law of its own being, and which might appear as the law of necessity.

It is said that the animals, and creatures other than man, do act according to natural laws, and so are mostly free from the ills that man brings upon himself by his constant resistance to Nature's laws, while attempting to gratify his unnatural desires — *unnatural* because perverted by his imagination and changed from natural functions serving a legitimate purpose to means of satisfying the mere craving for sensation intensified beyond the natural condition by the misuse of the mind. In this sense the animals are sinless: their personal desires are really almost impersonal, being but the natural propensities of their species. They live according to the Law, but man has revolted against Nature, and must suffer accordingly.

When we contemplate man's vices, we are inclined to say that he is lower than the brutes; but when we meditate upon his possibilities we wonder if indeed he is not near akin to the Gods. He at least is able to set his will against that of Nature and to defy the law of his own being. Man is indeed a paradox.

But Theosophy explains the apparent contradiction of his nature by

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showing that man is a complex being, whose various principles have evolved more or less independently in their own proper spheres of life, until the general plan of the universe brings them together, to continue their evolution united in the strange sevenfold creature known as man; whose physical body, dwelling on this earth, serves as the temporary instrument of those various psychic and spiritual forces that make up his inner nature.

Thus while man's visible body has developed on this earth subject to laws similar to, if not identical with, those that rule the animal world, his inner nature comes to this earth as a stranger, descending into contact with a grosser element, and making the mind of man a place of experiment and of experience, through which to gain knowledge of the new instrument that is to be its future vehicle. The lower man, having up to that time been subject to the laws of physical nature, is not able at once to recognise the fitness of the new régime, and resists the attempts of this higher and more ethereal being to raise his gross nature to a purer and more spiritual condition. Hence the conflict between Duty and Desire.

This conflict, with which we are all familiar in ourselves, though we may not all have explained it in the same manner, disturbs the balance of forces in the body and mind, and produces sickness and mental discord: this means disease, which is always with us in our present stage; insanity, which is at present so alarmingly on the increase; and crime, which is rapidly becoming epidemic. These things writ large spell War, or the disturbance of national health, which latter is Peace.

Periodically the lower nature rises in revolt, and tries to throw off the control of the intruding higher Self, proclaiming its right to return to its former quasi-animal state, which is impossible: evolution leads upward and onward; there are doorways that, once passed, cannot be reopened: the chicken cannot get back into the egg from which it has emerged; Man cannot rebecome an animal.

"The mind is like a mirror"; it reflects both the higher and the lower worlds, so that a man may well wonder which is his true self, as he alternately seeks to identify himself with one or other of these selves.

Through all the confusion, however, he can recognise two great forces, between which he oscillates: Duty, and Desire — the impulse proceeding from the higher and the lower groups of elemental principles in his complex being. Sometimes indeed he may think of himself as the victim of these two opposing forces. Then he is in a bad way, unless he can rise above them both into his Supreme Self and look down on the conflict from above. If he fail in this he will find himself the battlefield, in which the opposing forces will fight out the endless conflict. The attainment of the Place of Peace is the object of true Yoga. It is the finding of

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the Self. One who can reach this Place of Peace has attained Self-knowledge.

But such a state implies the centering of his whole consciousness for the time in his higher or spiritual self: the lower man remaining in a relatively unconscious condition may be unable to give any clear account of the interior experience or of its effects upon his normal mind. He would probably be unable to speak of those experiences except in terms of symbol and allegory, even if he should try to do so.

If, therefore, you should find so-called Yogis collecting fees for lessons in Yoga, you may be quite certain their science is not of the true kind. Spiritual instruction is never sold. The Path to Self-knowledge lies through your own heart.

The attainment of spiritual illumination means the identification of the Self with the Spiritual Soul, that usually only overshadows the human being, and is perhaps by him regarded as a Guardian Spirit, a guide, a Master, or a God. Theosophy calls it the true Self. Therefore such experiences must always be secret, or sacred: and the penalty for profanation of these mysteries is the inevitable confusion of mind that ensues, with all its consequences.

Mystics who try to express these things are naturally unintelligible to the multitude, and frequently fall victim themselves to the confusion of mind naturally caused by their violation of natural law.

But there are psychic and astral experiences which are not spiritual in the true sense, being in fact little more than pictures of that vast border-land that lies between the normal plane of material life and the pure altitudes of the spiritual world. And those who delight to wander, in imagination, in these regions of delusion, are generally quite ready to narrate their experiences and their dreams to all who will listen to them. But this world of delusion is as unhealthy as the regions to be entered by the use of drugs; and "that way madness lies" --

The path of spiritual evolution is the path of Duty. The gratification of curiosity is the path of Desire.

When we speak of Duty and Desire as opposed to one another, we imply that there is a Self that can choose between these two paths. And when we try to state clearly what we mean by the two terms, we find that our position is fluctuating between them. The confusion of mind that follows is fully explained by the teachings of Theosophy as to the sevenfold constitution of man. But for all ordinary purposes it is enough to recognise that the Self is the middle principle, with a higher nature above it, appealing to the Self by ideals of Duty, Right, fitness of things: and below a lower nature pulling downwards in the direction of the animal world and the subhuman kingdoms of nature, with impulses that are

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generally called Desires. The Self may rise to the higher or sink to the lower, while still the Self.

The word Desire is used in higher philosophical discussion for the Elemental Spirit of Life; that which impels Nature to create or to manifest itself. But when talking of Man, in relation to Duty and Desire, we must confine the meaning of our terms within narrower bounds; and so we may say that Desire in regard to man is the craving for experience or for sensation (in the broadest sense of the word).

It is the expression of the Ego, it is egotism, which in its narrowest form is called selfishness, and in its highest may be called aspiration, or a glorified ambition, scarcely to be distinguished from the selfless aspiration of the true Yogi: though the difference is immense; for in the one case the Egoism has been enlarged till it has reached the bursting point — that is to say, vanity gone mad; while in the other the sense of Self has disappeared, being merged in the Universal; and spiritual law has taken the place of individual desire as the ruling power in life. In this case there would be no question of conflict between Duty and Desire, because in the higher light of Truth those opposites would appear as two modes of one force, which is that which causes Life.

The reconciliation of these apparent opposites or their transmutation is going on all the time in daily life, for the most profound truths are expressed in the most commonplace events of life, and may be recognised there by those who have intuition enough to know the truth when they see it. Their name is not Legion, however.

“The wise man does good as naturally as he breathes.” And how does he breathe? How do we breathe? Is it done as a duty, or is it from a desire for the experience? Is it not generally done unconsciously, because it is necessary to bodily life, as the body is at present constituted? And are not certain acts of benevolence frequently done in the same way, by those who have developed benevolence in their nature until to some extent it has become natural to them?

Do we not all know that education generally presents itself to us as an attempt to conquer desires, and to perform duties, by efforts of will, which in time become habitual and are forgotten, leaving only the acquired habit, which soon becomes an unconscious action involving neither duty nor desire? Had we been able to feel the fitness of such conduct from the first, there would have been no need for an appeal to the sense of Duty, nor for a struggle with the demon of Desire. It would have been sufficient to know the right to do it.

In some rare cases this occurs; while in others there is an instinctual revolt against Duty — a revolt that is obviously a survival of vicious habits, and of a complete surrender to the lower nature, and that has come

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over from a previous incarnation, helped perhaps by heredity; but which is not natural to man, nor is it incurable. The self may be aroused to assert itself; the soul may be enabled to make its guidance felt; and evolution may again become possible to such a castaway soul.

Old-fashioned ideas of Duty were harsh, and the old methods of education were rude and violent; but there was discipline of a kind, and there was recognition of Duty as necessary to man: and Desire was a thing to be purified, at least. But with an age of so-called liberty, the old harsh methods gave way; and nothing at all adequate took their place: the bars were let down, and discipline was almost forgotten. The results are evident today. The world has lost its way once more in the long pilgrimage of earth-life, and it is trying strenuously to find the path again.

The path is not lost, though the human race may be: for the path is everywhere and cannot lose itself. It is for man to find it, and he must find it first in himself. He must learn that Duty is self-discipline, and the object of discipline is conformance to natural law. Compulsory discipline is a temporary expedient, and violence is a poor substitute for authority.

Authority itself is misunderstood, for it should be the natural expression of a superior nature, fulfilling its mission as leader or teacher to less evolved beings. All discipline is merely preparatory for true education, which is the awakening of the inner man or soul.

True education is what the world needs, and true education is impossible without faith in the inner possibilities that may be called out; for education is the *calling out* of that which is hidden within.

Faith of this kind, faith in the inherent divinity of man, is what is most needed today. Faith; and discrimination, to know the truth when we see it; to recognise truth by the light of one's own soul, which would be impossible if man were not inherently divine.

The world has lost this faith, or has been robbed of it, and has been supplied with a poor substitute that fails in the great trial of life. Faith in one's own divinity implies faith in the divinity of all other human beings; and that means the spiritual union of humanity on the spiritual plane, and Universal Brotherhood on the mental and physical plane. Brotherhood is a fact in nature; and it must be recognised, if the world is to find the lost path, and to recover the lost word, to unlock the temple of the mysteries of life.

Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, alone can supply the key to the ancient mysteries, which are no more than the problems of life that face us today as they faced the ancients of old. The ancient Wisdom has often been forgotten or perverted by men in the past, and many are

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the nations that have gone to ruin for lack of the light of Truth to guide them. Shall it be so again? The world seems bent on self-destruction now; and yet we hear optimists declare that all will come right in time, that the discord and fury of destruction is merely a passing symptom, and so on. Yes, a raging delirium may be only a symptom of a passing fever; yes, the fever may burn itself out, but also the patient may die in the process. So it has been with many past civilizations. Shall it be so again?

The shallow optimist says "Time will set everything right!" But what is Time? Is it a god who will come among us and right the wrongs of men? Is not time merely another name for opportunity?

We may say that Time brings us opportunities; but it is we human beings who must use them. Time cannot set our feet upon the path of progress: we must do it ourselves.

Men sow seeds of wrong, of hate, of war, of violence, of greed, and of injustice, and then expect Time to make those seeds bring forth a crop of Peace, Prosperity, and Love in the world. No! It is not so that Nature works; the Law of Life is stated plainly in the words: "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap."

Man has sown war and is still sowing the same seeds; what can Time do but mature the crop, and bring in the inevitable harvest of destruction? "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. . . ." The Law is eternal; and so is Life; but man's civilization is temporary and ephemeral. The question is, whether it shall be of such a kind as to prepare the way for a higher state, or shall it be a mere repetition of past failures. Man must decide; and as he acts so shall it be. For man is the maker of man's destiny — "As he sows, so shall he reap."

The trouble in the world comes from man's slavish obedience to his own desires, and to his neglect of Duty — and these errors are the result of his loss of intuition, which is the prompting of his own soul, the guidance of his own higher nature, in which he has lost faith. His only hope now lies in his power to reawaken his own soul, and to recover faith in his own divinity. This can be done only by an effort of Will. No one can do it for him. Time will not do it. Self-mastery is the key to faith, and faith releases the will, which is the creative power, the maker of destiny.

The evolution of humanity depends upon the will of humanity to evolve. Time is not will, and cannot perform the miracles expected by some optimistic shirkers, who hope to get evolution vicariously without effort of their own. These are the shirkers, who do not realize their true position in life as molders of destiny.

The making of destiny is man's work; for man has the power to evoke the creative will in himself, and to raise himself to his full height

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as a Soul incarnate. Self-knowledge is the aim of evolution; and therefore man's duty is to rouse the soul in him, and to feel the responsibility that is his by virtue of his inherent divinity.

As soon as a man begins to assert his own will in the control of his desires, he becomes aware of power at his command that he had not dreamed of; and with consciousness of power comes self-respect, and a sense of solidarity with the higher powers of Nature. Then Duty will appear as an inspiration rather than an obligation.

Duty, being that which is due, fitting, right, and necessary, can never be escaped, but it may be assimilated by one who has freed himself from even the consciousness of desire, fulfilling every duty spontaneously, so attaining self-mastery, and identifying his will with the Divine Will. Thus only can he be free from both Duty and Desire, and thus alone can he reach "the peace that passeth all understanding."

Until this is accomplished, it is a mere delusion to claim exemption from Duty on the plea of submission to a Higher Law. The only exemption from Duty comes with its fulfilment; only so can a man claim the protection of the Higher Law.

Those who are under the Higher Law have accepted higher duties and heavier responsibilities: they are free perhaps from the smaller duties, but only in appearance; for the higher include the lower, even if they be changed in form. The sense of freedom, that all men desire, is, paradoxically, only to be attained by mastering desire; the first step towards the mastering of desire is the right performance of Duty.

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



WHO has not been in a mood he does not like, wishes were away, tries to shake off and cannot: a cloud, of which the shaking off, if we could but do it, would allow our true nature to be seen? We all say 'shake off,' knowing and so expressing in the words that it is something outside us, not ourselves.

With the mood there are thoughts that we do not want, either; not at all such thoughts as we would encourage; thoughts that jar on us as much as they might surprise anyone who could see them in our minds. Yet they persist, will not be stopped or ousted, dig and gnaw and fret

\*An address given at the Isis Theater, San Diego, California.

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till we may be half frantic. Underneath, we know very well what mood and what sort of thoughts we ought to have, that really belong to us; and in the presence of someone we respect we forcibly assume them for the time and speak accordingly so long as he is present. A man may sometimes come home from his business to his wife and children in one of these moods. And it may be so strong and dominant that it drowns his own inner protest against it. He lets himself go with it, reinforces it, says out whole-heartedly and consentingly the harsh and pain-giving things that come up into his mind; *is*, in fact, for the time the mood. But then comes supper and his smoke afterwards and comfort generally; and behold, he is a different man, genial, no longer snarling and criticising. Alcohol often effects this change, though of course at a subsequent cost to mind and body that far outweighs its artificial temporary help. Or the unpleasant mood may turn out to be the liver and a pill clear the horizon.

But then again the mood in which we find ourselves may be one that we approve, that anyone would approve, cheerful, hopeful, genial, giving rise to healthy activity, to kindly deeds, and to a flow of corresponding thoughts. Or, perhaps in the late evening, the mood may be one of great calm and peace, favorable to our highest thoughts and aspirations, to our search for spiritual light, to prayer or communion with the Divine. This is when the interior bodily functions have eased down preparatory to sleep and are no longer making their usual disturbing appeal to sub-conscious attention.

So we have a whole scale of moods, ranging from this highest — permitted by a certain sort of bodily quiescence — down through those in which the body prompts all kinds of healthy activity and plan-making, through the actively ill-tempered and surly states, into those of animal sluggishness and mental stagnation.

Perhaps most of us allow ourselves to be conditioned by these bodily states, to accept the mood prompted by the body, to be run by it, to go altogether with it, to *be* the mood, making no judgment about it at all but just taking it as it comes and living it as long as it lasts. To *look at it*, to say to oneself “This is a good mood” or “This is a hateful state of feeling” or “Why am I like this today?” — would be really a standing back from it, an inspection and judgment of it, and a half-conscious perception and assertion of oneself as distinct from it: rather *clothed* with it and looking at it from inside and through it at passing circumstances, than *being* it. A more consciously self-separating attitude would be expressed by saying consciously to oneself that one does not like this mood and will not permit it. And then, if one changed it by an act of will for the better, one would have asserted his *humanity* as distinct from

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and rising up out of his animalism. An animal cannot criticise his own mood, imagine and create a better one and will *that* to be the mood he will now have. An animal must be, and is, just the flow of his moods. There is nothing in a dog that can stand back and inspect them and will one away in favor of another. But there *is* a something in a man that can do this: to wit, the man himself; the man himself exercising critical judgment on himself and enforcing his judgment by an act of will. He is the triad in his body, of self, judgment, and will. And the highest kind of man, always constantly seeking his true home in the highest and noblest state of himself, habitually selects among his possible moods those which will be most favorable to his search for his path upward. These he uses as his ladder to mount on. When there is work to be done, bodily or mental, he will create the pulse of active impulse in body and brain. With others, he will have geniality and kindness, and a child's heart with children. And when his day is closing he will encourage that quiescence of bodily activity which permits the mind to go up to its highest in the silence of common thought.

Most of the details of our bodily life we know nothing about and do not need to. In a cubic inch of blood, for instance, there are seventy thousand million blood corpuscles, each leading an intensely active life on its own account but also in the service of the body as a whole. The amount of active intelligent life in the body as a whole is beyond all imagination. But there is an ever-changing general tone or color in this conscious animal life which is what we call mood, the mood we are *in*, as we correctly say. Man as respects his body is an animal, but an animal so very much at the top of the animal tree that no other animal has anything approaching the range of mood or feeling that *our* animal has; no other animal has more than a mere representative rudiment of some of the conscious mood-states of our animal. And, as we have said, no other animal has that in it which can stand back from some mood, look at it, judge it as good or not good, quash it if then undesirable or altogether noxious, and call up another. We are souls incarnated in animal life, too often knowing nothing of ourselves except as living this highly evolved and intelligent animalism, knowing nothing of our power to deal with it, thinking it to be ourselves, feeling that we were born with it, grew with it, and must finally sicken and die with it — in a word, overpowered by it and drowned in it. And even those who make right and fine efforts to deal with it properly and take it under control, usually lack that clear sense of what they are in relation to it and what they are doing, which alone can bring complete and splendid victory and self-redemption. For the children are not taught that they *are* souls (in bodies and bodily moods), but at best that they *have* souls. And this not

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only leaves 'soul' unexplained but means or suggests by implication that they *are* bodies and the moods of body. So they never learn to raise themselves fully into their own natures, *human* natures with the power of full divinization of their humanity.

The body, then, from our present point of view, considered as a member of the human Trinity, is not the so-many pounds of living matter, but the *consciousness* side of that, its changeful mood-driven intelligence — *animal* consciousness, truly, but so far above that of any other animal, even the elephant, that the word animal seems out of place for the best of its workings. Modern psychology mostly denies that man is anything else than an assemblage of highly-evolved animal powers and qualities, all of which are supposed to be represented in lower degree in the lower animals. In other words modern psychology denies the soul. Consequently it has to leave unexplained the purely human or 'soul-ar' powers of creative imagination, that most brilliant servant of the will; of self-analysis and self-criticism; of exchanging at will one state of mind for another and better, or of voluntarily accentuating a state that is felt to be a good one; of having an ideal and consciously working towards it; and finally, of will itself. All these have to be slurred over somehow, juggled with, or altogether left alone.

These are the marks and workings of soul, the second or middle member of our Trinity, that which is incarnated in the animal — partly; which has one pole down here in animal intelligent life and the other in the upper sea of spiritual being. It is the mediator between earth and heaven, the ladder of being and that which moves up and down the ladder. Its incarnation begins at birth; death is its disincarnation, its regained illumination and self-recognition. If while in the body we would take and follow to the end the path that leads to recognising who and what we are, we should be gods. That means full incarnation, taking full charge. The foreman of a great workshop is not in full charge, or in charge at all, while he is absorbed in delighted interest in the working of the machines and forgets himself and his rightful position in enjoyment of the jokes, chat, and personal ways of the men under him. He must remember who he is, preserve the dignity of his position, and see that his men keep to and within the lines of their duty. So full incarnation, in one sense, means getting absorbed in and one with the moods and desires of the body, forgetting one's rightful position; in another it means taking full charge in full self-consciousness. And as soon as one begins to do that, one's degree of incarnation becomes fuller and fuller.

More incarnation of ourselves, fuller incarnation — that is what we must aim at. There is no emergent danger of life, fire, shipwreck, or the like, and no battlefield, in which you do not find previously common-

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place men suddenly becoming heroes, readily and instantly sacrificing limb and life in the interests of others or of the cause. It is a case of more incarnation, of more of the soul suddenly coming into the body; *feeling* perhaps the body's inclination to shrink, the body's instinctive mood of cowardice — but utterly overriding and disregarding it. Every time one resists a sensual impulse or a tendency to 'hit back' in word or deed, or a pressure of selfishness, one has incarnated a little more fully. The orator fired by a great cause incarnates for the period of his speech more fully. The writer who for the time forgets himself in some great thought that is pressing through his pen, is incarnated more fully. And so he may be no hypocrite in that, even though at other times his life may be far below the spiritual level of that hour. He cannot or does not maintain that degree of incarnation. And so with the poet and musician when their inspiration is as we say upon them. In reality it is they themselves, the souls, that have come as inspiration into their ordinary consciousness. The more, the fuller, we incarnate, whether for a time or in permanence, the more do we show the grander possibilities previously latent in us. But even then this higher consciousness has to work through the lower, the ordinary; through the brain; and it may become strangely distorted and mixed with lower elements and with limited preconceptions as it comes through. The gleam of real gold within it has often led to the acceptance of much base metal. It is only in humanity's greatest teachers and reformers, the permanent Lights of the ages, that we find examples of full and perfect and enduring incarnation. Lower than these summits of human attainment are the ranges of men of genius, the real leaders, the great thinkers, of all those who have self-forgetfully sacrificed themselves for a cause or for human welfare, and of all those who have consistently tried to live at their highest, to live by principle, to round out every duty as they saw it. Humble and inconspicuous are the lives of many who are really far up on this path.

In one of the ancient symbols this self-realization in and against the resistance of the body was pictured as rolling away the stone that closes in the tomb of the buried divinity so that it could come forth and manifest itself and be seen. We take up body after body, reincarnate, that in each successively we may take fuller and fuller charge. For it is only by the friction of resistance that the soul-self comes to full self-knowledge and develops its latent powers into manifesting actuality.

Since, in body and soul, we have two members of the human Trinity, where shall we look for the third, the crown, the apex of the triangle? *Spirit* is a word which usually arouses very vague ideas in our minds, but as we have no better one to use, we must give it as clear a meaning as we can. The word *religion* — and of course religion is concerned with

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the spiritual — is from a Latin verb meaning *to bind together*. And spirit is that which binds all things together. Spirit, the underlying binding and causative essence of all that lives, is only to be reached and known, say the Teachers, by him who cultivates in himself the unity feeling, the sense of oneness, the bound-together-in-one feeling, and acts accordingly. For that feeling corresponds to the fact of things. It is the uttermost Truth. It is the way to spirit and it is spirit itself. “Brotherhood is a fact in nature” is the first tenet of Theosophy. The countless millions of living units that make up our bodies are bound together into a living unity, and by that harmonious binding are enabled to reach a delicacy and richness and elaboration of life that could not otherwise be attained, that would be utterly impossible to any of those units or cells alone. And each cell is in its turn a binding together of multitudes of yet smaller, microscopic, lives; and, as science now knows, they in their turn, of others. How much further inward yet this compounding goes we do not know. But wherever we are looking in nature we see the same spirit of compounding and unifying, again and again, higher and higher; and at every stage of compounding the reward comes at once — an organism with richer life. If we think of spirit as the same as life, then the more harmonious co-operative compounding there is, and, with that, the more life, the more spirit; spirit as the cause of the compounding and spirit manifesting as the outcome — namely conscious life and intelligence.

Now comes man, so high in his consciousness that he can feel and recognise in himself the workings of this combining and harmonizing power, and he calls it the spirit of brotherhood. That is why we say that brotherhood is the deepest fact in nature. One of the rewards of cultivating it is joy. However we may fall from our conviction in practice, there is no one without the conviction that a life or a day spent in the spirit and conduct of brotherhood would be the happiest kind of life and the happiest of all days. No one doubts that friendship is the happiest of all relationships between men, or that if all humanity were in a state of mutual friendship or brotherhood the earth would be heaven at once and all men’s highest powers unchained. That their powers *would* be unchained may not at first seem so obvious. But could an inventor get the inspiration of new ideas, a composer of new melodies and successions of harmony, a poet of new vision, after a jarring wrangle in his family or a heated quarrel with some acquaintance? More: why does a musician or poet or great thinker write at all save for this deepest of all instincts, to have others with them in the place to which they have been elevated? Why does a man who gets hold of *any* idea at once want to talk of it, to have others with him in it, perhaps combine with him

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into a society for its propagation, however abstract it may be? It is this eternal instinct of combination, showing itself even when a man rushes out to tell of a bit of good fortune that has come to him. What else has actuated the great Teachers, the Buddhas, the Christs, when they gave all the years of their lives to the laborious spreading of their gospel, unstayed by hatred, persecution, ingratitude? The mere casual chat of two friends evidences the same, the getting into pleasant unity with each other through the nothings they are communicating. A most perfect example of the spirit of unity or of brotherhood is found between two in perfect married life. The pleasures of books, music, recreation and the rest, are no pleasures to either except with the companionship of the other. All the pleasures, all the aims, stand rooted in that, have that for the background and setting, grow under that sky. "Everything has lost its interest," you will hear one of them say after the death of the other.

Brotherhood is indeed the one state or atmosphere in which alone all the powers and life of man can come to perfection. It is the glow of the spiritual sun; it is the secret thrill of space and sky. Having it and looking downward to those in need, it takes the form of compassion; in ourselves, it is the mother of every kind of growth, of richness of life and consciousness; having it and looking upward to those spiritually in advance of us, it becomes reverence and devotion; and it is likewise loyalty to every great cause. Compassion, reverence, loyalty, life — are one thing, brotherhood.

Some may think that a man's powers could equally be called out by ambition. A moment's thought will show that that is not so. Could you not in a moment detect the difference between the false ring of the orator who is trying to shine, to impress us with his power, and the one whose speech has the fire of self-forgetting devotion to the cause he is enlisted in? The heart of one has the divine magnetic fire; the other's is cold. And the center of life and of brotherhood is the heart. By that fire alone can the keyboards of the brain be set into responsive vibration to the great ideas which reflect the spiritual essences of things. The ambitious man dwindles and hardens; the other grows, expands, mellows. And if you once think in terms of reincarnation you can see how wide will the difference become through the stretch of successive lives. We must have brotherhood, loyalty, reverence, or our light will ultimately go out; we are not wanted, are no part of things, are not in the stream of nature and of evolution at all.

Science considers evolution as a set of progressive changes in living being. The impelling cause, the inwardness of the vast process, it has not got at. It is in the position of a man who should study compassion

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as a series of donations, here of a dime to a blind man, there of a dollar to a hungry beggar, and again of a hospital to a city, considering himself unable to penetrate the cause of these gifts, the conscious motive-glow in the heart of the giver. *Mind* could only understand and classify and measure the gifts in their outwardness. To get at the real cause of them our man would have to find the like of it within himself, in his own heart.

It is not with brain-mind that we can understand and open up communion with spirit or Deity. *That* mind will only make a great *man* of it, a large *person* of some sort sitting up in Sirius or Alcyone. There is an all-embracing, all-penetrating, all-sustaining divine consciousness, known and present in the heart of all of us as compassion, brotherhood, yearning for unity, loyalty, reverence, aspiration. Let us begin at that center of warmth and glow and work upward to the measureless Light whose reflexion is in us; but let us not let the mind come in and personalize and limit that 'ideal of ideals.' Some of its simpler workings and effects mind can appreciate; it can make some sort of *symbol* of this Presence as light all-permeant; but the divine consciousness *in* that light must be felt and known in a part of our nature that we can only call into perceptive action by the silencing of the common mind-workings. What is real prayer but this, the stilling of the mind with its ceaseless flow of inward talk, and in the silence reaching after that Presence of divine consciousness which has no form? All the divergencies and quarrels of sects have come from insisting upon forcing this into mind-made forms. And in proportion as they have done so they have lost the reality. H. P. Blavatsky in her *Key to Theosophy* says:

"We call our 'Father in heaven' that deific essence of which we are cognizant within us, in our heart and spiritual consciousness, and which has nothing to do with the anthropomorphic conception we may form of it in our physical brain or its fancy: 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?'"

Our souls are the first and highest emanations of the all-formative divine essence, Lights born in and from the infinite Light, and incarnating thence for the salvation and spiritualization and intellectualization of animal man below. Animal *man*, we say, though it was not man but highest animal only, till thus humanized. And we, souls, Lights from the Light, have forgotten our divinity in this lower life and have to recover it again with the added wisdom, the deepened consciousness, of all the struggle and pain and experience.

So our task is to awaken ourselves to our own real nature, and all the great Teachers of all ages have been giving us instruction how to do it. Since we feel ourselves as thinking beings, it is through the right molding of thought, through the filling of thought with the light, that

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we accomplish the awakening. That is not filling thought with reasonings and speculations. They have their place, but not here. The way of this highest work, of this awakening, has been given from this platform by Katherine Tingley again and again and again, from every point of view, in every aspect, in the hope that each hearer may find that step which is for him the next. She does it month by month in the opening pages of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, and in a paper once issued to her students she thus put the practical essence of her teaching:

“A pure, strong, unselfish thought, beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of Light. From this point can be discerned, to a degree, the sacredness of the moment and the day.

“In this life, the petty follies of everyday friction disappear. In place of lack of faith in one’s self, there is self-respect; the higher consciousness is aroused, and the Heart acts in unison with the Mind; and man walks as a living Power among his fellows.”

We try to carry that Light in our thought all day; our first conscious act of the day as it opens is to establish it in our imaginations, with the will that it shall shine on through the hours; and our last conscious endeavor as we retire shall be to seek communion with the infinite Light that is the inspiration and may be made the sustainment of our endeavors.

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H. T. EDGE, M. A.



ALL our capacity for happiness and usefulness depends on the view we take of ourselves. We have our moods of dejection and self-depreciation, when we say, “What’s the use?” and sink into apathy, seeking consolation in the doctrine, “Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.” We know the terrible strength of such moods and what harm they work. Is this the voice of the animal nature in us? Nay, it is worse than that, for what animal indulges in self-depreciation? It is an abuse of our gift of Mind, a perversion of our human nature. We actually use our divine prerogative for the purpose of denying our divine freedom and power. The very power to enunciate such a doctrine of despair confutes that doctrine; for it is only in virtue of our intellect that we can enunciate it. Hence the preposterous inconsistency of the attitude, and hence therefore the self-deception we must practise in order to maintain it.

“Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,” says the Psalmist; and more recent voices have declared, “Thou hast made him a little

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higher than the apes.” The “angels” are, in the Hebrew original, the *Elohim*, which means the creative powers that built cosmos out of chaos and were the Divine Instructors of Man.

Theosophy came at a time when the doctrine that man is a little higher than the apes was fastening itself upon our mental and moral atmosphere and threatening strangulation. It came to restore the old teaching, the forgotten truth, that man was made a little lower than the Elohim. It came to emphasize the dual nature of man.

The true key to human evolution is given, as far as possible, in H. P. Blavatsky's writings; and it is most important to bear it in mind, as a counteractive of the doctrines of despair bred by materialism in science and in religion. But, even if man *has* evolved upwards from the animal kingdom, the thoughtful mind will ask what is the nature, the origin, of that power by which he has so evolved. And, though science may choose to ignore anything beyond the material aspect of evolution, it cannot justifiably deny other inquirers the right to consider the other aspects. Of what nature and whence the self-conscious Mind of man and all its marvelous attributes of freewill and self-determination? The practical person will conclude that, whether the power of evolution resides in the original cell or atom, or whether it came from elsewhere, it is a most wonderful power, and its origin and nature demands inquiry.

“Our ‘Progenitors’ had, in the course of eternal evolution, to become *gods* before they became men.”

—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 349

“Universal tradition shows primitive man living for ages together with his Creators and first instructors — the Elohim — in the World's ‘Garden of Eden,’ or ‘Delight.’”—*Ibid.*

Man is dual. He is compounded of a rudiment that sprang from the lower orders of creation, and a rudiment that is Divine and from above.

This is one key, and quite enough to go for a long way. And it is but a reinstatement of familiar truths that have been preserved, but obscured, in religion. The dual creation of man is found in confused form in the biblical *Genesis*, where it is stated that the *Elohim* breathed into the “living soul” of man their Divine essence, thus making him intelligent and immortal. The words ‘living soul,’ in the above, it should be stated, are better rendered ‘animal soul,’ being the Hebrew *nephesh*. This man was formed out of the dust of the ground. But the other account describes how the *Elohim* made man in their own image. And this is of course the basis of ordinary Christian doctrine, though all the life has been taken out of it, and we now find even preachers of high degree *speculating*, and that openly, whether there is or is not any truth in what they have been teaching all this time from their pulpits!

Another key of evolution is that history moves forward in cycles. The ancient Greeks intended the zodiacal sign Libra or the Balance —

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“To imply that when the course of evolution had taken the worlds to the lowest point of grossness, where the earths and their products were coarsest, and their inhabitants most brutish, the turning-point had been reached — the forces were at an even balance. At the lowest point, the still lingering divine spark of spirit within began to convey the upward impulse.”  
— *Isis Unveiled*, II 457

The history of human races shows them gradually descending from spirituality to materiality, and then reascending. This is also the story of man the individual.

“Our Higher Self is a poor pilgrim on his way to regain that which he has lost.”

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

Hence the history of humanity is epitomized in each man. However it may amuse us to study our biological and zoölogical affinities, it is more practical to remember our Divine parentage and ancestry. The Eternal Pilgrim is there, seeking to express himself through the earthly instrument. The Light within the shrine still burns, however much obscured by the veils and colored windows of the mind and senses.

It was the aim of H. P. Blavatsky, by her writings and teachings, to show that universal tradition as to man’s Divine and heroic ancestors is not mere childish fancy, but fact, faithfully preserved, though often obscured; and that it refers to events that have actually taken place on this earth. The cycles of time are indicated by the geological record. Thus modern geologists have unearthed an important item of knowledge. They have discovered the periodical changes of upheaval, depression, etc., that mark off the earth’s history into larger and smaller cycles. They have mapped out the history of the lower forms of life during these ages. They have not yet done the same for human history, but we must give them time. The period covered by what is generally accepted as human history is absurdly small and insignificant in comparison, and is an altogether too slender basis on which to build conclusions as to human origin and destiny. Once rid ourselves of the preconceived dogma that humanity gets more primitive and savage as we go back, and we shall be able to estimate at their proper value the *facts*. These show that the beginnings of civilization can nowhere be discovered, but instead of them the ruins of empires and cultures. To buttress their preconceived theories as to the ‘primitive man,’ theorists point to the unburied remains of degraded specimens, and say that these represent the humanity of the past.

People talk of immortality as though it concerned the mysterious after-life alone, and consent to remain *dead* all through their present lifetime, in the hope that they will come to life after their decease! But the important point is that we should be alive here and now; and that

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is just what most of us are not. Eternity is usually conceived of as being a very great deal of time, tacked on to the end of the time we spend on earth. But eternity is not time at all. It is a state we enter when we transcend the illusions of time. Immortality is a condition we can and should endue while on earth; for the Higher Self, the God within, knows neither birth nor death.

Oh, it is important that man should preserve the center of his vitality and not allow himself to decay like a rotten tree. Living, as he does, in his petty personality, he makes for himself a prison. In this prison he chafes and frets, cursing the powers that be, and yielding to dependency and indifference. Yet he has the key to the door of his prison within his possession. The way of escape is in recognising that that personality is an illusion, a dream, a dogma, to which he has chained himself.

The 'Heart-Life' is a word often used with force by Theosophists, to denote that real deep full life that lies beyond the small life of the senses and personal desires. The Heart-Life must be kept alive in humanity. For want of it, humanity has come to a pretty pass. Humanity is longing to find again what it has lost.

With this in mind, we can better understand the inspiration of H. P. Blavatsky, a Messenger who had tasted of these waters of immortality, who knew of her own experience what Life really is, and who dared all in order to come forth into the world and prepare the way for a coming regeneration. We can better appreciate the difficulties of her task and the constancy with which she confronted them. Through this constancy, and that of others who lit their torch at hers, the Theosophical Society was preserved through many dangers, and still lives to carry out the plans which its Founder devised. In the life at Lomaland, and in the Râja-Yoga education established there, we see the foundations being laid for a future state of humanity wherein the Heart-Life shall reign again.

Faith is the great power that is needed to keep alive our hopes and our efforts; for the world and the weakness of human nature offer many discouragements. But those students of Theosophy who have stood faithful through the years to its lofty principles, and whose intuition has been grounded on loyalty to those principles, are still working in deep inward joy for the cause which they know must triumph so long as there are faithful souls to support it. To them the Divine nature of man is no mere speculation, but a reality. They have lived to see the Divine Spark triumphant over many and terrible snares laid for it by mountains of selfishness that past Karma has accumulated for them.

Reincarnation is an invaluable truth, but we must not let it become

## 'WHAT IS MAN, THAT THOU ART MINDFUL OF HIM?'

a dead letter and a mere dogma of a vague futurity. It must be, and can be, a thing of daily life, of the present moment. For I die and am born again every time I achieve a victory of the Spirit over the dark pessimism and despondency of the passion-agitated mind. Hence I can always take a new lease of life, and have in truth discovered the secret of *perpetual youth*. And all this because I have faith in the real teachings about the nature of Man, and have sought to make those teachings a reality in my life and a basis of conduct.

This realizing of the true nature of man does not mean a vain puffing up of the personality. . If that were so, how could the workers at Lomaland get along together at all? Would there not be continual personal frictions and factions? No; the enlargement of the personality does not make for unity, but quite the reverse. To realize the true self-respect, it is necessary to subordinate the personality. This is of course a painful task, but the pain is undertaken willingly and as a necessary process in the self-purification for which the student is striving.

It is wonderful to see people striving to get knowledge by reading a great many books, while all the time neglecting the means by which knowledge could be made to pour in upon them in measure as much as they could bear. By opening the channels of intuition, we can broach the sources of infinite knowledge, for we live in an ocean of it. But that can only be done by paring away the cataracts from our eyes and loosening the bonds that fetter our faculties. To know the ultimate mysteries of the universe would be of little use to us, if we could not apply any of that knowledge. What does concern us is to see the signposts of conduct, to know how to steer our way through the life that is before us and all around us. And it is here that the intuition comes in.

For man, having once been a God — being *now* a God in the clay — has an unlimited fount of knowledge accessible. To approach it, he has to arouse that mysterious power of *Insight*.

What is Man? The answer depends on the point of view. Man may look small on the dissecting table, under the microscope. He may look small if we are scrutinizing his defects or criticising his clothes. We look very small to ourselves when we candidly consider our weaknesses and foibles. But that is not Man, that is not ourself. Look deeper, and you will fail to find any end to the possibilities of Man. He is an infinite being. What belittles him is the delusion of personality. Let him therefore realize that he is here to take his share in a stupendous and glorious work, and then the burden of personality will lighten, and he will place his feet on a spot whence he can deal with his limitations.

## PERSONALITY VERSUS INDIVIDUALITY

F. SAVAGE



THE Ancient Wisdom teaches that in essence all men are one — that each has within himself a spark of the one Divine Light. Yet experience, that many-sided prism through which we look at life, has shown us that we can point to no two men, and say: “These are exactly alike.” In short, on the present outward plane on which the world at large is living today all men are different. But wherein lies the difference?

If I want a thing, I shall probably set about getting it in a very different way from what you would do if you wanted it; but the actions resultant from the wanting are both expressive of the selfish side of the nature — what is known in Theosophical parlance as the personality.

In studying current literature we shall find that many of our modern writers use these two terms — *personality*, which is the expression of the lower or mortal side of the nature, and *individuality*, the expression of the higher side — interchangeably, which is very misleading, and causes confusion in the mind of the student or the seeker after Truth; and it is for this reason that an explanation of the difference between them is attempted here.

It is a cowardly fellow, this that we know of as our personality, all too much aware of its own importance and cognisant of its rights and privileges; it is in a constantly querulous mood because, forsooth, it was not invited to this or that social function, or was not chosen for this or that special service, for which it felt sure it was pre-eminently fitted. But, alas for the shortsightedness of these personal brainmind bickerings; it is probable that Karma, beneficent schoolmistress, is doing her best to teach us that social functions and special preferment are not the essentials of soul-life, and in fact are often a hindrance to it.

This little personality, for it is niggardly small, though at times seemingly of great strength and proportions, surveys the world at large through a dulled and streaked mirror, which reflects only a part of life — that part which affects itself. With every coming event it lifts up an anxious eye, and scans the horizon, as who should say: “What benefits will accrue to me from this? How can I best turn it to my own advantage?” Having once become assured of the true nature of the event, it settles back in its easy chair with a sigh of relief, to enjoy the comfortable situation. Poor Brown, next door, may be overwhelmed by the very circumstance that has brought us good-luck. No matter, “let

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Brown shift for himself. — I'd have to do so, if I were in his place. As I'm not, let me eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow —."

There are not many of us who would be willing to admit that we have such a monster as a bed-fellow. Theoretically, we believe in the Brotherhood of man, that we are our brother's keeper, and the like praiseworthy tenets, but, "Man, know thyself." We need to apply a searching self-analysis to that which we call *ourself*, to make sure that it is that which we would have endure, that we are developing with each daily act.

But enough of the personality. All men *are* different, but it is *Individuality* which differentiates them from one another, as much as it is personality. To take a concrete example; two people may study a piece of music, and perform it equally well, with nothing to be desired technically and so forth, but with an entirely different interpretation. That is an expression of the Individuality in each. Two others may read a book on philosophy with equal concentration, and yet these two, in retelling what they had read, would retell it quite differently, and would perhaps choose quite opposite points as being salient. Among a large number of people all may be great lovers of Nature, but its beauties may appeal to them all in various ways, and the verbal or written expression of each, resulting from an attempt to share with others what has appealed to him, would be quite distinctive, apart from all personal considerations.

This quality that we call Individuality may be expressed in the commonest occurrences of daily life. We are all taught approximately the same conventional forms of etiquette, but do any two express them in exactly the same way? A gentleman may take off his hat to a lady. It is the same action which countless others perform daily, but there is a difference, if he puts his Individuality into the doing of it. A woman may put her Individuality into her duties as hostess, so that she offers the courtesies of the home and the table to her friends with a charm quite apart from the mere outward forms of etiquette.

These two opposite phases of what a man calls himself are suggestive, to the musician, of two kinds of musical tones—the one, not only in perfect accord, but struck so deeply and vibrantly as to bring into play a series of overtones or partials, adding a marvelous richness to the ensemble; the other, struck strongly and positively also, but fundamentally out of tune, so as to pull away from the general harmony. Between these two is the tone which is seemingly in tune, but played so negatively as to have no life of its own, so that its vibrations tell for nothing in the general musical scheme; in short, the tone that is virtually dead. Like the first, we have some rare natures, who, while rich in depth of Individuality, are so attuned to the needs of others as to make

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it impossible for a false or jarring note to be struck in their lives. Answering to the second, how frequently do we meet those whose natures are distinct from those about them, but who, impressed with their own importance, and being out of tune with the throbbing heart of humanity, are making their whole lives an expression but of the lower personality. As a third instance, there are those whose natures seem to be absolutely devoid of distinctiveness. Absorbed in the bread-and-butter question, the struggle for existence seems to be the be-all and end-all of life. They stumble blindly on, taking what comes their way with a dogged sort of idea that it is their lot, seeing no vaster horizon-line than that which is in front of their very noses. It is to such as these that Theosophy comes with its message of the glory of self-directed evolution. For the Kingdom of God is in every man — the Individuality is its expression, and each man has it in his power to develop this Individuality himself; but not for himself alone, nor to the detriment of others. For, “Never, never desire knowledge or power for any other purpose than to lay it on the altar, for thus alone can it be saved to you,” said Mr. Judge. So in pursuing this path of self-directed evolution, the true Theosophist is working not for self but for the race, in order that Humanity, of which hē is a part, may be lifted.

We are told in an ancient book: “The way to final freedom is within thy Self. That way begins and ends outside of self.” The attainment of this freedom from the bonds of personality was spoken of in Eastern symbology as the opening of a pure and lovely flower. But we are bidden to

“Look for the flower to bloom in the silence that follows the storm: not till then.

“It shall grow, it will shoot up, it will make branches and leaves and form buds, while the storm continues, while the battle lasts. But not till the whole personality of the man is dissolved and melted — not until it is held by the divine fragment which has created it, as a mere subject for grave experiment and experience — not until the whole nature has yielded and become subject unto its higher self, can the bloom open. Then will come a calm such as comes in a tropical country after the heavy rain, when nature works so swiftly that one may see her action. Such a calm will come to the harrassed spirit. And in the deep silence the mysterious event will occur which will prove that the way has been found.”

That the development of his own Individuality, which is within the power of every man, is one step toward the finding of that Way, is beautifully shown in the following:

“Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life. But he is only so when he grasps his whole individuality firmly, and by the force of his awakened spiritual will recognises this individuality as not himself, but that thing which he has with pain created for his own use, and by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to the life beyond individuality. When he knows that for this his wonderful complex separated life exists, then, indeed, and then only, he is upon the way.”

## SCULPTURE IN JAVANESE TEMPLES

This, then, the dissolving of the personality and the firm grasping of the Individuality, is a part of the bounden duty of every man; but when impelled, as it were by some mighty inner force, to action, how shall a man know which one of these two he is following? There is one sure test, a test that will never fail him who is in doubt how to act, if he will but have faith in it. "Am I urged on to act out of consideration for the needs of others, or is my own well-being the motive of the action, however subtly concealed? If a man can answer these two questions, he can be quite sure whether he is on the right path or not. With a steady application of this test to each daily act, the hankerings of the personality will grow fainter and fainter to him who is sincerely desirous of living the real life, till after repeated efforts they are effectually stilled, and in proportion as they are stilled, there comes the development of that rare quality of intuition, which, beyond all reach of doubt, tells a man when to act and when not to act. Then there comes to the aspirant an inner Peace that is beyond all dreaming and expectation.

## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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### IX — THE DRAGON AND THE BLUE PEARL

**T**HE horizon of Chinese history lies near the middle of the third millennium B. C. The first date sinologists dare swear to is 776; in which year an eclipse of the sun is recorded, that actually did happen: it is set down, not as a thing interesting in itself, but as ominous of the fall of wicked kings. Here, then, in the one place where there is any testing the annals, it appears they are sound enough; which might be thought to speak well for them. But our scholars are so demnebly logical, as Mr. Mantalini would say, that to them it only proves this: you are to accept no date earlier. One general solar indorsement will not do; you must have an eclipse for everything you believe, and trust nothing unless the stars in their courses bear witness.

Well; we have fortunately Halley's Comet in the Bayeux Tapestry for our familiar 1066; but beware! everything before that is to be taken as pure fudge!

The fact is there is no special reason for doubting either chronology or sequence of events up to about 2357 B. C., in which year the Patriarch Yao came to the throne. He was the first of those three, Yao, Shun, and Yü, who have been ever since the patterns for all Chinese rulers who have aspired to be Confucianly good. "Be like Yao, Shun, and Yü; do as they did"; -- there you have the word of Confucius to all emperors and governors of states.

Yao, it is true, is said to have reigned a full century, or but one year short of it. This is perhaps the first improbability we come to; and even of this we may say that some people do live a long time. None of his successors repeated the indiscretion. Before him came a line of six sovereigns with little historic verisimilitude: they must be called faint memories of epochs, not actual men. The first of them, Fo-hi (2852-2738), was half man, half dragon; which is being interpreted, of course, an Adept King; — or say a line of Adept Kings. As for the dates given him, I suppose there is nothing exact about them; that was all too far back for memory; it belongs to reminiscence. Before Fo-hi came the periods of the Nest-Builders, of the Man-Kings, the Earth-Kings, and the Heaven-

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Kings; then P'an K'u, who built the worlds; then, at about two and a quarter million years before Confucius, the emanation of Duality from the Primal One. All this, of course, is merely the exoteric account; but it shows at least that the Chinese never fell into such fatuity as we of the West, with our creation six trumpety millenniums ago.

This much we may say: about the time when Yao is said to have come to the throne a manvantara began, which would have finished its course of fifteen centuries in 850 or so B. C. It is a period we see only as through a glass darkly: what is told about it is, to recent and defined history, as a ghost to a living man. There is no reason why it should not have been an age of high civilization and cultural activities; but all is too shadowy to say what they were. To its first centuries are accredited works of engineering that would make our greatest modern achievements look small: common sense would say, probably the reminiscence of something actual. Certainly the Chinese emerged from it, and into daylight history, not primitive but effete: senile, not childlike. That may be only a racial peculiarity, a national prejudice, of course.

And where should you look, back of 850 B. C., to find actual history — human motives, speech and passions — or what to our eyes should appear such? As things near the time-horizon, they lose their keen outlines and grow blurred and dim. The Setis and Thothmeses are names to us, with no personality attaching; though we have discovered their mummies, and know the semblance of their features, our imagination cannot clothe them with life. We can hear a near Napoleon joking, but not a far-off Rameses. We can call Justinian from his grave, and traverse the desert with Mohammed; but can hold no converse with Manu or Hammurabi; — because these two dwell well this side of the time-horizon, but the epochs of those are far beyond it. The stars set: the summer evenings forget Orion, and the nights of winter the beauty of Fomalhaut: though there is a long slope between the zenith *Now* and the sea-rim, what has once gone down beyond the west of time we cannot recall or refashion. So that old Chinese manvantara is gone after the Dragon Fo-hi and the Yellow Emperor, after the Man-Kings and the Earth-Kings and the Heaven-Kings; and Yao, Shun, and Yü the Great, and the kings of Hia, and Shang, and even Chow, are but names and shadows

*Quo pater Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,*

— we cannot make them interestingly alive. But it does not follow that they did not live when they are supposed to have lived, or do the things attributed to them. Their architecture was ephemeral, and bears no witness to them; they built no pyramids to flout time; they raised no monument — but a people, a culture, an idea that still endures.

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Then, too, we shall see that at the beginning of the last Chinese manvantara a conscious attempt was made to break wholly with the past,— to wipe it from human memory, and begin all anew. Such a thing happened in Babylon once: there had been a Sargon in remote antiquity with great deeds to his credit; thousands of years after, another Sargon arose, who envied his fame; and, being a king, and absolute, decreed that all the years intervening should never have existed — merged his own in the personality of his remote predecessor, and so provided a good deal of muddlement for archaeologists to come. Indeed, such a thing almost happened in France at the Revolution. It is said that in some French schools now you find children with a vague idea that things more or less began with the taking of the Bastille: that there was a misty indefinable period between the 12th of October (or on whatever day it was Eve's apple ripened) and the glorious 14th of July; — an age of prehistory, wandered through by unimportant legendary figures such as Jeanne Darc, Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze, which we may leave to the superstitious — and come quickly to the real flesh and blood of M. de Mirabeau and Citizen Danton. — Even so, in our own time, China herself, wearied with the astral molds and inner burdens of two millenniums, has been writhing in a fever of destruction: has burnt down the Hanlin College, symbol and center of a thousand years of culture; destroyed old and famous cities; sent up priceless encyclopaedias in smoke; replaced the Empire with a republic, and the Dragon of Wisdom with five meaningless stripes; — breaking with all she was in her brilliant greatness, and all she has been since in her weakness and squalid decline. — We ask why history is not continuous; why there are these strange hiatuses and droppings out? — the answer is simple enough. It is because Karma, long piled up, must sometime break out upon the world. The inner realms become clogged with the detritus of ages of activity, till all power to think and do is gone: there is no room nor scope left for it. The weight of what has been thought and done, of old habit, presses down on men, obstructs and torments them, till they go mad and riot and destroy. The manvantara opens: the Crest-Wave, the great tide of life, rushes in. It finds the world of mind cluttered up and encumbered; there is an acute disparity between the future and the past, which produces a kind of psychic maelström. Blessed is that nation then, which has a man at its head who can guide things, so that the good may not go with the bad, the useful with the useless! The very facts that Ts'in Shi Hwangti, when the manvantara opened at the beginning of the third century B. C., was driven (you may say) to do what ruthless drastic things he did,— and that his action was followed by such wonderful results — are proof enough that a long manvantara crowded with cultural and national activities

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had run its course in the past, and clogged the astral, and made progress impossible. But what he did do, throws the whole of that past manvantara, and to some extent the pralaya that followed it, into the realm of shadows. --- He burnt the literature.

In a few paragraphs let me summarize the history of that past age whose remnants Ts'in Shi Hwangti thus sought to sweep away. — Yao adopted Shun for his successor; in whose reign for nine years China's Sorrow, that mad bull of waters, the Hoangho, raged incessantly, carrying the world down towards the sea. Then Ta Yü, who succeeded Shun on the throne presently, devised and carried through those great engineering works referred to above: — cut through mountains, yoked the mad bull, and saved the world from drowning. He was, says H. P. Blavatsky, an Adept; and had learnt his wisdom from the Teachers in the Snowy Range of Si-Dzang or Tibet. His dynasty, called the Hia, kept the throne until 1766; ending with the downfall of a cruel weakling. Followed then the House of Shang until 1122: set up by a wise and merciful Tang the Completer, brought to ruin by a vicious tyrant Chousin. It was Ki-tse, a minister of this last, and a great sage himself, who, fleeing from the persecutions of his royal master, established monarchy, civilization, and social order in Corea.

Another great man of the time was Wön Wang, Duke of the Palatinate of Chow, a state on the western frontier whose business was to protect China from the Huns. Really, those Huns were a thing to marvel at: we first hear of them in the reign of the Yellow Emperor, two or three centuries before Yao; they were giving trouble then, a good three millenniums before Attila. Wön Wang, fighting on the frontier, withstood these kindly souls; and all China looked to him with a love he deserved. Which of course roused King Chousin's jealousy; and when a protest came from the great soldier against the debaucheries and misgovernment at the capital, the king roused himself and did what he could: imprisoned the protestant, as he dared not kill him. During the three years of his imprisonment Wön Wang compiled the mysterious I-King, or Book of Changes; of which Confucius said, that were another half century added to his life, he would spend them all in studying it. No western scholar, one may safely say, has ever found a glimmer of meaning in it; but all the ages of China have held it profounder than the profound.

His two sons avenged Wön Wang; they roused the people, recruited an army in their palatinate — perhaps enlisted Huns too — and swept away Chousin and his dynasty. They called their new royal house after their native land, Chow: Wu Wang, the elder of the two, becoming its first king, and his brother the Duke of Chow, his prime minister. I say *king*; for the title was now *Wang* merely; though there had been *Hwangtis*

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or Emperors of old. Wön Wang and his two sons are the second Holy Trinity of China; Yao, Shun, and Ta Yü being the first. They figure enormously in the literature: are stars in the far past, to which all eyes, following the august example of Confucius, are turned. There is little to be said about them: they are either too near the horizon, or too little of their history has been Englished, for us to see them in their habit as they lived; yet some luster of real greatness still seems to shine about them. It was the Duke of Chow, apparently, who devised or restored that whole Chinese religio-political system which Confucius revived and impressed so strongly on the stuff of the ideal world — for he could get no ruler of his day to establish it in the actualities — that it lasted until the beginning of a new manvantara is shattering it now. That it was based on deep knowledge of the hidden laws of life there is this (among a host of other things) to prove: Music was an essential part of it. When, a few years ago, the tiny last of the Manchu emperors came to the throne, an edict was published decreeing that, to fit him to govern the empire, the greatest care should be taken with his education in music. A wisdom, truly, that the West has forgotten!

When William of Normandy conquered England, he rewarded his followers with fiefs: in England, while English land remained so to be parceled out; afterwards (he and his successors) with unconquered lands in Wales, and then in Ireland. They were to carve out baronies and earldoms for themselves; and the Celtic lands thus stolen became known as the Marches: their rulers, more or less independent, but doing homage to the king, as Lords Marchers. The kings of Chow adopted the same plan. Their old Duchy Palatinate became the model for scores of others. China itself — a very small country then — southern Shansi, northern Honan, western Shantung — was first divided up under the feudal system; the king retaining a domain, known as Chow, in Honan, for his own. Then princes and nobles — some of the blood royal, some of the old Shang family, some risen from the ranks — were given warrant to conquer lands for themselves from the barbarians beyond the frontier: so you got rid of the ambitious, and provided Chow with comfortable buffers. They went out, taking a measure of Chinese civilization with them, and conquered or cajoled Huns, Turks, Tatars, Laos, Shans, Annamese, and all that kind of people, into accepting them for their rulers. It was a work, as you may imagine, of centuries; with as much history going forward as during any centuries you might name. The states thus formed were young, compared to China; and as China grew old and weak, they grew into their vigorous prime. The infinity of human activities that has been! These Chow ages seem like the winking of an eye; but they were crowded with great men and small, great deeds and trivialities, like our own.

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The time will come when our 'Anglo-Saxon' history will be written thus: England sent out colonies, and presently the colonies grew stronger and more populous than England; — and it will be enough, without mention of the Pitts and Lincolns, the Washingtons and Gladstones, that now make it seem so full and important.

By 850 the balance of power had left or was leaving the Chow king at Honanfu. His own subjects had grown unwarlike, and he could hardly command even their allegiance; for each man's feudal duty was first to his own duke, marquis, earl, viscount, or baron; — strangely enough, there were those five degrees of nobility in ancient China as in modern England. Of these nobles, each with his court and feudal dominion, there were in what we may call China Proper some unascertainable number between thirteen and a hundred and fifty: mostly small and insignificant, but mostly, too, full of schemes and ambitions.

But it was the Lords Marchers that counted. One after another of them had wrested from the Chow the title of *Wang* or King; it was not enough for them to be dukes and marquises. Then came a time when a sort of Bretwalda-ship was established; to be wielded by whichever of them happened to be strongest — and generally to be fought for between whites: a glorious and perpetual bone of contention. International law went by the board. The Chow domain, the duchies and marquises, lay right in the path of the contestants — midmost of all, and most to be trampled. Was Tsin to march all round the world, when a mere scurry across neutral (and helpless) Chow would bring it at the desired throat of Ts'u? — A question not to be asked! — There at Honanfu sat the Chow king, head of the national religion, head of the state with its feudatories, receiving (when it suited them to pay it) the annual homage of all those loud and greedy potentates, who for the rest kicked him about as they pleased, and ordered each other to obey him, — for was he not still the Son of Heaven, possessor of the Nine Tripods of Sovereignty, the tripods of Ta Yü? — So the centuries passed, growing worse and worse ever, from the ninth to the sixth: an age of anarchy, bad government, disorder, crime and the clash of ambitions: when there was a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; — and we know what manner of incarnation, at such times, is likely to happen.

Conditions had outgrown the astral molds made for them in the last manvantara: the molds that had been made for a small homogeneous China. The world had expanded, and was no longer homogeneous: China herself was not homogeneous; and she found on all sides of her very heterogeneous Ts'ins, Tsins, Ts'is, Ts'us, Wus and Yuehs; each of whom, like so many Great Powers of our own times, had the best of intentions to partake of her sacramental body when God's will so should

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be. — Indeed, the situation was very much as we have seen it.

Then, as now (or recently), China was old, inert, tired, and unwarlike; must depend on her cunning, and chiefly on their divisions, for what protection she might get against the rapacious and strong. She was dull, sleepy and unimaginative, and wanted only to be left alone; yet teemed, too, with ambitious politicians, each with his sly wires to pull. Her culture, ancient and decrepit, was removed by aeons from all glamor of beginnings. — For a good European parallel, in this respect, you might go to Constantinople in the Middle Ages, when it hung ripe on the bough, so to say, and waiting to fall into Latin, Turkish, Bulgar, or even Russian jaws, whichever at the psychic moment should be gaping and ready beneath. There too was the sense of old age and sterility; of disillusionment; of all fountains and inspirations run dry. — In ancient Greece, it was no such far cry back from the essential modernity of Pericles' or of Plato's time to the antiquity of Homer's. In India, the faery light of an immemorial dawn mingles so with the facts of history that there is no disentangling myth from matter-of-fact; if you should prove almost any king to have reigned quite recently, his throne would still be somehow set in the mellow past and near the fountains of time. Augustan Rome, modern in all its phases, stands not so far in front of a background peopled with nymphs and Sibyls: a past in which the Great Twin Brothers might fight at Lake Regillus, and stern heroes make fantastic sacrifices for Rome. Even modern Europe is much less modern than Medieval Constantinople or Chow China. We can breathe still the mysterious atmosphere of the Middle Ages; you shall find still, and that not in remote countries only, fairy-haunted valleys; a few hours out from London, and you shall be in the heart of druidry, and among peoples whose life is very near to Poetry. But China, in those first pre-Confucian centuries, was desperately prosaic: not so much modern, as pertaining to an ugly not impossible future. Antiquity was far, far away. The dawn with its glow and graciousness; noon and the prime with their splendor, were as distant and unimaginable as from our American selves the day when Charlemain with all his peers went down. If you can imagine an America several hundred years from now — one in which Point Loma had never been; several hundred years more unromantic than this one; an America fallen and grown haggard and toothless; with all impulse to progress and invention gone; with centrifugal tendencies always loosening the bond of union; advancing, and having steadily advanced, further from all religious sanctions, from anything she may retain of the atmosphere of mystery and folk-lore and the poetry of racial childhood; — you may get a picture of the mental state of that China. A material civilization, with (except in war areas) reasonable security of life and goods, remained

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to her. Her people lived in good houses, wore good clothes, used chairs and tables, chopsticks, plates and dishes of pottery; had for transit boats, carts and chariots,\* wheelbarrows I suppose, and "cany wagons light." They had a system of writing, the origin of which was lost in remote antiquity; a large literature, of which fragments remain. They were home-loving, war-hating, quiet, stagnant, cunning perhaps, quite unenterprising; they lived in the valley of the Hoangho, and had not discovered, or had forgotten, the Yangtse to the south of them, and the sea to the east. They might have their local loyalties and patriotism of the pork-barrel, and a certain arrogance of race: belief in the essential superiority of the Black-haired People to the barbarians on their borders; but no high feeling for Chu Hia — All the Chinas; — no dream of a possible national union and greatness. Some three hundred of their folk-ballads come down to us, which are as unlike the folk-ballads of Europe as may be. They do not touch on the supernatural; display no imagination; there are no ghosts or fairies; there is no glory or delight in war; there is no glory in anything; — but only an intense desirability in *home*, — in staying at home with your family, and doing your work in the fields. And nothing of what we should call romance even in this home-love: the chief tie is that between parents and children, not that between husband and wife, and still less that between lovers. There is much moralizing and wistful sadness. — Such was the life of the peasants; at the other pole was the life of the courts: intrigue and cunning, and what always goes with cunning — ineptitude; a good measure of debauchery; some finicking unimportant refinement; each man for self and party, and none for Gods and Men. We have to do, not with the bright colors of the childhood of a race, but with the grayness of its extreme old age. Those who will may argue that you can have old age with never a prime, youth, or childhood behind it. Some say that Laotse was born at sixty-one, or seventy, or eighty-two years old — a few decades more or less are not worth bothering about — whence his name *lao tse*, the *old son* (but *tse* may also mean *Teacher* or *Philosopher*). But I misdoubt the accuracy of such accounts, myself. I think it likely he was a baby to begin with, like the majority of us. And I imagine his country had been young, too, before she grew old; — as young as America, and as vigorous.

— Among such a people, how much should you expect to find of the Sacred Mysteries? — There were the Nine Tripods of Ta Yü with the king at Honanfu, to say that his kingdom had behind it symbolic sanctions; there was the Book of Changes; there was the system of the

\**Chinese Literature*: Giles; — whence also much else in these articles.

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Duke of Chow, more dishonored in the breach than honored in the observance. . . . For the rest, you might as well look for the Eleusinia in Chicago. Who could believe in religion, those days? — Well; it was the pride of some of the little duchies and marquisates to keep up a reputation for orthodoxy: there was Lu in Shantung, for example,— very strict.\* (As strictness went, we may say.) And if you wished to study ritual, you went up to Honanfu to do so; where, too, was the National or Royal Library, where profitable years might be spent. But who, except enthusiasts, was to treat religion seriously? — when one saw the doddering Head of Religion yearly flouted, kicked about and hustled in his own capital by his Barbarian Highness the 'King' — so he must now style himself and be styled, where in better days 'Count Palatine' or 'Lord Marcher' would have served his turn well enough — of Ts'in or Tsin or Ts'i or Ts'u, who would come thundering down with his chariots when he pleased, and without with-your-leave or by-your-leave, march past the very gates of Honanfu; — and lucky if he did march past, and not come in and stay awhile; — on his way to attacking his Barbarian Highness the 'King' of somewhere else. The God that is to be sincerely worshiped must, as this world goes, be able now and then to do some little thing for his vicegerent on earth; and Heaven did precious little in those days for the weakling King-pontiff puppets at Honanfu. A mad world, my masters!

— Wherein, too, we had our symbols: — the Dragon, the Sky-wanderer, with something heavenly to say; but alas! the Dragon had been little visible in our skies of Chu Hia these many years or centuries; — the Tiger, brute muscularity, lithe terrible limbs, fearful claws and teeth,— we knew him much better! This, heaven knew, was the day of the Tiger — of earthly strength and passions; were there not those three great tigers up north, Ts'in, Tsin, and Ts'i; and as many more southward; and all hungry and strong? — And also, some little less thought of perhaps, the Phoenix, Secular Bird, that burns itself at the end of each cycle, and arises from its ashes young and dazzling again: the Phoenix — but little thought of, these days; for was not the world old and outworn, and toppling down towards a final crash? The days of Chu Hia were gone, its future all in the long past; no one dared dream of a time when there should be something better than Yen diddling Lu, or Ts'u beating Ts'i at a good set-to with these new sixty-warrior-holding chariots. Who should think of the Phoenix — and of a new age to come when there should be no more Yen and Lu and Chow and Tsin and Ts'in, but one broad and mighty realm, a Middle, a Celestial Kingdom,— such a Chu Hia

\**Ancient China Simplified*: E. Harper Parker; — also much drawn on.

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as time had no memory of; — to whose throne the Hun himself should bow, or whose hosts should drive him out of Asia; — a Chu Hia to whom tribute should come from the uttermost ends of the earth? Who should dream of the Secular Bird now,— as improbable a creature, in these dark days of the Tiger, as that old long-lost Sky-wanderer the Dragon himself?

— Let be; let three little centuries pass; let the funeral pyre but be kindled, and quite burn itself out; and let the ashes grow cold —

And behold you now, this Phoenix of the World, bright and dazzling, rising up from them! Behold you now this same Black-haired People, young, strong, vigorous, gleaming with all the rainbow hues of romance and imagination; conquering and creative, and soon to strew the jewels of faërie over all the Eastern World. . . .

But this is to anticipate: to take you on to the second century B. C.; whereas I want you now in the sixth. — I said that you should find better chances for study in the Royal Library at Honanfu, could you get together the means for journeying thither, than anywhere else in Chu Hia. That was particularly true in the latter part of that sixth century; because there was a man by the name of Li Urh, chief librarian there, from whom, if you cared to, you might hear better things than were to be found in the books in his charge. His fame, it appears, has gone abroad through the world; although his chief aim seems to be to keep in the shadows and not be talked about. Scholars resort to him from far and near; one of them, the greatest of all, who came to him in the year 517 and was (if we are to believe accounts) treated without too much mercy, came out awestruck, and said: “Today I have seen the Dragon.”— What! that little old man with the bald head and straggly lank Chinese beard? — Like enough, like enough! — they are not all, as you look at them with these physical eyes, to be seen winged and wandering the heavens. . . .

But wandering the heavens, this one, yes! He has the blue ether about him, even there in the Library among the books. — He has a way of putting things in little old quiet paradoxes that seem to solve all the problems,— to take you out of the dust and clatter of this world, into the serenity of the Dragon-world where all problems are solved, or non-existent. Chu Hia is all a fuss and turmoil, and running the headlong Gadarene road; but the Old Philosopher — as he has come to be called — has anchorage right outside of and above it, and speaks from the calmness of the peaks of heaven. A kind of school forms itself around him; his wisdom keeps provincials from returning home, and the young men of the capital from commonplace courses. Though he has been accredited with much authorship, I think he wrote nothing; living among books, he had rather a contempt for them,— as things at the best for patching up

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and cossetting life, new windings and wrappings for its cocoon; — whereas he would have had the whole cocoon stripped away, and the butterfly beautifully airing its wings. Be that as it may, there are, shall we say, stenographers among his disciples, and his sayings come down to us. They have to do with the Way, the Truth, and the Life; which things, and much else, are included in Chinese in the one word *Tao*.

“The main purpose of his studies,” says Ssema Tsien (the ‘Father of Chinese History’), “was to keep himself concealed and unknown.” In this he succeeded admirably, so far as all future ages were to be concerned; for Ssema himself, writing in the reign of Han Wuti some four centuries later, could be by no means sure of his identity. He tells us all we know, or think we know, about Laotse: — that he was born in a village in southern Honan; kept the Royal Library at Honanfu; met Confucius there in 517; and at last rode away on his ox into the west, leaving the *Tao Teh King* with the Keeper of the Pass on the frontier; — and then goes on to say that there were two other men “whom many regarded as having been the real Laotse”: one of them Lao Lai, a contemporary of Confucius, who wrote fifteen treatises on the practices of the school of Tao; the other, a “Grand Historiographer of Chow,” Tan by name, who lived some century and a quarter later. To me this is chiefly interesting as a suggestion that the ‘School of Tao’ was a thing existent and well-established at that time, and with more than one man writing about it.

It may well have been. Taoists ascribe the foundation of their religion to the Yellow Emperor, twenty-eight centuries B. C.; but there never was time Tao was not; nor, I suppose, when there was quite no knowledge of it, even in China. In the old manvantara, past now these three hundred years, the Black-haired People had wandered far enough from such knowledge; — with the accumulation of complexities, with the piling up of encumberments of thought and deed during fifteen hundred busy years of intensive civilization. As long as that piling up had not entirely covered away Tao, the Supreme Simplicity, the Clear Air; — as long as men could find scope to think and act and accomplish things; — so long the manvantara lasted; when nothing more that was useful could be accomplished, and action could no longer bring about its expectable results (because all that old dead weight was there to interpose itself between new causes set in motion and their natural outcome) — then the pralaya set in. You see, that is why pralayas do set in; why they must; — why no nation can possibly go on at a pitch of greatness and high activity beyond a certain length of time. — And all that activity of the manvantara — all that fuss and bustle to achieve greatness and fortune—it had all been an obscuration of and moving away from Tao.

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The Great Teachers come into this world out of the Unknown, bringing the essence of their Truth with them. We know well what they will teach: in some form or another it will be Theosophy; it will be the old self-evident truths about Karma and the two natures of man. But how they will teach it: what kind of sugar-coating or bitter aloes they will prescribe along with it: — that, I think, depends on reactions from the age they come in and the people whom they are to teach. It is almost certain, as I said, that Li Urh the Old Philosopher left no writings. “Who knows, does not tell,” said he; and Po Chu-i quotes this, and pertinently adds: “what then of his own five thousand words and more?” — the *Tao Teh King*. That book was proved centuries ago, in China, not to have come, as it stands, even from Laotse’s age; because there are characters in it that were invented long afterwards. The wisest thing to believe is that it is made up mostly of his sayings, taken down by his disciples in the Pitman of the time; and surviving, with accretions and losses perhaps, through the disquiet of the next two centuries, and the burning of the books, and everything. Because whatever vicissitudes may have befallen it, one does hear in its maxims the tones of a real voice: one man’s voice, with a timbre in it that belongs to the Lords of Wisdom. And to me, despite Lao Lai and Tan the Grand Historiographer, it is the voice of an old man in the seclusion of the Royal Library: a happy little bald-headed straggly-bearded old man anxious to keep himself unknown and unapplauded; it is a voice attuned to quietness, and to mental reactions from the thunder of the armies, the drums and trappings and fuss and insolence of his day. I thoroughly believe in the old man in the Royal Library, and the riding away an-oxback at last into the west, — where was Si Wang Mu’s Faery Garden, and the Gobi Desert, with sundry oases therein whereof we have heard. I can hear that voice, with childlike wonder in it, and Adept-like seriousness, and childlike and Adept-like laughter not far behind, in such sayings as these: “Tao is like the emptiness of a vessel; and the use of it, we may say, must be free from all self-sufficiency. How deep and mysterious it is, as if it were the author of all things! We should make our sharpness blunt, and unravel the complications of things. . . . How still and clear is Tao, a phantasm with the semblance of permanence! I do not know whose son it is. It might appear to have been before God.”

We see in Christendom the effects of belief in a personal God, and also the inefficacy of mere ethics. Believers make their God in their own image, and nourish their personalities imitating an imitation of themselves. At the best of times they take their New Testament ethics, distil from these every virtue and excellent quality, and posit the result as the characteristics of their Deity: — the result, plus a selfhood; and

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therefore the great delusion and heresy, Separateness, is the link that binds the whole together. It is after all but a swollen personality; and whether you swell your personality with virtues or vices, the result is an offense. There is a bridge, razor-edged, between earth and heaven; and you can never carry that load across it. Laotse, supremely ethical in effect, had a cordial detestation - - take this gingerly! — of un-re-enforced ethics. “When the great Tao is lost,” says he, “men follow after charity and duty to one’s neighbor.” Again: “When Tao is lost, virtue takes its place. When virtue is lost, benevolence succeeds to it. When benevolence is lost, justice ensues. When justice is lost, then we have expediency.” He does not mean, of course, that these things are bad; but simply that they are the successive stages of best things left when Tao is lost sight of; none of them in itself a high enough aim. They are all included in Tao, as the less in the greater. He describes to you the character of the man of Tao; but your conduct is to be the effect of following Tao; and you do not attain Tao by mere practice of virtue; though you naturally practise virtue, without being aware of it, while following Tao. It all throws wonderful light on the nature of the Adept; about whom you have said nothing at all when you have accredited him with all the virtues. Joan was blemishless; but not thereby did she save France; — she could do that because, as Laotse would have said, being one with Tao, she flowed out into her surroundings, accomplishing absolutely her part in the universal plan. No compilation of virtues would make a Teacher (such as we know): it is a case of the total absence of everything that should prevent the natural Divine Part of man from functioning in this world as freely and naturally as the sun shines or the winds blow. The sun and the stars and the tides and the wind and the rain — there is that perfect glowing simplicity in them all: the Original, the Root of all things, Tao. *Be like them*, says Laotse, *impersonal and simple*. “I hold fast to and cherish Three Precious Things,” he says: “Gentleness, Economy, Humility.” Why? So, you would say, do the ethics of the New Testament; such is the preaching of the Christian Churches. But (in the latter case) for reasons quite unlike Laotse’s. For we make of them too often virtues to be attained, that shall render us meek and godly, acceptable in the eyes of the Lord, and I know not what else: riches laid up in heaven; a pamperment of satisfaction; easily to become a cloak for self-righteousness and, if worse can be, worse. But *tw!* Laotse will not be bothered with riches here or elsewhere. With him these precious things are simply absences that come to be when obstructive presences are thrown off. No sanctimoniousness for the little Old Man in the Royal Library!

He would draw minds away to the silence of the Great Mystery,

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which is the fountain of laughter, of life, the unmarred; and he would have them abide there in absolute harmony. Understand him, and you understand what he did for China. It is from that Inner Thing, that Tao, that all nourishment comes and all greatness. You must go out with your eyes open to search for it: watch for Dragons in the sky; for the Laugher, the Golden Person, in the Sun: watch for Tao, ineffably sparkling and joyous — and quiet — in the trees; listen for it in the winds and in the sea-roar; and have nothing in your own heart but its presence and omnipresence and wonder-working joy. How can you flow out to the moments, and capture the treasure in them; how can you flow out to Tao, and inherit the stars, and have the sea itself flowing in your veins; — if you are blocked with a desire, or a passion for things mortal, or a grudge against someone, or a dislike? Beauty is Tao: it is Tao that shines in the flowers: the rose, the bluebell, the daffodil — the wistaria, the chrysanthemum, the peony — they are little avatars of Tao; they are little gateways into the Kingdom of God. How can you know them, how can you go in through them, how can you participate in the laughter of the planets and the angelic clans, through their ministrations, if you are preoccupied with the interests or the wants of contemptible you, the personality? Laotse went lighting little stars for the Black-haired People: went pricking the opacity of heaven, that the Light of lights might filter through. If you call him a philosopher, you credit him with an intellectualism that really he did not bother to possess. Rather he stood by the Wells of Poetry, and was spiritual progenitor of thousands of poets. There is no way to Poetry but Laotse's Way. You think you must go abroad and see the world; you must not; that is only a hindrance: a giving the eyes too many new externals, to hinder them from looking for that which you may see, as he says, 'through your own window.' If you traverse the whole world seeking, you will never come nearer to the only thing that counts, which is Here, and Now. Seek to feed your imagination on outward things, on doings and events, and you will perhaps excite, but surely soon starve it. But at the other pole, the inner — "How deep and mysterious is Tao, as if it were the author of all things!" — And then I hear someone ask him whence it originated — someone fishing for a little metaphysics, some dose of philosophy. What! catch Laotse? "I know," said Confucius, "how birds fly, beasts run, fishes swim. But the runner may be snared, the swimmer hooked, the flyer 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." No; you cannot hook, snare, or shoot the Dragon. "I do not know whose son Tao is," says Laotse. "It might appear to have been before God."

So I adhere to the tale of the old man in the Royal Library, holding

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wonderful quiet conversations there; that "it might appear to have been before God" is enough to convince me. There was a man once\* — I forget his name, but we may call him Cho Kung for our purposes; he was of affable demeanor, and an excellent flautist; and had an enormous disbelief in ghosts, bogies, goblins, and 'supernatural' beings of every kind. It seized him with the force of a narrow creed; and he went forth to missionarize, seeking disputants. He found one in the Chief Librarian of some provincial library: who confessed to a credulousness along that line, and seemed willing to talk. Here then were grand opportunities — for a day's real enjoyment, with perchance a creditable convert to be won at the end of it. Behold them sitting down to the fray, in the shadows among the books: the young Cho Kung, affable (I like the word well), voluble and earnest; the old Librarian, mild, with little to say but *buts* and *ifs*, and courteous even beyond the wont in that "last refuge of good manners," China. All day long they sat; and affable Cho, like Sir Macklin in the poem,

"Argued high and argued low,  
And likewise argued round about him";

until by fall of dusk the Librarian was fairly beaten. So cogent were Cho's arguments, so loud and warm his eloquence, so entirely convincing his facts adduced — his modern instances, as you may say — that there really was nothing for the old man to answer. Ghosts were not; genii were ridiculously unthinkable; supernatural beings could not exist, and it was absurd to think they could. The Librarian had not a leg to stand on; that was flat. Accordingly he rose to his feet — and bowed. — "Sir," said he, with all prescribed honorifics, "undoubtedly you are victorious. The contemptible present speaker sees the error of his miserable ways. He is convinced. It remains for him only to add" — and here something occurred to make Cho rub his eyes — "that *he is himself a supernatural being.*" — And with that his form and limbs distend, grow misty — and he vanishes in a cloud up through the ceiling. — You see, those old librarians in China had a way of doing things which was all their own.

So Li Urh responded to the confusions of his day. Arguments? — You could hardly call them so; there is very little arguing, where Tao is concerned. The Tiger was abroad, straining all those lithe tendons, — a tense fearful symmetry of destruction burning bright through the night-forests of that pralaya: grossest and wariest energies put forth to their utmost in a race between the cunning for existence, a struggle of the strong for power. — "It is the way of Tao to do difficult things when they are easy; to benefit and not to injure; to do and not to strive." Come out, says Laotse, from all this moil and topsey-turveydom; stop

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all this striving and botheration; give things a chance to right themselves. There is nothing flashy or to make a show about in Tao; it vies with no one. Let go; let be; find rest of the mind and senses; let us have no more of these fooleries, war, capital punishment, ambition; let us have self-emptiness. Just be quiet, and this great Chu Hia will come right without aid of governing, without politics and voting and canvassing and such. — *Here and Now* and *What comes by* were his prescriptions. He was an advocate of the Small State. Aristotle would have had no government ruling more than ten thousand people; Laotse would have had his State of such a size that the inhabitants could all hear the cocks crowing in foreign lands; and he would have had them quite uneager to travel abroad. What he taught was a total *bouleversement* of the methods of his age. “It is the way of Tao not to act from personal motives, to conduct affairs without feeling the trouble of them, to taste without being aware of the flavor, to account the great as the small and the small as the great, to recompense injury with kindness.”

The argument went all against him. Their majesties of Ts'in and Tsin and Ts'i and Ts'u were there with their drums and trappings; the sixty-warrior-carrying chariots were thundering past; — who should hear the voice of an old quiet man in the Royal Library? Minister This and Secretary That of Lu and Chao and Cheng were at it with their wire-pullings and lobbyings and petty diddlings and political cheateries — (it is all beautifully modern); what had the world to do with self-emptiness and Tao? The argument was all against him; he hadn't a leg to stand on. There was no Tao; no simplicity; no magic; no Garden of Si Wang Mu in the West; no Azure Birds of Compassion to fly out from it into the world of men. Very well then; he, being one with that non-existent Tao, would ride away to that imaginary Garden; would go, and leave —

A strand torn out of the rainbow to be woven into the stuff of Chinese life. You could not tell it at the time; you never would have guessed it — but this old dull tired squalid China, cowering in her rice-fields and stopping her ears against the drums and trappings, had had something — some seed of divinity, thrown down into her mind, that should grow there and be brooded on for three centuries or so, and then —

There is a Blue Pearl, Immortality; and the Dragon, wandering the heavens, is forever in pursuit or quest of it. You will see that on the old flag of China, that a foolish republicanism cast away as savoring too much of the Manchu. (But it was Laotse and Confucius, Han Wuti and Tang Taitson, and Wu Taotse and the Banished Angel that it savored of really.) Well, it was this Blue Pearl that the Old Philosopher, riding up

\*The story is told in Dr. H. H. Giles' *Dictionary of Chinese Biography*.



LAOTSE

(From Lao Tse's *Tao-Teh-King*: Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago)

through the pass to the Western Gate of the world, there to vanish from the knowledge of men; — it was this Blue Pearl that, stopping and turning a moment there so high up and near heaven, he tossed back and out into the fields of China; — and the Dragon would come to seek it in his time. — You perhaps know the picture of Lao tse riding away on his ox. I do not wonder that the beast is smiling.

For it really was the Blue Pearl: and the Lord knew what it was to do in China in its day. It fell down, you may say, from the clear ether of heaven into the thick atmosphere of this world; and amidst the mists of human personality took on all sorts of iridescences; lit up strange rain-

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bow tints and fires to glow and glisten more and more wonderfully as the centuries should pass; and kindle the Chinese imagination into all sorts of opal glowings and divine bewilderments and wonderments; — and by and by the wonder-dyed mist-ripples floated out to Japan, and brought to pass there all sorts of nice Japanese cherry-blossomy and plum-blossomy and peonyish things, and Urashima-stories and Bushido-ish and Lafcadio-ish and badger-teakettle things: — reawakened, in fact, the whole of the faery glow of the Eastern World.

It is not to be thought that here among the mists and personalities the Pearl could quite retain all its pure blueness of the ether. It is not to be thought that Taoism, spread broadcast among the people, could remain, what it was at the beginning, an undiluted Theosophy. The lower the stratum of thought into which it fell, the less it could be Thought-Spiritual, the stuff unalloyed of Manas-Taijasi. Nevertheless it was the Pearl Immortality, with a vigor and virtue of its own, and a competence for ages, on whatever plane it might be, to work wonders. Among thinking and spiritual minds it remained a true Way of Salvation. Among the masses it came to be thought of presently as personal immortality and the elixir of life. Regrettable, you may say; but this is the point: nothing was ever intended to last forever. You must judge Taoism by what it was in its day, not by what it may be now. Laotse had somehow flashed down into human consciousness a vision of Infinity: had confronted the Chinese mind with a conviction of the Great Mystery, the Divine Silence. It is simply a fact that that is the fountain whose waters feed the imagination and make it grow and bloom. Search for the Secret in chatter and outward sights and deeds, and you soon run to waste and nothingness; but seek here, and you shall find what seemed a void, teeming with lovely forms. He set the Chinese imagination, staggered and stupefied by the so long ages of manvantara, and then of ruin, into a glow of activity, of grace, of wonder; men became aware of the vast world of the Within; as if a thousand Americas had been discovered. It supplied the seed of creation for all the poets and artists to come. It made a new folk-lore; revived the inner atmosphere of mountains and forests; set the fairies dancing; raised Yellow Crane Pagodas to mark the spot where Wang Tzu-chiao flew on the Crane to heaven in broad daylight. It sent out the ships of Ts'in Shi Hwangti presently to seek the Golden Islands of Peng-lai, where the Immortals give cups of the elixir to their votaries; in some degree it sent the armies of Han Wuti in search of the Garden of Si Wang Mu. The ships found (perhaps) only the Golden Islands of Japan; the armies found certainly Persia, India, and even the borders of Rome; — and withal, new currents, awakening and international, to flow into China and make splendid the Golden Age of Han.

## AERIAL EXHILARATION

H. T. PATTERSON

ON timbered wings I fly —  
I ride above the loud-voiced thunder —  
I battle — yea! — I! — I! —  
At mine own joy I wonder — wonder.

I circle in my airy glee —  
I've crossed — ah-ha! — a mountain top —  
It was twelve thousand feet — can you conceive how free  
My flight as towards the plains I drop?

I cannot be content below —  
I love the gay elation —  
The Gods of air, they never will bestow  
On us a madder sense of joy and fear in intermixed mutation.

There'll come a dreary time — perhaps? —  
Ridiculous the notion! —  
When nerve and brain will both collapse  
Through overwrought emotion.

Till then on timbered wings I fly —  
The dun, gray clouds roll slowly under —  
I battle — yea! — I! — I! —  
A freeman of the air, above the rumbling thunder.

## AWAKENING

R. MACHELL

### CHAPTER VII



CAPTAIN CAROTHERS, left to himself, stood for a long time where his indignant host had left him. He was sorry to have so hurt a man with whom he had no quarrel. Sobered by the sight of the old man's effort to control himself, and also ashamed of his own outbreak, he stood leaning against the mantelpiece, looking down vacantly into the fire. His own anger had subsided; he wished that it was morning and that he was away from the scene of his humiliation.

He heard a sound of hurrying steps, and wondered, for it was getting late; and then he heard voices in the stable-yard and a horse's hoofs on the paved court below. It suddenly occurred to him that someone was ill and that a groom was going for the doctor. He thought it must be Beatrice, who, in spite of all her apparent self-control, had broken down, overcome no doubt with grief at parting from the man whom she

had loved so passionately, and with remorse perhaps for her unnatural conduct to her husband. His anxiety was blended with a sense of triumph, that came as a sort of balm to his sorely wounded vanity.

He took his candlestick, as if about to go to bed, and rang the bell to let the footman know the billiard room was no longer occupied. In the corridor he met the butler in a state of perturbation, who told him Mr. Cranley had had a stroke and was lying unconscious in his dressing-room, where he had been found by Mrs. Cranley. They had sent for the doctor, and he was coming to inform the Captain when he met him.

Hepburn himself was really upset. He was a part of the family, or at least a part of the establishment, and honestly loved his master in his own undemonstrative way.

He said that Mrs. Cranley and Miss Beatrice were with him, though there was nothing to be done until the doctor came and that would not be long; he probably would not have gone to bed yet, and he lived just across the park, less than a mile away.

Carothers noticed the butler offered no suggestion as to the cause of such a sudden seizure, but he wondered what would be the doctor's first question, and what would be the answer. He cursed himself in-

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wardly, and, as the butler seemed to assume that he would not think of intruding on the ladies, he turned back to the billiard-room, uttering some natural expressions of regret and hope that the groom would catch the doctor at home, and mentally adding a hope the doctor would be sober in spite of the late hour and the fact that it was Sunday. He longed to question Hepburn as to the probable causes of the attack, but had not the face to do it, knowing what he did. He wondered if the butler by chance had overheard a part of what had passed, or if he had seen his master as he left the billiard-room, and whether Beatrice knew anything. He felt as if he were a suspected murderer, with Hepburn standing looking reproachfully at him, waiting for the sound of horses' hoofs and wheels on the gravel of the drive.

It came at last, and Hepburn hurried down to let the doctor in, but the footman was there before him.

Carothers waited, and wondered what she would think, knowing that he was the last person her father had spoken to before they found him lying unconscious in his dressing-room. She would guess there had been some sort of quarrel in the billiard-room. Then Steven would come and he would want to know all that had passed between them. He could feel his wife's eyes fastened upon him, as she read his heart, not listening to his words; and then he could feel the withering scorn of her unspoken condemnation: for he could not tell them what had really passed, and she would know that he was lying. He was afraid of her. Steven would take his word for anything, no doubt, but Steven's wife probably would come with him and she would read him like an open book. All this and more went seething through his brain, and he half muttered to himself: "Why did I come to this accursed house?"

The doctor thought the sick man might recover consciousness, but more probably would pass away quietly before the dawn. Hearing that Steven was staying at Ausleydale, he suggested that the groom who fetched him should be sent at once with the sad news that Mr. Cranley was at the point of death, but that he might last till morning. There was little to be done except to wait and watch.

Mrs. Cranley had suggested that Captain Carothers should be asked to come and help move the sick man from the dressing-room, but Beatrice negatived the proposition so decidedly that Hepburn, who was present, felt his suspicion justified that there was trouble between 'Miss Beatrice' and her husband, and he had no doubt as to where the blame lay: he was a loyal soul. He had seen his master as he passed through the hall on his way to his dressing-room, and he made no secret of his opinion that he must have had 'some words' with the Captain, for his face was flushed and his hands trembled as he took the candlestick that Hepburn

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offered him. Also, he failed to say good-night, a most unusual omission.

It was not difficult for Beatrice to guess what must have taken place between her father and her husband, and the lines about her mouth grew rigid. In such a moment it was hardly to be expected that she would judge her husband very leniently, although she felt the real fault lay with her. She never spared herself, nor blamed her parents for her imperfect education or for the character she had inherited from them. She was instinctively loyal to her family.

The hours dragged on, and Beatrice comforted her mother as best she could, having dismissed the women servants, who were inclined to be hysterical, all except Hepburn, who was a comfort to her with his unostentatious sympathy and common sense. After a while the doctor went to the billiard-room to see if Captain Carothers could throw any light upon the seizure of his patient, which however was no more than he had expected long ago, knowing as he did the excitable temperament of the old gentleman. The Captain received him cordially and kept him plied with questions, gave him a cigar, and listened so sympathetically to the doctor's reminiscences that the time passed rapidly; and, when the sound of wheels was heard at last, the doctor had not obtained much information from his charming host, who hurried down to meet his friend. Hepburn however was at the door before the dog-cart arrived, and led his young master up at once to where his father lay.

The old gentleman was still alive and that was all.

Steven was very gentle to his mother and sister, and listened to what the doctor had to say, then took his place beside the bed to wait and watch for any sign of a return of consciousness, having insisted that the others should go and lie down, while he and Hepburn and the doctor watched by the dying man.

The room was very quiet and no change came to mark the passage of life from the body. It was as if the soul had gone already and left the abandoned body to run down like a clock in which the pendulum continues to oscillate more and more feebly for some time after the wheels have ceased their motion. Before dawn appeared their watch was ended.

Feeling his presence something less than welcome, Carothers made no attempt to alter the arrangements for his departure at eight o'clock. Hepburn attended to him and gave him a message of apology from Steven, who excused himself from leaving his mother and sister at such a moment. There was something chilling to him in that simple message; it seemed to set the seal of finality upon the rupture with his wife. After the night's events he felt his ties with Comberfield were severed, and as if his marriage were, as Beatrice said, an incident which now was closed.

Scarcely had he left the house before a carriage came from Ausley-

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dale with Mrs. Steven and her maid. Beatrice received her more than cordially; indeed, it seemed as if her self-control had reached its limit, and that now her natural emotion might have its way. Alice was such a practical person and so willing to relieve her of responsibility, and seemed to understand the crisis she had been passing through so perfectly that no word of explanation was necessary between them.

The doctor certified that the cause of death was apoplexy, and no one considered it necessary to inquire further into the circumstances that immediately preceded the attack. Steven and Alice had a long talk with Hepburn and drew their own conclusions, as Beatrice had done. There was no need of any explanation. Steven resigned his commission to take his father's place at Comberfield and Captain Carothers went with the regiment to India, while Beatrice accompanied her mother to the old manor-house at Chenstead, that was settled upon her for life, declining her brother Jonas's somewhat perfunctory offer of a home in the vicarage, which he had enlarged to what land-agents call 'a mansion.'

The reverend gentleman was not sorry that his offer had been declined, for he had heard enough to make him fear that there would be a scandal in the family unless his niece could be persuaded to return to what he called "her duty": and of this he was forced to confess there was small hope. He knew the Cranley character too well, and shook his head sadly when he spoke of "poor dear Beatrice."

The case indeed was hopeless from his point of view; but from her own it seemed to her as if a new hope had arisen, and that the tomb had closed upon the dead body of her former self. She had passed through the fire of life, the Death in Life, and now a new day dawned, a new sun seemed to flood the heavens with a new radiance, unknown to her before. She saw her life before her as a path that led through a great gateway far out over unknown lands, up to the mountains, beyond which the sun shone on another world as yet invisible. She felt as if reborn, and wondered if the doctrine of Reincarnation might not conceal a deeper mystery — that of the Death in Life, and the Rebirth of the Soul in the same body, purified by pain, freed from the tyranny of passion, and made conscious of its destiny.

THE END

