



O my Divinity! thou dost blend with the earth and fashion for thyself Temples of mighty power.
O my Divinity! thou livest in the heart-life of all things and dost radiate a Golden Light that shineth forever and doth illumine even the darkest corners of the earth.
O my Divinity! blend thou with me that from the corruptible I may become Incorruptible; that from imperfection I may become Perfection; that from darkness I may go forth in Light.— *Katherine Tingley*

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ON last Sunday I talked to you on the subject of Reimbodiment in its varied aspects or formulations, showing you how this great teaching had existed among all races of men, that is to say, in all times and in all parts of the surface of the globe; and that the adherents to and teachers of this truly wonderful doctrine in its varied aspects or formulations, were always men of unusual spiritual and in-

tellectual power. I cited a fairly long list of names, and showed how there never had been a religion or a philosophy which can be said to have had world-influence, in which this doctrine of Reimbodiment in one form or another was not taught. Yes; it was taught in them all: from the most northern regions of the inhabited globe to the most southern, and from farthest East to farthest West, the idea circling

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THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the globe in every direction. You cannot find a single country where this noble doctrine, this interpreter and solver of the riddles of life, and of man's own being and existence, was ignored and not taught; but in the various countries or races with varying degrees of openness of exposition: for a very large part of the complete doctrine was always held as esoteric.

It is only in European countries and during the last fifteen hundred years, and among the peoples who have descended in other parts of the world from the European stock or stocks, in which or among whom this doctrine has been lost sight of. We know the reason why and how this loss occurred. The Christian religion today does not teach it and for centuries past has not officially taught it; and the reason is that among the books which very largely contain the foundations of Christian theology, and in those which contain the teaching of the *later* Church-Fathers, the doctrine of Reimbodiment, or that of Palingenesis, or that of Metempsychosis, or that of Metensomatosis — in all such works — these doctrines, all differing aspects of the one general doctrine, have been mocked at and rejected because sincerely or wilfully misunderstood.

You know that witty Frenchmen say that the best and easiest way by which something that you don't like may be killed, is by ridicule and derision. These are truly powerful weapons; but to people who think, ridicule and derision are not convincing arguments; and, indeed, often cover a lack of abili-

ty or power to answer an argument successfully otherwise. Furthermore, among the early Christians, a form of metempsychosal reincarnation was actually taught. Please remember this fact. It had vogue in Christian circles even as late as the sixth century, when the teachings derived from one of the greatest of the early Church-Fathers, Origen of Alexandria, were formally anathematized and condemned by the General Council of Constantinople in 540, a Council held under the Patriarch Mennas by authority of a Rescript issued by the Emperor Justinian. Even at that date, this very condemnation shows that in some form or other, and in a comparatively large section of the Christian Church, some form of Reincarnation or Reimbodiment or Rebirth of the human soul was taught, and taught with such insistence and emphasis by its proponents that the orthodox party found it necessary to bring such vigorous influences to work upon the Emperor Justinian that he summoned the Oecumenical Council of that date, in which the doctrines of Origen in those respects were formally condemned and the great man's memory denigrated completely. The so-called Areopagitan teachings of the pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite, to which I have alluded in other lectures, were then making their way into orthodox favor — mystical in their way, and of indubitably pagan origin; but far less directly so than were Origen's views.

Now, which were these early Christian sects that taught Reimbodiment in

some form or other? There were, first, the Manichaeans pre-eminently, who, though modern Christian theologians and historians choose to call them a Christian sect, actually were not such, although they had indeed adopted some few of the Christian notions — possibly from motives of personal safety and in order to hide their true beliefs. It is, perhaps, self-flattery to include in your own field or under your own banner, in order to show how great you are, everything or every person which or who approaches more or less nearly to what you yourself think, as the Christians then did and sometimes now do; but the Manichaeans were fundamentally not Christians.

Again, there were the many Gnostic sects, some of which differed very widely indeed, and often very favorably, from Christian theology and life. Furthermore, there were some really Christian sects, such as the Prae-existants (so called because they believed in the existence of the human soul before birth and in a form of reincarnation) who were distinctly Christian, accepting Christian theology in most of its points, and this sect was in the earliest centuries of the Christian Era very widespread. They were followers of the same system that the great Origen summarized in his writings and his teachings, of which I have just spoken; and another early Greek Church-Father, and, with Origen, one of the greatest, who, as did Origen, lived in the second and third centuries, was the renowned Clement of Alexandria, who held precisely the same views.

These Prae-existants lasted, as a sect, at least until the third and fourth centuries, and perhaps longer, but with dwindling influence probably. There were doubtless other early Christian bodies who held similar beliefs. The form of the doctrine of Reimbodiment held by these early Christians was taught in some form or other in the early Christian Church as a secret or esoteric teaching; and for this reason we have the greatest of the later Church-Fathers, all quite orthodox, rivaling each other in finding terms of vituperation and scorn of what they did not at all understand, contemning the beliefs of their fellow-Christians of an earlier and purer age and even of their own respective dates — down to the year 540! Some of those later Church-Fathers used a language which we moderns cannot call in any sense courteous; but you know what people say when a man uses language which passes beyond all bounds of good breeding and courtesy!

Jerome, who lived in the fourth and fifth centuries, in his *Letter to Deme-trias*, a noble Roman lady, tells us that some form of Metempsychosis or of Reincarnation was then believed in and taught among some Christians, but as an esoteric and traditional doctrine, and that it was communicated to a selected few only.

Was this reticence dictated by wisdom, arising out of the fear of persecution by their fellow-Christians: or was it dictated by the very different motives which governed the teaching of Reimbodiment among the peoples

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

who preceded the Christian Era? Perhaps a little of both. The reason for the secrecy that prevailed in pre-Christian times was this: In order fully to understand the general doctrine of Palingenesis or of Reimbodiment, long and arduous study and much thought are required. The principles of these doctrines are very simple in themselves, but if you wish to have an accurate knowledge of them, you must study and reflect deeply; and it was an ancient custom, prevalent everywhere, all over the world, that no sane and wise man gives out all of the teachings of any science or art, all at once, nor to those who have not prepared themselves by training and study properly and rightfully to receive them.

This is so even among ourselves today. Who teaches a young child secrets involving physical or moral danger? For instance, we do not permit him to learn how to combine chemicals into explosives, thus avoiding the otherwise imminent risk of his blowing himself and his home into the skyey blue! There is the general idea. Let the student first learn the elements; let him prepare himself first, both in mind and heart. First must his moral nature to some extent be developed in order to insure not only his own safety, but that of his fellow-men. Then he received the greater secrets. So was it with us in our own Theosophical Movement under the wise direction of our Teacher and Leader Katherine Tingley, who followed in this, strictly and faithfully, the ancient, the archaic, method of training and teaching before illumi-

nation. "Discipline precedes the Mysteries."

We also, as I have so often pointed out in my lectures in this our Temple of Peace, have our esoteric or secret teachings, not given indiscriminately and without adequate preparation to all. This is not a reticence dictated by selfishness, but a wise reserve acquired from ages upon ages of experience and of knowledge of human nature by our forbears, in the general Theosophical Movement, through past periods.

Let me read to you, before I leave this part of the subject, what Lactantius, another very eminent Church-Father, says on the subject of Reimbodiment, and incidentally concerning the spherical nature of our earth. He lived and wrote in the fourth century of the Christian Era, and he fairly bubbles over with contempt for the ancient idea of Reimbodiment, although it was held in modified form by some Christians in his own time. Lactantius's squabbling irony reads funnily today to us men of a wiser age, a kindlier age, indeed a more thoughtful age.

Speaking of Pythagoras, the great Greek philosopher, he calls him "an old fool who taught old wives' fables" such as Metempsychosis and the sphericity of the earth and the heliocentric character of our solar system. He delivers himself of the following spiteful invective:

That old fool invented fables for credulous babies, as some old women do who have nothing else to do!

The folly of this foolish old fellow ought to be laughed to scorn!

How can people believe that there are an-

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

tipodes under our feet? Do they say anything deserving of attention at all? Is there anybody so senseless as to believe that there are men living on the under side of the earth, whose feet thus are higher than their heads? Or that the things which with us grow upright, with them hang head downwards? That the crops and trees grow downwards? That rains, and snows, and hail, fall upwards to the surface of the earth? . . . These people thought that the earth is round like a ball . . . and that it has mountains, extends plains, and contains level seas, under our feet on the opposite side of the earth; and, if so, it follows that all parts of such an earth would be inhabited by men and beasts. Thus the roundness of the earth leads to the idiotic idea of those antipodes hanging downwards! . . . I am absolutely at a loss to know what to say about such people, who, after having erred in one thing, consistently persevere in their preposterous folly, and defend one vain and false notion by another; but perhaps they do it as a joke, or purposely and knowingly defend lies for the purpose of showing their ingenuity in defending falsehoods. But I should be able to prove by many arguments that it is utterly impossible for the sky to be underneath the earth, were it not that this my book must now come to an end.

Alas! Why did not the self-satisfied Lactantius give us of his arguments? Surely they would be interesting reading!

Friends, those of you who have followed medieval history somewhat, may remember that when Christopher Columbus was received in audience by the theological doctors of Salamanca in Spain — called before them in order to prove that his idea of a round earth was not a heretical idea — they said to him: "It is impossible; the Bible does not teach it, and the Bible contains the truth of God. The Church-

Fathers deliberately and pointedly reject it." They also said: "You take your life in your hands, and the lives of your officers and men, if you sail so far out into the unknown sea!"

But Columbus nevertheless sailed westwards in his three small vessels, with a body or crew of officers and men numbering a hundred, more or less. He left Palos on August 3, 1492, and in somewhat less than two and a half months of sailing, touched at an American island, on October 12th, Old Style, 1492; or New Style, October 22nd. The tomb of Columbus today bears the engraven inscription: *Á Castilla y á León, Nuevo Mundo dió Colón*: "To Castile and to León, Columbus gave a new World!" Had Columbus listened to his opposers and objectors, and had he renounced his project: had he not had the royal favor and aid: how long would it have been before some other hardy spirit would have embarked from a European port, sailing westwards to imperishable fame? It surely would have come to pass; but this in no wise detracts from the merit of the enterprising Genoese. You will remember also that during his transit of two and a half months' duration, he had a near-mutiny among his men; for after sailing so many weeks, and seeing no land, and believing in a flat earth, the latter thought that the time was not far distant when they would come to the rim or edge of the earth and there fall over and off it in a Titanic Niagara into empty spaces!

Yes, ignorance and self-satisfaction can and oft do prejudice the discovery

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of truth; but a strong heart and a clear mind are not swayed by prejudice: are swayed by naught but their own love of truth—the reminiscence or memory of knowledge gained in other former lives, albeit such memory be at the time unconscious.

Let me now take up more directly the theme of our day's study together here: Reimbodiment.

Some people say: "I don't like the idea of reincarnation, as you Theosophists teach it. It does not seem to me to be true." Ask them why. "Because I don't remember my past lives." But why should anyone remember his past lives? And again, How could anyone remember the details of his past lives? Do you in this life even remember when you first went to school? Do you remember when you first ate a square meal? Do you even remember what happened to you this morning so that you can recall the details of it all? Do you remember what happened on this date a year ago? Do you remember on what day Frederick of Prussia died; or on what day Napoleon sailed for St. Helena? Do you remember when Julius Caesar was born or when Antony died? Do you remember the date of the Battle of the Brandywine?

If the argument of not remembering is worth anything as used against Reincarnation, then the same rule holds good here, and because we do not remember it, therefore none of these people ever did any such things as I have just pointed to: one of them never was born; two of them never

died; you never first went to school, nor did you ever have a first square meal because you don't remember it! The argument is worthless because childish. Add to this the obvious fact that in each new body you have a new physical brain, which is a physical instrument and must be trained; and the training in memorizing is one of the commonest facts of every-day psychology. Consider a child's mind, how it develops from infancy through childhood, youth, and manhood. At each stage it acquires new powers and faculties, and takes on new outlooks; and at all stages of growth it remembers and then forgets a vast number of things that made no impression of importance on the mind, although the entity passed through them and perhaps suffered from them or had joy in them.

Another and very striking proof that individuality persists through complete loss of memory of personal identity lasting for an indefinite period, occurs in those highly pathetic cases of psychologic amnesia. In these cases a man suddenly suffers complete loss of personal memory and of his real identity; he walks into a police-station, or elsewhere, and says that he finds himself in a strange city, walking streets entirely new to him, and that he has no idea who he is. The newspapers frequently report cases of this kind. Then, after a lapse of time more or less long, lasting for a few hours, days, months, or even years, memory returns perhaps as suddenly as it left the sufferer; and he finds

himself, it may be, in extremely embarrassing situations: perhaps now married to a woman other than his wife; perhaps with a flourishing business or profession; and so forth. According to the 'Don't remember my past lives theory,' such a man never had his former life; he never was his former self; and simply because he has completely forgotten all such events due to his strange and pitiful disease. This is well worth pondering over for a while.

But, furthermore, the argument in objection is not true: as a matter of fact we do remember, but in generals rather than in particulars, which is also usually the fact in any one life in the flesh, as I have shown. We remember the things that have most impressed themselves upon our consciousness in a life-time: those things which have stamped themselves into our character and which have thus molded it: which have so ingrained themselves on the tablets of the memory, or the mind, of the soul — call it what you like — that they have remained with us as indelible facts of consciousness.

Yes, the great Plato was right in saying that all knowledge, all wisdom, all essential learning, is but reminiscence, re-collection, re-remembering, of the things that we did, the thoughts that we had, the things that we made a part of ourselves in other lives and which therefore are of our very soul — that is to say, part of our character. This memory we bring back with us in a general form as our character; for the character of a man actually is com-

posed of, or more accurately is, the source of all his capacities, talents, genius, aptitudes, tendencies, likes, dislikes, loves, hatreds, instincts, attractions and repugnances.

Whence came all those? Did they just happen? What kind of argument is the 'just-happened-so' argument? Are we children to be put off by bald-derdash of that sort? Such things do not 'just happen'; for the very reason that we live in a world of order, of law, in which act follows act in an endless chain of causation throughout eternity, one thing producing another thing endlessly, in the case of the human being as strongly and ineluctably as in the cases of all other entities and things. All this is the building of character, or more accurately, the evolution or unfolding or flowing out or manifestation of the inmost forces or drives of one's spirit-soul seeking new outlets for further expansion in newer fields of life: and the aggregate of these powers or forces or drives forms what we call character, we repeat—a growing thing, which manifests itself precisely through these talents, innate capacities, our genius, our aptitudes, our tendencies, our proclivities — call them what you will.

For instance, look at the differences between the men and women whom you know, as regards their individual characters, capacities, and idiosyncracies: these are all facts; but how did they arise? Whence came they? Look again at the vast differences existing in the varied conditions of human life, if nothing else, that our fellow human be-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ings are subjected to. One is born 'with a golden spoon in his mouth,' as the saying goes; another is born to struggle bitterly for a bare livelihood from birth until death gives him peace and repose; and yet the latter man, so far as the real soul-qualities go, may be and often is the better man by far of the two.

Theosophy tells us that each one of us humans is following that particular line of life, that particular path of evolution, which for him is necessitated by the directing influences of the entire aggregate collection of all qualities and tendencies gleaned out of his former incarnations and massed together today as his present character.

As far as concerns those whose life contains more than seems right of sorrow and struggle, we say that these latter are due to faults of thought and action in their past incarnations. Wilful perversity or indifference or neglect in those former lives left streaks of imperfection, so to say, in the respective characters; and when they now reincarnate these karmic results inevitably manifest themselves as imperfections of understanding or of capacity, which eventuate in misfortune or pain.

Yet Nature is fundamentally kindly. The whole tendency of life is an urge to betterment, to ultimate perfection through evolution in the Theosophical sense of the rolling out or manifestation of inherent powers and faculties. Nature thus gives us, through repeated incarnations, innumerable chances to learn better and therefore to round out our characters for a truly glorious fu-

ture in aeons to come. Life is a School wherein we learn.

Let me tell you also, that it is by no means the poor or even those who suffer who are necessarily the most unfortunate in the long run. A child born with a treasure-house of capacity, of talent, or of genius, in its spirit-soul, and possessing therefore a character guided by luminous thought and urged on by noble aspiration, has something which a man less great knows nothing of, although the less great man may be more of a pampered child of fortune physically speaking than the former. This former has something real and of unspeakable value to fall back upon despite whatever trials and pain and grief may come upon him, and that something is himself. He has ineffable treasures locked up in his own soul, which may be drawn upon almost at will; while, on the other hand, what is popularly called a fortunate life from the standpoint of material prosperity may indeed not be a particularly good thing for a weak soul in view of the almost unending series of opportunities that temptation offers for going downwards or backwards. And in the next incarnation or in some future one, the chain of causation, of effect following cause in this endless line of consequences, will lead that soul into incarnations to which its degenerate attractions may draw it. Such a soul, if it has neglected its chances and abused its opportunities, must suffer worse than the other one of whom I have spoken, who, on the proper turn of the wheel of life, may find himself incar-

nated into the most fortunate of material circumstances.

Nature makes no fundamental mistakes. Reincarnation, all things considered, is but the result of a balancing of forces in the scales of cosmic justice. We sow, and we reap finally just what we have sown; and the reason why a cause set in motion in one life may not manifest in that life, nor perhaps in the next life, is simply that no opening has occurred through which such impulses may eventuate in characteristic action. But that cause infallibly will rush forth into manifestation just as soon as the chance is opened for it so to do.

How is character built? What is it? In what does it inhere? Men and women of our day and of the Occidental World, unused to introspection in the true sense, seem to think that only the things which are subject to the physical senses are the things which are of value. But in reality they are the least in real values; and everyone knows it perfectly well, by instinct if by nothing else. What is a dollar in comparison with an idea? Think a moment, and you will see this very clearly. For instance: What is the poet, and what the money-grubber? Which of the two moves the world? Nor is this any adverse reflexion whatsoever upon the honest and proper accumulation of this world's goods. Who is the philosopher? Who is the Savior and who is the Revealer? Are they men and women who have lost themselves in the mad whirl of the physical life? or are they men and women who can react

positively against the whirl of physical existence and make a mark upon the world from the genius that is within them?

Ah, yes! The great men, the great women, are always they who have lived this inner life and who have drunk of the Pierian springs of the spirit, drinking of inexhaustible fountains of experience gained in past lives. Yes, friends, character is in its essence the Self; but in its manifestation in earth-life it is that which is evolved. But evolution means not the mere adding of brick to brick, nor the adding of experience to experience, which would be a grossly materialistic method of understanding it; but evolution is the flowing forth into active manifestation of the powers of the spirit, and this manifestation is accomplished by building up inner and invisible vehicles which in their aggregate are man's psychological nature. This nature manifests through the physical brain, and this physical brain reacts automatically and instinctively to the power, the urge, the drive, of the impulses and urges from the invisible psychological nature flowing forth from within.

Do you realize how terrific are the powers of the invisible realms? Do you realize that the physical body, leaving aside for the moment our invisible sheaths of being—our invisible clothing between us and the spirit and still higher our Divine Spark, the Monad—do you realize that even our physical bodies are composed of atoms which embody and enclose the most terrific forces holding them in coherent

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

form? Pause a few moments over this thought. Let me read to you an extract from a paper that passed under my eye yesterday, taken from a scientific periodical, which will illustrate the fearfully powerful and almost incomprehensible forces that play through us, and which we, as entities, manage in some instinctive manner, outside of our understanding, to hold together in their play on the atoms that compose our physical bodies, so that we may exist as corporeal entities almost unconsciously and yet are not torn to pieces by these natural genii that we imprison in our physical frames.

The quotation that I shall now read to you is from the pen of W. F. G. Swann, D. SC., Director Bartol Research Foundation of the Franklin Institute; formerly Professor of Physics and Director of the Sloane Laboratory in Yale University. He says:

We believe that the molecule of any substance is built up of particles of positive and negative electricity. The negative particles, or electrons, are all alike; and the positive particles, or protons, are all alike. The electrons and protons carry equal but opposite charges. However, the proton is 1800 times heavier; yet, strange as it may seem, 1800 times smaller in diameter than the electron. The mass of the proton is so small that if we should magnify the mass of everything so that the proton attained a mass of about four ounces, that four ounces would, on the same scale of magnification, become as heavy as the earth. Its size is so small that if we should magnify it to the size of a pin's head, that pin's head would, on the same scale of magnification, attain a diameter equal to the diameter of the earth's orbit around the sun.

So far as regards the skeleton out-

line of every atom: remember that our bodies are entirely built up, physically speaking, of such atoms, and that they are held together by the terrific forces of which I have already spoken.

A second quotation that I make from the same writer, and from the same journal, will give you some idea of what these forces are.

The atoms of which the earth is composed contain, in the aggregate, a very large amount of positive and negative electricity. A cubic centimeter of the earth contains so much positive and negative electricity that if these two amounts could be separated and concentrated at two points a centimeter apart they would attract each other with a force of a hundred million million million tons.

One hundred quintillion tons! Think now, how many cubic centimeters of matter are contained in our physical bodies: and reflect over the stupendous play of forces and balancing of them that occur instantly all the time, incessantly: consider also how this body of ours retains its form relatively unchanged as the years go by; how, from a microscopic human seed it grows through infancy and youth on to manhood, changing during those transitory periods most marvelously and, from the first, working steadily and without intermission towards one end: human adulthood, under the gripping and directing control of the inner and invisible entity we call ourself! What a wonder it all is! It is this powerful inner and invisible entity controlling these forces of the etheric realms of Nature which molds us astrally and physically — to say nothing for the moment of the still

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

more subtil forces working in the psychologic fields of our being — and which thus makes us what we are physically; and behind this psychologic and astral entity there is the vastly more wonderful spiritual Entity, controlling forces still more marvelous and subtil, which is the root of our being, which we Theosophists call the Monad, and which in essence is *you*, is *I!* In far distant future aeons, when evolutionary development shall have carried us far along our path of destiny, we shall come into self-conscious control of these still more mysterious and wonderful powers and forces and faculties of the spiritual realms of us, which at present work in us and through us in a manner that seems automatic to our present lower and limited psychologic consciousness, expressing itself, this latter, now as thought and will: the faculty and power which enables us to raise an arm or some other part of the body, or to think consciously as we will, more or less.

Now, Reincarnation, as I daresay you know, is one of the forms of the general doctrine of Palingenesis or Reimbodiment. I shall not have time this afternoon to go into a reasoned analysis of the seven or eight forms of this general doctrine which are the forms under which it has been taught in the various ones of the great world-religions or world-philosophies; but I may presently mention by name these eight for purposes of future allusion to them. They are to be named as follows: Palingenesis; Pre-existence; Reimbodi-

ment; Rebirth; Transmigration; Metempsychosis; Reincarnation; Metempsychosis. Not one of these eight is precisely the same as any one of the other seven; although, of course, each is straitly allied to all the others and in their aggregate they compose the eight aspects of the general process of Coming anew into Individual or rather Personal Life.

Let me say here, in passing, however, that with regard to Transmigration, you must clearly understand that we Theosophists do most emphatically not teach, and we emphatically repudiate, the popular mistake that the real meaning of this is that the human soul transmigrates into beast-bodies at any time. That notion, held, it is true, by many of the religions of the past, has to do solely with the atoms of our physical bodies, which obviously are not the human soul which works through them. All this I shall explain when I come to this matter in a future lecture, as I have just said to you.

One or other of the various forms of Coming anew into Life on earth has been taught by so many eminent men, not only of the past but also of the very recent periods of history, that a collection of their various thoughts would make fascinating reading for any thoughtful mind. I have spoken so often in other lectures here of a number of these great men that I shall not now pause over their names again; but let me call your attention to one of them, whom I mentioned here on last Sunday, the very celebrated German writer and critic G. E. Lessing. He

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

held the perfectly logical and necessary view that the progress of the human species, as also of all other animate entities, was based on metempsychical reincarnation; and his procedure of argument was, shortly, as follows. I particularize his view now because in so many respects it approaches so closely to an outline of what the Theosophical teaching is with regard to Reincarnation. He said in substance:

The spiritual soul is an uncompounded entity, intrinsically capable of infinite conceptions on account of its derivation in ultimate from an infinite source, the Kosmic Divine. But as it is in its manifestations only an entity of finite powers, it is not capable of containing infinite conceptions while in its finite states, but does obtain infinite conceptions by growth through an infinite succession of time, obtaining such experiences gradually. But obtaining them gradually, there must of necessity be order and degree by which these infinite conceptions are acquired. Such order and measure of learning are found in the percipient organs, commonly called the senses, inner especially but also outer, the real roots of which are in the naturally percipient soul; the physical senses are at present five only; but there is no sensible reason for supposing that the soul commenced with five senses only, or that it never will have more than five.

As it is certain that Nature never makes a leap in her growth, skipping intermediate steps, the soul therefore must have passed through all inferior stages to its present one, learning in all through an appropriate organ or appropriate organs; and because it is also certain that Nature comprises [listen to this!] and contains many substances and powers which our present five senses cannot respond to and report back to the central consciousness on account of the imperfections of those five senses, we must recognise that there will be future stages of growth and development

in which the soul will develop forth as many new senses as there are substances and powers of Nature.

In his little but noteworthy essay, discovered after his death, which he calls 'Dass mehr als fünf Sinne für den Menschen sein können' (That there can be more than five Senses for Man) he says:

This my system is unquestionably the most ancient of all systems of philosophy; for in reality it is no other than the system of the pre-existence and metempsychosis of the soul which occupied the minds of Pythagoras and Plato, and likewise before them of Egyptians, Chaldaeans, and Persians — in brief, of all the Sages of the East; and this fact alone ought to work strongly in its favor, for the first and most ancient belief is, in matters of theory, always the most probable, because common sense hit upon it immediately.

It needs but study, reflexion, a little honest thinking, to enable one to understand the general doctrine of Reimbodiment. When once understood, it is inexpressibly comforting. As Katherine Tingley has repeatedly told you in this Temple, it is "the teaching of another chance, and of another chance, and of yet another, and of endlessly renewed other chances."

It is an insane idea that in a world whose very essence is order, law, consequence, an endless chain of causation stretching from the eternity of the past into the eternity of the future, there could be aught resembling haphazard action. The spirit-soul of man reincarnates because it cannot do otherwise. It is drawn, attracted, to an incarnation where the impulses of its character urge it. There is no in-

justice in this, as you readily see, for the simple and obvious reason that whatever occurs to it is the fruit of its own past actions, thoughts and yearnings, which it now has an opportunity of reaping and learning new lessons from, and thus growing.

You sometimes hear half-thinking men and women say: "My God! am I going to live another life such as the one I have had in this? Heaven forefend! I did not put myself here, and Heaven knows that I don't want to come back to another such life!" Well, who put him there? Somebody else? Who? God, perhaps? Then God is responsible, and there is no need to struggle any more. Since God did it all, God will take it all on his shoulders. According to that theory our supposed Creator made us what we are, created us with a certain amount of energy, intellectual and moral, and with certain impulses, certain yearnings and certain aspirations, and certain appetites; and being All-Wise, he knew just what we were going to do in every detail, and yet, created us to what? — damnation or heaven? In such case, neither of these could we have merited or earned, for we were created for one or the other without our own will! This idea the Theosophist rejects entirely. Is it a doctrine that a manly mind can consider or a logical brain accept? It is impossible from the standpoint of philosophy as well as from the standpoint of religion; and our moral sense of justice and fitness rises in revolt against it.

On the other hand, the Theosophical teaching, which is that of all the past ages, says that every man gets just what he has builded for himself, and that once he learns the truth he will turn his face towards the rising sun; his heart fills with hope because he knows that what he now is and has, he himself has earned, and that he can become anything he definitely wills to be in the boundless Universe, of which he is an inseparable part. As one life is not long enough to allow all the forces, powers, and faculties of our soul to blossom forth, what becomes of those unexhausted aspirations, or unmanifested weaknesses? When the physical body, tired and worn out, is dropped — much as we lay aside an old suit of clothing when it is worn out — the soul then sleeps in unspeakable bliss for a while, takes its rest in roseate happiness, unspoiled by any thought of sorrow or pain. You may call it a dream — but the sleeper knows not that it is a dream. It is like a happy dream to the tired mind of a man on earth. He goes to his bed and lays him down and sleeps; and awakes refreshed in the morning-time, and then takes up his duties again.

Even so does the soul at the end of each physical life. Just as a man in this present physical body takes up the duties, or follows those attractions, for his own weal or woe as the case may be, which occur to him out of the sum total of his character: even so is the reincarnating soul drawn back to that family, to that mother and father, who give him the body most closely re-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

sponding to the vibrating qualities of his own character. Once the link of incarnation with the growing seed is made, from that moment the soul begins to come into its own; once the child is born, once the days of childhood have passed, all can see the processes of the developing mind within.

I suppose that no man or woman who has examined the processes of his or her own thoughts and feelings realizes anything but this: that as the years pass from childhood to manhood, he has a progressive series of inner revelations, which he knows to come from within and from nowhere else.

In closing, I have been requested to point out once more, in referring to the much misunderstood subject of transmigration, that Reincarnation, as

taught by Theosophy, is not transmigration or metempsychosis as those words are commonly misunderstood in the Occident. Our Theosophical doctrine is this: 'Once a man, always a man.' The human soul is never any other thing than human. So please do not misunderstand anything that may have been said this afternoon to imply that the Theosophist believes in, and therefore teaches, that the human soul at any time passes into a beast-body. This is impossible: in the first place because there is no opportunity for the expression of humanity through the imperfect beast-vehicle; and, secondly, because there is no psychologic attraction towards the beast-vehicle. The soul is attracted to a human body because itself is human.

INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION

H. T. EDGE, M. A., D. LITT.

THE word 'involution' is one about which some obscurity exists in the minds of students; and we propose to begin with a few remarks as to its meaning. The word is commonly used in more than one sense, so it is important to know in which sense it is being used at a particular time. We may pass over its meaning in mathematics and in other special cases, and consider its meanings when applied to the development of the kingdoms of nature. Some people evidently think that involution and evolution are two different processes, which take place at dif-

ferent times. And those who think thus have this much justification — that 'involution' actually is sometimes used in such a sense. We find in the dictionary that there is a recognised biological use of the word to denote retrograde development or degeneration. In *The Secret Doctrine* it seems evident that the word is sometimes used in a somewhat similar sense, namely to denote a separate process, in an opposite direction to that of evolution. As examples we may cite the following:

Among many other objections to the doc-

INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION

trine of an endless evolution and re-involution (or re-absorption) of the Kosmos. . . .

— I, 148

The evolution and involution (or death) in the realms of entomology. . . . II. 623. note.

Yet in other parts of *The Secret Doctrine*, and in the writings of Dr. G. de Purucker, we find the word used in the sense which we are about to explain. In this sense, evolution and involution are two aspects of one thing, and cannot exist apart from each other. A confusion, however, arises here from the fact that the word 'evolution' may be used in two different senses — (1) to denote the entire process of development, (2) to denote one aspect of it, involution being the other aspect. This double use of the word 'evolution' would give rise to such an expression as that "evolution consists of two phases, evolution and involution." To avoid this confusion we propose here to use the word 'development,' so that the phrase will run, "development consists of two phases, evolution and involution."

This may be made clearer by taking an illustration from physics. It is customary to use the word 'heat' in two different senses. We may use it in reference to the whole scale of temperatures, or we may use it in reference to high temperatures only, using for lower temperatures the word 'cold.' In describing the phenomena of radiation of heat, we are accustomed to say that heat passes from hot bodies to cold bodies, and also from cold bodies to hot ones. Much confusion arises from the vague use of words, and it is

always important to keep in our mind the *idea*.

The idea in this case is that there can be no evolution without involution; that the process of development is essentially dual. Its importance lies in the fact that the distinction has been too much ignored by scientific evolutionists, that confusion has thereby resulted, and that the confusion can be cleared up by recognising the distinction and what it implies.

The twofold process of evolution and involution is recognised in physics. Let us consider for instance the changes produced in oxide of hydrogen (H_2O) by the action of heat. There takes place an involution of heat, and this is accompanied by an evolution of the ice into water, then by an evolution of the water into steam; while a still farther involution of heat will change the steam into an incandescent gas or flame. Now here we have the dual process aptly illustrated. As agreed, we are to describe the entire process as one of *development*; and this development consists of two phases, *evolution* and *involution*: involution of heat into the matter; evolution of the matter into less gross forms. Yet this is no mere illustration, it is more than an illustration; for the operations of nature are uniform throughout, and the rule of analogy is correctly applied in interpreting one part of nature by reference to another part.

Applying this illustration, therefore, we may state it as a general law that all development consists of an involution of spirit into matter and an evolu-

tion of matter into less gross forms.

Here the question suggests itself, why have the scientific evolutionists so often failed to recognise the involutory phase of development? And the answer seems to be that they have been unwilling to recognise the existence of anything but matter, or anything to which the word 'spirit' might be applied. This attitude of mind is a heritage from that defined in Tyn-dall's well-known saying to the effect that "In matter we discern the promise and potency of all things." The scientific evolutionists have tried to get along with a monistic system in which matter was the only reality. What has been the result? That, seeing the phenomena of growth, development, change, and recognising no spiritual cause, they have been driven to seek the cause of the development of matter in matter itself, or else to evade the issue by the use of abstract terms. Even physics, though it may claim to be materialistic, does not commit such a blunder. An iron bar is not said to expand by its own inherent force, or by the power of expansion, but by the influence of heat (which is immaterial according to physics) acting upon it or entering into it.

Common sense seems to demand that when we see a material body, an organic form, changing and growing, there must be some non-material entity or force acting upon it or entering into it. The evolution of the visible form must surely be accompanied by an involution of something invisible.

Theosophists are evolutionists

through and through—to adopt a frequent saying of Dr. G. de Purucker. They recognise evolution as a universal law. The entire drama of the universe, the whole life-history of worlds and of the beings upon them, is one of evolution. And this evolution—or, rather, this development—consists of an involution of spirit into matter and an evolution of matter into higher forms.

The progress of evolution (using the word now in its wider sense) is cyclic; that is, it moves in curves which return towards the point of departure. But each such cycle is itself part of a larger cycle, just as the cycle of the day is a part of the cycle of the year. So the whole plan is spiral, circles being involved in circles to an infinitude of complexity. This enables us to see how the words 'involution' and 'evolution' can sometimes be used in the former of the two senses which we have noted—that is, as being separate from each other. It is often said that the first part of a cycle consists in an involution of spirit into matter, and the second part consists of an evolution of matter into spirit. The two processes are in this case end-on; one is a continuation of the other. It is clear that our English vocabulary does not suffice to do justice to the case, and that a knowledge of Sanskrit is needed.

It is of course always necessary to avoid taking too mechanical a view of the processes of evolution, as though they were so much machinery running from a primal impulse like a clock or obeying the orders of some passionless

god or force. The universe, be it remembered, is an assemblage of conscious Beings and of nothing else, though the necessities of reasoning and explaining demand that we should constantly use words denoting abstractions. This will make it easier to understand that the urge which causes spirit to descend into matter is *the desire to learn and acquire knowledge* — to KNOW (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 416, 417). This, continues H. P. Blavatsky, “is the natural sequence of mental evolution, the spiritual becoming transmuted into the material or physical.” In the same passage she describes the involution of spirit into matter as being *self-conscious evolution*.

In Volume I, page 294, it is stated that “spiritual and psychic *involution* proceeds on parallel lines with physical *evolution*”; which illustrates the second of the two meanings which we described, and on page 348 the author points out how illogical it is to reject the postulate of a “*Spiritual* involution, from *within without*, of invisible subjective Spirit-life.”

Thus, in considering the evolution of organic forms, the plants and animals, it is not enough to trace a scale of graduated forms, reaching from the lowest to the highest; we must also be able to point to an invisible something which is descending, coming down from above into the material forms — involving. Science has repudiated this, because such an invisible something would not be material — the very reason why it should have accepted it; for that which influences matter must be

outside of matter and cannot be matter itself. If it be asked, What is this invisible something? the answer must not be given in words denoting abstractions, such as Force or Spirit and the like. It is Mind, Consciousness; and even those words are too abstract. That which enters into the living forms of plants and animals is living conscious Beings — in a word, the plants and animals themselves; for what we see is only their outer garb, their body, their physical expression. In the terminology used in Theosophy these beings would be called Monads — animal monads and vegetable monads. “Just what are the monads?” asks G. de Purucker, in his *Theosophy and Modern Science*, and replies:

They are spiritual-substantial entities, self-motivated, self-impelled, self-conscious, in infinitely varying degrees, the ultimate elements of the universe.— Vol. I, p. 22

According to the teachings outlined in *The Secret Doctrine*, Monads are the souls of Atoms, and both are the fabric in which the Dhyân-Chohans or Gods clothe themselves when a form is needed. God, Monad, Atom, are the correspondences of Spirit, Mind, and Body (I, 614 *et seq.*). There is one universal Monad, sometimes spoken of as the Monadic Essence, which differentiates and becomes plural as it descends through the various planes of manifestation. So, while it is incorrect to say that a monad is a separate entity trailing its way through the organic kingdoms, from the mineral to the man and beyond; and while there are special monads for each of the kingdoms; yet

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

these monads are all one in essence (I, 178).

The whole doctrine of evolution, as thus referred to, is necessarily very elaborate and profound — we cannot expect to cram the universe into a nutshell or reduce cosmogenesis to a simple geometrical proposition — but those who love the acquisition of knowledge will be stimulated and not discouraged by this circumstance. The meat of the matter, for present purposes, is that in thinking of evolution we should not overlook involution; especially in the case of ourselves. We

have been so encouraged to fix our admiring gaze on the primordial sea-mud out of which man's physical instrument is supposed to have been evolved, and on the various grotesque stages through which it is supposed to have passed in the ascent, that we have forgotten the existence of those Gods, who, by thus descending into materiality, have promoted all this evolution. And if we must look back at our origin, let us remember that man is not simply the dust of the earth, but that the said dust is merely one of the many concomitants of his make-up.

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. RYAN, M. A.

NEW EVIDENCE FOR ATLANTIS

HOWEVER the academic archaeologists try to obscure the unwelcome fact that Atlantis, a lost continent whose remains now lie submerged in the Atlantic Ocean and other seas, really did exist, new testimony is continually emerging from unsuspected sources. Scientific testimony too, and yet very little of it, if any, is printed in the *Proceedings* of the learned societies. There seems to be still an obsession, dating from the period when it was universally believed that the Bible taught that the world was only six thousand years old, that even to suggest that Plato was right and that the last stronghold of Atlantis

as a highly civilized state perished about eleven thousand years ago, is a real heresy. Yet science places early man — honest-to-goodness *intelligent man* — as far back as a million or more years ago. What was man doing during the time since that remote age if not developing some kind of civilization? He had an excellent brain, a finely developed and powerful body, and yet was perfectly content to remain a barbarian, according to the teachings of our biological pundits! Whether he lived in the heat of the Sahara, the coldness of northern Europe, or the pleasant climate of South Africa, etc., he remained practically

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

changeless for that enormous period!

According to the Eastern Teachings there have been many ups and downs in the millions of years in which the earth has been inhabited by men; civilizations have risen and fallen under the universal cyclic law; savagery has prevailed over immense territories only to give place to high culture. But there has always been a seed of advanced souls from which the next great development has grown. One of the great ages of intellectual activity is called that of Atlantis, and the destruction so guardedly referred to by Plato, under the guise of a story told to him indirectly from the Egyptian hierophants, is that of the last vestiges of a very long-lasting civilization. Plato was giving out some of the teachings of the Mysteries, of which he was an Initiate, and he could not speak more plainly or he would have been arraigned for profanation.

A book recently published by Mrs. E. M. Whishaw gives the conclusions she has reached after her excavations and researches in the neighborhood of Niebla in Spain, in which she discovered what she calls "an extraordinarily advanced prehistoric civilization" that prevailed in Spain at least ten thousand years before Christ. She claims that the only rational key to this high culture is that it was implanted by colonists from Atlantis, and that any other explanation, such as the Egyptian or Spanish Tartessian or Basque origin theory, is utterly inadequate. In a sympathetic review of Mrs. Whishaw's book *Atlantis in Andalusia*, in the

Times Literary Supplement (London), the reviewer says:

Mrs. Whishaw's long residence in Southern Spain and her excavations and research . . . have enabled her to bring forward a number of startling theses and arguments. She has astonished several prominent Spanish archaeologists with her finds; and, what is more important still, has managed to find material support for her researches among those to whom the Atlantean theory is little more than a name . . . several chapters deal with individual relics such as the Queen's Tower, the Castle, and evidences of hydraulic engineering at Niebla and Ronda. A very interesting chapter on prehistoric mining at Rio Tinto and Niebla shows how carefully the author has studied every angle of her subject. . . . Every authority worth citing has been quoted to show the importance of these old mines to the archaeologist. . . .

We are indebted for the following quotations to Mr. R. A. V. Morris, a Fellow of our Theosophical Society in England, who has made a careful study of Mrs. Whishaw's book. They appeared, with additional matter, in the *Canadian Theosophist* for September, 1930. He writes:

Mrs. Whishaw is an archaeologist of standing and repute who has devoted many years of her life to exploring and excavating in the Province of Huelva in the southwest of Spain -- a district which was once part of the ancient kingdom of Tartessus, and which is unusually richly endowed with relics of human activity in the past. The world-famous Rio Tinto Mines are situated in Huelva; and there is abundant evidence that they have been extensively -- though perhaps not continuously -- worked for many thousands of years. Mrs. Whishaw, indeed, contends that the weapons and utensils, so widely distributed in the Bronze Age, were manufactured in Tartessus, the bronze being compounded of copper from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Rio Tinto and tin from the Sierra Morena. However that may be, it is certain that Rio Tinto was worked by Romans and Carthaginians, and, before either, by a long succession of prehistoric miners who have left behind them, for the wonder of posterity, enormous heaps of slag, of which at a moderate computation there must be at least twenty million tons.

These prehistoric miners were skilled metallurgists: at different times they mined gold, silver, and copper, all of which are, or were, found in the locality. But a most interesting and significant fact is that silver slag is found under huge accumulations of copper slag, and gold slag below the silver; while experts testify that "the silver is more perfectly extracted than the copper in these vast masses of escoria; and the gold is more skilfully worked than either." In other words, the farther back in time, the more scientific the miners. Mrs. Whishaw regards this point as confirmation of the opinion she had formed on other grounds, that the earliest miners at Rio Tinto were Atlanteans who came there to procure the metals which Plato tells us were so plentiful in their chief city. Doubtless these Atlantean miners taught the elements of the metallurgical art to the natives who continued to work the mines in the millennia following the destruction of Plato's island kingdom. The position of the mines within easy reach of the site attributed to Atlantis, is a confirmatory point.

The archaeological activities of Mrs. Whishaw and her colleagues have for the past fifteen years centered in the ancient town of Niebla, which lies on the Rio Tinto, about half way between the mines and the sea. In Niebla have been found remains of a long succession of peoples—mediaeval, Arab, Gothic, Roman, Carthaginian, Iberian, Neolithic—and Atlantean. There is evidence that the town served in prehistoric times as the port of embarkation for the products of the mines, for the river at Niebla has been widened out into a harbor basin of considerable size, cut in the slate and banked in with massive containing walls of *hormazo*, a rough kind of

primitive concrete—rough but very hard and durable—which was used by the Neolithic Spaniards. From this basin can be traced the course of an ancient canal, down which Mrs. Whishaw supposes the treasure ships passed on their way to Atlantis after loading up at the wharves at Niebla.

For thousands of years the principal fortification of the town was the castle—a work of extremely ancient origin, but with alterations and additions by the Romans and Arabs. The oldest part of the castle is known as the Queen's Tower, a great four-sided mass, 18 metres square. From the outside, this tower appears to be built of *hormazo*, with some facing-work of Roman bricks and some mediaeval plastering. Recently, however, on a large portion of *hormazo* being removed, it was found that, behind it, was a long hidden wall of dressed stone. Says Mrs. Whishaw:

"We now see no less than six periods represented here, counting back from the fifteenth century: the mediaeval, the Arabic, the Roman, the primitive *hormazo*, which assuredly was in vogue in this part of Iberia long before the Bronze Age, . . . the prehistoric *hormigon* (a material similar to, but older than *hormazo*), dating from a time when pottery, it would appear, was still unknown; and finally the highly civilized dressed stone-work, the remains of which must have been already in ruins since they were used as a frame-work around which to pile up new, but still prehistoric, fortifications, first of *hormigon* then of *hormazo*."

Mrs. Whishaw concludes that the only reasonable deduction from her discoveries is that the finely-worked dressed stone wall is Atlantean. In connexion with this we are reminded of the Etruscan cyclopean walls at Cosa and Saturnia in Italy. The *lower* portions of these walls are built of great stones irregular in shape but so beautifully fitted and dressed that a penknife will not pass between; the sur-

face of the wall is so even that it looks like one smooth rock lined by surface scratches. The usual explanation of such walls is that they were built of naturally irregular masses of limestone or other irregularly-splitting material by primitive people not advanced to more regular masonry. But these walls are made of *travertine*, which splits *longitudinally* and would be easy to trim into regular squared blocks. Instead of which, the prehistoric builders hewed their stones into the peculiar shapes they desired *in spite of* the nature of the material. On the top of these walls, later generations, having lost the art of their predecessors or the reason for exercising it, laid plain squared stones in ordinary courses. It is clear that the older peoples were not less skilled in stone-cutting than the later ones.

Similarly cut and fitted blocks of enormous size of exquisite workmanship but of irregular form, compose the famous pre-Inca remains of Peru, whose builders and history "no man knoweth to this day." Others are found in Greece, though not so gigantic. Why did these prehistoric ancients — Atlanteans? — take so much trouble to cut hard stones, often of extraordinary size, into unusual shapes and to fit them together with great trouble and skill, when they could have built their walls of ordinary squared stones with infinitely less labor?

Mrs. Whishaw mentions local traditions of the flood among the Andalusians and, as they do not include Noah or the Ark, it may be that they are de-

rived from the last submergence of the remnants of Atlantis which is reckoned to have taken place about 11,000 years ago.

The collection of facts in archaeology unexplained by any reasonable hypothesis except that of a lost Atlantean civilization is constantly increasing, and the time is visibly approaching when H. P. Blavatsky's teachings on the subject, derived from the ancient records, will be vindicated as definitely as so many others have already been.

One of the objections to the Atlantean hypothesis appears to be that man's intelligent life began a very few thousands of years ago, and that he was physically incapable of civilization because of lack of brain development. The innocent inquirer is presented in textbooks and museums with pictures or statues purporting to represent the evolution of man from the anthropoids through a regular series of forms, each a little more human than the last, and he supposes that this display represents a real line of ascent supported by fossil remains found in the neat order as shown. But this alleged ancestral genealogy is purely hypothetical. *No one knows the order of the few remains of the most ancient men yet found*, and at least one of the great European museums has lately removed the problematical representations of man's progress from the ape to ourselves, in order to be fair and just.

A co-operative book, *written by specialists*, has recently come out which

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

should be a revelation to those who pin their faith on the Darwinian form of human evolution. While accepting evolution as a universal process — and rightly — these specialists write with marked caution about evolution of human thought, and even go so far as to suggest that the level of intelligence today is no higher than it was in the Stone Ages. Again we quote from the *Times Literary Supplement*, a very high-class publication whose reviewers are competent and well-informed. Note the passages we have italicized:

Professor Lull, inquiring into the age of mankind, shows how the anatomical criterium is not so simple after all . . . *'modern' types of mankind might well be contemporaneous with the remains of more primitive races or antecedent to them.* As for the intelligence of man, it "so far surpasses that of his nearest competitors, the anthropoids, that the mental gulf between them is immeasurable. . . ." How far the intelligence of modern man has developed beyond that of prehistoric man. Professor Angell says in his essay, "it is practically impossible to state." The evidence from the remains is *precarious*, but *perhaps* the brain was then less highly developed, and presumably the level of intelligence was lower; "nevertheless this would be *merely an hypothesis.*" . . . Professor Conklin holds, too, that there has probably been little or no increase in man's inherent intellectual ability since the Cro-Magnon race. "There are better opportunities today than ever before for the development of the individual, but the intellectual evolution of the race, no less than the physical, has slowed down until it has practically stopped." Social changes are going on much faster than either physical or mental evolution. . . . Progress during historic

times has been in the association of individuals, not in the individual.

What does Theosophy say about the slowing down of civilization during the million or more years through which science has already traced real human beings? This is carefully considered in H. P. Blavatsky's great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, which includes the main outlines of the age-long evolution of man as known to the Eastern Teachers by *incontrovertible evidence*, not 'hypotheses' based on the few scraps of bones and artifacts that have managed to survive the corroding effects of time. The ages of rude and primitive culture had to be endured because the majority of mankind was suffering the consequences of the debasement of the Atlanteans — the heavy karma they incurred — and it was impossible for higher social conditions to arise until this incubus had been at least partially worked off. This explanation, it will be observed, demands a comprehension of the natural principle of the reincarnation of the soul, without which the life of man is an unexplained mystery, a mockery. Until Western science takes into consideration the existence of the soul and its reincarnation on earth at intervals, no real advance can be made toward a philosophical explanation of evolution. In the soul, not in the bodily form, the process of human evolution is to be found.

A DANGER SIGNAL

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

Translated from *La Revue Théosophique* (Paris). April 21, 1889, by C. J. RYAN, M. A.

“The Initiates are sure to enter into the company of the Gods.”—SOCRATES, in the *Phaedo*

IN the first number of the *Revue Théosophique*, at the beginning of the report of an excellent address delivered by our friend and colleague, the learned Corresponding Secretary of the Hermes Theosophical Society, we read in a note (note 2, p. 23):

We include under the term Initiate every seeker who possesses an elementary knowledge of Occult Science. This term must not be confounded with that of *Adept*, which indicates the highest degree the Initiate can reach. In Europe we have many Initiates: I do not think that Adepts, such as are in the East, exist.

Being a stranger to the genius of the French language, not even having an etymological dictionary at hand, it is impossible for me to say if that double definition is authorized in French, except in the terminology of the Freemasons. But in English, as well as in the usage sanctioned by the Theosophists and occultists of India, the two expressions have an entirely different meaning from that given them by the author; I mean to say that the definition given by M. Papus to the word *Adept* is that which is applied to the word *Initiate*, and *vice versa*.

I should not have thought of bringing up this mistake — at least to the notice of Theosophists — if, in my opinion, it had not threatened to produce a very regrettable confusion in

the minds of the subscribers to our magazine in future.

To employ — as I was the first to do — these two qualificatives in a sense totally opposite to that ascribed to them by the Masons and M. Papus, would certainly result in some *quid-pro-quo*s that ought to be avoided at all costs. We must understand one another first of all, if we wish to be understood by our readers.

Let us settle on a fixed and invariable definition of the terms we employ in Theosophy; for otherwise, in place of order and lucidity, we shall carry into the chaos of ideas of the profane world, a still greater confusion.

Not being aware of the reasons that have caused our learned colleague to employ the aforesaid terms in the way he does, I am willing to leave them to the ‘Widow’s Sons’ who use them in a sense the inverse of the true meaning.

Everyone knows that the word ‘Adept’ comes to us from the Latin *Adeptus*. That term is derived from two words — *ad* ‘at the’ or ‘to,’ and *apisci*, ‘to get’ (Sanskrit, *âp*).

An Adept, then, would be an individual versed in any art or science whatever, having acquired it in one way or another. It follows that this qualification can be applied equally well to an adept in astronomy as to an

adept in the art of making *pâtés de foies gras*. A shoemaker and a perfumer, one versed in the art of making shoes, the other in the art of chemistry,— are ‘adepts.’

It is otherwise with the term *Initiate*. Every *Initiate* must be an adept in occultism; he must become that before being initiated into the Great Mysteries. But every adept is not always an Initiate. It is true that the *Enlightened* use the term *Adeptus* in speaking of themselves, but they do it in a general sense: *e. g.*, in the seventh degree of the Order of the Rite of Zimmendorf. Thus they employ the terms *Adoptatus*, *Adeptus Coronatus* in the seventh degree of the Swedish Rite; and *Adeptus Exemptus* in the seventh degree of the Rose-Croix. That was an innovation of the Middle Ages. But no actual *Initiate* of the Great (or even the Small) Mysteries is called in classical works *Adeptus*, but *Initiatus*, in Latin, and *Epoptes ἐπόπτης* in Greek. Those very *Illuminati* only regard as ‘initiates’ those of their Brethren who were more fully instructed than all the rest in the Mysteries of their Society. It was only the less informed who had the name *Mystes* and *Adepts*, seeing that they had as yet been admitted only into the lower degrees.

Now, let us pass to the term ‘initiate.’ Firstly, we say that there is a great difference between the verb and the noun of that word. A professor initiates his pupil into the first elements of any science, a science in which that pupil may become an adept, *i. e.*, versed in that speciality.

On the contrary, an adept in occultism is at first *instructed* in the religious mysteries; after which, if he is fortunate enough not to fail during the terrible initiatory trials, he becomes an INITIATE; the best translators of the classics invariably render the Greek word *ἐπόπτης* by this sentence: “Initiate in the Great Mysteries”; because that expression is synonymous with Hierophant, *ιεροφάντης*, “he who explains the sacred Mysteries.” *Initiatus*, with the Romans, was equivalent to the term *Mystagogus* and both were absolutely reserved for the one in the Temple who initiated into the highest mysteries. He figuratively represented, then, the universal Creator. None dared to utter this name before the profane. The position of ‘the Initiatus’ was in the East, where he was seated, a golden sphere hanging from his neck. The Freemasons have tried to imitate the Hierophant Initiatus in the person of their ‘Worshipful’ and Grand Masters of the Lodges.

But does the clothing make the monk?

It is a pity they have not confined themselves to this profanation alone.

The French (and English) noun ‘initiation,’ being derived from the Latin word *initium*, beginning, the Masons, with more regard for the dead letter that kills than the spirit that quickens, have applied the term ‘initiate’ to all their neophytes or candidates — to the *beginners*, in all the Masonic degrees — the highest as well as the lowest. However, they know better than anyone else that the term

Initiates belonged to the fifth and highest degree of the Order of Templars; that the title of *Initiate in the Mysteries* was the twenty-first degree of the Metropolitan Chapter in France; even as that of *Initiate in the profound mysteries* indicated the sixty-second degree of the same Chapter.

Knowing all that, they nevertheless apply that title, holy and sanctified by its antiquity, to their simple candidates—the babes among the ‘Widow’s Sons.’ But because the passion for all kinds of innovations and modifications makes the Masons responsible for what an Oriental Occultist would regard as veritable sacrilege, is that any reason why Theosophists should accept their terminology?

We ourselves, disciples of the Masters of the Orient, have nothing to do with modern Masonry. Moreover, the true secrets of symbolic Masonry are lost—as Ragon definitely proves. The Keystone, the central stone of the arch set up by the first royal dynasties of Initiates—ten times prehistoric—shaken ever since the abolition of the last Mysteries. The work of destruction, or rather of stifling and suppressing, begun by the Caesars, was finally achieved in Europe, by the Fathers of the Church. Since then, after having been brought once more from the Sanctuaries of the Far East, the sacred stone was finally cracked and finally shattered into a thousand pieces.

On whom does the blame fall for this crime?

Is it on the Freemasons—the Templars above all—who were perse-

cuted, assassinated, and violently despoiled of their annals and their written statutes? Is it on the Church, which, having appropriated the doctrines and rituals of primitive Masonry, is anxious to pass off its travestied rites as the only TRUTH, and is determined to suppress the latter?

The fact remains that the Masons no longer have the *whole* truth,—whether the blame should be thrown on Rome or on the insect *Shermah** of the famous temple of Solomon that modern Masonry claims as the foundation and origin of its order.

For tens of thousands of years the genealogical tree of the sacred science that the peoples possessed in common, was the same—since the Temple of that Science is ONE and is built on the immutable rock of the primeval truths. But the Masons of the last two centuries have chosen to separate themselves from it. Once again, and, this time, putting the allegory into practice, they have broken the *cube*, which is divided into twelve parts. They have rejected the genuine stone for the false, and, whatever they may have done with the

*According to a Jewish tradition, the stones used to build the temple of Solomon (an allegorical symbol taken literally, of which a real edifice has been made) were neither cut nor polished by the hand of man, but by a worm, called *Samis*, created by God for that purpose. Those stones were miraculously transported to the place where the temple was to be erected, and then cemented by the angels who built the temple of Solomon. The Masons have introduced the Worm *Samis* into their legendary history and they call it ‘the insect *Shermah*.’

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

former — their *corner-stone* — it certainly was by no means in accordance with the spirit that quickens but with *the dead letter that kills*.

Is it, then, the Worm Samis (alias 'the insect Shermah') whose traces on the rejected stone had already led the "builders of the Temple" into error, that corroded those very lines? But, this time, what was done was deliberately done. The builders must have known the sum total* by heart, *i. e.*, the *thirteen* lines or five plane surfaces.

No matter! We, faithful disciples of the Orient, prefer to all those stones, one stone that has nothing to do with all the other mummeries of the Masonic degrees.

We shall hold fast to the *eben Shati-jah* (having another name in Sanskrit), the perfect cube, which, while containing the *delta* or triangle, replaces the name of the Tetragrammaton of the Kabalists by the symbol of the *incommunicable name*.

We willingly leave their 'insect' to the Masons; while hoping on their account that modern symbology, which travels at so fast a pace, will never discover the identity of the Worm *Shermah-Samis* with Hiram Abiff,— which would indeed be embarrassing.

However, on further consideration, the discovery would not be without its

*This total is composed of a *bisected isosceles triangle* — three lines — the edge of the cube being the base; two squares diagonally bisected, each having a line perpendicular to the center — six lines; two straight lines at right angles; and a square diagonally bisected — two lines; total thirteen lines or five surfaces of the cube.

useful aspects and would not lack great charm. The notion that a worm would be the head of the Masonic genealogy and the Architect of the first temple of the Masons, would also make that worm the 'father Adam' of the Masons, and would render the 'Widow's Sons' still dearer to the Darwinians. This would bring them closer to modern science, which is only searching for proofs of a character that will fortify the Haeckelian theory of Evolution.— What does it matter to them, after all, once they have lost the secret of their real origin?

Let no one protest against this statement, which is a well-established fact. I would remind the Masons who may read this, that in what concerns esoteric Masonry nearly all the secrets disappeared after the time of Elias Ashmole and his immediate successors. If they try to refute us we shall say with *Job*, xv, 6:

Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I: yea, thine own lips testify against thee.

Our greatest secrets were formerly taught in the Masonic Lodges throughout the entire world. But, one after another, their great masters and Gurus perished, and all that remained written in the secret manuscripts — such as that of Nicholas Stone, for example, destroyed in 1720 by scrupulous Brethren — was thrown to the flames and annihilated between the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, in England as well as on the Continent.

For what reason was this destruction?

A DANGER SIGNAL

Certain Brethren in England whisper that this destruction was the result of a shameful compact between certain Masons and the Church. An aged 'Brother,' a great Kabalist, has recently died, whose grandfather, a celebrated Mason, was an intimate friend of Count de Saint-Germain when the latter was sent, it is said, by Louis XV to England in 1760 to negotiate the Peace between the two countries. The Count de Saint-Germain left in the hands of this Mason some documents concerning the history of Masonry and containing the keys to more than one profound mystery. He made it a condition that these documents should become the secret inheritance of all the descendants of this Mason who were Masons. However, these papers benefited only two Masons, the father and the son who has just died, and no one else in Europe will profit by them. Before his death, the precious documents were entrusted to an Oriental (a Hindû) whose mission was to deliver them to a certain person who would come for them to Amritsar — the City of Immortality.

It is also privately said that the celebrated founder of the Lodge of the Trinosophists, J. M. Ragon, was also initiated into many secrets in Belgium by an Oriental,— and there are those who declare that in his youth he knew Saint-Germain. This would perhaps explain why the author of the 'Tyler-General of Freemasonry' or *Manual of the Initiate*, affirms that Elias Ashmole was the true founder of modern Masonry. No one knew better than

Ragon the extent of the loss of Masonic secrets, as he himself clearly says:

"It is the essence and nature of a Mason to seek for Light wherever he thinks he can find it." declares the Circular of the Grand Orient of France. "Meanwhile," it continues, "the Mason is given the glorious title of a Child of Light and is allowed to be involved in darkness!"— *Cours Philosophique, etc.*, p. 60

If, then, as we think it to be, M. Papus has followed the Masons in his definition of the terms *Adept* and *Initiate*, he is wrong, because one does not turn to the 'darkness' when one is in the light. Theosophy has invented nothing, has said nothing new; it only repeats the lessons of the highest antiquity with fidelity. The terminology that was brought forward fifteen years ago in the Theosophical Society is true because every term is a faithful translation of its Sanskrit equivalent, which is nearly as old as the latest human race. That terminology could not be modified, today, without the risk of introducing into the Theosophical teachings a chaos as deplorable as dangerous to their clarity.

Let us above all remember what Ragon so truly says:

Initiation had India for its cradle. It preceded the civilization of Asia and of Greece: and by refining the minds and manners of the peoples, it has provided the basis of civil, political, and religious laws.

The word *initiate* is the same as *dwija*, the Brâhman, 'twice-born.' That is to say, initiation was considered as a birth into a new life, or, as Apuleius says, it is "the resurrection to a new life," *novam vitam inibat. . .*"

Aside from this, the address by M. Papus on the seal of the Theosophical Society is admirable, and the learning he displays is very remarkable. The members of our Brotherhood owe him sincere thanks for explanations as clear and just as they are interesting. *London, March 1889.*

H. P. BLAVATSKY: THE MYSTERY

KATHERINE TINGLEY and G. DE PURUCKER, M. A., D. LITT.

PART THREE: BIOGRAPHIC AND GENERAL

CHAPTER XX

"There is a road, steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind — but yet a road; and it leads to the heart of the Universe. I can tell you how to find Those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only, and closes fast behind the neophyte for evermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer. There is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through. There is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onwards, there is reward past all telling: the power to bless and serve humanity. For those who fail, there are other lives in which success may come."—H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE beautiful quotation taken from H. P. Blavatsky with which we preface this chapter, gives us, as it were, a direct insight into a part, a most beautiful part indeed, of the soul of H. P. Blavatsky, the Great Theosophist.

As preceding chapters have already set forth in various places, this book is a biography of the soul of H. P. Blavatsky rather than a mere sketch-outline of different historical events in her life. These latter, however, seem to fall into their proper places, as the mere resultants of the soul-forces which played through the Great Theosophist during the course of her life, and her life's work; and the resultants of such soul-forces indeed they were.

The authors of this book feel therefore that sufficient emphasis has al-

ready been laid, in what has already been said, upon the dominating factors of H. P. Blavatsky's character. It could hardly be expected that the soul of any human being could be photographed and printed for public inspection, or for the astonishment of the merely curious critic under whose eyes such psychological photographs might fall.

Such a psychological photograph it was not the intention of this book to set forth. Our attempt has been rather to call attention to the great motivating energies of a spiritual and intellectual, as well as of a psychological, character, which made the life and career of the last public Messenger to the world of the Association of great Sages and Seers.

This having been done as fully as it

was possible to do it under the difficult circumstances of exposition which the subject naturally involves, there remains only for the completion of the picture to undertake an outline of what we may call the events and incidents that furnish the history of the physical personality, known to the world as H. P. Blavatsky, which was the name that this great Soul bore in her last incarnation among us.

To those who know her only by the faint voice of rumor, such events and facts will enable them to put the complex pieces of the wonderful story of her life into their proper places, and will better enable the reader to appreciate the motives and causes originating in her soul and underlying her public work before and after she arrived in the city of New York on July 7, 1873.

As has already been pointed out in the Preface to this book, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky was born at Ekaterinoslav, Southern Russia, on July 31, 1831 (by the Russian calendar, but August 12 by the Julian or accepted calendar). She was of German and Russian descent, her father being the living representative of an old and noble German family, originally of Mecklenburg, but settled in the Russian Empire. Her family name was von Hahn. Her father, Colonel Hahn, married Helena Fadeyef, the daughter of Privy-Councilor Andrew Fadeyef and of the Princess Helena Dolgoruky. Her grandfather was General Alexis Hahn von Rottenstern Hahn.

An early Theosophical writer, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, composed a fragmentary

literary sketch about H. P. Blavatsky, containing parts of her life and incidents that were alleged to have happened in connexion with her personality, and this book Mr. Sinnett called *Incidents in the Life of H. P. Blavatsky*. This was a book which professed to be a brief history of her childhood and youth, and so far as this writer drew his facts from family records and from his correspondence with then living members of her family circle, his work contains a certain amount of truth.

Yet it is perhaps only fair to the readers of our own book, to say that while Mr. Sinnett perhaps did his best in giving his time and patience to preparing that volume, there is not a little in it which smacks too much altogether of the nature of legendary material. For this perhaps Mr. Sinnett is not wholly to blame, unless it be that he did not exercise sufficient judgment in using his editorial pencil. He printed what he received by way of correspondence from the then living relatives of the Great Theosophist; and these relatives, as the facts of her life more or less abundantly show, never really understood the strange personality of H. P. Blavatsky; and of course still less did they comprehend the remarkable spiritual-mystical character of the girl-child who was born and grew up to young womanhood in their midst.

Besides, everybody knows, doubtless, how events change in outline as the years fly by, so that unless the greatest care and judgment are exercised, the recollections of one's own

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

childhood, or of the childhood of others of our own family, take on new and shifting lineaments. Events assume distorted phases in memory, and even familiar surroundings undergo curious psychological modifications, as the eye roams over the fields of reminiscence.

Sinnett's book is the only one that has been written, up to the present time, with pretensions, however slight, to any accurate statement of the early life and subsequent history of the Great Theosophist; but, as a matter of fact, his book is such that the Great Theosophist herself could hardly have read it or received it with any feeling that it was a correct biographical history of herself. Certainly it is deplorably fragmentary, sketchy, and incomplete.

Printed in 1886, some five years before the Passing of the Great Theosophist, we can only feel that the almost utter silence with which H. P. Blavatsky treated this work, is proof enough of her own personal feeling of its character and quality, and of its lack of value as an authentic and fully reliable history of even her physical personality.

It is not enough for an author to attempt to secure accuracy and merely strive for fidelity to truth, because the world is full of people who attempt to do the same things, and who produce nothing of real worth. The reason lies in the existence of mental biases in one direction or another, which prevent or forestall the giving of a picture to the world which is worth while.

Mr. Sinnett had an overmastering love of the marvelous, indeed often of the weird and uncanny, and if things did not shape themselves along the lines of his own mental leaning, they were to him by so much matters of inferior interest. This prevented him utterly from attaining the loftiness of philosophic calm which any true historian should first of all cultivate, and likewise prevented him from feeling the working of the psychological influences, not merely of his own mind, but of those with whom he was in correspondence in his search for literary biographical material.

General Fadeyef, uncle of H. P. Blavatsky, wrote as follows about his great niece in 1881. This gentleman was at that time holding the high office of Joint Secretary of State in the Home-Department at Petersburg:

(H. P. Blavatsky) is, from her father's side, the daughter of Colonel Peter Hahn, and granddaughter of General Alexis Hahn von Rottenstern Hahn (a noble family of Mecklenburg, Germany, settled in Russia), and she is, from her mother's side, the daughter of Helena Fadeyef, and granddaughter of Privy-Councillor Andrew Fadeyef, and of the Princess Helena Dolgoruky. She is the widow of the Councillor of State, Nicephore Blavatsky, late Vice-Governor of the Province of Eri-van, Caucasus.

The family of von Hahn is well known in Germany, and also in Russia. The male members of that family hold the title of count and belonged, as we have already said, to an old Mecklenburg stock. H. P. Blavatsky's grandfather was a cousin of Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, who was an authoress of

H. P. BLAVATSKY: THE MYSTERY

some fame. After settling in Russia, he entered the military life, and died a full general. He married a countess Proebstein, who, after his death, married *en secondes nocés* Nikolas Wassilchikof, the brother of the prince of that name.

H. P. Blavatsky's own father left the Russian military service with the rank of colonel after the death of his first wife, who was born H. Fadeyef, and who achieved a certain literary fame in Russia between 1830 and 1840 under the pseudonym, Zenaida R., and who died at the early age of twenty-five, having produced about a dozen romances in that short period of time.

In 1846, Colonel Hahn, H. P. Blavatsky's father, married a second time, a Baroness von Lange. Of this marriage there was issue a daughter referred to by H. P. Blavatsky's sister, Mme. Jelihovsky, as "little Lisa."

On the distaff-side, H. P. Blavatsky was the granddaughter of Princess Dolgoruky, and the older line of the Dolgoruky family became extinct when this lady died. It is thus apparent that H. P. Blavatsky's ancestors on the maternal or distaff-side, belonged to some of the most famous and oldest families of the Russian Empire. They were the direct descendants of the Grand Duke Rurik, the first ruler called to govern Russia.

It may be interesting to note in passing that several ladies of that family belonged to the Imperial House, becoming empresses by marriage: a Princess Maria Nikitishna Dolgoruky married the grandfather of Peter the

Great, who was the Tsar Mikhail Fedorovich, the first reigning Romanoff; another lady of the same family, Princess Catherine Alexeyevna was just about to marry the Tsar Peter II, when he suddenly died.

H. P. Blavatsky's aunt writes as follows of the childhood of the woman who was so little understood even by her own family. This aunt knew her during a long course of years, and unquestionably loved H. P. Blavatsky deeply. She says:

We who know H. P. Blavatsky well, we who know her now in age, can speak of her with authority, not merely from idle report. From her earliest childhood she was unlike any other person. Very lively and highly gifted, full of humor and most remarkable daring; she struck everyone with astonishment by her . . . determined actions. Thus, in her earliest youth, and hardly married, she disposed of herself in an angry mood, abandoning her country, without the knowledge of her relatives or husband, who, unfortunately, was a man in every way unsuited to her, and more than thrice her age. Those who have known her from her childhood would — had they been born thirty years later — have also known that it was a fatal mistake to regard her and treat her as they would any other child. . . . All this . . . ought to have warned her friends that she was an exceptional creature, to be dealt with and controlled by means as exceptional. . . . She would submit to no sham respect for, or fear of public opinion. She *would* ride at fifteen, as she had at ten, any Cossack horse, on a man's saddle. She would bow to no one, as she would recede before no prejudice or established conventionality.

Helena von Hahn (H. P. Blavatsky), married in 1848 the elderly gentleman whose name she ever after-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

wards bore. She was then but seventeen years old; and, as said above, General Blavatsky was more than three times that.

Madame [Blavatsky] herself believed that he was nearer seventy than sixty. He was himself reluctant to acknowledge to more than about fifty.

Her aunt describes the events that led to this marriage in rather graphic and picturesque language, which it is unnecessary to repeat here, but in language which shows clearly that this marriage was a mere matter of form which the young girl hardly understood the meaning of. When she did understand it, according to her aunt's statement —

forthwith she determined to take the law and her future life into her own hands, and she left her 'husband' forever without giving him any opportunity to ever even think of her as *his wife*.

Thus Mme. Blavatsky abandoned her country at seventeen, and passed ten long years in strange and out-of-the-way places, in Central Asia, India, South America, Africa, and Eastern Europe.

The exact date of the marriage which H. P. Blavatsky thus contracted with General Blavatsky, was the 7th of July, 1848. After some three months, and in consequence of her family council's decision, H. P. Blavatsky was to have gone to her father. Although married by law, she was not a wife in any other than a legal sense. Instead, however, of going to her father, H. P. Blavatsky started on that long course of travel in far-away lands, which finally culminated, after a long

period spent at home in Russia, with her arrival in New York City, on July 7, 1873.

It is a rather curious and interesting thing to note that the month of July seems to have been marked by nearly all the most important events and incidents in the life of the Great Theosophist. From data gathered from her family by a number of interested Theosophists, before and after the passing of H. P. Blavatsky, it appears that her relatives living at Tiflis had lost all trace of her from the time when the servants at Kertch reported her disappearance. She herself, however, communicated by private correspondence with her father, and his consent was secured to her program of foreign travel.

Colonel Hahn supplied his daughter with money for this purpose, and kept strictly private her counsel as regards her movements hither and yon. Some ten years passed before she again saw her relatives, and during this period of time, her desire for travel took her to very many parts of the world, both of the Orient and of the Occident.

Her aunt wrote as follows:

For the first eight years, she gave her mother's family no sign of life, for fear of being traced by her legitimate 'lord and master.' Her father alone knew of her whereabouts. Knowing, however, that he would never prevail upon her to return home, he acquiesced in her absence, and supplied her with money whenever she came to places where it could safely reach her.

It was during the course of these travels that H. P. Blavatsky visited

H. P. BLAVATSKY: THE MYSTERY

Canada, the United States, Mexico, India, Tibet, different parts of Europe, Africa, Asia Minor, and the countries around the Inner Sea, including Egypt as well as other places in the farther east, besides India and Tibet.

Naturally the name of this wandering girl became more or less known through the intermediary knowledge of Russians and others whom she met during the course of her travels, and as is usual, the eagerness of the ubiquitous gossip was the cause, in some instances, of rather weird and indeed impossible tales being spread around about her and her movements. Her aunt wrote again on this point as follows:

Faint rumors reached her friends of her having been met in Japan, China, Constantinople, and the Far East. She passed through Europe several times, but never lived in it. Her friends therefore were as much surprised as pained to read, years afterwards, fragments from her supposed biography, which spoke of her as the person well known in the *high life* as well as the *low* of Vienna, Berlin, Warsaw, and Paris, and mixed her name with events and anecdotes whose scene was laid in these cities, at various epochs, when our friends had every possible proof of her being far away from Europe. These anecdotes refer to her indifferently under the several Christian names of Julie, Nathalie, etc., which were those really of other persons of the same surname; and attributed to her various extravagant adventures. Thus the *Neue Freie Presse* spoke of Mme. Heloise (?) Blavatsky, a non-existing personage, who had joined the Black Hussars — *Les Hussars de la Mort*, — during the Hungarian Revolution, her sex being found out only in 1849.

Other tales equally foolish and baseless were circulated about her at differ-

ent times. One might almost think that her name had become a sort of peg on which idle journalists, seeking a catchy tale, might hang modern Münchhausen stories of adventure. Her aunt continues:

Another journal of Paris narrated the story of Mme. Blavatsky, 'a Pole from the Caucasus' (?), a supposed relative of Baron Hahn Lemberg, who, after taking an active part in the Polish Revolution of 1863 (during the whole of which time Mme. H. P. Blavatsky was quietly living with her relatives at Tiflis) was compelled from lack of means, to serve as a female waiter in a *restaurant du Faubourg St.-Antoine*.

A number of other infamous stories, in addition to what H. P. Blavatsky's aunt wrote above, were woven around the more or less vague and mythical personality of a woman alleged to have been called Blavatsky.

Ten long years were thus spent in foreign travel, as has already been mentioned in a previous paragraph. At the end of this period of time, that is to say, in the year 1858, H. P. Blavatsky rejoined her family "in the midst of a family wedding-party at Pskoff, in the north-west of Russia, about one hundred and eighty miles from St. Petersburg." This event is graphically described by Mme. Vera Jelihovsky, H. P. Blavatsky's sister, in the course of the numerous "Personal and Family Reminiscences," originally published anonymously in Russian. Mme. Vera Jelihovsky was then (1858) Mme. Yahontoff, the name of her first husband who had died only a short time before the return of H. P. Blavatsky to Russia in 1858. Mme. Yahontoff

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

was at the time staying at Pskoff with General N. A. Yahontoff, the father of her late husband, who was the *maréchal de noblesse* of that district. The wedding party was that of her sister-in-law, and Colonel von Hahn, the father of both Mme. Yahontoff and of H. P. Blavatsky, was one of the guests.

Mme. Jelihovsky writes about H. P. Blavatsky's return as follows:

They were all sitting at supper, carriages loaded with guests were arriving one after the other, and the hall-bell kept ringing without interruption. At the moment when the bridegroom's best men arose with glasses of champagne in their hands to proclaim their good wishes for the happy couple — a solemn moment in Russia — the bell was again rung impatiently. Mme. Yahontoff, Mme. Blavatsky's sister, moved by an irresistible impulse, and notwithstanding that the hall was full of servants, jumped up from her place at the table, and to the amusement of all, rushed herself to open the door. She felt convinced, she said afterwards, though why she could not tell, that it was her long lost sister.

For the information of the reader of the present book, it may be stated in passing that Mme. Vera de Jelihovsky, H. P. Blavatsky's sister, was one with whom H. P. Blavatsky had had from early childhood, relations of close intimacy and deep affection. To the end, Mme. de Jelihovsky stayed loyally by her great sister, in later years in particular, when Mme. de Blavatsky was so virulently attacked by the succession of critics of herself and her work, such as Home the medium, and Hodgson of *Psychical Research* 'fame'!

Mme. de Jelihovsky, like her far greater sister, was blessed with a very

facile and lively pen, which she used with telling effect in rebutting and disproving the outrageous slanders and libels that were circulated against H. P. Blavatsky's reputation during the final years of the Great Theosophist's last incarnation, and indeed after her death. It is these authentic records, written by Mme. de Jelihovsky, of H. P. Blavatsky's early life and doings and character, which provide the later historian with many interesting categories of facts and circumstances that lie to hand, as regards the life, and in some respects, as regards the Mystery, of H. P. Blavatsky.

It is of course perfectly true, that Mme. de Jelihovsky was a Christian, a fact which she not only openly admits, but herself frequently refers to as one of the reasons why, in earlier years, she so sadly misunderstood her great sister Helena Petrovna; but with a frankness that does great credit to her mind and heart, Mme. de Jelihovsky later admits that as time passed, and she grew to understand her sister better, she reformed most of the early opinions by which she had been governed.

One of these mistaken opinions concerning H. P. Blavatsky, as held by Mme. de Jelihovsky in common with other members of H. P. Blavatsky's family, was the notion that H. P. Blavatsky was a 'medium' in the modern spiritistic sense of the word — an idea which H. P. Blavatsky always positively and very forcibly denied.

Mme. de Jelihovsky, in answer to a query by a Theosophist years later on this very question, once wrote:

H. P. BLAVATSKY: THE MYSTERY

I remember that when addressed as a medium she (Mme. Blavatsky) used to laugh and assure us she was no medium, but only *mediator* between mortals and beings we know nothing about; but I could not understand the difference,

which was something not at all to be wondered at, for Mme. de Jelihovsky at that time knew nothing of the nature of the forces inherent or latent in the human psychological economy, and still less of Theosophy as a majestic system of natural Truth.

The importance of all this lies in the fact that despite the stringent efforts of the critics of the Great Theosophist H. P. Blavatsky, to show that she was "only a medium," and that "Mme. Blavatsky started the Theosophical Society when she fell out with the spiritists somewhere about 1874, having been before that time just a plain spiritist," as one foolish critic alleges — the above extract from Mme. de Jelihovsky, in addition to other testimony that has been cited, shows clearly that at that early date, 1858, therefore *sixteen years before* H. P. Blavatsky began publicly to announce her sublime Theosophical mission to the world, she already vigorously had repudiated the ascription of her powers to 'mediumship,' and had refused to be called a 'spiritist' in the sense in which that word is commonly taken, and had stated as clearly as she then dared openly to do, that she was the intermediary or Mediator between "beings we know nothing about," and the world of ordinary men. Nothing could be more valuable in the way of evi-

dence, coming as it does from so early a date, and from a member of her own family, her sister Mme. Vera de Jelihovsky.

It is of course true that H. P. Blavatsky, with the clarity of expression that was so characteristic a mark of her genius, frequently spoke of herself as a 'Spiritualist' during the years of her public work in America; and also explained the meaning of that term as used by her: a meaning of course which holds as good today as it did then, and which every educated and well-read Theosophist understands perfectly. A 'Spiritualist,' properly speaking, is one who holds an opinion regarding the nature of the Universe and man's invisible constitution, diametrically opposite to that held by the 'Materialist'; and in this sense of the word everyone who is not a materialist, and who believes that the Universe is governed from within outwards by cosmic powers of a spiritual character, and that there are spiritual and invisible worlds and realms and universes behind and within our present physical universe, is a Spiritualist.

It may interest the reader also to read the following quotation from a letter written by H. P. Blavatsky herself to a member of her family. This letter was written in 1877, and the extract is as follows:

What kind of Spiritist can you see in, or make of me, pray? If I have worked to join the Theosophical Society, in alliance offensive and defensive, with the Arya Samaj of India (of which we are now forming a section within the parent Theosophical Society), it is

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

because in India all the Brahmins, whether orthodox or otherwise, are terribly against the *Bhoots*, the mediums, or any necromantic evocations or dealings with the dead in any way or shape. That we have established our Society in order to combat, under the banner of Truth and Science, every kind of superstitious and preconceived hobbies. That we mean to fight the prejudices of the Skeptics as well as the abuse of power of the false prophets, ancient or modern, to put down the high priests, the Calchases, with their false Jupiterian thunders and to show certain fallacies of the Spiritists. If we are anything, we are *Spiritualists*, only not on the modern American fashion, but on that of ancient Alexandria, with its *TheoDidaktoi*, Hypatias, and Porphyrys. . . .

It would be exceedingly difficult to find a more telling, comprehensive, and complete repudiation of the charge that she was a 'Spiritist' or in any sense of the word a spiritistic medium. Indeed, the bull-headed obstinacy with which certain ones of her critics butt at the formidable array of facts disproving the charge of mediumship in H. P. Blavatsky, and the quite similar obstinacy with which they hold to their theories, and publish them broadcast even occasionally at this late date, form one of the most interesting, because most curious, problems in personal psychology that the authors of this book know of. These critics seemed to prefer to accept the invented libels and slanders of discharged employees, such as the Coulombs — husband and wife — on whose monstrous calumnies the main portion of all subsequent defamation of the Great Theosophist is based; or youthful and egoistic ineptitudes such as those perpe-

trated by Hodgson the Echo, of Psychological Research fame; or the slanders of malignant romancers such as the Russian novelist Solovyoff. The venom and windy sophistries of these critics betray clearly the animus which they held against the Great Theosophist and her teachings, her work and the object of her life.

Without thorough examination, or with next to none, these people accepted the envenomed dicta of a Coleman — an avowed enemy of H. P. Blavatsky from a time before the founding of the Theosophical Society in 1875, on account of certain caustic chastisements which this man's theories regarding 'spirits' had received from her pen — as to her alleged 'plagiarism,' for use in their own efforts to detract; whereas we venture to say that no man in his senses, enjoying ordinary good critical judgment, and possessed of some knowledge of literature, would permit himself to follow any practices so obviously made to mislead, and which, logically pursued, end in the conclusion that everything is 'plagiarism' which is taken from another work. If this be so, then nine-tenths of the world's literature is 'plagiarism.' More, for nearly everything that H. P. Blavatsky wrote, she always gave proper credits, even if, as is also quite true, she did not laboriously and unnecessarily ticket every line that she quoted with a reference to its source. Her habit in writing, was to refer once, twice, thrice, or even more often, during a discussion, to some writer or writers — whom she was either ap-

provingly quoting or criticizing, as the case may be; and if this is not giving credit, there is some meaning attached to that word that Emmette Coleman knew and no one else knows.

If it is 'plagiarism' to quote from the world's religious and philosophical literature, showing where these join with the Theosophical doctrines: if it is 'plagiarism' to hold the same teachings as those of some other great system well enough known to scholars: then we must modify entirely our conception of what plagiarism means, and give to it new and hitherto unusual senses recognised by nobody except by Coleman and his retinue of Echoes.

Another one of the most interesting studies in human psychology, is the envenomed persistency in fault-finding with which the critics of H. P. Blavatsky refer to her possession of the unquestioned supernormal 'powers' that she had, and these critics apparently find it impossible to see that H. P. Blavatsky never based her philosophy on the mere fact that she was able to produce phenomenal occurrences of any kind, as the history of her life shows.

On the contrary, consistently she taught from the very beginning of her public and private work, that such abnormal manifestations of the hidden powers of the human psychological-vital economy, are by no means proof of a saintly character, nor of a spiritual evolution, for the very negro magicians of the African deserts are said to possess them in degree, as well as the Shamans and 'Medicine-Men' so-called of various tribes. Such erroneous ideas

are of course simply explained as the outgrowth of the phenomena-worship which so deeply afflicted Occidental civilization at about the time of H. P. Blavatsky's public work, and which still prevails in the Occident to a very large extent.

The Great Theosophist had insisted powerfully and from the beginning, that it is the inner, spiritual, and divine faculties and powers of the human being which are to be cultivated, and which bring peace and wisdom in their train — and they alone — as well as knowledge of the nature of the Universe and of man: in other words, the divine wisdom or Theosophia of the ancients.

The great work of H. P. Blavatsky verily was never based on such flimsy foundations as the fact that she was able at times and at will to work 'wonders,' so called; and to argue after this fashion is simply to argue childishly, and it runs counter to all the history of her life and teachings. Let it never be forgotten that the possession of such merely phenomenal powers, in itself is no sign and no guarantee whatsoever of the possession of high spiritual wisdom and knowledge on the part of those who have them. These powers have no value whatsoever beyond their occasional utility in a good cause as a demonstration of latent energies or forces in the human psychological constitution.

Precisely the same is the case with every other power material and useful to man.

In a certain sense, identically the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

same remarks and the same running commentary that we have just uttered may be made upon the life and work and so-called 'miracles' of Jesus the Christian Master. The so-called 'argument from miracles,' so dear to some Christian hearts, is not merely a kind of misplaced confidence: it is also exceedingly fallacious; and in itself, as an argument, may be justly characterized as absurd. No truly wise man should ever place any confidence in it as an argument, and the presumption is that the modern Christians, no less than other peoples, would recognise the truth of this, for a common saying among Christian peoples of our forebears used to be that the "Devil can work miracles as well as the angels." However, as it is just these powers which the Great Theosophist did indeed actually possess, that have been derided as fictitious in her case, or as fraud by her enemies, it is sufficient to call attention to the fact that her possession of them has been proved too often, and by witnesses too thoroughly respectable, for the fact to be doubted. The possession of such psychological powers is no proof whatsoever of spiritual fitness to hold the position of Leader and Teacher of the Theosophical Society, for that idea is absurd; and it is on record how H. P. Blavatsky in the later years of her life fervently gave thanks that the epoch in which such manifestations might prove useful in attracting the eyes of the men of her time to her mission, had at length passed, as indeed it had.

The finest and the best energies of

real and true Theosophists have always been directed towards spiritual and intellectual aims, which are the real end and purpose of the Theosophical Movement. In these aims there is endless content, ever-widening horizons of knowledge, ever-increasing wisdom, and a growing realization of the dignity of man: these, in their highest forms approach supreme joy. Nothing can equal the peace, indeed the bliss, given by spiritual development, and nothing probably can equal the sheer pleasure of noble intellectual activity: the keenness of delight and the sense of expanding faculty that these noblest of human pursuits afford, are without parallels or equals, as all thinking men know.

As concerns the inner spiritual growth that takes place in the students who loyally follow these Theosophical ideals and aims, we can only say that they lead on to depths of opening and broadening life, to vast spreads of developing consciousness, that he who has not experienced can never know from a mere description.

Time, like distance, weaves its magic over humans as well as over things. Time reduces all confusion to order, assuages the most painful of human sufferings, and brings forth out of trial the seeds of the ennobling fruits of victory. Truth, as cognised by human beings, is the child of time; and Truth is what we Theosophists desire. It is the supreme object of every true Theosophist, and those who know something of the great Founder of the Theosophical Society, H. P. Blavatsky,

BROTHERHOOD IS A FACT IN NATURE

will easily recognise with what titanic scorn she would have greeted the suggestion that anything but Truth and its dissemination were the object and aim of her mission among men.

Let us endeavor, then, to recognise the Great Theosophist just as she was: great-hearted, supremely unselfish, and devoted to the death to her Work:

incalculably great in spirit and intellect, oblivious of all worldly considerations, with no thought for herself and all for her beloved Society: the Messenger sent by the Association of Great Seers and Sages for the Period in which she appeared. What, in the name of holy Truth, could be greater homage to her than this?

BROTHERHOOD IS A FACT IN NATURE

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, M. D., M. A.

NATURE has many ways of teaching her lessons. If easy and normal ones are not accepted, then come those difficult and disagreeable, and finally, these being ignored, pages of horror, of anguish, and unutterable torture follow and force home the truth, which in the beginning perhaps was as plainly to be seen and as all pervading as the clear blue sky.

Nature is full of safety-valves to prevent soul-destruction. If need be, bodies and forms may be crushed under the inexorable wheel of destiny, but that which is their sustainer, that for which the universe exists, must be piloted safely through dangerous labyrinths, through the river of death, yea, even through hell itself.

Such reflexions as these come into the foreground after reviewing mentally the world experiences since 1914 and thinking over that much abused though noble sentiment of *Patriotism*. Through what fires must man pass to learn the true meaning of that word? Clearly the recent acme of horrors has

not unmistakably revealed it to all. Must it then again be written in letters of blood, deep into the common consciousness? The thought is intolerable and beyond words.

There is a saying which has come down through the ages, protected by the majesty of truth. At its background is a philosophy reaching into the very roots of being. Infinite wisdom has framed it and brought it forward as the epitome of itself. It is saturated with compassion and has been sung into life by an invisible choir which fills all space. Volumes could not reveal its full import, but the untrammelled soul with unlimited vision, sees it stretching into every corner of every world, and reads: **BROTHERHOOD IS A FACT IN NATURE.**

Facts are stern things and have the strength of the universe behind them. To ignore them or contest them is likely to be as successful as an attempt to turn the earth from its orbit.

What is this much vaunted spirit of patriotism? Does it truly come from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the regions above? Is it not worthwhile intelligently to weigh in the balance this sentiment, which has passed through the centuries practically unchallenged, and swept into its current and out into the unknown sea one nation after another as far back as most people can look?

When war-clouds gather, not only are the lower undeveloped portions of the race enlisted under its banner — those in whom the animal instinct to fight is still strong — but the best, the noblest, are often found in the foreground waving this banner with rapturous enthusiasm, and calling upon our promising youth who might become the true pioneers of a purer civilization, to join the ranks. Then, as if some hereditary devil had got behind the scenes and contrived to make black look white, self-sacrifice and devotion to an ideal are laid upon the altar.

Indeed, is not some devil always at work in life — a force to be recognised and guarded against? The arch enemy is the master sophist. He baits with gilded virtues; and the best men, those whom he is specially courting, fall very often into the trap to their own destruction. What is the ordinary history of religions? A great Teacher comes to save men from being engulfed by the undeveloped part of their own natures (personified as Satan and externalized), and straightway this devil follows on his heels. When the Blessed One has passed out of sight, the other begins his work in earnest. He appropriates all the pure instructions left be-

hind; uses them *all*, but mingled with little recipes of his own, the better to invigorate and give these last a penetrating quality; to render attractive that which no one otherwise would have swallowed. How he must gloat over his success!

Besides, what indeed *is* this intense patriotism, which in crises becomes a form of idolatry? One would expect to see it alive and potent when the land is at peace—all hands supporting, aiding and abetting, instead of persecuting the noble lovers of their kind, whose lives so often are a tragedy of suffering and disappointment. It ought not to be so easy to discover almost anywhere a grand scramble for personal power or advantage. Such common and quite generally pervading disclosures bring the critical mind to suspect the cloven foot of that which had posed as a virtue.

In fact, natural results follow the usual expression of so-called patriotism. For a nursed antagonism for anything eats like a canker into pure love, and finally destroys it utterly. The two sentiments are as widely separated as the poles, and real love for one's nearest is incompatible with hate for any other. Traits, tendencies at home or abroad, may be condemned, fought, and vanquished, which is quite a different matter. But this noble sentiment perverted has the appearance of an extension, an immensely enlarged reproduction of personal vanity, with its features masked to deceive the unwary.

How rare it is to look at ultimates in

these matters. A keen sense of them in commercialism is not lacking; but in the moral world, in the very backbone of our civilization, in the matrix in which life is molded, whence the least germ is multiplied a thousandfold, the lightest line out of normal becomes a deformity. How few concern themselves with the Frankenstein of the future, if in the present it does not disturb!

It is part of the mission of Theosophy to slay these monsters in their beginnings, when they lie folded in the hearts of the young. Certainly it is time that men awaken, throw off evil psychologies and use their soul-power of discrimination in every direction. To arouse the world to the urgent need of this, to set it aglow with a love which will dissolve suspicion, jealousies, and bring peace to the weary nations, is another part of the mission of Theosophy.

Patriotism is surely all that the best would make it and much more. It should be developed, not weakened; enlarged, purified, and beheld in its relation to world-wide interests, which in a very literal sense are the interests of all. For truly we are bound together in essence, with a common origin and a common destiny. When we hurt others we hurt ourselves. Our limited, constricted ideas of national separateness must go, because not founded upon reality.

It often happens that something in no way an essential part of an idea or sentiment fastens itself upon it, and grows there so hard and fast that it is felt to be one and the same thing. Such

an unnatural and foreign notion has been ingrafted upon the conception of patriotism. It is glorious to serve one's country, noble, uplifting, inspiring. But by what strange twist is it made to appear that one should thereby love other countries less? Does the hand hate the foot, or the eye the ear? Or are they working together, each in its own way toward a common end? It is a grotesque, far-fetched, monstrous idea that the interests of nations clash. No arguments could so amply demonstrate this as have the logic of facts which have made recent history.

But how is the twist to be reversed? How is the Hidden Picture, impressed on the Screen of Time by the architects of the world, the outlines of which are being slowly developed by the chemics of suffering — how is it to be fixed in its relation to men, so that under the new adjustments of this transition age it will not recede behind clouds, which are not perhaps the old ones, but yet formed out of the old stuff in new combinations? Theosophy answers: By the light of knowledge: first and foremost, knowledge of Self, from which follows knowledge of others.

Matthew Arnold, in writing of Celtic Literature, speaks of the barriers which had been built up and fostered for centuries between the Saxons and Celts, the lack of sympathy felt and shown by the English making any real adjustment of political difficulties hopeless. He says that he himself, when young, had it impressed upon him that there was an "impassable gulf" between them; that his "father, in parti-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

cular, was never weary of contrasting them"; and that "Lord Lyndhurst, in words long famous, called Irish 'aliens in speech, in religion, in blood.'" This general attitude, he says, cultivated and so emphasized the antagonism, that "it seemed to make the estrangement immense, incurable, fatal."

In this unhappy state of affairs, strange to say, the ethnologists, as Matthew Arnold observed cause and effect, came to the rescue. Their divisions of the human family into Indo-Europeans, Semitics, and Mongolians began gradually to work their way into the common consciousness, and, by degrees, took off the edges of the barriers that had been built up, finally, under the solvent influence of the idea of kinship, bringing about a feeling of sympathy. He says in this connexion:

Fanciful as the notion may at first seem, I am inclined to think that the march of science — science insisting that there is no such original chasm between the Celt and the Saxon as we once imagined, that they are not truly, what Lord Lyndhurst called them, *aliens in blood* from us; that they are our brothers in the great Indo-European family, has had a share, an appreciable share, in producing this changed state of feeling.

Our feelings are modified, often controlled by our ideas. There is certainly a reciprocal action, and an interaction, but in the long run, our feelings (meaning our ordinary ones, those not born of intuition) come under subjection to our ideas. The indispensability of right living, of true ideas, of a philosophy of life based on realities, thus becomes apparent. It is like a solid foundation upon which any structure

or superstructure may be raised. It is like pure soil, from which all good things can grow. Art, literature, poetry, science, can spring into a normal and not a deformed life, with a vital elixir in their veins, and bear flowers which are a worthy reflexion of their divine prototypes.

If so comparatively slight a cause as a new scientific classification of the human races, could, as Matthew Arnold believed, become a potent factor in transforming antipathy into sympathy between two rather diverse peoples, what *would* be the result if all races and beings could be shown beyond a shadow of a doubt to have a common origin, and a common destiny; to be superbly poised together, so that advance, success, growth, of any one was conditioned by that of all the others; if indeed Humanity could be shown to be one Mighty Being, united in every part by a sympathetic nervous system, ramifying everywhere? Rivalry would melt away, or rather be transformed into a noble emulation to perform each his part to the highest degree of perfection. Similar co-operation on a grand scale has often been used for selfish purposes (selfish meaning anything limited, anything short of the whole), which proves its possibility. What is needed is to stretch and constantly stretch our horizon, until our hearts beat with love for all that lives.

Suppose this picture of unity out of the world of reality, were suddenly developed in the world of phenomena,

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

and could be seen under whatever sky, goldened by the sun or silvered by the stars — who can imagine the magic of its influence? Under it slowly, perhaps quickly, the storms which threaten our civilization would subside; construction would supplant destruction; and all the splendid qualities now so often spent in neutralizing unhappy results, would turn their energies toward fulfilling the real purpose of life, and the nations would begin the orderly and dignified march toward their destiny.

It is another part, in fact the main part, of the mission of Theosophy to clear away the clouds which hide this picture; to demonstrate to the waiting world that Brotherhood *is* a fact in Nature; and not only to demonstrate it to the head by the presentation of the Ancient Wisdom, the basis of all philosophies and all religions, but to awaken it in the heart; to arouse the intuition, latent, if not active in all, which will clarify the mind and bring with each tomorrow a truer interpretation of life's meaning.

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

Lucius Annaeus Seneca

(VII Books. Haase's Text; Breslau, 1877)

TRANSLATION BY G. DE PURUCKER, M. A., D. LITT.

BOOK III — XVII

(1) Many things enter thy mind at this point, which thou mayest politely, as in an incredible matter, call [fables]: not with nets nor with hooks, but with a pick-axe shall someone go fishing for one (*such*): I expect that some one shall hunt in the sea. But how is it, why fishes should not come to land if we go to sea? We have changed our habitats!

(2) Wouldst thou wonder if this happened? How much more incredible are the works of luxury? How often does (*luxury*) either imitate or surpass nature? Fishes swim in bed; and one is caught under the table itself, to be forthwith set upon the table. Not fresh enough seems the red mullet, un-

less it die in the hand of the guest! They are fetched inclosed in glass jars, and the coloring of those dying is watched, (*coloring*) which death changes, through many mutations, by reason of the struggling spirit: others they kill in the sauce, and pickle others alive.

(3) Are these they who think it fabulous that a fish can live under the soil and be digged out, not caught? How incredible it would seem to them if they were to hear that a fish swam in the sauce, and that it was killed not to form the dinner but to be an addition thereto, since it was so greatly relished (*by the eyesight*) and that it fed the eyes even before the gullet!

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

XVIII

(1) *Permit me, laying aside (for the moment) our subject, to castigate luxury.* "There is nothing," he says, "more beautiful than a mullet expiring there: by the very struggle, first a pink color and then a paleness is suffused into the vital power prostrating itself: how equally they are variegated; and how the color changes into other tints between life and death!" Long and idle waiting of lazy luxury! How late it feels itself to be cheated and to be defrauded of so much that is good! Up to the present it was fishermen who delighted in so lovely a sight!

(2) "Where is the fish cooked? Where is it lifeless? Let it die in the dish!" We wonder that so much fastidiousness is found in them, that they will not touch (*the fish*) unless caught on the same day, so that, as they say, it shall taste of the sea. Therefore is it carried (*to us*) on the run; therefore the way is cleared to the bearers hastening on with panting and shouts.

(3) To what has voluptuousness reached? The fish has been killed for these people for putridity! "Has it been caught today? I cannot believe thee in so great a matter: it is important that thou thyself kill it not. Let it be fetched hither: let it show its vital power before me (*let it be seen alive*)." The stomach of the voluptuaries has attained such arrogance that it is unable to enjoy a fish unless they have seen it in the feast itself swimming and palpitating: so greatly does luxury approach ingenuity in per-

ishable things; so greatly does madness excogitate daily something more cunning and more fashionable, despising homely things.

(4) We used to hear this: "Nothing is better than a rock-mullet"; but now we hear: "Nothing is more beautiful than one which is expiring. Put into my hands the glass vessel, in which it leaps about and trembles!"

(5) When it has struggled much and for long, it is removed from that transparent container. Then everyone shows how very experienced he is: "See, how the red is inkindled, brighter than vermilion itself; see the veins that it moves on the sides; Behold! Thou wouldst imagine the belly to be blood. What a peculiar clear blue has shone forth in a moment! Now it extends wider, and pales, and is turned to a single hue!"

(6) None of these (*people*) remains (*at the bedside*) of a dying friend; no one can endure to see the death of his own father, which he has longed for! How many follow the funeral procession of one of their own to the pyre? The last moments of brothers and relatives are deserted: there is a running to the death of a mullet, forsooth, for nothing is more beautiful than it.

(7) I do not restrain myself from using here bold words, nor from going beyond the customary proprieties: they are not content, either with teeth, mouth, and stomach, with the food of a restaurant: they are gluttonous even with their eyes!

XIX

(1) *But let me return to our subject. Take the proof: that there is a great body of waters in the hid subterranean places, producing horrible fishes, ugly from their situation; if it at any time erupt forth, it bears along with it an immense quantity of living things, disgusting [to look at] and filthy and noxious in taste.*

(2) Indeed, when such an outflow sprang forth about the town of Hydissium, in Caria, all who had eaten the fishes in it perished, (*fishes*) which the new water-course brought up from a region unknown before that day. Nor was it wonderful. Their bodies were greasy and puffy as from long lack of exercise, flabby furthermore and fattened in darkness, also unused to light from which comes health.

(3) That fishes may be born in those depths of the earth is demonstrated by the fact that eels are born in spots full of hiding-places, and they are a heavy food on account of their inactivity, especially if the depth of the mud hides them far within it.

(4) The earth, then, has not only veins of water from which, when they have flowed together, streams may be formed, but also rivers of vast magnitude: of which some have a course always hid until finally they are swallowed down into some recess of the earth, and some emerge under different lakes. Who does not know that some swamps are without bottom? Whither does this lead? (*To this*): that it appears that this water is the everlasting

reservoir for great rivers, whose (*the waters'*) ends are not reached (*are beyond reach*), like the springs of streams.

XX

(1) "*But why does the savor of waters differ?*" From four causes: the first is from the soil through which it is carried; the second is from the same, if it be born during a mutation of it (*the soil*); the third is from the spirit, which is transformed into water; the fourth is from the taint that waters which have been damaged frequently contract.

(2) These causes give various savors to water: they (*give to it*) a medical quality; a heavy fume and a baleful odor; lightness and body; either heat or too much hardness. It matters whether they have traversed places filled with sulphur, or niter, or bitumen: corrupted after this fashion, they are drunk with danger to life.

(3) Hence Ovid:

*The Cicones have a river, which drunk, turns
the viscera
To stone: and, things touched, it incrusts with
marble. (Metam., xv. 313-4)*

It is medicated, and has a slime of such character that it sticks to bodies and renders them hard. In the same way as the powder (*earth*) of Puteoli, if it touch water, becomes stone, thus, contrariwise, that water, if it have touched a solid body, adheres and solidifies.

(4) Hence it happens that when objects are thrown into that lake, they are later taken out like stones — (*a*

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

thing) that occurs also in several places in Italy. If thou hast submerged either a stick or a branch, thou wilt take it out a stone after a few days: the slime is washed around the body, and is slowly besmeared (*over it*). This will seem to thee to be less wonderful, if thou hast noted the Albula springs, and, generally, sulphurated water, to be hardened along its channels and banks.

(5) These lakes have *another* quality (*causam*)

*which, when anyone has drunk it (the water)
down his throat,*

as the same poet says,

*he either raves, or suffers a sleep, wonderful
in its heaviness.*

They (*these waters last mentioned*) have a similar power (*when drunk*) in pure wine, but more violent; for in the same way as drunkenness, until it has passed off, is madness, and when very great in degree changes into stupor; thus the sulphurous power of this water, having [also] a certain very penetrating poison derived from baneful air, either agitates the brain into fury, or oppresses it with sleep.

(6) This evil thing has

*the Lynceian stream,
Which, whoever has drunk with too eager a
throat,*

*He reels, scarcely otherwise than if he had
drunk of wine unmixed.*

(Ovid, *Metam.*, xv, 320-331)

XXI

(1) They who have looked down into certain caverns, die. The evil is

so rapid (*in action*), that it throws (*to earth*) birds flying over (*its emanations*): such is the air, such is the place, from which the Lethal Water trickles. Now if the plague of the air and of the place were less strong, the noxiousness, also being more moderate, would assail nothing more than the nerves, just as in those lying stupefied from drink.

(2) Nor do I wonder, if place and air infect waters, and yield them similar (*in quality*) to the regions through which and out of which they (*the waters*) come: the taste of the (*cow's*) food appears in the milk, and the vinous quality remains in vinegar. There is nothing which does not give evidences of that whence it was born.

XXII

There is another kind of waters, which, it seems to us, have come into being with the world: if the latter (the world) is eternal, the former (these waters) also have always been; if the latter (the world) had any origin, the former also were included in the whole. Dost thou ask what (waters) these be? The Ocean, and what sea derived from it that penetrates the earth. Some declare that streams also, whose nature cannot be described, had their beginnings with the world itself, such as the Hister (the lower part of the Danube), and the Nile, vast rivers, and too noteworthy for it to be said that the same origin is theirs as of others.

XXIII

This, then, is the list of (kinds of)

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

waters, as it appears to some: The celestial, out of the later in date after the Ocean, which the clouds pour forth; others are out of the ground, swimming above, if I may so say, which creep over the highest part of the soil; others hid, whose character has already been set forth.

XXIV

(1) *Why certain waters are warm, and others again are so hot* that they cannot be used unless they have evaporated in the open or are chilled by a mixture of cold (*water*), many causes are given. Empedocles thinks that the water is heated by fires, which the earth covering them hides in many places, if they lie under the soil through which the waters pass.

(2) We commonly make dragons (*vessels for water of long serpentine form*) and miliaria (*short, thick pillars — a tall vessel of small diameter*) and many forms (*of vessels*) in which we arrange inclosed brass pipes on a slope, so that the water going (*continually*) around the same fire may flow for such a length of space as shall be sufficient for heating it. In this manner it enters cold, and flows out hot.

(3) Empedocles thinks the same thing to occur beneath the earth, and they believe that he is not deceived by whom baths are heated without (*domestic*) fire. Spirit glowing in some burning spot is poured forth into them (*the baths*), and having flowed through its channels heats the walls and vessels of the bath just as (*if this were done*) by fire placed underneath. All cold

water, finally, is changed by the passage into hot, nor does it bear any taste from a steam-pipe because it flows along inclosed.

(4) Some think that by either leaving or by passing through places full of sulphur, the waters absorb heat, thanks to the matter through which they flow, and that they demonstrate this by their very odor and taste: for they give up the characteristic of the matter by which they were heated. That thou mayest not wonder that this may happen, pour water into quicklime: it will grow hot.

XXV

(1) *Some waters are death-giving, nor are they distinguishable either by odor or savor.* Around Monacria in Arcadia, the Styx — so called by the natives — deceives strangers, because neither in appearance nor in odor is it suspect: of such sort are the poisons of the great chemists, which cannot be detected except by the death (*of those who take them*). This water, in fact, concerning which I have spoken a short while ago, destroys with the greatest rapidity, nor is there any room for a remedy, because once drunk it hardens forthwith, and just like gypsum, it is drawn together, under liquid, and binds the viscera together.

(2) There is also a noxious water in Thessaly, around Tempe, which both wild beasts and all cattle shun: it eats its way through both iron and brass: such great power has it for eating even into hard bodies; nor does it nourish any tree, and it kills herbs.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

(3) *There is wonderful power in some rivers*, for there are some which *when drunk dye flocks* of sheep, and within a specified time, those (*sheep*) which were black bear white wool, those which came white go away black. In Boeotia, two rivers effect this (*wonder*), to one of which, from its action, the name Melas (*Black*) is given: both the one and the other flow from the same lake, each to do its different marvel.

(4) In Macedonia also, as Theophrastus says, there is a river, to which they who wish to make sheep white, lead them; and when they (*the sheep*) have drunk of it for some time, they are changed just as if they had been dyed (*white*). But if they have need of dark wool, the dyer is prepared and at no cost: they lead the same flock to the Peneios. I have other authorities (*for saying*) that there is in Galatia a stream which works the same (*marvel*) in sheep. There is also (*a river*) in Cappadocia, which, when drunk by horses, and by no other animal, the color (*of the horses*) may be changed, and the skin is sprayed with white.

(5) *That there are certain lakes which sustain those who cannot swim*, is known: there was formerly in Sicily, and there is to this day in Syria, a body of standing water, on which bricks float, and things thrown into it cannot be sunk, even though they be quite heavy. The cause of this fact is evident: weigh whatever thing thou pleasest, and determine it against water, providing that the measure of both be equal: if the water be heavier and the

object lighter than (*the water*) itself is, the (*water*) will sustain it and will elevate it above itself by just so much as it (*the object*) is the lighter: heavier objects sink. But if the weight of the water and of the object which thou hast weighed against it, be equal, it (*the object*) will neither sink to the bottom nor will rise to the top, but will be balanced with the water, and will, in fact, float, but completely immersed and standing out in no part.

(6) This is why certain pieces of timber almost wholly are carried on the top of the water, others sink to the middle, others sink to an equilibrium with the water. For when the weight of both is equal, neither gives way to the other; the heavier, however, sink; the lighter are carried (*on top*). But heavy and light are not to be judged by us, but by comparison with that by which they are to be sustained.

(7) For this reason, where the water is heavier than the body of a man or of a rock, it does not allow that by which it is not overcome to be submerged; thus it happens that in certain standing bodies of water not even stones go to the bottom: of course I speak of solid and hard (*bodies*), for many things are like pumice and light: *the islands* consisting of such material and which are in *Lydia*, therefore *swim*. Theophrastus is the authority (*for this*).

(8) I myself saw a floating island at Cutilia (*in the Sabine land*); another is so carried in the Vadimonis lake (*in Etruria, now laghetto di Bassano*); yet another in the lake of Statonia (*in*

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

southern Etruria). The Cutilian isle grows trees and herbs: yet it is sustained afloat by water, and it is driven hither and thither not only by the wind but by a breeze, nor is it ever at rest by day or night, so easily is it moved by a light breeze.

(9) There is a double cause for this: the weight of the water which is medicated (*heavy with mineral*) and hence heavy; and the material of the isle itself which is thus transportable and which is not of a solid body, although it nourishes trees. Perhaps, also, some greasy liquid seizes upon and binds together light trunks (*of trees*) and green boughs strewn on the water.

(10) For this reason, even if there are rocks anywhere in that isle, thou wilt find them moist and tubular, such as are those which a hardened liquid makes, particularly around the channels of medicated springs. Wherefore, where the off-scourings of water have coalesced and foam is solidified, of necessity that is light, because it has been concreted together (*congealed*) out of what is windy and empty.

(11) *The cause (of the qualities) of some (waters) cannot be given:* Why the Nile water makes women very fruitful, so much so that the bowels of some which have been shut up through long sterility it has opened for conceiving; why certain waters in Lycia retain the foetuses of women, which they are wont to seek whose wombs are too feebly tenacious. As far as I am concerned, I place these (*reports*) among what is thoughtlessly spread abroad. It is believed that certain waters bring

scurf on the body, some the tetter, and a disgusting variety of the dry sort, whether (*the water be*) injected or drunk: they say the water has this taint from condensed dew.

(12) Who does not believe those waters to be very heavy which unite to form crystal? But against that, there is this: it happens to the lightest, which cold freezes most easily on account of that very lightness. Whence comes the stone of that kind (*crystal*), which appears among the Greeks in the very name: *κρύσταλλον* is what they call both this glittering stone and ice, out of which it is believed the stone comes. For celestial water (*rain-water*), having the least amount of terrene quality in it when it has hardened, by the persistency of long-continued cold thickens more and yet more, until, all air being forced out, it is wholly compressed into itself, and the liquid that was, has become a stone.

XXVI

(1) *In the summer certain streams increase*, like the Nile, whose cause will be given in another place. Theophrastus is the authority that in Pontus also certain rivers increase in the summertime. They declare that there are four causes: Either because then the earth is most greatly mutable into water; or because the greater rains are (*then*) far away, whose water (*however*) having been conveyed by secret passages underground, is quietly poured out (*into such streams*); third, if the mouth (*of the river*) be whipped up by very frequent winds and be rolled back as a

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

tide, the river stands still and seems to increase because it is not poured forth (*along its bed*); the fourth is the action of the heavenly orbs: for this in certain months impels the rivers more strongly forward and empties them: when they (*the orbs*) have receded a greater distance, they take less, and draw less strongly. Hence, that which customarily is a loss (*of water*) now serves to refill (*the channel*).

(3) *Certain streams fall before one's eyes into some cavern* and thus are borne out of sight; *certain others are slowly withdrawn away*, and perish. *The same ones, after an interval, reappear*, and take a (*new*) name and a (*new*) channel. The cause is manifest: an empty place exists beneath the ground; all fluids by nature are carried downwards and into voids; hence, the rivers having been received there, they continue their course out of sight, but when there first occurs something solid which opposes (*their onward course*), and that part which offers least resistance having been broken through, they resume their course. (4)

*Thus, where the Lycus has been swallowed
down by a chasm in the earth,
It springs up again far thence, and is reborn
from another mouth.
Thus at one time it is drained away; at another,
having flowed with silent flood,
It reappears, the mighty Erasinus, in Argolic
waves. (Ovid, Metam., xv, 272-6)*

The Tigris in the East does the same thing: it is swallowed down, and, long desired, at length emerges again in a very remote place, though there is no doubt that it is the same.

(5) Certain springs at specified times cast forth refuse, as Arethusa, in Sicily, every fifth summer according to the Olympic games; hence is the notion that (*the river*) Alpheos, (*flowing forth*) from Achaia penetrates even to that place (*the Arethusan springs*), pursuing its course under the sea, nor emerging before it reaches the Syracusan strand: and particularly on those days on which the Olympiads fall, the excrements of the victims, committed to a propitious stream, abound there.

(6) This tradition is also (*mentioned*) by thee, dearest Lucilius, in (*thy*) poem, and by Vergil, who thus addresses Arethusa:

*So, when thou glidest beneath the Sicilian
flood,
May the bitter Doris (the sea) not mingle
her waves with thee! (Eclog., x, 4-5)*

There is a spring in the Rhodian Chersonese (*a small promontory in Caria, facing Rhodes*), which, at long intervals of time, pours out in whirlpools certain filthy matters from the depths, until it is freed and clarified.

(7) This, springs do in several places, and throw up not only mire but leaves and broken earthenware and whatever is putrefying. The sea everywhere does the same, whose nature is such that all filth and refuse it casts upon the shore. Certain parts of the sea do this at set times, as around Messana and Mylae (*in Sicily*) the sea brings forth with swirling waters something similar to dung, and boils up and foams, not without a foul odor: whence the legend that the cattle of the Sun are stabled there.

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

(8) But the cause of certain ones is difficult (*to ascertain*), especially where the time of the matter which is under investigation is either unobserved or uncertain. Hence the proximate and immediate cause cannot, in fact, be discovered. On the other hand, the following (*cause*) is publicly known: it is the nature of all standing or inclosed waters to purify themselves (for taints cannot abide in those [*waters*] which are running, for a propitious energy [*the current*] bears them off and away); those (*waters*) which do not throw off whatever has entered them, are more or less agitated. The sea, indeed, brings forth from its deeps corpses, litter, and similar remnants of shipwrecks; nor is it only by storm and tide that it is purified, but also when it is tranquil and smooth.

XXVII

(1) *But this thought warns me to inquire in what manner a great part of the earth will be overwhelmed by the waves when the fatal day of the flood will have arrived: whether it will happen by the energies of the Ocean, and the farthest main surge in upon us: or uninterrupted rains, and enduring winter, with no summertimes, cast down upon us immense quantities of water from cloudbursts; or the ground pour forth streams widespread, and open new water-sources: or whether there will be not one cause for such great evil but all will work together, and at one and the same time rains will pour down, rivers will increase, the seas stirred out of their seats will*

overwhelm, and all, with single purpose, press on to the extinction of human kind.

(2) It is even so. Nothing is difficult to nature, especially when it is hastening forward to its end. At the origin of things, it uses sparingly its energies and distributes itself in growths eluding observation (*incrementis fallentibus*): but it comes to ruin suddenly, with its whole impetus. How long a time is it needful that the infant endure, from conception to birth! With what labor is the tender child brought forth! With what careful nourishing does the body, only lately so helpless, grow up! But with what utter ease it dies! An age builds up a city; an hour ruins it. Ashes are produced in a moment, a forest, in a long time. (*Only*) by great care do all things stand and bloom: but quickly and suddenly they go to pieces.

(3) Whatever nature turns from this state of things (*that now exists*), is enough to cause the destruction of mortals; therefore when that necessity of time (*the flood*) shall have arrived, many fates together will set the (*mediate*) causes in motion; nor does such great change occur without a shaking of the world, as some suppose, among whom is Fabianus.

(4) At the first, immeasurable rains fall, and the sky is heavy with clouds, nor is there ever sunlight, and there is constant mist; and from the humidity (*arises*) a thick fog, the winds never drying it off. Hence is there evil enough, a withering of crops which spring up and give no harvest. Then,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

what is sown by hand, having spoiled, swampy herbs cover all fields.

(5) Soon afterwards stronger things suffer hurt, for with their roots loosened the trees lie prone, and the vine and all shrubbery are not held by the soil, because it is soft and fluid: now it bears neither plants nor pleasing food in the waters; hunger afflicts, and hands are stretched forth to ancient food. Where there is a holm or an oak, it is eagerly shaken (*for food*), and whatever tree, in these times of woe, that stands, is held in some jointure of rocks.

(6) Buildings are soaked and totter, and they settle down to the very foundations softened with water; all the soil is fluid; useless are the supports of the tottering (*houses*), for every prop rests in the slippery morass, and nothing is stable in the miry soil.

(7) Afterwards, torrential rains pour ever more and more violently down, and snows, accumulated during ages, dissolve; torrents tumbling down from the highest mountains sweep away the loosened forests and roll along rocks torn away from the whirling structures; they wash away farmhouses with their owners intermixed, they carry away herds, and smaller dwellings having been torn from their seats by their passage, the violent (*waters*) turn at last to greater things: they sweep away cities and the peoples embraced within their walls, uncertain whether they are bewailing a ruin or a shipwreck, since that which has come upon them at one and the same time both crushes and drowns (*them*);

growing greater, next, in their course, by a number of other torrents joined to their own (*waters*), they render the plains desolate, far and wide; and last of all, to the great misery of men, they spread (*their waters*) abroad, shining and freighted.

(8) Verily, the streams which are of their own nature vast, now seized by the tempests, leave their beds. What thinkest thou the Rhone to be, what the Rhine and the Danube, whose streams and courses are (*by nature*) in their channels, having overflowed, make for themselves new banks, and, through their cloven bounds, all leave their beds at once? With what precipitate (*course*) they are rolled along: where the Rhine, flowing over the plains, not indeed languidly over a wide space, fills them as when (*rushing*) through a defile, (*yet with*) widest waters: when the Danube no longer incircles the roots and the middle portions of the mountains, but seeks their very summits, carrying along with itself the besoaked sides of the mountains and excavated rocks and the promontories of large land-stretches, which (*promontories*), with loosened foundations, had receded from the mainland: then, finding no outlet, for it has itself shut off from itself all such, it forms a circle, and infolds within a single vortex an immense circuit of cities and lands.

(10) Meanwhile, the rains continue, the skies grow still more heavy, and thus, for a long period of time, evils growing from evils are heaped one upon another. What formerly was a cloudy

sky is now night, truly frightful and terrifying with the flashings of awful lightnings: for thunderbolts flash thick, and squalls shake the sea, now, for the first time, swollen by the flooding of the streams and too small for itself: for now it enlarges its coasts and no longer is restrained within its boundaries, for the torrents forbid its egress and force the tide aback: yet a large part (*of its waters*), as if retained by a grudging bay, stagnates, and reduces all plains to the form of a lake.

(11) Everything, now, wherever it may be seen, is invested by the waters: every hill is hid in the depth (*of the waters*), and everywhere that depth is immense: only on the summits of the mountains are there shallows along the ridges. To these [highest spots] (*men*) have fled with their children and their wives, driving their flocks before them: communication and intercourse between these wretched beings are interrupted, since all the lower parts the flood has filled.

(12) The remnants of the human species cling to whatever loftiest heights there be; and being brought to extremest need, this is their only comfort, that fear has changed into stupor. The watchers have no leisure for fear, nor has pain any place, inasmuch as it loses its sting by this, that the wretched (*people*) are beyond the sense of evil.

(13) Therefore, after the manner of islands, arise

Mountains, and the scattered Cyclades grow more numerous, (Ovid, *Metam.*, ii, 264)

as finely says that most ingenious of poets, just as he says the following, from the magnitude of the thing:

All things were the sea; shores, also, lacked the sea, (Ovid, *Metam.*, i, 292)

had he not reduced such wealth of genius and of matter to puerile ineptitudes:

The wolf swims among the sheep, the waves sustain the tawny lions;
(Ovid, *Metam.*, i, 304)

(14) It is not a thing sufficiently sober, to be sportive when the earth has been engulfed. He spoke grandly, and grasped the picture of such great disorder, when he said:

*The rivers, wandering from their course, rush o'er the open plains,
... and towers, borne down, sink 'neath the raging stream.*
(Ovid, *Metam.*, i, 285; 290)

Magnificent, this, had he not stooped to say what sheep and wolves were doing! Can aught be sustained in the flood and in rapine (*such*) as this? Would not cattle have been submerged in the same rush (*of waters*) by which they were caught?

(15) Thou hast conceived a picture as imposing as thou shouldst (*have conceived*), with all lands o'erwhelmed, and the very sky sinking to earth: be patient (*with me*)! Thou wilt know what is suitable, if thou wilt have pictured to thyself the earth floating.

TO A VASE OF TULIPS IN A LONDON ROOM

Kenneth Morris, D. Litt.

PINK chalices of beauty luminous
Kindling the dimness of this London room,
What subtlest influence shining through the gloom
Does your intent, keen silence breathe on us?
You that are noble, spiritual, generous,
In some immaculate Heart-land come to bloom,
Or from some Eden sunset spilt, to illumine
Our dullness with that splendor's overplus?
--"If we are still, 'tis that we heed the song
The Stars of Morning never ceased to sing;
If we give light, the hierarchies that throng
The inward deeps with music where they wing,
Are hindered by no thought of ours, nor fear,
From shining through. The Eternal blossoms here."

THEOSOPHY, RELIGION, SCIENCE

H. T. EDGE, M. A., D. LITT.

A PHILOSOPHICAL writer, in speaking of the relations between science and religion, says that science is and must remain irrelevant to the spiritual truths of religion.

This represents a dualism which Theosophy is out to impugn. It is the old dualism of spirit and matter, as to which we may quote an emended edition of a well-known aphorism:

Spirit is spirit, and matter is matter.
And never the twain shall meet.

The recent doings of science seem to have already gone a good way towards breaking down this impassable barrier, so far as energy and mass

are concerned; and energy and mass stood towards each other in a relation similar to that which spirit in general has stood towards matter in general. Energy was the spirit of the physical world; mass was the material. Yet now they seem to be melting indistinguishably into one another. May it not be hoped that the old hard and fast distinction between spirit and matter, and with it the distinction between religion and science, will also fade as the years go on?

We have been making physical life too real, and as a result we have had to reduce spirit to a very rarefied gas. We have tried to conceive of a uni-

verse of dead inert material galvanized into activity by forces; and of a human being as a body actuated by a soul or spirit. What we have now to learn is that the entire universe is alive, from the most highly organized being down to the minutest atomic speck; and science can certainly help us to do this. In this way science, so far from being irrelevant to spiritual truths, will show us the road to them. Man again is a living unit, alive from his most spiritual essence down to his smallest biological cell; and the plan of dividing him up into body and mind and emotions and soul, etc., is purely artificial and adopted for convenience.

People who make this hard-and-fast distinction between religion and science, and spirit and matter, seem to imagine that there are two universes. (Or perhaps we should call it a 'duo-verse' or a 'diverse' or even a 'perverse'.) But to a Theosophist there can be only one Universe and only one knowledge to be had about it; and science and religion are just two ways of approaching the truth. As long as religion and science remain separate, either of them can discover but a part of the truth; or, in other words, neither of them can discover the truth at all. It is largely as though a man should use his eyes and his fingers separately and thus get two different ideas about the nature of the outside world; and should declare that these two views were entirely irrelevant to each other. So they would be, in a sense; for both of them would be entirely erroneous and incompatible.

The actual fact is that we gain our notion of the outside physical world by the combined use of all our physical senses, plus the use of our reason; and it is not altogether unreasonable to infer that we can only obtain an adequate conception of the nature of the universe in general by the combined use of every faculty we have, physical, mental, spiritual and all.

We must learn to abandon this notion of religion as a kind of supplement to life, whereby our life is divided into two halves, sacred and secular, Sunday and everyday. This is of the essence of hypocrisy. Then we may also find a way of getting rid of the idea that religion has no concern with actual life. We shall cease to have two philosophies, one for everyday use and one for Sundays and holy days only. I have no use for a philosophy of life which is divided into two parts, each part irrelevant to the other. I live in one universe, not two.

It is sometimes comfortably said that, whereas science and religion used to be at daggers drawn, now they have amicably adjusted their mutual affairs, and settled down peaceably, each in its own peculiar province. This is on a par with our complacent boast that we have settled the differences between religion and politics, and that the State nowadays turns up its nose in polite indifference to religious views, letting everybody believe whatever he thinks fit; whereas, in days of old, religion was considered to be a matter of state concern. This may mean that nowadays we do not take either reli-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

gion or science or politics very seriously, so that the State can afford to treat our views with contempt, and science and religion have no longer need to be afraid of one another. But perhaps it may be possible to take both our religion and our science more seriously.

When religion and science are each of them subject to materialism, they respectively diverge from the truth; but there can surely be no conflict, no incompatibility, no irrelevance, between religion and science when both are taken in their proper sense, when both are regarded as avenues to knowledge. But here again we may find ourselves slipping into the old error of making two totally different kinds of knowledge, and saying that religion conducts us to spiritual knowledge, while science conducts us to some other (and presumably unspiritual) kind of knowledge. This will never do; it is merely repeating the old mistake under a new name. The old dualism crops up again — an excuse for making this external sense-life all important and putting the real values of life on a high shelf with the label “Spiritual — for Sunday use only.”

To a healthy mind there can be no reason for regarding one part of the human make-up as more holy than another, or more gross than another. It is not the organ or function, but its abuse, that is evil. There is no part of our nature that cannot be subject to perverted use, and no part of our nature that is not perfectly natural and clean so long as it is not abused. Where did we hear that our body is a gross

and sinful thing? Who told us that our body is our real self? These are extreme views, both wrong, representing respectively materialism in religion and materialism in science.

We have taken ourselves apart and are trying to put ourselves together again, and we have divided knowledge into departments and are trying to reconcile these departments with one another; whereas man is *one* and knowledge is *one*, and ought not to have been taken to pieces at all.

This is what makes Theosophy so hard to define briefly: for it is neither religion nor science nor philosophy, but all three together; not a compound of them but the original unity from which they have been abstracted. Theosophy is Knowledge, knowledge of Nature's laws, the laws of the Universe, including much more than science at present studies, and much more than religions are able to teach us. There is no field of possible knowledge left outside man's utmost power of comprehension. That does not mean that we should try to bring down the knowledge of spiritual mysteries to the level of our present intellectual faculties; but it does mean that we have within us faculties which can be brought out, whereby we may rise to an understanding of those mysteries. The story of creation tells us that man was made of the dust of the earth, which was infused with a life-breath and also endowed with a divine spirit, so that man became the image of Deity. Let us then remember that man is a good deal more than animated dust;

that is only one side of his nature, and there are those who would have us think it is the only side, or the only one that matters.

Thus Theosophy teaches man to rely on his own powers and to use them: a doctrine with which people of a scientific turn will not be disposed to find fault. Only let us be sure what power we mean: not the physical powers and the vain puffed-up brain-mind, which knows not who it is and whence it came and whither it is going; but those inner powers which we call forth when we realize our innate Divinity and live according to its laws. We know what these laws are, because they have been indelibly impressed upon humanity so that they lie at the root of human nature; where they can always be found by him who seeks them there. From time to time our Teachers remind us of them — the Golden Rule, the essential Divinity of man, the Path of sublime Knowledge always open to the pure in heart, and so forth.

Theosophy is eminently scientific in that it insists on positive knowledge, as opposed to mere belief or hearsay. But the physical sense-organs are by no means the only gates to positive, direct knowledge; indeed these are admitted by science itself to be fallible.* The existence in man of other senses, capa-

*“We start with certain assumptions or axioms. . . . (3) That the indications of the

ble of direct cognition, has to be admitted as a fact; and, as there are, and have been through the ages, men able to use these higher senses, they have accumulated a body of knowledge as definite and certain as is that accumulated by physical science within its own limits.

Further, the analogy of Theosophy with science can be carried a step farther. Science demands that its facts should be verifiable by all observers, its experimental demonstrations capable of reproduction by other experimenters; yet at the same time it requires that they shall be equipped with the necessary apparatus. Theosophy says the same; it points out the path by which anyone can qualify himself to become a direct observer, able to verify for himself the facts about which he is taught by those who have preceded him on that path. Nature is much vaster than the science of today contemplates, and man has the faculties for studying and learning about her. He must get rid of three absurdities: (1) Pure spirit, existing apart from matter; (2) dead matter, existing apart from spirit; (3) the aforesaid spirit acting on the aforesaid matter in some utterly incomprehensible way. He will find everywhere living beings, conscious souls.

Senses are always imperfect, and often misleading.”

— P. G. TAIT, *Properties of Matter*, 1885



“For a man full of all desires, being possessed of will, imagination, and belief, is a slave, but he who is the opposite is free.”— *Maitrayana-Upanishad*

THE TWENTIETH

WINFRID VON HAHN

AFTER a successful examination at the University of Petersburg, I decided to avail myself of the invitation of my uncle, General Petrunkevich, to spend a month or two on his large estate near the town of Koselsk.

It was a beautiful spring morning when at early dawn I started for the Nicholas Station. Disliking, almost hating, the sleepy coachmen with their half-broken carriages and starved horses, I resolved to walk down the Nevsky Prospect to the station, and to enjoy the wonderfully fragrant air of the morning.

Just before reaching the river I saw Nekludov, a friend of mine. He ran across the street to meet me.

"Have you heard the news about Tersky?" he exclaimed, a broad smile beaming on his face.

Tersky was a student of the University who had joined the revolutionary party and, being suspected of a plot against the Tsar's life, was under sentence of death. I was almost convinced of his guilt, yet I cherished hopes that by some unexpected luck Tersky would be either acquitted or his punishment lessened.

"Haven't you heard?" he went on excitedly. "His sentence has been commuted to transportation to Siberia! What do you think of that?"

"Good news," I said. "I am glad

of it. But somebody must doubt his guilt more than I do!"

"Nobody doubts it," said Nekludov with a shrug of his shoulders. "But who knows? This is the twentieth!"

"What of that?"

"There's a mystery about the twentieth. Didn't you know that?"

Nekludov ran off in the direction of the University, eager to take the good news to his other friends.

I crossed the newly-built bridge over the Neva, stopping for a moment to admire the dazzling spire of the Fortress, shining under the rays of the morning sun. I looked over the wide sweeping waters of the river, and the stately row of palaces stretching on both sides of the bridge along the quay, inhaling the fragrance of the young elms sprouting already in the Alexander Garden. Then I turned around the corner of the Winter Palace.

I had to pass in front of the palace before crossing the huge square. Between the two main entrances the usual guard paced up and down. It was Ossip, one of the court-yard servants. I knew him well — an old man who used to serve in the Ministry of the Interior, where I used to see him when I visited my uncle.

"Off on a journey, your honor?" he asked as soon as he recognised me.

"Yes. To the province. Anything new in the palace?"

"Today?" he asked and grinned. "No surely. Nothing new today!"

"Well, I suppose His Majesty is out for his usual drive on the Islands. He has a gorgeous day for it."

"Today, your honor? It's the twentieth."

"What of it, Ossip? Is the twentieth unlucky?"

"Well, I couldn't tell you. I don't know myself. All I know is that His Majesty has never yet left his palace on the twentieth."

"Are you sure? Not the thirteenth? Why the twentieth?"

"I have wondered myself, your honor. Nobody could tell me about it."

"Well, good-bye, Ossip!"

"Good-bye, your honor. Good luck to you. Hope to see you back soon," and the old man resumed his pacing up and down, while I went my way across the square towards the Arch of Triumph.

AFTER a two-days' journey by rail, I arrived at the station of Rilovtsi. Twenty miles separated me from the property of General Petrunkevich, situated on the other side of the river.

"Say," I asked the policeman, after stepping out of the car, "where can I get post-horses here?"

"Post-horses? There's no finding a decent dog for ten miles around. And you want post-horses! People walk here!"

"Walk? My dear man, I am going to General Petrunkevich's. Twenty miles. That's too far to walk."

"Better wait then. Sometimes peasants come here with their carts. One of them might take you. Someone is sure to turn up by midday — or this afternoon — or sometime. All you need to do is wait."

I sat down on a dirty-looking, half-broken bench, entirely surrounded with cigarette-ends and pieces of paper. Over my head a sign-board begged me 'Not to spit on the floor!' but it was obvious that other people had ignored that request. There was nothing to do but think, and that policeman's face had vaguely recalled Ossip — so I sat and wondered why the twentieth should be a day on which the Tsar did nothing. Naturally I arrived at no satisfactory conclusion, except that Tsars are human like the rest of us and possibly as superstitious.

About half-past twelve an uproar on the cobblestones of the one village street announced the arrival of a couple of carts, repaired with wire, bound with ropes, nailed together and nevertheless apparently about to fall to pieces.

Simultaneously came the same policeman.

"There," he said, "I told you somebody would come."

He preceded me across the square.

A sturdy, sullen-looking, pock-marked peasant stood beside a cart. He wore bark-shoes and a filthy gray smock.

"He'll take you," said the policeman. "Won't you?" he demanded. "Eh? Why don't you answer?"

"Y . . . eeee . . . sss," said the peasant.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

"When are you going," I asked him.

"Nnnn. . .o. . .w."

"In this cart?"

"That's it."

"Will it hold together?"

"May be."

So I clambered in and as I did so it began to rain.

"Which is the front end?" I demanded.

"Where the horse's tail is, there's the front, and where you're sitting, that's the back."

The sorry jade that went by the name of horse stood perfectly still and apparently slept. The peasant climbed into the cart, produced a long whip and proceeded to flog the animal, which merely shook its head. The peasant swore and continued flogging. The cart squeaked and shivered under his violence. After a while it gave a lurch and slowly moved forward.

"Faster!" I suggested.

"What for? She is tired, the brute. . . . We shall get there anyhow."

But the peasant seemed to understand his animal. After a quarter of a mile or so of tortoise-like progress he turned to me and remarked:

"Aaa. . .ll right! . . . She is going to run pretty soon. . . .Nnn. . .ow! . . . G. . .oooo! Cursed brute!"

The cursed brute broke into a slow trot that made the cart rattle as if full of milk-cans.

On one side was the river. On the other stretched endless, boundless plains. . . . It seemed that if you drove over them you would certainly get to the other side of the world. . . .

It was appalling. It was Russia. Space and time resuming themselves into infinity and eternity. That's Russia.

We crossed the river on a ramshackle bridge that squeaked at each step.

The road was classical. It was that particular trough of ground towards which all the streams of water drained the fields on both sides. After the rain it would be a river, not a road. Nevertheless it was the only track that could be taken by a cart; whoever should attempt the field undoubtedly would drown in mud.

The rain which had stopped for a while began pouring again. Pools of muddy water alternated with deep trenches of slime, where the wheels of the cart plunged to the hub; and the peasant flogged incessantly — helping the horse, as he called it. We bounded over invisible stones that jolted us skyward, throwing me from side to side of the cart until I ached from head to foot. It was Russia at her worst. It seemed incredible that all that vast expanse of morass, of mud and slimy pools in which things crept, could yield good harvests in the summer.

"What is your name?" I asked the peasant between lurches.

"Mine? . . . Tit!"

"Well, Tit, where is your village?"

"My village? . . . There!"

"Where?"

"There!" and he pointed towards the horizon. I could not see anything but streams of rain and pools of mud, as far as my eye could reach.

"Are you married?" I asked him.

"Me? . . . Y. . . ee. . . sss!"

"Do you have any children?"

"Children? . . . Yes! . . . Nine!"

"What do you do?"

"I am a laborer."

"How much ground have you?"

"Me? . . . Fifteen acres!"

I could think of nothing else to ask him. I seemed to have exhausted Tit's vocabulary and his stock of conversation, for he drove on in silence at the same slow pace. The road had given up trying to be a road; it was a disorderly stone quarry now, washed out by the rain. Yet it is incredible what the Russian peasant can do with his four-wheeled *telega*, and the apology for a horse which usually draws it. We progressed by dropping from one rut into another in dislocating, neck-snapping bounds. The rain poured cats and dogs on us; the wind howled like a pack of wolves; a fog formed, growing as dense as curdled milk.

Tit was in that particular state of consciousness that is characteristic of the Russian peasant, in which, apparently, he neither dreams, nor sleeps, nor wakes. It is a sort of blissful non-existence. Finally he woke up, turning half towards me.

"Your honor," he said, "I'll have to stop at that village yonder for a while. You wait in the cart. I won't keep you long."

"Are you going to visit someone?" I had hopes of a fire at which to warm myself.

"Yes. . . . An old man."

"A friend of yours, I suppose?"

"A friend of my father. He is dying, I expect. A very old man."

"Sick?"

"No, not sick. Dying."

"Old age?"

"Dying. Old age? Yes, he is a fine old man. But what has that to do with it?"

"You know him well?"

"Fifty years, your honor."

"Fifty years? But didn't you tell me he was a friend of your father?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And how old are you?"

"Sixty-five next month."

"Then the old man must be over a hundred."

"Oh, your honor, he has lost count of his years. He lives each day as it comes. He never counts them. Yes . . . he must be a hundred and thirty now. He was older than my father."

Partly thinking of a fireside, and partly because my curiosity was aroused, I resolved to see this old man.

"Is he alone?" I asked Tit.

"He lives alone. Some people come and see him once in a while. He likes animals too. He had a tamed bear cub, but he let him go. A friend of his took it to the forest."

"Does he mind strangers?"

"Not your kind, or at least, may be not."

"Do you think, Tit, he would allow me to come in with you?"

"He might. He might be glad to see you. Sometimes he likes to talk to people."

"I'll go in with you, Tit."

"Aaa. . . ll ri. . . ght!" said Tit.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

We arrived at a village, where the road assumed once more the appearance of a soft deep bed of slime. There, notwithstanding the rain, innumerable dogs came yelping through the mud to threaten us. Pigs and chickens escaped hysterically from under the cart-wheels, appearing to be drawn toward them by destiny, although we were only moving at a slow trot.

We stopped in front of a miserable hovel with a little garden in front of it and two birch-trees on each side.

"That's the house," said Tit, lazily getting off the cart. "I'll see whether he is inside."

"You told me he was dying. Didn't you?"

"He is, your honor. But you never know with these people. They are dying today and tomorrow they are walking about the house. I came here a week ago. He told me a few days before that he was to die very soon. Next day he walked for over three hours in the rain. You never know with this kind of people."

Tit disappeared in the hut, and I waited for him outside, for the weather was gradually beginning to clear up. The rain had stopped; but the wind was increasing. Somber clouds rushed madly from the western sky, and were torn to pieces before they reached the opposite horizon. The sun was trying hard to shine through and it was getting warmer. Vapor rose from the humid earth and was swept away by the wind. I sat on the cart and stared at endless fields that stretched to the hori-

zon. The village street, empty of all but pigs and chickens, had only a few ramshackle huts on either side. It was a picture of despair and poverty, and yet the little hut I was waiting near had something attractive about it — romantic, tragic, comic? I could not tell what it was. I waited with impatience for Tit to come back, but it was ten minutes or so before he appeared at the threshold.

"Kosma Vassilyevich will see you," he said, climbing again on the cart.

Before I could reach the hut door Tit had started to drive away, without as much as a wave of the hand to me. I threw him a rouble and let him go. It was only four more miles to the house of General Petrunkevich.

Tit turned and thanked me for the coin, then whipped his horse, which had gone to sleep standing in a pool of muddy water. Apparently my weight too, had made some difference, for Tit drove almost swiftly up-street.

I knocked at the door. A voice from inside called to me. I entered a dark passage through which I had to grope my way, stumbling but finding myself at last in a fairly large room, with two windows towards the west. There was not much furniture: in the middle a large table; on one side the stove, on the other some home-made odds and ends. In the left corner, facing the windows, sat Kosma Vassilyevich in a primitive-looking chair with a few pillows around him. A big dog lay quietly at his feet.

The old man's hair and long, long beard were snow-white; yet, strange-

ly enough, his face had not one single wrinkle, and his eyes—they were wonderful eyes that I will never forget—full of youth and fire and knowledge.

“Good evening to you, Kosma Vassilyevich,” I said. “Having heard of you lately I have come to pay you my respects. I am on my way to visit my relatives, the Petrunkevich family.”

“Tell them that Kosma Vassilyevich greets them!”

He looked straight into my eyes and smiled in a way that made me feel ashamed of my curiosity. I had expected to find a feeble, deaf, and probably half-blind peasant, reputed to have reached a hundred and thirty years; and I had been told he was dying. But the old man did not show the slightest trace of the approach of death. I did not know what to say to him.

“Tit brought you?” he said suddenly. “Tit told you how old my body is. My soul is as young as yours and his.”

I could not stand there staring without saying something, so I asked him:

“Kosma Vassilyevich, how long have you lived in this place?”

“Twenty-five years, I believe.”

“Then it is not your native village? Where were you born?”

“Yonder where the sun rises, beyond the mountains.”

“In the Ural?”

“Beyond. I came from Siberia.”

“Why did you settle here?”

“It is peaceful. It is quiet. I like these fields and this river behind them.”

He gazed out through the window

and I watched him carefully. His eyes gleamed in the semi-darkness of the hut. His quiet face was impressive. I had never seen a peasant like him.

Suddenly he put his hand out, touching mine and said:

“Listen, my son: When you return to the capital of Holy Russia tell the Tsar that Kosma Vassilyevich is dead. Tell him that night is coming. But the morning follows night, and again the sun shines. Tell him Kosma Vassilyevich sent him that message. Tell him that.”

“Kosma Vassilyevich,” I said in surprise, “how can I see the Tsar and tell him anything? I am only a student at the University. They will not let me approach the Tsar.”

“Oh yes, if you say you come from Kosma Vassilyevich. They know me. They all know me, and the Tsar himself has seen me here, in this little hut of mine. You think I lie? I speak the truth!”

I stared at him and tried to hide the incredulity I felt, thinking that perhaps his mind was wandering in that valley of the shadow that is said to precede death. But his eye and voice were clear, and he smiled as he recognised the doubt that I had not managed to conceal.

“Our Little Father the Tsar,” he went on — “it is a short story. There is not much to it. I will tell it.”

I sat down on a rude log stool beside him, saying nothing, and for a minute or two he stared into vacancy.

I did not interrupt his thought, and at last he spoke:

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

"I was not as old as I am now, but I was already an old man. The Tsar was young. He had only just begun to rule our country. I lived in the great forest of Belovezh, in a little hut like this one, alone with two dogs, like the one I have here." He petted the old animal that lay still at his side.

"Our Little Father the Tsar came to hunt bears, for which the Belovezh forest was famous. There are many animals in the Belovezh forest."

"And you all alone?" I asked him. "Didn't you fear the animals?"

"Fear them? Why? They didn't hurt me. The bears knew me, and I knew them. We were old friends — I and all the animals. I didn't eat meat — they could smell that and we understood each other. That's the secret of it. To understand each other is to like each other. What is there to be afraid of?"

"But the Tsar came to hunt in the forest. He had been told there was only one man, Kosma Vassilyevich, living in the forest of Belovezh, and they came to me, the Tsar and his attendants. They asked me to serve as their guide through the forest. I didn't mind. I said yes. They wished to plunge into the heart of Belovezh and find the biggest bear. I knew such a bear. He was Mitka the Awkward — a name I gave to him. A huge beast. If they come on Mitka where he dwells, there will be trouble, I thought to myself. For it was very different for me, who never killed any beast of God, to come on Mitka, from what it would be for them to do it. But I knew it

was my duty to help our Little Father the Tsar, whatever he might intend to do, and so I led them all, a dozen people, into the thickest part of Belovezh.

"The snow was deep. The air was crisp, the sky was blue, and the footprints of the animals were easy to see. Very soon we came on several beartracks, and we followed one, I leading and our Little Father the Tsar behind me. But somehow the party got divided because some of them followed another track, so that before they knew it, they had lost sight of the Tsar and had to return a long way on their own tracks to pick up his, because the undergrowth was much too dense for them to make short cuts from one point to another. But I did not trouble about them, I had to take care of our Little Father the Tsar, and he smiled, saying he was glad to be alone for once. He didn't like to be always attended by so many people, but he didn't mind me, because I didn't talk and didn't suggest he should do *this* when he had made up his own mind to do *that*. I walked behind him now, but I didn't let him out of my sight for a moment.

The silence of the forest under all that snow was beautiful. Not a sound, not a hush, except far away the cries of the rest of the party, who had lost their Little Father and were looking for him. I could see him shake his back with chuckling whenever a cry reached us. He was having a great time all by himself and I don't doubt he was enjoying the thought of how

they would excuse themselves for having lost him.

“But suddenly I heard the noise that a bear makes when he is disturbed, and the Tsar stood still. Then he slowly approached a clump of oaks, his gun in hand, ready. The bear had smelled him. He came out from behind the oak-clump, crashing through the undergrowth — indignant. I knew it was Mitka. He snorted and grunted and then I could see it was Mitka. The Tsar stood still. I thought to myself: ‘Now assuredly he is going to shoot my Mitka’; and I was sorry. But no, our Little Father watched and did not move. But the bear did. Mitka the Awkward could be very sudden when he wished, although he used to be clumsy when he played in the sunshine and rolled on the snow near my hut. And I thought, It’s not going to be so easy for the Little Father to kill Mitka, who won’t let himself be handled as easily as that. And I was right. My Mitka moved again into the undergrowth and began to move towards our Little Father, swaying his hips from side to side, and growling. Then the Little Father shot at him. I heard the gun fire, one, two, three . . . and then I saw Mitka very swiftly running off again behind the oaks. He wasn’t hurt. Our Little Father the Tsar had missed him. But Mitka was angry! And I thought: ‘If our Little Father has no more bullets he will be likely to need help.’ So I drew nearer, and our Little Father walked straight towards the oak-tree, behind which Mitka had hid himself. He was stoop-

ing forward to aim, so I knew he had bullets and I waited. Suddenly Mitka came out from behind the tree, and stood up on his hind legs. Do you know, my son, the noise a bear makes when he is angry and means to show what he can do with all that mighty weight of his? It is terrible. I saw our Little Father tremble at it.

“The Tsar fired his gun as the bear was turning around, and, as swiftly as he could, threw himself on his back into the brush. I understood it right away; I was used to the methods of our huntsmen. I knew also the habits of our bears. They have poor sight, very poor. I knew that the Tsar had fired all he had and did not know what to do. So he apparently thought that by throwing himself into the brush the bear would not see him. True enough, Mitka did not seem to have seen the Tsar that time. He charged at the oak saplings. Not finding anything there, he rose once more on his hind legs. I could see him pretty well from where I stood. But I didn’t want to interfere yet. I would have done it if it were necessary. I resolved to wait a moment. ‘Poor beast,’ I thought, ‘they want to have you killed. And why? You didn’t do anything bad to them. Hunting — sport — amusement — that’s all.’ I guess the Tsar didn’t feel very much like hunting at that moment.

“Well, the bear snuffled around, caught the wind of the Tsar in the other direction and suddenly came back in a rush. His head was sunk low, as he charged at the thicket where lay the Tsar. Some thirty feet sepa-

rated them. Here I darted from behind the trees. The bear seeing me approach, thought I was another enemy. He lessened his speed. I called him by his name. 'Mitka,' I said, 'what are you doing there? That's our Tsar lying in the brush. You won't kill him. Will you?'

"But I must tell you that Mitka the Awkward was an old friend of mine. Not only did he play in the sunshine before my hut, but he had often eaten from my hands, and had known me well for several years. He seemed to recognise me at once. He stopped short looking at me with surprise, and casting glances on the thicket in front of him.

"'Mitka,' I said once more, approaching him quite close that time, 'is that you charging at our Little Father the Tsar? You are a fool, as I see it. Stop that game now. Get out of here and be quick!'

"His eyes changed gradually. From ferocious he became gentle. I made another few steps towards him and laid my hand on his shoulder. His eyes lost all their angry look, and he quietly sat down. But I didn't like to have him so near to the Tsar, who had disturbed him. So I told Mitka to regain his thicket of oak saplings. And so Mitka turned after a while and grumbling something to himself, went his way into the forest, looking askance on the brush where lay the Tsar. I watched him for a few minutes until he had disappeared from sight. Then I turned to our Little Father the Tsar and said to him:

"'Well, Father Tsar, what's the use of your gun? It's good only to make those bears angry and violent. He wasn't bad, after all, Mitka!'

"But the Tsar did not reply. He came out of his retreat, and looked at me, as if I had dropped from the moon. He could not believe his eyes. Poor Tsar, he had been told that bears were wild beasts good only for hunting, and here was one which let himself be petted and caressed."

"But how could you do that, Kosma Vassilyevich," I asked the old man. "How could you have tamed the bear as quick as that?"

"I didn't tame him," replied Kosma Vassilyevich, "he was the same as before. You see the beasts of the forest know more than we do sometimes. That bear knew me well. He was an old citizen of Belovezh. When man likes Nature and works with her, Nature responds and is friendly. And so with the bear. He knew perfectly well that I would not hurt him. He felt I was pitying him in my heart, though my duty was to help the Tsar in hunting. When he saw me approaching he understood there was nothing to fear any more. And so he went his way. You see yourself, when we feel our kinship to all and love all things, every creature is friendly to us and understands us. There is the secret of it."

"And the Tsar?" I asked.

"The Tsar? Oh, our Little Father," and Kosma Vassilyevich smiled with benevolence. "I looked at him and he looked at me, and didn't know what to think of it all. I said to him: 'Well,

Father, your life was spared that time, wasn't it?' And he said: 'Yes, Kosma Vassilyevich, he was pretty close, the bear.' 'You see,' I said to him, 'that bear, who could have killed you, let you go. How many, whom you might have killed, have you let go?' But the poor Tsar bent his head and said to me: 'Old man, I am not so fortunate as you are. I am a Tsar, and I have duties.' 'Yes,' I said, "you have duties, but are they really duties — or other people's habits? If I were the Tsar I would try at least one day a year to do my duty in another way. Just like that bear here, who changed his habits on this occasion. What do you think of it, Little Father?"

"But the poor Tsar did not reply. He had enough of the hunt. He never hunted bears any more. He would not touch them after that. Nobody has seen him kill a bear after that hunt of his in our forest."

"I should say not," I said looking at old Kosma Vassilyevich. "It must have been a memorable day for the Tsar. And you say it was quite a number of years ago?"

"Yes, long ago. So long that I do not remember now. Yet I do not know why but the date stuck in my memory somehow or other. I remember it was on the twentieth of January."

"On the twentieth?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, on the twentieth of January," repeated the old man. "They say that the Tsar remembers well that date, and never leaves his palace on the twentieth of every month but sits home

and quietly thinks about the bear and the old man who had taught him a lesson. I do not know, however, whether this is true."

"It certainly is," I exclaimed and forthwith recounted to Kosma Vassilyevich what the guard Ossip had told me when I left the capital. The words of my friend Nekludoff came also to my mind. "They never sentence a man to death on the twentieth," said Nekludoff when I met him on the street while walking towards the station.

Kosma Vassilyevich appeared to be pleased when he heard about it. A quiet smile illumined his face. He probably was glad to know that the Tsar had remained grateful to him, although he never claimed to have saved his life.

"Now," he said, when I had finished telling him about Ossip, "now that you know the story about the Tsar and the bear-hunt, you see I have not deceived you. You will be admitted to the palace if you mention my name."

"Yes," I said, "I will go there, and I'll deliver your message to the Tsar. I have no more doubts that I'll be admitted to his presence."

There was a moment of silence in the little hut. One could hear the wind howling outside and the noise of a cricket somewhere in the wall of the house. The old Kosma Vassilyevich seemed tired after telling his story. He looked over the brightening sky and the fields stretching on the other side of the village street. He was at peace with life and with everything it contained. He was at peace with death and seemed

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

to have within himself everything he needed. A world apart to give and to enjoy himself in.

I stood up. I said I was going to leave and continue my journey to General Petrunkevich.

"Yes," said the old man, "go now and when you return to the capital be sure and deliver my message to the Tsar. It is important. Don't forget it. When you'll be on the way, think of me. The day is near when the light will dawn for all of us and a new sun will shine over Russia. God help you!"

As Kosma Vassilyevich said these words, a sudden beam of sunshine came into the room from amidst the dark clouds rushing in the evening sky. I looked instinctively through the window. I saw the red pageant of the setting orb between masses of storm-buffed clouds and rainbows on the northern horizon. The ray illumined the quiet face of Kosma Vassilyevich

and threw a glow of rose over the small table that stood in front of him. The face of the old man shone like some distant fire. There was a peculiar radiance around it, as if some inward light added its luminous effulgence to the glare of the evening sun.

I left the room, looking at Kosma Vassilyevich with astonishment and affection. When I stepped into the street, I paused for a moment and admired the splendor of the setting sun. Dark clouds were swiftly receding towards the east. The sky was lit with a wonderful light of pink and gold and purple. And from the depths of the gleaming sunset, a calm voice, borne on the wings of wind, seemed to say:

"When once you forget yourself, life is a friend and nature a true companion."

When I returned through the little village on my way back, Kosma Vassilyevich had passed away.

THE GOLDEN STAIRS

REATA V. H. PEDERSEN

WHEN one is a child and is making the physical effort toward growth that physical bodies make, one is not conscious of that effort.

It seems to me that this is true of the spiritual effort toward growth in human beings.

The little child suddenly become conscious that the thing promised so often by his parents has come to pass and that he is 'a big man now,' looks back over the short years of his life

with the openly expressed wonder that he could have been, ever, the tiny boy photographed with this toy or in that briefless costume — so dear to the photographer and the proud mother.

As this consciousness of something attained continues and is brought into contact with everyday facts of his living, the young king of the household asks this question; "Where was I, Mother? Where was I then?" For he thinks that a time when he was not,

could never have been and therefore that any plan incident to the family life must always have included himself; and in so far as he thinks of the matter at all, his thought is that he *was* a part of the plan of their living, he *is* a part of that plan and *shall continue so to be*.

May it not be then a similar consciousness of spiritual growth, bringing to the human soul a feeling of something having come to pass that has been promised to all growing things, a consciousness that one is 'big' now, that causes it to ask a similar question of a deeper soul: Where was I then? — Where shall I be in ages yet to come?

It is to that question — the whence and the whither — that Theosophy gives answer when it states that we have always been a part of the plan of the Universe, are now and shall ever be a living part of the truly living. Within myself was the knowledge that this was the true answer; for I recognised it. As my ears of physical sense know the voices of my children, so did mine ears of deeper sense know the Voice of the Silence.

Following the sound of that voice I have come to the foot of the "golden stairs, up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom" (quoted by H. P. Blavatsky from an ancient Book of Precepts).

I look forward, longingly, to the climbing of these steps and with my beginning-study, look understandingly. There is no emotional carrying forward in Theosophy, I find. Rather a clear

determination to become yourself the step upon which you and your brother-pilgrims may move toward the goal so ardently desired by humanity — and that goal is Life.

Working toward this end I have found that in Theosophy I have a philosophy, science, religion, which can be applied to everyday living — to the problem of the mother, the home-maker, the business woman, and to the problems of wifehood.

Some of these problems I have met, introduced to their strongholds by forces of modern living, and have disposed of them. Other problems, I know, will take possession of other strongholds, but the basic principles of Theosophy — self-control and impersonal Love — will eject them too.

To dreams in the past, I can now give meaning. For dreams of the future, I now have hope of fulfilment — I am a Theosophist.

Having written the phrase, I am a Theosophist, I wondered how I knew that this was so. Did I think that by acknowledging my belief in the Brotherhood of Man I had become at once a different being; that I was changed from the woman, rather satisfied with her place in the physical universe and with her husband, her children, her car, and the appurtenances of easeful living that were hers?

Strangely enough, that is just what I did think for it seemed to me that rebirth had taken place and that for the first time I was using the real sense of hearing as the words heard in the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Temple of Peace at Point Loma found echo within me. I knew that always they would remain as living speech in the innermost recesses of the temple of being. I had heard them before, but *then* the words Compassion, the Divinity within, the Path, Selfless Love, fell into the vault prepared for them by my preconceived idea of their meaning. Buried in the vault were they but when I was ready for rebirth they came to life, and with me, became life.

Truly this was rebirth, for never again would that woman be satisfied to live as before. Her place and the place of her husband and children was in a universe made possible for them by sharing with others of their ease of living, if no other thing.

I said to myself, "We have shared," and it was true. But with whom — this sharing? Occasionally, with the beggar at the gate; at other times, when unable to dodge its representative, with an organization caring for the needy; but mostly sharing with those we called our own — our blood brothers.

How easy to acknowledge the need to share with those whose name we bear, compared with the lack of ease in acknowledging the duty to share with those with whom we have no legal kinship!

How difficult to call the beggar at the gate, "Brother!" and, with him, share not only bread, the staff of physical life, but compassion, which is the bread of Life itself.

Because I can never more offer

money alone to the beggar at my gates, I am a Theosophist; because I must give my innermost to him, I am a Theosophist. Because I must tread with him the Path, I *am* treading the path opened to my feet by Theosophy. The beggar and I are now one for all time. I am a Theosophist.

In the dictionaries of the nineteenth century one found a definition of Theosophy rather different from that printed in those of our present century. In both there is a serious misstatement, it seems to me. I quote part of the definition from memory: "Any system of philosophy or mysticism which proposes to attain intercourse with God and the higher spirits through physical processes." To be a Theosophist, I must be an adherent of Theosophy, therefore I should know of this proposed intercourse with God and higher spirits 'through physical processes.' Instead, I know that it is by departure from the usual physical processes that intercourse with the Gods, the higher Beings, is attained.

Theosophy is not a definition; it is not a system; it is knowledge.

A Theosophist knows and has intercourse with his better self, to use the more common phraseology for the divinity within. And it is the recognition of that divinity in others and in himself that makes of him brother to the beggar, to the prince, to the wise and to the grievously unwise: brother to every living thing of whatever degree of Life. The recognition of this truth makes for the toleration, the compassion, the impersonal love which will

THE CASE FOR THE SERPENT AND THE TREE

solve for us the problems of the modern day.

Present to the enemies of happiness and peace in your home the other cheek; which is to say, the nobler side of yourself, and you present the face of divinity. Say this another way if you like, use that old expression so often heard on the lips of business men in conference, "Let's have a little light on the subject." For your higher self,

the other cheek of man, the divinity within is Light.

Let in light and more light upon the darkness of unrest, dissension, anger, fear, and you will banish these enemies of happiness and peace and success.

That Light will mark the Path, will show you the Door, and the steps leading to its threshold — The Golden Stairs.

THE CASE FOR THE SERPENT AND THE TREE

GRACE KNOCHE, M. A.

"Adam lay ybounden,
Bound in fetters strong;
Four thousand winters
Thought he not too long.
And all for an apple.
An apple that he tooke,
As Clerks have ywritten,
In Ye Booke."

(From an obscure 15th century carol)

"Along with each of those whom you esteem Gods, there is painted a Serpent, a great symbol and mystery."— St. JUSTIN, the Christian Apologist, *1 Apol.*, xxviii

WITH *The Secret Doctrine* accessible to all, and abundant supplementary material in the shape of catalogued data, it would seem unnecessary to argue the case for the Serpent and the Tree. To minds not hopelessly unmythical, in fact, it is unnecessary to present the case fully. Even a brief is not required. A few hints and glosses, a few references to ascertained facts, and the open, reflective mind will do the rest. The interesting point to be settled, of course,

is the part they play — the Serpent and the Tree — in the creation-stories; for there are two creators in the various Edens of world-cosmogony, notable among them the Hebrew and Egyptian versions; one, of man's body and breathing life, and the other, of his spiritual self. But for this the following is but a foundation.

The Serpent of *Genesis* assumed such a lofty prerogative, carried his effort to such a remarkable result, exhibited such wisdom and generosity,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and kept his mystic promise so well, that a fair mind concludes that there must be evidence *for* rather than *against*, if one only knows where to find it. To dower the upreaching animal-human with Divinity, to lead it from mortality to immortality, from passive acceptance to the activity of spiritual will, from earth to fire, from darkness to light — that was the promise the Serpent of *Genesis* made, bright Lucifer-Satan of the radiant Elohim, the libeled 'serpent in the garden.' And the promise was kept. One would suppose, as do the Eskimo (who, according to Brinton, are not amenable from the missionary standpoint as far as the story of the serpent is concerned) that a Being who was generous enough to make such a promise and powerful enough to keep it, would at least come down the ages in the benefactor-column of mankind. But not so history.

H. P. Blavatsky has considerable to say upon this subject, not only in her masterworks, *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled*, but in the two magazines which she founded and edited for many years, one in London, the other in India. She makes out an astonishing case. She shows how a profound and mystic symbol has been degraded into a debasing superstition, and how it came that the most beautiful example of generosity and unselfish love that the ages have known was transformed into a hoofed and horned bugaboo to frighten sinners with. She shows how and why *daemon est deus inversus*, since "these two, light and darkness,

are the world's eternal ways"; but notably she points out to us our responsibility for the inversion and our power to dominate every aspect that keeps Divinity from its throne. If we quote liberally from her writings in what follows, it is because she states the matter so clearly and because her words have the added advantage of coming from a world-recognised source.

Regarding the Serpent as a 'benefactor,' H. P. B. says:

it is but natural — even from the dead letter standpoint — to view *Satan*, the Serpent of *Genesis*, as the real creator and benefactor, the Father of Spiritual mankind. For it is he who was the 'Harbinger of Light,' bright radiant Lucifer, who opened the eyes of the automaton *created* by Jehovah, as alleged; and he who was the first to whisper: "in the day ye eat thereof ye shall be as Elohim, knowing good and evil" — can only be regarded in the light of a Savior. An 'adversary' to Jehovah the '*personating* spirit,' he still remains in esoteric truth the ever-loving 'Messenger' (the angel), the Seraphim and Cherubim who both *knew* well, and *loved* still more, and who conferred on us spiritual, instead of physical immortality.

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II. 243

Not 'God,' note, but the gods, Elohim, Sons of the Sun, "the beautiful Planet-Angels, the glorious Cyclic Aeons of the Ancients"; and the Serpent of *Genesis* was no demon but one of their celestial hierarchy, indeed mystically that Host itself.

And this not alone in the Hebrew Scriptures: both symbol and allegory are world-wide. The Reverend John Deane of Cambridge University, in writings published a few years ago, traces serpent-worship through Babylonia,

THE CASE FOR THE SERPENT AND THE TREE

Assyria, Persia, Hindûsthân, Ceylon, China. Japan, Phœnicia, Java, Arabia, Syria, Asia. Scythia, the Pacific Islands, Egypt, Ethiopia. Abyssinia, Congo, Greece, Epirus, Thrace. Italia, Sarmatia, Scandinavia. Britain, Ireland. Gaul, Brittany, Mexico, and Peru.

The hierophants of Egypt and India were known as 'Sons of the Serpent' or 'Dragon.' "I am a Serpent, I am a Druid," was the utterance of the Seers of ancient Wales. The dragon, as the emblem of the Chinese Emperors, perpetuates the tradition that the race was in earliest times ruled by 'Serpents' or Initiates. Fergusson says that whether we find this symbol in the wilderness of Sinai, the groves of Epidaurus, or in the Samothracian huts,

the Serpent is always the Agathodaemon, the bringer of health and good fortune. He is the teacher of wisdom, the oracle of future events. His worship may have originated in fear [that it did not so originate H. P. Blavatsky and her Successors make very clear, we add] but long before we become practically acquainted with it, it had passed to the opposite extreme among its votaries. Any evil that was ever spoken of the serpent came from those who were outside the pale, and were trying to depreciate what they considered as an accursed superstition.

The title Ophites or 'Serpents' was adopted by one of the early Gnostic bodies. In Greece the serpent was one of the emblems of Demeter, and the special emblem of Asklepios, God of Healing. The brazen serpent of Mosaic fame has its analog in many less familiar serpent-myths come down from Ancient America, as Professor Brinton shows.* The Aztec God

Tlaloc holds a golden serpent in his hand; Coatepec, the dwelling of the great Nahuatl deity Coatlicue, is 'the hill of serpents'; Cihuacoatl, another deity worshiped by the Nahuas, was variously described as 'Serpent-Woman' and 'Our Mother'; Quetzalcoatl the Air-God, and the supreme Deity of the highly civilized Nahuas, was known as the 'Serpent-God.' The name, literally translated, means 'Bird-Serpent,' and one of the titles of Quetzalcoatl was Yolcuat, meaning 'Rattlesnake.' Professor Brinton says further:

The entrance to the temple (of Quetzalcoatl) at Mexico represented the jaws of one of these reptiles, and he (Quetzalcoatl) finally disappeared in the province of Coatzacoalco, the 'hiding-place of the serpent,' sailing towards the east in a bark of serpent's skins.

Other Teachers have 'disappeared' also in not dissimilar ways, it might be remarked without digressing: Hiawatha, for instance, sailing into the sunset in his birch canoe; Lao-Tse, riding on his ox to, and over, the borders of a sacred land when his mission was complete — and others.

The early 'Builders' or 'Architects' whose cyclopean walls and temples, found all over the world, are the puzzle of archaeologists and the despair of engineers, bore also the title of 'Serpent,' and examples might be multiplied. But enough has surely been said to give a basis for respectful attention to the writings of H. P. Blavatsky on this subject. She tells us in *Isis Unveiled*, for example:

**Myths of the New World*, Daniel G. Brinton, A. M., M. D., LL. D., D. SC., late Professor of

American Archaeology and Linguistics at the University of Pennsylvania.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

From the remotest antiquity the serpent was held by every people in the greatest veneration, as the imbodiment of Divine wisdom and the symbol of spirit.— II. 489

She reminds us that Jesus entreated his followers to be “wise as serpents” as well as “harmless as doves,” thus showing that he, too, knew the ancient teachings and upheld them.

Archaic texts and inscriptions, no less than monuments of granite or diorite, come within the field of Archaeology, and if the remarkable serpent-mounds found in both the Old World and the New are admitted to be symbolic and pertaining to some pre-historic worship of which the written or other records are either indecipherable or lost, equally do ancient sacred writings add to the sum of testimony. In the *Popol Vuh*, we read,

Out of the Darkness of Time, and forth from the Ocean of Life, goes the manifestation of the race of men unto Life and Light. Written it was of old, in the most ancient of books; but the understanding of it is concealed from the eye and the brain. . . .

And then alone above the Waters, the Creator and Former, the Ruler, *Wisdom as a Crested Dragon*, Those who give Life and Being, stood as a growing Light. . . .

Clearly this is the Host of the Elohim, symbolized here as a ‘Crested Dragon,’ the ‘Creator and Former,’ etc., the Dragon and the Serpent of course being one. The *Book of Dzryan*, an archaic text which *The Secret Doctrine* was written to explain, speaks of the Logos or ‘Thought Divine’ as the “Blazing, Divine Dragon of Wisdom.” To quote further from H. P. Blavatsky:

The ‘Dragon’ was also the symbol of the Logos with the Egyptians, as with the Gnostics. In the “Book of Hermes,” Pymander, the oldest and most spiritual of the Logoi of the Western Continent, appears to Hermes in the shape of a Fiery Dragon of ‘Light, Fire, and Flame.’— *The Secret Doctrine*, I. 74

The Universe, as well as the Earth and Man, cast off periodically, serpent-like, their old skins, to assume new ones after a time of rest. The serpent is, surely, a not less graceful or a more unpoetical image than the caterpillar and chrysalis from which springs the butterfly, the Greek emblem of Psyche, the human soul.— *Ibid.*, I. 74

Both in Egypt and in India the serpent is represented in the art of the old temples, wrought into imperishable stone or depicted on the walls in color or bas relief. In the sacred literatures of both lands it is described under its dual aspect as symbolic of that Intelligence which, harnessed to the godlike part of man, can lift him higher than the angels, yet which, chained to the bestial part, can drag him lower than any beast. One of the stirring passages in the *Śrīmad-Bhagavat* is a description of the crushing of Kāliya, the Great Serpent (of Evil), by Krishna. The goddess Parvāti is also depicted as wrestling with a serpent. Jesus the Avatāra, who admittedly holds the serpent as symbolic of spiritual wisdom, nevertheless brands the Scribes and Pharisees as “serpents” and “a generation of vipers,” declaring them “whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men’s bones, and of all uncleanness.” — *Matthew*, xxiii, 27.

More citations from H. P. Blavatsky will assist us here. In her com-

ments upon *Genesis* she says (not of the Serpent, but the comment will apply):

These short, and seemingly contradictory, statements in the Old Testament (contradictory because the two Powers are separated instead of being regarded as the two faces of one and the same thing) are the echoes. . . . of the universal and philosophical dogmas in nature, so well understood by the primitive Sages.—*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 414-5

As to the higher aspect of that deific flame of intelligence, that Torch of Mind passed on from age to age since that first supreme gift bestowed upon mankind by the “serpent in the garden”—it is a tremendous force, essentially dynamic, but like a powerful steed it will go wherever the strong hand guides. If in rein to the god in man, it will carry him to heights of beneficence and power; if to his passions, it will carry him to infamy straight. Self-examination makes it clear enough that *daemon est deus inversus*. But it is the mind in its lower aspect that is man’s tempter; in its higher part it is his redeemer from temptation. It is mind which makes man dual in his nature, and it invites him to a field of uninterrupted combat, a field in which, as many a Teacher has told us, “there is quarter neither asked nor given.” But who, with a spark of soulhood in his make-up, would have it otherwise?

In a letter written many years ago by one of the Teachers of H. P. Blavatsky, it is stated that —

the human brain is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force

out of the low, brute energy of Nature; and the complete adept has made himself a center from which irradiate potentialities that beget correlations upon correlations through Aeons of time to come.

—*The Occult World*, p. 129

In another letter addressed to the same individual (A. P. Sinnett) the same Teacher says, “Plato was right. Ideas rule the world.”

It is not the lower aspect against which the Theosophist protests, but the dogmatic dictum which makes it the only one. If Satan be the ‘adversary,’ then, as H. P. B. somewhere points out, he is the ‘adversary’ of the ‘creator’ who would have denied to man the gift of godhood, and who finally, powerless to keep from him the supreme gift, out of jealousy cursed and condemned him. She says:

. . . light, goodness, beauty, etc., may be called Satan with as much propriety as the Devil, since they are the *adversaries* of darkness, badness, and ugliness.

—*The Secret Doctrine* II, 389

This great mystic teaching, half understood and its errors made dropsical and malignant by mistranslation and forgery, has been so misrepresented that the good name of Lucifer has been dragged through as foul a pool of slander as ever good name was. As our present Teacher has but recently pointed out, some of the old translators knew not fully what they did and one must be a bit gentle with them; but others did know, and a final citation from H. P. Blavatsky may close comment on this point. She refers to Clemens Alexandrinus. To quote:

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Now Clement, an initiated Neo-Platonist, knew, of course, the origin of the word 'Dragon,' and why the initiated Adepts were so called, as he knew the secret of *Agathodaimon*, the Christ, the seven-voweled Serpent of the Gnostics. He knew that the dogma of his new faith required the transformation of all the *rivals* of Jehovah, the angels supposed to have rebelled against that Elohim as the Titan-Prometheus rebelled against Zeus, the usurper of his father's kingdom; and that 'Dragon' was the mystic appellation of the 'Sons of Wisdom': from this knowledge came his definition, as cruel as it was arbitrary, "Serpents and Giants signify *Demons*," i.e., not 'Spirits,' but *Devils*. . . . — *Ibid.*, II, 280. footnote

As the Church-Fathers worked to fasten this dogma on the general mind with the seal of theology, so did Milton in *Paradise Lost* with the seal of superb literary form. Both in her English magazine, *Lucifer*, and also in *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. Blavatsky discusses Milton's great epic with considerable fire and at length, and it is regrettable that we must omit her full writings upon it. That *Paradise Lost* is one of the great poetic achievements of the world is a statement that permits of no doubt, but whether it will survive the dissolution of the dogma upon which its entire structure rests, we leave the liberated future to decide. Milton had an intuitional glimpse of the truth, however, in one passage, as follows:

. . . . the serpent, whom they called Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-Encroaching Eve, perhaps, had first the rule Of high Olympus.

Pagan enough, that passage, but the poet spoils it later by his twisted concept of the 'serpent' Ophion — sent

by the second Sophía, it would appear:

The infernal serpent: he it was whose guile Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived The mother of mankind.— *Paradise Lost*, I

While over it all — calumny, obscuration and whatever — the "serpent in the garden," like bright Lucifer-Venus his counterpart in the starry sky, looks down in lofty grandeur from the mystic reaches of the Spiritual Past, his compassion deathless as his being, the radiance of his great love undimmed.

THE TREE

And now, what of the Tree? — the mystic Tree that figures in all world-cosmogonies, the Tree familiar to students of Theosophy in that early emblem of The Theosophical Society — the *tau* entwined by the serpent, symbol of the World-Tree that is inseparably connected with the Serpent in its branches. Quoting H. P. Blavatsky again:

The Symbol for Sacred and Secret knowledge was universally in antiquity, a Tree, by which a Scripture or a Record was also meant. Hence the word Lipika, the 'writers' or scribes; the 'Dragons,' symbols of wisdom, who guard the Trees of Knowledge; the 'golden' apple Tree of the Hesperides; the 'Luxuriant Trees' and vegetation of Mount Meru guarded by a Serpent.

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 129, footnote

The symbol of the 'Tree,' standing for various Initiates, was almost universal. Jesus is called 'the tree of Life,' as also all the adepts of the good Law, while those of the *left* Path are referred to as the 'withering trees.'

— *Ibid.*, II, 496

In this connexion we refer the student to Dr. de Purucker's interpretation of the incident of Jesus cursing the

fig-tree. In this the Theosophical Leader gives the mystical and patently true explanation of what has been grossly materialized and misunderstood.

If the present purpose were to collect data merely, the way would be open with a vengeance, for an astonishing amount can be gathered up with ease. It is next to impossible to find a book on folk-lore or mythology with any pretense to scholarship that does not contain tree-myths, while several bulky volumes are devoted solely to the collation of data on so-called 'tree-worship.' But as the object is not to catalog data but to point out the Theosophic key to a rational understanding of the general subject, a few striking citations from world-scriptures will serve better.

The Voice of the Silence, which is H. P. Blavatsky's translation of fragments from an archaic mystery-text, contains many passages using the tree-symbology in reference to the trials and final victory of the candidate for Sublime Perfection. At the close of Fragment II, we read:

And now, rest 'neath the Bodhi tree, which is perfection of all knowledge, for, know, thou art the Master of SAMĀDHI — the state of faultless vision.

To insist that a literal tree is meant would be equivalent to saying that the reward of sublime spiritual effort and success, the crown of self-conquest, would be faultless eyesight. In another passage we read:

The Paths are two; the great Perfections

three; six are the virtues that transform the body into the Tree of Knowledge,

and commenting upon this H. P. Blavatsky writes:

The 'tree of knowledge' is a title given by the followers of the *Bodhidharma* to those who have attained the height of mystic knowledge — Adepts. Nāgārjuna, the founder of the Mādhyamika School, was called the 'Dragon-Tree.' Dragon standing as a symbol of Wisdom and Knowledge. The tree is honored because it is under the Bodhi- (wisdom) Tree that Buddha received his birth and enlightenment, preached his first sermon, and died.

The soul ready for Buddhahood is pictured in more than one world-scripture as receiving final enlightenment — that supreme illumination which transforms the struggling human thing into a god — under a Tree. In *Genesis* the Light itself (Divine Wisdom) is symbolized by the fruit of a Tree, from the branches of which speaks the 'serpent' — Light-bearer, Light-bringer.

This explains the reverence — so puzzling to scientific materialism — paid to certain trees known as 'sacred trees,' not only in antiquity but today, and not in one land only but in many. A familiar instance is that of the Bo (or Bodhi) Tree that still stands at Anuradhapura, Ceylon; with its attested history of considerably over three thousand years, as Sir Emerson Tennent so clearly established. Planted nearly three hundred years B. C. by the Buddhist devotee Sanghamitta (daughter of King Aśoka), when she went from India to Ceylon to found a religious order there, this tree is still alive and the object of increasing reverence and care. To say that it is worshiped (as

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

some contend) is absurd; but that it is given loving care and is regarded as having a symbolic significance beyond that of trees in general, is true. So has the 'Tree of Ten Thousand Images' (described by Abbé Huc in his *Travels in Tartary, Tibet, and China*). So have the Olives of Gethsemane.

Trust savage tribes to maintain tradition in the great essentials fairly intact. Many of such tribes trace their descent from some 'Tree'—in other words, from some ancestry of Divine stock — and in some of the native legends of South America a 'Tree' supports the sky. According to the Yurucares of Bolivia, their god Tiri, when he wanted to people the earth, simply cleft open a tree, and out of it poured the various tribes and races.

Yet the untutored 'savage' and the unlettered peasant are by no means alone in attaching a special sanctity to this or that special Tree. We find the same regard and reverence among the noblest of cultured antiquity. What of the Oak of Zeus at Dodona which is said to have delivered oracles, and the laurel of Apollo at Delphi? And what about our modern, almost universally regarded, Christmas Tree, the center of the kindest of festivals every year at the winter solstice, symbolizing with its myriad candles and the scintillating star atop, the very Light of Love? Has our deep regard for this Tree no background, no ancestry in mystic truths, no cause? Certainly it has. Let us quote H. P. Blavatsky further here:

The Norse Ask, the Hesiodic Ash-Tree, whence issued the men of the generation of bronze, the Third Root-Race, and the *Tsité* tree of the *Popol Vuh*, out of which the Mexican *third* race of men was created, are all one. This may be plainly seen by any reader. But the Occult reason why the Norse Yggdrasil, the Hindû Aśvattha, the Gogard, the Hellenic tree of Life, and the Tibetan Zampun, are one with the Kabalistic Sephirothal Tree, and even with the Holy Tree made by Ahura Mazda, and the Tree of Eden — who among the western scholars can tell?

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II. 97

And what the literatures of cultured antiquity testify in one way, archaic and ancient monuments do in another. Fergusson has placed the student of antiquity under a debt for his meticulous descriptions of many of these latter — though his theories about them, we venture to suggest, are more honored in the breach than in the observance — especially in the case of some of the bas-reliefs which depict men, or men and animals together, under a Tree. To assume that this points to 'tree-worship' is altogether wide of the truth.

The subject is almost exhaustless where followed along the fact-and-data route, and that is not the method of esoteric students nor the weak refuge of a journal devoted to their interests and needs. The need is not for further research of the same old multiplying kind. The need is for further light. It cannot be out of place to suggest, to those who sincerely want this light, a sympathetic study of the age-old teachings which place one on the direct road to it — in a word, THEOSOPHY.

PRĀNA: THE BREATH OF LIFE

ROSE WINKLER, M. D.

“And so does *prāna* (Jīva) pervade the whole living body of man; but alone, without having an atom to act upon, it would be *quiescent* — dead.”

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 526, footnote 808

THE following question presents itself for solution: “But what is *prāna*, and whence cometh this breath of life?”

Leading the mind back to the beginning, when the ‘Great Breath’ of the Boundless — that which is ever coming and going — moved over the slumbering deeps of Space, one finds that it gave birth to Brahma, the first concealed Logos, who projected the Divine Breath and emanated Brahmā, the ‘Creator.’ Through Brahmā the radiations of pulsating cosmic life and energy passed in transit to the Sun. The Central Sun, parallel to the point or concealed germ from which the universe evolved, transmitted the coursing life-waves through the Planetary Spirits. These high Intelligences or gods, transmitted them to the septenary chain of planets, while the High One, the *Spiritual Sun*, impelled the irresistible life-streams through the circulations of the Cosmos. Thus one is led to realize that Man and Nature on each of the planets of our solar system were endowed with the universal, omnipresent life-essence and energy, Jīva — Life. One may now be led to perceive that Jīva, on the atomic and physical plane, is *prāna*, the breath of Life.

The function of *prāna*, the life-

breath in the human tabernacle, with which we are most familiar, is seen in its upward and downward, its inbreathing and outbreathing cycle. Just as the sponge indraws the water to fill its every pore, so are all the inner vehicles of man’s corporeal being, as well as every animate manifestation of nature, pervaded with *prāna*, the life-principle. Each atom, too, has its own life-energy, and thus the life-essence of the human body is the sum total of that of all the atoms. However, there is the life-principle which animates the human tabernacle which we use during life and which returns to its source at death. Life still continues to be busy in the body after death has been announced, for when a man dies, the brain reviews the panorama of an entire life’s experiences and it is the organ that dies last in the body.

Prāna is Jīva — in which we live, move, and have our being. One may say it is the individualized aspect of Jīva as it manifests in its human aspect through the atomic and physical body. Inasmuch as *prāna* would be quiescent — dead — if it had no atom to act upon, it needs to be quickened, and its vehicle, the astral body, helps to lead out its inherent powers to manifest motion, change, growth, and life;

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

for it is the astral double or model-body around which nature builds the outer physical form. The Ancient Wisdom teaches that spirit and matter, energy and substance, are fundamentally one, and as they are inseparable, neither one can be divorced from the other. Each is instrumental in unfolding the latent potentialities in the other, the reaction as already alluded to intensifying life under the stimulating influence of evolution.

When two forces are expanded and remain so long inactive, as to equal one another and so come to a complete rest, the condition is DEATH.— Isis Unveiled, Vol. I, p. xxvi

Likewise, equilibrium is the resultant of two equal opposing forces eternally reacting upon each other and thereby generating life. When the equilibrium between the forces remains undisturbed we have health; when it is disturbed or broken, we suffer ill-health and disease.

If we stop to study ourselves, we are led to the conclusion that *prâna*, the breath of life, pervades every state of being, every plane of consciousness, every function of tissue or substance, and that not a faculty of mind or soul, not an attribute could be motivated into expression without it. Nor could molecular combinations have resulted in any organism without it. It pervades the structure and operations of Cosmos, for *Jîva* is universal, boundless, endless, and ever becoming. This all-pervasive Essence is comprised of countless hierarchies of entities which stream in transit from the Sun to the planets and from star to glow-worm;

and they, as ensouled life-atoms, are the building-blocks comprising the structure of the invisible and visible universe. The following excerpt elucidates the part the life-atoms play in the construction of universes and the change and reconstruction of the various forms of all the kingdoms of life.

Every atom and molecule in the Universe is both *life-giving* and *death-giving* to that form, inasmuch as it builds by aggregation universes and the ephemeral vehicles ready to receive the transmigrating soul, and as eternally destroys and changes the *forms* and expels those souls from their temporary abodes. It creates and kills; it is self-generating and self-destroying; it brings into being, and annihilates, that mystery of mysteries — the *living body* of man, animal, or plant, every second in time and space; and it generates equally life and death, beauty and ugliness, good and bad, and even the agreeable and disagreeable, the beneficent and maleficent sensations. It is that mysterious LIFE, represented collectively by countless myriads of lives, that follows in its own sporadic way, the hitherto incomprehensible law of Atavism; that copies family resemblances as well as those it finds impressed in the aura of the generators of every future human being.

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 261

Are we not led to infer that it is the countless hosts of entities comprising the *prânic* stream, which copy the resemblances impressed in the aura of parents? As these entities appropriate ethereal protoplasmic substance, they build the features and characteristics of children still in embryo to resemble recent or more distant antecedents of generations agone. Besides, the entities ensouling the life-atoms from the previous body are karmically attracted

to the new unfolding body of the incarnating soul and are instrumental in reproducing a resemblance similar to an ancestor — or to itself perhaps, as it appeared in a preceding incarnation. Every atom is an intelligent entity, and Occultists hold that life is as much present in inorganic as in organic matter. When life-energy is active in the atom, that atom is organic; when dormant or latent, then the atom is inorganic. Another demonstration of *prāna* in its constructive and destructive aspect is given in the following excerpt:

During the first half of a man's life (the first *five* periods of seven years each) the 'fiery lives' are indirectly engaged in the process of building up man's material body; life is on the ascending scale, and the force is used in construction and increase. After this period is passed the age of retrogression commences, and, the work of the 'fiery lives' exhausting their strength, the work of destruction and decrease also commences.

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 253 (footnote)

In an article entitled 'Transmigrations of the Life-Atoms' by H. P. Blavatsky, *prāna* is thus described:

the magnetic fluid projected by a living human body *is life itself*. "Indeed it is life-atoms" that a man in a blind passion throws off unconsciously, though he does it quite as effectively as a mesmerizer who transfers them from himself to any object consciously and under the guidance of his will. Let a man give way to any intense feeling, such as anger, grief, etc., under or near a tree, or in direct contact with a stone, and many thousands of years after that any tolerable Psy-

chometer will see the man, and sense his feelings from one single fragment of that tree or stone that he had touched.

Hold any object in your hand, and it will become impregnated with your life-atoms, indrawn and outdrawn, changed and transferred in us at every instant of our lives. Animal heat is but so many life-atoms in molecular motion. It requires no adept knowledge, but simply the natural gift of a good clairvoyant subject to see them passing to and fro, from man to objects and *vice versa* like a bluish, lambent flame.

Are not the above words a graphic picture of human forces charging the hitherto colorless *prāna* with attributes or energies which, transferred and impressed on the molecules of substance, live on to meet with their consequential or karmic reactions? Nothing is lost in the divine economy.

As the *Spiritual Sun* transmits Cosmic Energy or Jīva to the entire Cosmos, so is the Higher Self — the inner sun of man — pervaded with Jīva, the life-essence. This life-energy is conveyed from the Higher Self through its channel, the human ego, on whom the evolution of life depends. This human individualized aspect of Jīva is *prāna*, the breath of life. When the human ego blends itself with the divine ego, or Buddhi-Manas, by means of selflessness and service, aspiration, devotion and impersonal love, the aspirant treads the path of spiritual life. As he reaches out to at-one-ment with the Universal Consciousness he enters the stream of Eternal Life.

THE POPOL VUH

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

(Translated from the text of Brasseur de Bourbourg)

PART III — CHAPTER X

HERE, then, is what they resolved and the way it came about that they set Tohil up, when they presented themselves before Tohil and Avilix, and went to see him and salute him, giving him thanks because of the dawning of the day.

They were resplendent also in the rocks in the midst of the forests. But by an effect of their mysterious power their voices made themselves heard* when the sacrificers arrived before Tohil.

What they brought and what they afterwards burnt was of no value. It was only resin and the residue of noh,† and also wild anise, which they burned before their god. Then Tohil spoke and in a mysterious way he gave their rule of conduct to the sacrificers.

Then they took the word and said: Truly here will be our mountain and our valleys. We shall be yours still. Our glory and our splendor have been exalted before all men. To you belong all the nations, just as we are your companions. Watch then over your people and we will give them your in-

structions. Do not make us a spectacle before the tribes when we are angered by the words of their mouths and their actions. Do not therefore let us fall into their snares. But give us the animals that are the children of the grass and of the bushes. Give us the females of the deer and the females of the birds.

Deign to give us a little of their blood, poor people that we are, and leave us the wool of the deer. Take care of those who are placed as sentinels to guard against traps that are set for us. They will be symbols, and consequently our lieutenants, which will manifest you to the tribes.‡

And the gods replied:

Where then is Tohil? you will then say to him. And thereupon you will display our symbols to their sight. But do not show yourselves, for you have something else to do. Great will be your being. You will conquer all nations. You will bring their blood and their life before us and they, who are ours even now, will come to embrace us, said Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz.

They were transfigured in the form of young boys, when they let them-

*Lit. But their miraculous face spoke thus.

†Noh is a resin which B. de B. cannot identify. Noh is also the seventeenth sign of the calendar which Ximénez translates by the Spanish word *temple*, meaning temperature, temperament, temper, accord, harmony, etc.

‡B. de B. thinks this is the will of the first Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqi-Balam, and that the symbols were their statues; the young men their successors, etc.

selves be seen on the arrival of the presents which the people offered before them. For then commenced the hunting of all the little wild birds and beasts, and this quarry was received by the sacrificers.

So when they had found the birds and fawns, they next went and shed the blood of the deer and the birds at the edge of the stone of Tohil and Avilix.

When their blood had been drunk by the gods, and the sacrificers approached as they came to present their offerings, the stone spoke. They did likewise before the symbols of their fathers, burning resin and wild anise and the plant which they called the Serpent's Head.

The symbols of their fathers remained each at the part of the mountain where they had been placed by their sons. Well, then, the latter did not dwell in their houses during the day, but they went all over the mountains.

This then is what they ate: grubs of tree-boring bees, grubs of hornets and of honey-bees which they sought in the forests; they had nothing good to eat, nothing good to drink. And the way of their dwellings was not known nor was it clearly known where their wives had been left.

FOURTH PART

CHAPTER I

Behold then, many cities were already founded, each apart from the others, and each of the tribes gathered at the cities, which extended all along

in the neighborhood of the roads; and their roads were open.

As for Balam Quitzé, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah and Iqi-Balam, none could see clearly where they were.* When they perceived the people of the tribes who passed along the roads, immediately they cried out on the mountain-sides, and it was the plaintive cry of the coyote or jackal and the cry of the wild cat which they howled, also the roaring of the lion and the tiger which they uttered.

And when the tribes saw these things while journeying along the road, they said: It is like the lion and tiger. It seemed as if the tribes did not think of them as men at all. Well, they acted in this way to entice the people of our tribes into the trap.

There is something that their heart desires. They show no signs of alarm. They have something in view when they roar like a lion and when they roar like a tiger on seeing one or two people on the road, and they want to make an end of us.

Each day then the sacrificers came to their houses with their wives. But they only brought grubs of wood-boring bees and hornets and grubs of honey-bees which they gave to their wives.

Every day also they went before Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz, and they said in their heart: Here are Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz, and we give them only the blood of deer or wild animals and of birds; we only pierce our ears and

*Note by B. de B. shows the other tribes already settled down before the Quiché.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

our elbows. Let us ask for the strength and power of Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz.

Who will accuse us for the slain among the people of the tribes, when we kill them one by one? they said one to the other on presenting themselves before Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz.

Then they pierced their ears and elbows before the deity, gathered their blood with sponges* and filled the cup at the edge of the stone. But truly it was then no longer a stone; because each of the young men appeared.

The sacrificers rejoiced anew at this blood which they had drawn from their veins, and when there appeared these signs of their success in attracting them, they said: Follow their tracks; it is the way to save yourselves.†

When you carried us away, it was replied to them, there came from down there in Tulin a skin called Pazilizib‡ which they gave us with the blood they put into us. Let them rub themselves with the blood, which has become the gift of Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz.

CHAPTER II

Here then is where the carrying away of the tribes§ by Balam-Quitzé,

*This sponge, still in use, is a vegetable [possibly the loofah — M.].

†B. de B. asks was this possibly an appearance of the new sacrificers' succeeding the old once more?

‡Pazilizib: The word does not correspond with the Quiché, but recalls the cruel Mexican feast of Xipe-Toltec. where one of the nobles dresses in the newly-flayed skin of a woman.

§In the Title of the Lords of Totonacapan

Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqi-Balam began.

Then took place the killing of the tribes. They captured them traveling alone and singly, or two at a time, without anyone knowing when they took them; after which they went and sacrificed them before Tohil and Avilix.||

Then as they spilt their blood on the road, they threw their heads on the road by themselves. And the cities said: The Tiger has devoured them. They only said that because they saw what looked like tracks of tiger's feet, and these were the tracks that they made without revealing themselves.

Thus they stole away the men of many cities and it was a long time before the tribes discovered that it was so.

Is it then that Tohil and that Avilix who come among us? It is certainly they who feed the sacrificers. Where then will their dwellings be? Let us follow their trail, repeated all the cities.

Then they took counsel one with another. After that they commenced to follow the tracks of the sacrificers; but they are not clear. There were only tracks of deer or wild animals and tracks of tigers which they saw without clearly making out their footsteps.

it is said that the tribes exposed to this homicidal rapine were those of Vukamag or the seven nations who came from Tamub and Ilocab and Pokomams, whose cities surrounded the mountains where the sectaries of Tohil dwelt.

||This recalls the Mexicans who had come out of the captivity of Culhuacan capturing the inhabitants of that town as they passed by alone, in order to sacrifice them to Huitzil-opochtli.

But their footsteps were not very plain, because they were reversed, like marks made to deceive the people by this means, and the road was not clear.

For there were fogs on these high lands. They gave rise to a dark rain and mud was formed. There was also formed a little cold rain, and that was what all the people of the cities saw before them.* But their hearts grew tired in their searching and in pursuing these unknown enemies on the roads, because the nature of Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz was great. And they went by that way to the top of the mountain on the far confines of the tribes whom they were decimating.

That is how that abduction commenced which the magicians imagined when they carried off the people of the villages from all the roads, to sacrifice them before Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz, and when the latter preserved their children up there on the mountain.

Well, then, Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz had the appearance of three young men and this came about by a special prodigy of the rock. There was a river where they bathed from the bank, so as to show themselves. The place was therefore called the Bath of Tohil, and this was the name of the river.

And many times the cities saw them. But they immediately vanished at will when they were perceived by the people of the cities.

Then the news suddenly spread that

*This is a description of the mountains of Tohil, which extend from there to Hacavitz, not far from where the waters of Lacandón run deep between high banks. . . .

Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqi-Balam were present. And behold, they held a council of the tribes as to the manner of putting them to death.

At first the tribes desired to consult together as to how to make Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz fall into the trap.

All the sacrificers said to the tribes: All will gather together and will rise; let there be neither one nor two battalions to remain behind the others.

All met and rose, and taking counsel, they asked one another: What shall we do to avoid the snares which the Quiché of Cavek have set for us, because they are destroying all our subjects? We do not clearly see how this destruction of men is brought about by them.

If we are to be destroyed by their continuing to capture our people, let it be. But if the power of Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz is so great, well, then, we will make Tohil our god, and may it please heaven that you will be able to capture him. †

They have not yet accomplished our defeat. Are we not a numerous people? Well, then, these Cavek are only a handful altogether, added they, when they assembled. But some of the cities replied to the others, saying: Who then has seen them daily bathing by the river-bank? If they are Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz, we will catch them there and that will be the first step towards the downfall of those

†The word for capture means to take prisoner or to win over to one's side.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

sacrificers, replied the others, taking the word.

But with what shall we catch them? they replied.

This will be the trap with which we must catch them. As they are young men who can be seen when they are in the water, let two of our virgins go there also. Let them be chosen from among the most beautiful and amiable of the young girls, and let the desire to possess them come, they replied.

It is very well. Come then and let us seek two among the most gracious of the virgins, they added, seeking their daughters. They were truly the whitest among the virgins whom they sent.

Go, our daughters, go and wash linen by the river. And if you see these three young men, unclothe yourselves before them, and if their heart covets you, call them to you.

And if they say to you: Shall we go with you? Yes, you will reply. And if they ask you: Whence do you come? Whose daughters are you? then say to them, We are the daughters of the lords, and say to them: Give us a pledge. When they have given you something, if they still really desire you, give yourselves to them. And if you do not give yourselves to them we will kill you. When you have done that our heart will be content. When you have the pledge, bring it to us: it will be a token to satisfy our hearts that they came to you.

Thus spoke the lords when the two young girls were sent. These are their names: Xtah the name of the one and Xpuch the name of the other* Well,

then, it is these two called Xtah and Xpuch whom they sent out to the river to the bath of Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz. That was the decision of all the cities.

So they went and made themselves appear very beautiful and dazzling. And going to where Tohil was bathing, they frisked about without shame, and indulged in pleasantries. As they went, the lords rejoiced because of their two girls whom they sent out.

And then the girls arrived at the river and commenced to wash. They both of them unrobed, leaping and jumping in view of the rocks when Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz appeared. They came down to the bank of the river and they were a little surprised at the sight of these two young girls who were washing. And the two young girls blushed when Tohil and his companions arrived.

But Tohil and his companions felt no desire to possess these two young girls. The latter were questioned. Whence come you? was said to the young girls, and they repeated: What do you want then, coming here to the bank of our river?

The girls replied: It is because we have been sent by the lords that we came. Go and see the faces of these people of Tohil and speak with them, the lords have told us. And let us have a pledge or token which will prove that

*The Title of the Lords of Totonicapan gives a third young girl called Quibatzunah and instead of Tohil and Avilix it is Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, and Mahucutah they seek to seduce.

you have really seen their faces, they have said to us. Thus spoke the two young girls, when they announced their errand.

Well, then, it was there that the cities wanted the young girls to be ravished by the representatives or 'double' of Tohil, but Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz again spoke to Xtah and Xpuch, for these were the names of the two young girls, and said to them:

It is well. We will give you the pledge of our intercourse with you. Wait a moment and then you can take it to these lords, was replied to them. Then they consulted with the sacrificers, and it was said to them, to Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqi-Balam:

Paint three mantles; trace on them the sign of your being so that they may go to the towns with these two young girls who are washing. Go and give them to them, was said to Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, and Mahucutah.

Then they all three painted. First, Balam-Quitze painted a tiger. A drawing of it was made, and he painted it on the surface of the stuff. The design of Balam-Agab was an eagle, which he painted on the surface of the stuff, whilst Mahucutah everywhere painted bees and hornets, of which he designed the painting on the surface of the material.

Thus was finished the painting of the three pieces of stuff which they painted. Well then, Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, and Mahucutah gave the different mantles to those named Xtah and Xpuch, and said to them: Here is

the pledge or token of your intercourse with us. Go then to the lords: In truth, Tohil has spoken to us, you will say, and here is the pledge of it that we carry, you will say to them. Then let them wear the mantles which you will give to them.

That, then, is what was said to the young girls when they sent them back. Well, the painted stuffs called xcucaah which they used were thus sent out and arrived in the hands of those who carried them. Immediately the lords were full of joy when they saw the young girls, with what they had asked for in their hands.

Have you seen the face of Tohil? they asked them. We have certainly seen them, replied Xtah and Xpuch.

Very well, then, what token of it do you bring to us, if it is true what you say? asked the lords, these lords actually thinking that this was a token of their sin with Tohil.

Then the painted stuffs were spread out by the young girls, displaying everywhere tigers and eagles, and likewise hornets and bees all over. The designs appeared in brilliant colors on the surface of the stuff.

Well, then, they all wanted to wear them and they began to put them on.

First the picture of the tiger was placed on the shoulders of the lord, but it did no harm at all. Then the second painted mantle, bearing the painting of the eagle, was put on.

That is very well, thought the lord within himself, as he walked up and down before the people. Then he completely uncovered his person and ar-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

rayed himself in the third painted mantle.

So they put on his shoulders the hornets and the bees which were painted on the surface of the material. And then all at once his body was stung by the hornets and bees. He was unable to bear the stings of these insects and he shouted with pain because of these insects, although they were only painted ones, painted by Mahucutah on the third painted mantle.

That is the way the princes and cities were hoaxed. Then the young girls, Xtah and Xpuch, were severely questioned by the lords.

What are these stuffs which you bring here? Where did you get them,

you naughty girls? was said to the young girls, the lords reproaching them for the way in which Tohil had bested the people of the cities.

What they had really wanted was that Tohil should go and make love to Xtah and Xpuch, and that the latter should give themselves to them. The people of the cities thought they would tempt the young men in that way. But they could not get the better of Tohil and his people, because of those prodigious men, Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, and Mahucutah.*

*A note gives the names of the cities so tricked: Rotzhaib, Quibaha, Bakaha, and Quebatzunha, according to the Title of the Lords of Totonicanan.