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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*

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

G. DE PURUCKER, EDITOR

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FRRIENDS: friends who are 'listening in' at a distance, and you who are sitting here in this our Temple of Peace:

I am going to talk to you this afternoon on the subject of Death, or, as we Theosophists like to put it, the subject of Life; because our teaching is that there is no death as a *thing in itself*, a thing *per se*; that it is only one of the manifestations of life, one of the events that follow natural change, growth, evolution. On last Sunday I spoke on the subject, 'Gateways and Pathways of Life.' I had intended to give that lecture the name of 'Gateways and Pathways of Death'; but I did not because I was a little afraid lest my meaning should be misunderstood. You see, when people speak of death they think

[Stenographic report of the twenty-fourth of a series of lectures on the above subject. These were delivered at the request of Katherine Tingley (the then Theosophical Leader and Teacher) in the Temple of Peace, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, at the regular Sunday afternoon services. Others will be printed in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH in due course. The following lecture was delivered on July 29, 1928, and broadcast, by remote control, over Station KFSD San Diego—680-440.9]

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

that it is something different from life, opposite to life, inimical to life, instead of being, as it verily is, but one of the changes which are necessary in the life-term or life-course of any organized entity anywhere. In very truth, Death is but one of the phases of Life.

I likewise said then that there are no such entities as 'dead men' — that this phrase is a contradiction in terms; that all that the Theosophist, as a student of visible and invisible Nature, knows about death, outside of the nature of it as a phase of life, is *dead bodies*, which of course exist, and which are bodies in the state of dissolution which itself is a manifestation of life-force, of energy. No compound thing can break up unless there be movement in it; that breaking up, that dissolution, is in itself a change, which is another word for activity, energy, or life. Do you get this idea clearly? It is fundamental: death and life are not contrasted things; they are not polar opposites, as it were. They are, both, manifestations of one thing, which is life, energy.

In the Christian *New Testament* you will find Paul of the Christians telling you in substance that even while he lived he was dying; and verily it is so. Our bodies die daily; they change; what once was now no longer is; and what will be is yet to come but can come only when that which now is passes, dies, changes. That is all that death is — change.

Now, friends, as I have often said during the course of lectures of which today's is one: it is impossible to go over at any one time all that has been said on previous Sunday afternoons in other lectures; but I have drawn up a list of items of thought which I am going to touch upon this afternoon directly or indirectly, involving implicitly or explicitly what I shall have to say to you; and these items I shall now read to you as I have drawn them up.

(1) Man is a compound entity, whose constitution is composed of several principles or elements, the main ones being, counting from highest to lowest: First, a divine element or principle, unconditionally immortal, of vast powers, and of Kosmic (or Universal) range or field of action and consciousness; second, a Monad, its Ray, or Child, or Offspring, as it were, of spiritual nature and function, but lower than its divine parent; third, what the Theosophists call a spiritual or Higher Ego or, strictly speaking, the reincarnating entity, which is likewise a ray of the preceding principle or element; fourth, a human nature or personal ego, which is a ray of the former: fifth,

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

an astral or model-body, an etheric body; sixth, a physical body built around and partly from this etheric or astral or model-body; and, seventh and last, Life, that is to say, Energy, because that is what life is; which life runs through and unites all these principles or elements, and is composed in its turn, as are others of these numbers, of atomic elements, corpuscles so to say, minute entities which we Theosophists call life-atoms. Just as a stream of running water is formed of molecules, which in their turn are formed of atoms, which, as you know, in their turn are formed of protons and electrons, so this current, the Stream of Life running through the entire constitution of the human being, is molecular or corpuscular or atomic in nature — you may use whichever word you like. We shall not quibble over words: it is the ideas, friends, that I am trying to pass over to you as to what our majestic Theosophical philosophy teaches as regards life and death.

(2) The divine in man, or the highest of all the above-named principles or elements, ranges in consciousness and function over the Kosmos, or our own Home-Universe, meaning by this all within the widely flung and encircling zone of the Milky Way, which is the extension of our own Home-Universe, so far as our physical, material, Universe is concerned. The Monad, or the second principle or element, ranges in consciousness and function over our own solar system. The Higher or Spiritual Ego or Soul or reincarnating entity ranges in consciousness and function throughout the seven fields or, if you like, the seven sub-planets of what we call the Planetary Chain of our planet *Terra* or Earth. The human soul, you will remember, following the item just read, is a part of man's constitution inferior to the reincarnating entity; and this human soul of the man, during life, ranges over the fields of human consciousness and functions of one earth-life. The etheric or astral or model-body, composed of astral matter, and the physical body also, belong to our physical globe, *Terra*, which our physical senses take cognisance of.

(3) Our planet, *Terra*, like man its child, has a sevenfold composition consisting of seven sub-planets, of which the physical earth is visible and tangible to human senses, and the other six planets or elements are invisible and intangible to human sense-apparatus for the perfectly obvious and natural reason that, being more energetic than our grossly material earth is and on other planes of being, our poor weak senses of physical substance can take no cognisance of them.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

These physical senses of ours can know only those things which fall within their own range of activity or, more accurately, of receptivity.

(4) Death is merely dissolution of any compounded body; its breaking up into its own component elements.

(5) This dissolution is inevitable, thank heaven, because of the preceding facts briefly outlined; but this dissolution into its component atoms of a physical body means the release or freeing of all the superior elements or principles which that physical body during life enshrined and more or less feebly expressed. The almost countless trillions of atoms which compose the physical material body are temporary vehicles, or rather, manifestations of what Theosophists call life-atoms, which are centers of vital energy in their essence.

(6) As so often pointed out before in this our Temple of Peace, during others of this course of lectures, matter and energy, or equivalently on superior planes, spirit and substance, are two forms of the underlying reality, LIFE; and hence the two are fundamentally one thing: LIFE. You may call this fundamental, Energy, if you like, which is the term of modern physical science most closely approximating to the Theosophical idea, and we have no objection to that substitution of words. Or, you may call that fundamental principle, Spirit, if you are religiously inclined; we have no objection to that. But we do desire our ideas clearly expressed to you, whatever words they may be embodied in, so that inquirers may know what Theosophists really do believe and teach. Hence, so-called death or dissolution is, as already said, one of the forms or phases of life-energy, as is shown by the breaking up of the composite or compounded constitution of any embodied entity whatsoever.

(7) Therefore, reduced to the last analysis, any composite or compounded constitution — in other words, any vehicle or body of any entity, whether on this earth or elsewhere — is a composition or compound of energies balancing each other during any one life-term in more or less stable equilibrium.

(8) After physical death, so called, and the release of the superior elements or principles, these last, the superior ones, follow the same general procedure exactly that supervenes in the case of the dissolution of the physical material body; although this 'second death,' as the ancients called it, has its most important aspect insofar as the human ego or personal soul is concerned while this latter is sunken in sleep, so to say. This sleep is more accurately a stupor induced by

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

the shock of death, of which shock, however, the human ego or personal soul has no consciousness whatsoever. The life-atoms which compose this human ego or personal soul are left behind when this soul dies or dissolves on the psycho-mental plane to which the human ego is native, in other words, on the plane which is the home of the human soul. I might add here what I said on last Sunday, that at the moment of death the principle or element superior to the human or personal soul is indrawn like a flash of lightning into the Monad when the silver thread of life is snapped. I shall explain this last observation more fully in due course of time.

(9) The freed Monad, which is liberated and released at the moment of death with the Spiritual Soul or Higher Ego of the late man now held within it, and which Higher Ego is from that moment plunged into the most lovely and blissful and restful peace and joy: the freed Monad, I say, is thereafter drawn magnetically to other planets; for, as I have already said, the Monad has a range of consciousness over our entire solar system. It is drawn to the seven sacred planets of the ancients, to one after the other, according to a set and predetermined pathway which directly follows and is regulated by the lanes or lines of kosmic forces or energies — in other words the circulation of the forces of the Kosmos; and in each such planet the Monad there produces a new psycho-mental apparatus or soul, which takes imbodiment in a physical vehicle or body there. This has its life-term and then, just as previously happened on earth, dissolution ensues to it and the higher principles are released anew to proceed to still another planet.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past.

We see here change, progress, evolution; but with all our search everywhere, nowhere do we find death as an absolute thing; but everywhere movement, life.

(10) Finally, after its round to and through the seven sacred planets of the ancients, the Monad with its harvest of experiences thus gained — each such harvest being an indrawn spiritual soul, as before outlined, and following the kosmic lanes of forces or energies — reaches our planet Terra again. It is drawn hither, drawn back, by the psycho-magnetic attraction of its own inherent life-energies com-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

bined with those of the life-atoms remaining in the atmosphere of the planet Terra, which life-atoms formerly belonged to the human constitution left behind in the seven sub-planets of the planet Terra at its previous decease or death or passing upwards out of earth-life.

The former earth-entity, or rather the Higher Ego or reincarnating soul of the former earth-entity — I call it an earth-entity because in its last physical material form it lived on earth even as we now do — which has hitherto been resting in unutterable peace and bliss in the bosom of the Monad, its Essential Self, now begins its descent through various planes of increasing materiality — these planes forming part of the constitution of our planet Terra—until it reaches physical earth, our earth, in due course once more. This descent through various planes of the planet Terra is actually a descent of the reincarnating entity through the sub-planets of the planetary chain of Terra, and these sub-planets are composed of far more ethereal matter than is our physical earth. On each such plane or planet, during the course of its descent, the reincarnating entity takes up again — that is to say, reincorporates into itself — the identical life-atoms of the man of the former earth-life, which life-atoms are now awaiting the descending, reincarnating entity on the various planes through which the entity descends earthwards. They are waiting there, because there is where he left them on ascending after his last earth-life. Thus the reincarnating entity — the incoming man, the man coming into physical, material birth — builds for itself a constitution of seven elements or principles anew, which elements and principles are identical with the constitution of the man in the preceding earth-life, because the life-atoms thus taken up again are the very identic ones used before.

These things are very simple, and the whole difficulty in exposition of them is rather one of words than of ideas. We are so accustomed to obeying the suggestions of our physical senses, poor feeble instruments of knowledge, that we do not realize that the things that we see, and the things that we touch, and what we hear, etc., through the instrumentality of these our senses, are but partial and very incomplete reports of the things in themselves, and thus form deceptive reports of actualities. We work with very, very imperfect physical instruments of cognition. Our physical sense-apparatus: hearing, touch, seeing, taste, and smell, five imperfect instruments, nevertheless are, despite their imperfection, really wonderful apparatuses

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

if we view the matter from another angle. Is it not wonderful that we have built up even such imperfect instruments of report?

You look upon the world around you, this seeming gross physical world: it seems so solid. You see me standing before you this afternoon, speaking to you; and yet my body, like the body of each one of you, had you the vision keen enough, would be invisible to you if you had an 'electric eye,' so to say, an electric sense-apparatus, reporting to you what the electric currents flowing between us would tell you; or if you had a sense reporting to you the impact of any other electro-magnetic wave or vibration, you would see things very different in appearance from what our present physical optics report to our understanding minds.

As an illustration of the imperfection of our vision let me remind you that the human body as well as this gross physical earth on which we live, are mostly vacancies, spaces. You know what our ultra-modern science tells you today with regard to these matters — something which Theosophy has been teaching publicly and openly for fifty years last past, more or less; and yet this teaching is very new and modern in science. I will explain more fully what I mean. Take the physical body, for instance. It is compounded of so many trillions of physical cells. These cells are in their turn compounded of almost countless numbers of molecules. These molecules in their turn are built up of what chemists call atoms; and these again are built up or composed of electrical charges — the aggregate or group of positive electrical charges at the center of the atom, which nuclear charges are popularly called protons; and equivalent negative charges of electricity called electrons whirling around that atomic nuclear sun, much as the planets of our solar system whirl around their central luminary. And the spaces that separate the electrons from their protonic center and from each other are relatively as vast as are the spaces which separate the planets of the solar system from our sun and from each other.

So that the body, which is composed of physical matter — that is to say, composed of atoms, which are composed mostly of vacancies — is by no means the solid-seeming thing that you see and touch. It seems solid to us, on account of our senses being such imperfect physical instruments of report. Let me give you some idea today, as I have often done before, of the number and disposition of these infinitesimal components of gross physical matter — some-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

thing for you to think about. I read to you from a very interesting book written by Mr. M. Luckiesh, a prominent American scientist and engineer, called *Foundations of the Universe*, page 34 — a very recent work. He says:

There are about two billion persons on Earth. Suppose each was able to count one hundred molecules per minute continuously. It would take the entire population of the Earth one hundred million years to count the molecules in an ounce of hydrogen gas.

That molecule of gas seems awfully packed, doesn't it? But let me now read to you from the same book, on the same page, of quite another view of the same molecule:

If all the molecules in a cubic centimeter (one sixteenth of a cubic inch) of hydrogen gas at ordinary temperature and pressure were placed end to end in a single line, this 'string of molecular beads' would extend several million miles or many times the distance between the Earth and the Moon. In a cubic centimeter of hydrogen at atmospheric pressure and at the temperature of melting ice there are 2.7×10^{19} (in other words twenty-seven quintillions of) molecules.

Now listen to this concluding sentence of this extract:

Less than a millionth of the total space is occupied by the hydrogen molecules under these conditions.

Less than one-millionth of one-sixteenth of a cubic inch is occupied by those twenty-seven quintillions of molecules, which, if placed end to end, nevertheless would extend for several million miles of human measurement! You see by this illustration the vast spaces and the vast numbers involved in any estimate of infinitesimal measurements. Look above you at night and see the stars shining in the dark violet dome above your head. How wide apart they are! Yet these spaces represent precisely the situation as it is, inversely, in the atom. Thus indeed is matter builded. This is what matter is — on the one side infinitesimal, and on the other side, cosmic, yet analogically similar if not identic in both cases.

I am now going to read to you a remarkable quotation — a third one from this same writer — showing what modern scientists are thinking; how they are approximating to our ancient Theosophical teachings; how their minds are broadening. They are indeed seeing visions and dreaming dreams of truth. Listen: on page 71, this same author, after writing a few paragraphs like those which I have just read to you, continues as follows:

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

This emphasizes the extreme limitations of our human senses in appraising all that may exist in the universe about us. With our mere human senses we may be living in a world within a world. Anything is possible beyond our experiences. Our imagination could conjure up another world coincident with our 'human' world, but unseen, unfelt, and unknown to us. Although we know a great deal of the physical world in which we live, beyond the veil, unpenetrated by our senses, may be other worlds coincident.

Why, dear friends, a Theosophist might have written this! It is exactly what we teach: that this physical world of ours, and correspondentially this physical body of ours, is but the outward shell, the outward rind, the husk; and the real things are within and invisible and intangible. Why invisible? Why intangible? Because of the feebleness of our senses, which cannot cognise them and report them to the seeing and thinking mind. Think it over. All these five senses of ours: wonderful indeed they are from one aspect. But when we base our faith upon them and attempt to constitute a universe from what they tell us, how feeble and deceptive are they!

You know what a gas is, I suppose. Let me tell you this: a single molecule of a gas — let us say hydrogen gas if you will, which is one of the lightest known, perhaps the lightest element known — a single molecule of hydrogen gas collides with other molecules of the gas several billion times in one human second. When I use this word 'collide,' it should not be understood in the ordinary sense of collision, of an actual impact of body upon body. We are dealing here with electrical entities, points of electrical energy; and these 'collisions' are rather impulsions and repulsions than actual collisions in the ordinary human sense. They collide, as I have said, several billion times in one second!

Hence, between each collision, so called, of such a moving molecule and the next collision, only a fraction of a billionth of one second elapses; yet during this fraction of one billionth of one second of time, between these 'collisions,' so called, and while the molecule is traveling to the next collision, the electrons in the atoms composing that same molecule revolve in their orbits some 60,000 times if they emit red light, and some 120,000 times if they emit violet light. And this radiation is that only of the rays of the visible spectrum, rays to which our eyes respond, while this visible spectrum is only one on the scale of electro-magnetic radiations. Light of the frequency of ultra-violet light, and of the X-rays, of the Gamma-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

rays, and of Millikan's so-called 'cosmic rays,' is vastly more rapid in vibrational cycles, or as the scientists call it, in frequencies, than is light of the visible spectrum.

Let me give you some idea of this. I desire to have these things clear in our minds before we pass on to our own Theosophical exposition. Take the case of others of the so-called electro-magnetic wave-series. I will read to you this scale of electro-magnetic vibrations as it has been estimated:

Wireless telegraphy, the longest and slowest of this scale, uses waves of a mile or more in range; nevertheless each wave or each vibrating particle, has how many vibrations in one human second, do you think? From 100,000 to 10,000,000! This figure, much as it is, is as nothing compared with the frequencies higher in the scale.

The Hertizian electric waves vibrate per second 10,000,000 to 1,000,000,000 times. Infra-red light, which you know is at the lowest end of the visible spectrum, vibrates per human second 1,000,000,000,000 to 400,000,000,000,000 times. Visible light, which is the light our optics tell us of — somewhat of it at least — vibrates per human second, or in other words has frequencies per human second, to the astounding figure of 400,000,000,000,000 to 770,000,000,000,000. Unimaginable numbers these are indeed; but they too are as nothing, relatively speaking, compared to higher frequencies.

Ultra-violet light at the opposite end of the visible spectrum vibrates per human second, 770,000,000,000,000 to 6,000,000,000,000,000. Röntgen or X-Rays vibrate 6,000,000,000,000,000 to 30,000,000,000,000,000,000 times per second.

The Gamma-Rays, the next to the most rapid so far known, begin at about 30,000,000,000,000,000,000 per human second and no one knows at what figure they end. And after them come

Millikan's so-called Cosmic rays of still greater frequency.

Do our eyes tell us anything of these electro-magnetic activities? Nothing. And yet we know that these rays are energies; we know furthermore by our modern scientific discoveries, that all energy is massive; that is to say, that it is interchangeable with mass; that is to say, matter. All energy is substantial and all substance or matter fundamentally is energy — which is old Theosophical teaching, ancient, archaic; but it is ultra-modern in science.

So, then, this body, this physical body, is mostly spaces; and if you had the 'electric eye' and could look through me as I speak to you all you would see would be an occasional scintillating spot of light, and that scintillating electric spark dashing across the field of your vision is symbolical of electric energy. But that electric energy is likewise substantial. And here in the etheric spaces of

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

the atom, enmeshed with our gross physical world at this their point of junction, is the etheric or astral world of more ethereal substance than our physical sphere. Then, substantially finer than this second world or plane and of higher vibrational rates, there come the other worlds invisible to us and stretching upward to the spirit. And we know that these worlds must exist, for they provide the ladder or scale of communication between pure energy on the one side and gross physical matter on the other.

Between pure energy as such, and the gross physical world as such, there must be connecting grades or steps of energy-substance; because it is obvious that pure energy can no more act upon pure matter than can heat or electricity produce effective work without intermediary links which are the machinery or engines combining the factors. Steam cannot be applied to work unless you have the proper mechanism to place the energy of superheated water at the point of operation. An internal combustion-engine can do no work unless connected up with the proper mechanism at the points where results are desired. All this is known to everybody. And yet we do see physical things move; and to move the matter of which they are composed they must be energized. These things act; they do things, and when they are humans or beasts we say they have 'life,' that they are 'animated' entities. But what fills the gulf between the gross physical matter and the intangible energy which moves it? Energy and matter, as I have so often said, are fundamentally one thing, but nevertheless there is a gulf between these two factors of the Universe. What then is this gulf? It is composed, as we Theosophists say, of varying grades of substantiality — planes, we Theosophists call them; in other words, there is a scale of substances decreasing in materiality between gross matter and pure energy; and each rung of this scale, each stage or step, is what we call a 'plane.'

I spoke a moment ago of the distances separating the electrons and the protons of the atom and pointed out that they are relatively as great as are the distances between the sun and our planet, or between planet and planet of our solar system. Let me give you another illustration of atomic distances. An English scientific writer some time ago suggested the following as a picture of atomic space. He said in substance: Imagine a vast cathedral hall or nave, and one or two, or a few or many, minute specks of dust wandering around that cathedral nave. That cathedral nave in dimension may

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

represent the atom spatially considered, and those minute specks of dust would then be the electrons pursuing their orbits around the atomic nucleus. You see how vast is the space in which the electrons revolve, and how small a portion of the volume of the atom the electrons occupy. The atom, therefore, is mostly what is popularly called empty space, vacancies. And thus are the atoms which compose our body builded. Our bodies are therefore mostly spatial vacancies. But do not imagine for a moment, friends, that these vacancies are actually nothingness; that idea is absurd. These spatial vacancies are filled full with etheric substance even as the kosmic spaces of our solar system and universe are filled full with kosmic ether.

C. B. Bazzoni, Professor of Experimental Physics in the University of Pennsylvania, tries to illustrate the same conception in the following way. I give from memory, though I do not quote the exact words, a passage in his remarkable little book *Kernels of the Universe*. He said: Let us magnify an atom, say a hydrogen atom, so that the distance between the central proton or atomic sun and its electron or planet is increased from its actual size to three hundred human miles; then, if you look upon the proton as of the size of a pea, and place that pea or atomic nucleus in New York City, and then place the electron which you will magnify to the size of a small house, or say thirty feet in diameter, that electron will have an orbit with a radius of three hundred miles, and this electron in its revolution will pass through Buffalo, and Pittsburgh, and Montreal, on the western side of the nuclear pea, and three hundred miles to the eastward over the waters of the Atlantic ocean.

I repeat what I have said: it is of such atoms as this and of other atoms with more electrons but with equivalently larger spaces between nucleus and planetary electrons, that our bodies are builded. They consist mostly of vacancies, vast atomic spaces. Please get this idea very clearly in order that you may realize a fundamental Theosophical teaching, that our imperfect senses do not report the world to us as it is, and hence our conceptions of matter and of the world in which we are living are necessarily imperfect. This is our Theosophical doctrine of *Mâyâ* or illusion.

What is it that causes death, which is dissolution, which is the breaking up of a compounded entity? You must have asked yourselves this question. I will now answer it for you from the Theo-

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

sophical standpoint by taking another very apt illustration from the modern scientific doctrine of the electronic construction of the atom. Our scientists now tell us that when an atom is neutral, that is to say, stable, it is because it has reached its maturity; it is not in a state of electric unbalance. The positive charge at the center, the proton or aggregate of protons, is equalized by an equivalent negative electric charge in the atomic planet or planets circling around that nucleus, so that there is atomic equilibrium, temporary equilibrium at least, or stability.

But before the atom reached the stage of satisfaction or equilibrium it was in a state of growth, of electric dissatisfaction, which was caused by a lack of electrons capable of neutralizing a positive charge of the nucleus. When it had captured from surrounding atomic spaces the electrons in number sufficient to neutralize the positive nuclear charge, it then became neutral or stable. Old age, and death which follows it, of the human being or of any other entity wherever it may be, comes from atomic and molecular balance or equilibrium and from static electric equilibrium; and what we call babyhood, infancy, childhood, boyhood, youth, come from an unsettled state of man's interior principles primarily and of the atoms and molecules of his physical body secondarily; neither his inner principles nor his physical body are yet satisfied, equilibrated, neutralized. Stability or balance is finally reached, if the child live to attain mature manhood; but this balance can continue for a certain time only, and then of necessity the bond breaks up, because decay sets in. Everything has its life-term. This is one of the fundamental qualities of Nature. Nothing lasts forever that is compounded; for outside of any other reason, how could it so last when its very existence depends upon an aggregation of other inferior entities, each with its own life-term and course?

Withal there is more life in age than in childhood. Things die from an excess of life, not from a defect of it. A child imbibes life from the surrounding *milieu* and lives upon it and builds itself up from it through incorporating into its body the life-atoms; and it does this because it is in a state of instability, in other words because it lacks life or the life-atoms. Growth is change, and change is the opposite of equilibrium or stability. The child has life-hunger, is life-negative so to say, and therefore sucks life in as a sponge sucks in water. There is more life, I repeat, in age, than in youth. It is life, to use the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

popular term, which kills the physical body, which wears the body out; for every particle of you is in motion, in ceaseless action, in continuous movement. Just here is the secret of why man dies: wear on the particles composing his body finally throws the component elements of the molecule and atom out of balance or equilibrium. This is decay.

Then, when the time of death comes, at the critical moment of change, the cord of physical life is snapped, the golden cord of thought and feeling, of 'life,' as we Theosophists call it; and instantly, like a flash of lightning, all the best of the man that an instant before was, is indrawn into the man's Monad or Essential Self, where it originated and whither it necessarily returns. An electric flash, as it were, and the best of the man is gone "to its Father in Heaven." As Jesus said: "I and my Father are one." In all this there is no pain; there is no suffering whatsoever; this indrawn best of the man that was, his Spiritual Self or Ego, experiences henceforth nothing but unspeakable bliss, because it has gone Home.

I pass over this afternoon the destiny of the lower principles of man which remain at death in the various sub-planes of the astral and psycho-mental planes or worlds. You may find all this subject fully set forth in our books, and to these books I now refer you.

My time for this afternoon's lecture has nearly reached its term and I must pass on to a few concluding thoughts.

Turning now to the subject of Reincarnation. You know, friends, perhaps the main beauty of our majestic Theosophical philosophy is this: it is all-inclusive. There is no part of Nature which is outside the realm of its teachings, and no possible element of human consciousness and thought is extraneous to the field that it covers. Those who object to some of our teachings do so from ignorance. These people do not or will not study them. To speak in plain language, this attitude of mind is sheer egoism. I never knew an intelligent man or woman yet who had made an honest study of the Theosophical teachings, who laid our books down otherwise than with a strong word of commendation; indeed, in most cases there was more than commendation: there usually follows an application for membership in the Theosophical Society. Our teachings prove themselves; they require but honest thinking on the part of inquirers; but this modicum of honest thinking is absolutely necessary.

Reincarnation is no new doctrine of ours. No Theosophist ever invented it, as I have actually heard it stated by supposedly intelligent

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

people. On the contrary, it is one of the oldest and most widely spread teachings on the globe, found in all countries, and belonging to every age; and everywhere the strongest intellects and most illuminated spiritual minds have taught it.

How long is it before the reincarnating entity returns to this earth for its new incarnation here? It depends upon circumstances; it depends not on chance, which is non-existent, but it does depend on certain 'laws,' to use the popular term. I will give you a few hints of what I mean. The average length of human life, taking the number of human beings at any time existent on our globe as between 1,800,000,000 and 2,000,000,000, is about fifteen years. This, I repeat, is an average, and based on the law of averages. Babies who die by the hundreds of thousands, and men and women who live to be very aged on the other side of the scale, more or less balance each other as regards averages. Taking account of accidents and what not, diseases and what not, death from various causes and what not, and striking the average which includes all the entire range of human society everywhere, this average comes to about fifteen years only.

Now, there is a law or rule in Occultism, which is another word for our deeper teachings, which law or rule is based entirely on the operations of Nature, that the human being does not reincarnate under one hundred times the number of years that the said human being last lived on earth. Hence, as you will find it stated in our books, the average period of time between two human incarnations is fifteen hundred years — fifteen multiplied by the constant one hundred. If you take individuals, the same rule, the same law, holds good also.

Grossly-minded humans reincarnate very quickly, relatively speaking; spiritually-minded humans remain much longer in the invisible worlds. Why? Because their souls are native there, as it were. This gross material sphere is a foreign country to them. The gross material sphere has little attraction, small attraction, for the spiritually-minded man; but the case is just the opposite for the grossly-minded one. A child who dies reincarnates exceedingly quickly; and the reason is that during its short span of life it has had no opportunity, no time, to build up a fabric of consciousness of unfulfilled aspirations, of unrealized ideals, of unrealized hopes, and of the operations of our Higher Nature, which, all combined, are the causes of a lengthened stay in Devachan or *post-mortem* world. There all these as-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

pirations, ideals, and unfulfilled hopes and unrealized yearnings find their sphere of mental satisfaction as in a blissful and perfectly happy dream. Thus is it that a child, dying in infancy, reincarnates almost immediately. For it has built up nothing, so to say, calling for the peace and bliss in Devachan or the heaven-world, the invisible spiritual spheres. A man averagely good, who has lived to old age, let us say eighty-five years, if he has been an averagely spiritual man, with averagely fine inspirations and noble and beautiful thoughts and unsatisfied spiritual yearnings — and just here is the cause making for a lengthened stay in the Devachan or heaven-world — such a man, I repeat, will remain for thousands of years in the invisible realms of life, in all eighty-five times one hundred, eighty-five hundred years. A man who dies at the age of forty and who is a man of the same type as the one just spoken of, will live four thousand years in the invisible realms before he returns to earth.

But while this is the rule of Nature, we must remember that every rule has its modifications arising out of circumstances. For instance: a man may live in this physical body to be eighty-five years old; but instead of being like the one formerly spoken of, he may be of an exceedingly gross, coarse, material, or even of an evil temperament, working misery on earth very largely while he lived, instead of good. There being very little here of a spiritual nature calling for fruitage in the invisible realms, he returns quickly to earth, relatively speaking. On the other hand, another man may die at the age of thirty, but being by nature of a highly idealistic and noble character, instead of remaining in the Devachan three thousand years, he may remain there much longer; but nevertheless the rule holds good which I have just outlined to you. And I now repeat it: a man will pass in the Devachan one hundred times the length of his last physical incarnation: a man will pass in the Devachan a time counted in human chronology equal to one hundred times the life-term of his immediately preceding incarnation on earth.

Dear friends, before we part this afternoon, I desire to leave with you a thought of somewhat different type. Theosophists believe in Evolution in the sense of bringing out that which is within the evolving entity — evolution in the sense of unwrapping, unfolding, of the native and intrinsic energies and qualities of the human being. This is Evolution as we Theosophists teach it. But if we embody this profound thought in philosophico-religious form, I would put it in the fol-

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

lowing way, after the example of those wonderful archaic philosophers of the Orient: life and consequent growth are the searching for the Essential Self — not the poor, often wretched and miserable self of the human soul, which dies after the death of the physical body and which passes away because itself is but a composite entity, but the Essential Self, the divinity within us, in the heart of our heart, that which makes us really what we are essentially: thinking, loving, aspiring, intelligent entities. The whole secret of life and of growth is contained in condensed form in this following idea: the search for the Divine Self in the heart of every creature.

A friend handed to me the other day a beautiful little poem which I shall read to you in closing my lecture for this afternoon. This poem is credited to 'an old Oxford Mystic'; but while I do not know who wrote it, it is so typical a reproduction of archaic Oriental thought, such as I have just outlined to you, that I think the writer of it must be comparatively modern and must have composed this little poetic gem after the introduction of Oriental philosophy into European thought about one hundred years ago. At any rate, this poem is entitled 'Self-Knowledge,' and it reads:

Desiring to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self.

But I was hungry and my mind gave me pictures of eating and drinking
and the laughter and wit of comrades.

Desiring to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self.

But I was in a great city, and my mind gave me pictures of the sea, of
forests, and of silent lakes.

Desiring to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self.

But I began to hear strains of ethereal music. Great harmonies stirred
and went to and fro in my inner hearing.

Desiring to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self.

But the desire to know awoke profound thought. Thought followed
thought along the ways of philosophy.

And one said:

He who would approach the Temple door, the Temple of his Self, will
find luring by-paths up to the very last step. And the nearer he ap-
proaches that last, the more will those by-paths seem to be the path
itself. It is only when thought and desire come to perfect silence that
the way to Self is seen.

I stood in my heart, there where love of comrades shines forth,

And then I saw the open door and the Self beyond.

And in the strength of that love, the deep love of comrades, I attained;
no otherwise.

WHAT THEOSOPHY REALLY IS

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

WHAT interest can a man have greater than that of knowing his own place and function in the great scheme of things whereof he finds himself a part? All questions reduce themselves finally to this need for understanding Who am I? Why am I here?

This is a concise yet comprehensive definition of the field of knowledge; and any philosophy worthy of the name must address itself to solving the essential questions involved. Any other inquiry is either subsidiary to the main quest or is a mere pastime.

It is to this question that the noble and ancient teachings of Theosophy are directed. The vast and elaborate teachings as to the evolution of worlds and of human races are not a mere intellectual gymnastics, but constitute a necessary part of that understanding of our own nature and destiny which it is necessary that we should have.

The great doctrine of analogy, or of correspondences, holds that every part of the universe, great or small, is built on a uniform plan, and that analogy subsists between all the parts and between each part and the whole. More especially is insisted on the analogy — nay, more than analogy — between the universe and man. These two are spoken of as the Macrocosm and the Microcosm, the great universe and the little universe. A major part of the Theosophical teachings is devoted to showing this likeness, this almost identity, between man and the universe of which he is a part. And thereby are laid the foundations of a study of practical occultism; for by studying universal law, as revealed in nature, we study also ourselves; and by studying ourselves we learn the mysteries of the cosmos.

Evolution is the word expressing the universal process of becoming, wherein man and every other creature, down to the smallest atom, and the universe itself, are ceaselessly engaged. It is the mysteries of our own evolution, and of its relation to the evolution of our fellow-beings, that we must study, if we would understand our place and our duty in this scheme of things.

If man is to accomplish the purport of his evolution, and not remain a cast-off and decaying remnant in one of nature's backwaters, he must contemplate the stages that lie beyond his present status in the line of

WHAT THEOSOPHY REALLY IS

that evolution. What is the destiny of man? Here is surely the burning question of today, as indeed it has been the burning question of all times when men, having lost their way, are seeking to find it again. And what do we find for answer? The older theological view has faded, but haunts with its ghost even those who have formally abandoned it, so as to color their newer theories. Man is to expect no real change while yet a denizen of earth, however glorious may be the destiny that awaits him in far-off realms beyond the grave. Nay, we have been told that it is even impious to speak of such change or to raise our heads from the dejection of that humility preached as a cardinal virtue. This view may be called the static view, as opposed to the progressive view; and, as illustrating what has just been said about its ghost haunting our minds, we may note that *science*, strangely failing to realize the import of its own evolutionary doctrines, still hugs this static or stationary view of human nature.

For we find, on reading the prophetic romances which venture to portray the authors' ideas of future humanity, that the only changes contemplated are those which pertain to material invention and political and social organization. Human nature is depicted as remaining about the same as it is now, with the same passions and propensities and physical necessities; though with novel methods of catering for them. How is this for evolution? one may well ask. Surely we have here the old theological nightmare by which man has been scared into relinquishing faith and effort for his own self-directed evolution. Shall we say that those who teach this doctrine, whether in the name of religion or in that of science, are accomplices in the promotion of a reign of materialism?

Thus we can see the need of an influence like Theosophy to stem this current and restore to the heart of man his rightful faith in his own inherent prowess; to rescue the noble doctrine of evolution from being imprisoned by the dragon of materialism and reinstate it as champion of human liberties.

According to Theosophy, man is a being of infinite perfectibility, standing now at a stage beyond which rise higher stages indefinitely into the future. He is not waiting for some deific power or some abstract law to *push him* along that path; but he is proposing to 'get busy' and help along himself. Man has self-consciousness, and consequently his evolution is consciously performed. This is a most important point: the welfare of man depends upon his use of his in-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

nate powers; any influence tending to make him resign those powers is a retrograde and destructive influence. Beware then of those who tell you that you are at the mercy of any external power, whether it be a theological or a scientific deity.

In Theosophy you will find explained the ancient teachings about evolution in the cosmos and in man. These teachings form a consistent whole. They are not set forth as authoritative pronouncements which you are required to believe; but they are offered for your examination and in the expectation that you will use your own judgment on them. It is true that every man has within him the faculties for the apprehension of truth; but the man would be a fool who should refuse to avail himself of the labors of others who have studied these matters before him.

Another important point follows from the above: that the study of Theosophy is inseparable from that of conduct, and implies that we shall make self-reform our constant goal. For, if man is to take the next step in his evolution — and take it consciously, remember — he must purify his own nature. This means, broadly, that he must seek to remove the greatest obstacle in the path of his evolution — the mistaking of his personality for his real Self. The relinquishment of private aims, in favor of higher and broader aspirations; the substitution of Love for selfish desire; such is the ideal held before our eyes by mystics and truly religious persons in all ages.

But we are so in the habit of divorcing our mental life from our practical life that there is danger of this ideal remaining a mere object of pious contemplation. Or again, an ingrained attitude of inertia may cause us to sit still in the hope that some power will eventually move us, or that we shall attain in some future life or incarnation but not in this. The present moment is the field of action, and we must act now and spontaneously, without waiting for the future or expecting Hercules to lift our wagon out of the rut.

And yet again, the ideal of self-sacrifice must not be regarded as a martyrdom, an attitude reluctantly assumed, a condition of self-suppression. Such attitudes are hypocritical and at bottom false: they cannot accomplish anything useful. We must become so convinced of the hollowness and ignobility of mere self-seeking, and so enamored of the beauty of the larger life, that we shall voluntarily offer up our personal inclinations on the altar of our higher aspirations.

THE LESSON

There may be misrepresentations of Theosophy which feed the fancy and starve the soul. If such your beliefs, you have yet to learn what Theosophy is. Find its principles and its teachings in the works of the Founder of the Theosophical movement — in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky.

THE LESSON

(From The Songs of a Chela)

REATA V. H. PEDERSEN

I WOULD not teach my lips to say
‘He is away’
Nor did my heart’s voice murmur thus
Until today.

Yet now, since He is come, the soft wind brings,
From some far-flung Arcadian field, a scent
Ne’er known before;
And shining leaves reflect a sun more shining still
On tree which yesterday all leafless stood
Before my door.

The path I follow widens now;
It graciously invites my feet;
And to my ears is brought the sound
Of surer footsteps, beat by beat.

And yet, O treasure-thought for all the years!
One thought is mine forevermore to hold
So sacredly;
A thought like leafless tree to come to leaf again:

*Though gone thy Teacher’s form
Not gone from thee.*

I would not teach my lips to say
‘He is away’;
Nor may my heart’s voice murmur thus,
‘He comes today!’

THE OPENING ADDRESS

At the H. P. B. Centennial Conference at
Point Loma, August 11, 1931

J. HENRY ORME

President of the American Section of the Theosophical Society

I FEEL very deeply the honor of presiding at this first Centenary of the birth of our revered Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky; an honor which was conferred upon me by our Leader, Dr. de Purucker, who almost simultaneously is holding a similar Centenary at our Swedish Headquarters at Visingsö, where he, Dr. Fussell, Miss Elsie Savage and Mrs. Hector Geiger so impressively represent the International Headquarters and the American Section. I know that the thoughts of our Leader and Comrades will come to us at this time, as our thoughts will go to them across continent and ocean, through that mysterious *âkâśa* which renders distance and time the Here and Now.

I have no doubt that many would have remembered this date to be the Centenary of the birth of H. P. Blavatsky; but to me it was a new, chronological fact when first I read Dr. de Purucker's proposal for an International Celebration, which was made last year. And thanks to this proposal of things unknown and things forgotten by many, the whole Theosophical world, Societies and Lodges everywhere within the Movement, are doing some form of homage to the memory of H. P. Blavatsky.

Birth is such a normal and, I might add, common occurrence, that aside from royalty and people of great prominence — not to forget our motion-picture stars — no especial attention is paid by the world at large to the coming once more into it of a former citizen, back from an inter-plane tour. There is no record that the inhabitants of the little Russian town where H. P. B. was born were especially concerned that an heir was to be born to Colonel and Mme. Peter Hahn. It is as yet too soon for legends to cluster around the birth of this babe, destined to exert an influence upon the whole wide world. It is not yet said that shepherds were abiding in the fields watching their flocks; no star appeared to tell of the coming of a Messiah; nor, as in the case of the Buddha, is it recorded that the expectant Mother

H. P. B. CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE

dreamed that a star had shot out of heaven and entered her. The event was normal and usual in every way. But of this we may be sure: the Wise Men of the East were watching. They knew the place where the young child would lie, and They were present in spirit to see that all went well at the birth of this wonder-child. Wonder-child she was, and there are more authenticated 'wonders' connected with her childhood than with that of anyone of whom I have read. And we may conjecture that while the household of the Hahns rejoiced, these Wise Men of the East smiled and were sad; smiled for the great blessing which would come through her to the world; and were sad in their prescience of the trials, tragedy, and ultimate sorrow which lay before her.

A hundred years have passed and we are but beginning to appreciate the event! Perhaps a hundred years from now others, viewing the trend of thought through the years, seeing cause and effect, able to trace the emergence of mankind from the orthodoxy of Christianity, the agnosticism of materialism, and the unbrotherliness of racial and individual separateness, will then be able to properly evaluate the Message of this Wonder-Woman, as we can now trace the influence of Pythagoras and Galileo, of Erasmus and Luther, of Jefferson and Lincoln.

It is with the birth of the Theosophical Movement that we are chiefly concerned, and with H. P. Blavatsky's part therein. We might almost say that she and the Theosophical Society were born simultaneously, she springing "full armored" from forty-four years' obscurity and preparation — preparation about which she maintained the silence or equivocality of an occultist, and a preparation of which we have some knowledge, but of which the most fascinating parts have never been told.

H. P. B. was forty-four when the Theosophical Society was started; and her appearance in the western world was timed to coincide with the 'centennial impulse' which is given by the Occult Hierarchy in the last quarter of each century. In *The Mahatma Letters* we read:

You must have understood by this time, my friend, that the centennial attempt made by us to open the eyes of the blind world has nearly failed.

H. P. B. expands this quite fully in *The Key to Theosophy*. Again the Master K. H. says:

One or two hoped that the world had so far advanced intellectually, if not

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

intuitively that the occult doctrine might gain an intellectual acceptance, and the impulse given for a new cycle of occult research.

Speaking further He says:

It was stipulated however, that the experiment should be made independently of our personal management; that there should be no abnormal interference by ourselves.

This is in perfect agreement with the statement of H. P. B. that the Masters do not guide the Society, but They watch over and protect it.

Great oaks from tiny acorns spring. Great events often spring from small and apparently trifling causes. The assassination of the heir-apparent to the Austrian throne was the flash in the pan that brought on the world-conflagration. The acquaintance between H. P. B. and Colonel Olcott began very simply and naturally; it was fused by that most magical of agents — fire, or light — the Colonel offering H. P. B. a light for one of her now internationally famous and conventionally proper cigarettes, with the simple words, *Permettez-moi, Madame*. Here, then, was struck a light that has since shone round the world, a light that has brought illumination, peace, hope and philosophic satisfaction to hundreds of thousands. For with the coming together of those two Agents of the Masters of Wisdom, the leading characters in the early drama of the Theosophical Society were ready to accept their self-chosen, yet to some extent unknown rôles, and begin their life-long work for the helping of humanity.

Many of us are familiar, I am sure, with the estimate of these two which is given by the Master K. H. in one of his letters to Mr. Sinnett:

So casting about we found in America the man to stand as Leader — a man of great moral courage, unselfish and having other good qualities. He was far from the best, but (as Mr. Hume speaks in H. P. B.'s case) — he was the best one available.

With him we associated a woman of most exceptional and wonderful endowments. Combined with them she had strong personal defects, but just as she was, there was no second living fit for this work. We sent her to America, brought them together — and the trial began. From the first both he and she were given clearly to understand that the issue lay entirely with themselves.

Had this Centenary celebration occurred even two years ago it would not have been possible to introduce into it the theme of

H. P. B. CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE

brotherliness between Theosophists and Theosophical Societies which we hear sounding through the Movement today. And this fundamental, vibrating note was sounded by our Leader, Dr. de Purucker. Until a little over a year ago the idea of 'fraternization' if not unthought of, was at least unheard of; and if one or two 'wished it,' their voices were drowned beneath the roar of individualism and separateness. And yet, the very basis of the Theosophical teaching is brotherhood. The Master K. H. in a letter says:

The Chiefs want a 'Brotherhood of Humanity,' a real Universal Fraternity started; an institution which would make itself known throughout the world and arrest the attention of the highest minds.

And in another letter:

If you are willing I will send you an Essay showing why in Europe more than anywhere else, a Universal Brotherhood, *i. e.*, an association of affinities of strong magnetic yet dissimilar forces and polarities centered round one dominant idea, is necessary for successful achievement in occult sciences.

And the Master Morya writes:

It is he alone who has the love of humanity at heart, who is capable of grasping thoroughly the idea of a regenerating practical Brotherhood, who is entitled to the possession of our secrets. He alone, such a man, will never misuse his powers, as there will be no fear that he would turn them to selfish ends. A man who places not the good of mankind above his own good is not worthy of becoming higher in knowledge than his neighbor.

In *Practical Occultism* H. P. B. writes:

He who would profit by the wisdom of the universal mind has to reach it through the whole of humanity without distinction of race, complexion, religion or social distinction.

It is not necessary to review Theosophical history. What started as the Theosophical Society in 1875 has become the Theosophical Movement, composed of various Societies and bodies, tracing their origin to the first Society, or to the writings of H. P. Blavatsky. But, as we have said, until about a year ago no practical heart-impulsed effort had been made, no desire voiced, to bring these separate and often unfriendly units of the Theosophical Movement into friendly *rapport* and a working basis of brotherhood. This regenerating, constructive, vitalizing impulse came through our Leader, Dr. de Purucker; it originated here at Point Loma, and more quickly than that first light went round the world, has it spread through the entire

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Theosophical Movement with its cementing force of impersonal love and universal brotherhood.

How dear to the heart of H. P. B. must be this modern effort to reunite the separated parts of the Movement! How much she would desire it can be seen from her various messages to the American Section, presided over by Mr. Judge. And while at that time there was but one Theosophical Society, there is a prevision in her words which is apparent today.

In her Message of 1889 she wrote:

But in order that we may be able to effect this working on behalf of our common cause, we have to sink all private differences. Many are the energetic members of the Theosophical Society who wish to work and work hard: but the price of their assistance is that all work must be done in their way, and not in any one else's way. . . . There can be no other end to it than that the growth of the Society will soon be split up into various sects, as many as there are leaders, as hopelessly fatuous as the 350-odd Christian sects which exist in England alone at the present time. Is this prospect one to look forward to for the Theosophical Society? Is this 'separateness' consonant with the united Altruism of Universal Brotherhood? Is this the teaching of our noble Masters? . . .

Thus then, 'Union is Strength'; and for every reason private differences must be sunk in united work for our Great Cause. . . .

It is the old 'In hoc signo vinces' which should be our watchword, for it is under its sacred flag that we must conquer.

In 1890:

Once united in real solidarity, in the true spirit of Universal Brotherhood, no power can overthrow you, no obstacle bar your progress, no barrier check the advance of Theosophy in the coming century.

Theosophy is indeed the life, the indwelling spirit which makes every true reform a vital reality, for Theosophy is Universal Brotherhood, the very foundation as well as the keystone of all movements toward the amelioration of our condition.

In 1891:

After all, every wish and thought I can utter are summed up in this one sentence, the never dormant wish of my heart, "Be Theosophists, work for Theosophy." Theosophy first, Theosophy last; for its *practical* realization alone can save the western world from that selfish and unbrotherly feeling that now divides race from race, one nation from another; and from that hatred of class and social considerations that are the curse and disgrace of so-called Christian peoples. Theosophy alone can save it from sinking entirely into that mere luxurious materialism in which it will decay and putrefy as civilizations have done. In your hands, my brothers, is placed in trust the welfare of the coming century; and great as is the trust, so great is also the responsibility.

H. P. B. CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE

This is the spirit in which we convene this first Centenary of the birth of our great Teacher. The great desire of her heart is not yet realized; but we are much nearer to it than seemed possible even two years ago. The seeds of universal brotherhood have been quickened in many Theosophical hearts and minds and the logic which is an inescapable concomitant of Theosophical understanding makes it no longer possible for genuine Theosophists to stand aloof and apart as individuals and as societies. If they do they travesty the name of Theosophy and its first fundamental; and they crucify her who worked so steadfastly for unity and fraternity. The challenge to practice what we preach has been given, and the response has been gratifying indeed. Whatever the heart of H. P. B. may have suffered through the years since her passing, we believe that a soothing balm has been poured into the wounds within the past year or more; and Theosophical history will record that the *call* to brotherhood and fraternity came from the Leader of the Theosophical Society at Point Loma; the *response* has come from the hearts of all genuine Theosophists.

This Centenary celebration will be unique for all of us, for not one of us can hope to participate in another. Karma has placed us in incarnation at this time to help carry the message of Theosophy to the world, and to give our energies to the perpetuation of those "original impulses" which sprang from the Great White Lodge in 1875. We are now a little past the fifty year cycle — we are on the 'luminous arc' of the movement, and the realization of H. P. Blavatsky's aims and hopes for the world and the Theosophical Society seem nearer and more nearly possible than at any time in the life of any of us. The watchwords of our Leader have sounded throughout the Theosophical world: "Love is the Cement of the Universe. Learn to forgive; learn to love. Each one of you is an incarnate god: be it." It is in the spirit of these words and those which I read from H. P. B.'s printed messages to the American Section that we open this first Centenary celebration in honor of the birth, the life, work, passing, and liberation of our beloved and ever revered Teacher, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, more affectionately known to all of us as H. P. B.

SCIENCE NOTES

C. J. RYAN, M. A.

"THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE" REVIEWED FAVORABLY

AN interesting and friendly review of Dr. G. de Purucker's *Theosophy and Modern Science* — just translated into Dutch — has recently appeared in *Natuur en Mensch* (Nature and Man), a leading Dutch scientific monthly. It is written by the editor, Dr. Zene Kamerling, who quotes many long passages to illustrate the contents.

In recommending the book to the attention of scientists, he dwells strongly on the ethical character of this "philosophy of the religions" as a most valuable counterweight against the materialistic conceptions of natural science unfortunately so common today. He specially appreciates the endeavor to explain the synthesis of science, philosophy, and religion which he rightly states is an important feature in Theosophy. He says:

That behind and beyond the causality of inanimate nature, that behind the riddle of life in general, that behind the evolution of the human species and behind the historical events in human society there are to be recognised final causes as directing and regulating agents, this great truth Theosophy has the fullest right to emphasize.

All this is excellent, and the more so as coming from a well-qualified scientist. It shows a real understanding of one of the main purposes of the Theosophical Movement, which is to prove that the facts of Nature — including the destinies of man, individually as well as collectively — are not governed merely by mechanical causation but that there are intelligent spiritual forces of which the obvious manifestations are but the garment or vehicle, as we may say.

But the learned reviewer sees that scientists will have difficulty in accepting many Theosophical teachings about the origin and evolution of man. He says "they will not be acceptable to the biologist," and suggests that the correct position in regard to the causes and deeper problems of evolution is that of ignorance — "we do not know, and we shall not know." He thinks that the Theosophical teachings about archaic human races still unknown to science, and

SCIENCE NOTES

the partial descent of the anthropoid apes from the miscegenation of early degenerate men with extinct animals, are pure 'fantasies' that will seriously obstruct the acceptance of the valuable philosophical and ethical content of Theosophy.

Dr. Kamerling's thoughtful consideration of Theosophy, and his appreciation of the most important part of its message are in refreshing contrast to the ignorant and foolish criticisms flung at it by unscrupulous or ill-informed writers. It is also pleasant to learn that he realizes the sympathy that qualified Theosophists have for the 'scientific method' of requiring proof before accepting final statements. We can also readily comprehend the immense difficulty the regular biologist must feel when presented with a system of evolution so different from the popular theories, which are built entirely upon the study of the external appearances and visible actions of physical bodies. To the Theosophist the more or less conflicting hypotheses of the moment—for that is all they are: not one is proved — are partial approaches to a vast and inclusive scheme of Nature which is already known to the few advanced Seers who can look behind the outer veil of matter. Gradually, as new and unexpected facts are disclosed, the future scientist will realize that the slight sketch presented by Theosophy of this gigantic Design includes what is permanent in modern speculation; it will find its place, but it is only a ripple on the ocean of knowledge. *This knowledge is available even now.*

And so it seems to students of Theosophy that even though certain of its propositions may be hindrances to some friendly inquirers they cannot be abandoned or hushed up for prudential reasons; still less can they be fitted into the Procrustean bed of materialistic science.

CHANGING THE BIOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW

The great difficulty for the biologist is to change his point of view, and this is natural. He recognises only one other possible theory of the origin of life — special creation by the fiat of a Personal God, and this he finds incredible. If he studied the Ancient Wisdom with care and discrimination he would find an alternative that satisfies reason without destroying spiritual ideals, an alternative that insists even more emphatically than he does upon the reality of evolution.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

But to do this he must open his mind to a larger field of view than he dares to think possible, to more subtil realities than the superficially apparent. While the metaphysical abstractions of the Quantum theory and Time-Space are being seriously considered, utterly paradoxical as they are admitted to be, there surely can be no *a priori* difficulty in studying a hypothesis that is far less weird, and that certainly clears up many difficulties. We are now told by our great men of science that the universe is made of 'events' rather than matter; that the electrons composing the atom are knots of waves, *i. e.*, 'events,' indefinable as to their nature, unless that elusive concept, Space, is drawn upon as the foundation-principle or substance. Surely the 'event'-hypothesis is a difficult basis to build an evolutionary theory on, unless we acknowledge some spiritual consciousness behind it all.

The Ancient Wisdom envisages a great range of life-conditions in Nature, from the super-spiritual, as we may say, to the densely material. The Monad descends the Ladder of Being, at each step taking or evolving appropriate vestures, till it reaches the lowest stage. It then ascends through an inverse experience with the harvest of knowledge gained during its pilgrimage, in which the inner powers were brought forth from latency and manifested in action, that is to say *evolved*. During its term on our terrestrial globe, this process is reflected in miniature through the successive evolutionary periods called the Great Races, when mankind descends into the physical and gradually ascends to more ethereal conditions.

In this process — hardly more than suggested here — it will be seen that *Something* actually evolves or manifests its potentialities. Can this be said of any biological hypothesis so far widely accepted? In the recent great discussion on evolution at the Centenary of the British Association of Science, no one could offer any suggestion as to the *cause* of evolution, for the old ideas of Natural Selection, Survival of the Fittest and the Struggle for Existence, have been relegated to the region of subordinate processes quite limited in their scope.

Let us imagine for a moment that the biologist will agree that the evolutionary process outlined above is quite a logical and comprehensible view, but that he knows nothing, unfortunately, of any other kind of life or consciousness than that which is inseparable from a dense, physical body. Also, that he cannot understand the

SCIENCE NOTES

possibility of other planes beyond or within the physical, regions where conscious beings can function without our perceiving them with our senses or even by means of appropriate instruments. Then the Theosophist would tell him that if he would lay aside his dread of the so-called 'supernatural'—a synonym to him of ignorance and superstition—and search more deeply on Theosophical lines till he discovered that Nature has an 'occult lining' to her outer garment, he would find that, after all, his evolutionary scheme was only a shadow of the great plan, and that the data on which he depended were too limited in scope to provide material for final conclusions.

It is too late to deny the 'occult.' Telepathy is accepted by all who have made themselves acquainted with the facts, and yet until lately it was scouted as a fantasy; psychometry and premonitions are subjects of serious inquiry; evidence for many other classes of occult phenomena that do not fit in with ordinary laws of physics is increasing rapidly. When a scientist and philosopher like Dr. Hans Driesch can write the following it is clear that the occult is no longer negligible:

There are still people who deny the existence of these facts [certain psychic phenomena] because they do not fit into their view of the world; but that affects the reality of the events no more than the antipodes were affected by the Church's denial of their existence. . . . The number of the dogmatic opponents—they are generally materialists of the old type—grows less year by year. . . .

We have certain knowledge only in the fields of personal organic morphology, in embryology, in regeneration; we suspect it in phylogeny or racial history. And that is all. . . . We have no knowledge at all of the process by means of which the descent of one organic species from the other took place; we only know that the special theories that are associated with the names of Darwin and Lamarck fail to meet the essential issue, namely, the primal cause of the differentiation. . . . 'Natural selection in the struggle for existence' especially is a factor which acts exclusively in the negative, that is, in an eliminating manner. Whence came the entities among which the selection operated? That, precisely, we do not know.—*Man and the Universe*, 1930

Theosophists believe that the Ancient Wisdom does know, and that careful, dispassionate study of even the little that has been given to the Western world will provide the illumination needed to solve the most pressing problems.

It is perhaps desirable to mention here that the teaching of the Ancient Wisdom is never put forward by well-informed Theosophists as a dogma to be accepted on anyone's *ipse dixit*. It is offered

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

as a formulation of knowledge collected by generations of Seers and Sages who have means superior to ours even when aided by the most ingenious instruments, of ascertaining the facts of Nature. This knowledge may be accepted or rejected in part or as a whole, and even Fellows of the Theosophical Society sacredly preserve their right to private judgment. But it has been observed that the more deeply the Theosophic formulation is studied and compared with the discoveries of science the more convincing it becomes, and the more clearly it stands as a key to further progress.

This point brings up the question of the Great Teachers and their real status. Much, of course, depends on this, and the subject has been, and will be, treated frequently in Theosophical literature. We cannot touch on that now, but will merely say that the existence of the synthesis of Science, Religion, and Philosophy, known as Theosophy, and the method of its production, provide strong evidence for the reality of Super-Men who have actually penetrated behind the veil of the Seeming.

PSYCHOANALYSIS TRENDING TOWARDS THEOSOPHICAL TRUTHS

Remarkable developments in Psychoanalysis have recently taken place in France. They are of special interest to Theosophists because they show a definite trend toward Theosophical methods of amelioration.

Psychoanalysis, whether according to Freud, Jung, Adler, or others, claims to be a healing agency. But many critics assert that it is actively injurious in not a few cases, especially in the hands of inferior practitioners. Serious charges have been made by psychologists and physicians that it often brings misery to the patient, even despair, leading at times to suicide.

An important factor in psychoanalysis is the unveiling of the worst or weakest side of the patient by analysing his dreams. The principles of dream-analysis seem to many intelligent laymen very far-fetched, not to say preposterous, when rigorously applied. Opponents especially condemn the excesses of the school that turns almost every dream incident or 'symbol' into revelations of the grossest desires. It is also suggested that undesirable ideas are aroused in victims of psychoanalysis by the method of drawing their attention to such desires, even with the most laudable intentions. However this may be — and it is not incredible — a true, wholesome

SCIENCE NOTES

and really healing treatment of nervous lesions should be free from such charges. Some eminent psychologists call Freud's system 'disastrous.'

Hitherto psychoanalysis has aimed to bring to the surface 'natural,' *i. e.*, *animal* desires forcibly suppressed in childhood by parents, teachers, and general environment. These desires or instincts are supposed to be natural to the irresponsible child, but quite out of place in the adult who has to make his way in a world of so-called civilized beings. Psychoanalysts trace the troubles of the patient to the suppression of the infantile instincts below the 'threshold' of normal consciousness. Release them, and present them to the conscious attention of the patient, and (they contend) he can restore his disturbed equilibrium himself when he knows the problem before him.

To attain this desirable result the psychoanalyst resorts to the principles of utilitarianism, prudence, and the like. To materialistic psychology man is a bundle of common desires, a more intelligent ape. The concept of a higher, basic Self, of which the lower personality is only a mask or vehicle, is unthought of, and so its appeal is naturally to the fear of consequences, to the desire to appear presentable to the world, ambition, etc.

For some years a feeling has been growing that Freud went too far in his insistence that sex aberrations were at the root of the evils he wished to eradicate, and other psychologists have adopted other explanations; but the fundamental method of presenting the latent ugly side of the personality was not abandoned.

At last, however, a revolt has broken out against this method, and a bold advance has been made towards superior ones, Theosophical in principle if not in name.

A group of eminent psychologists, headed by Professor H. A. Jules-Bois and Dr. Felix Maindon, the latter a disciple of the famous Charcot, have awakened to the existence of serious defects, even dangers, in the methods of Psychoanalysis. Patients are found to suffer from the shock of the discovery of their dismal state and to despair of the possibility of improvement. No effective basis was offered on which they could reconstruct their lives. Many committed suicide.

This and other considerations have caused a complete reversal of method and the adoption of a really wholesome treatment among

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the French psychologists associated with Prof. Jules-Bois. They have awakened to the fact — so often taught by Theosophists — that it is a serious error to dwell on the dark side if you wish to reform, and their new system, which they call *Psycho-Synthesis*, is, as the name implies, a constructive process. They are teaching the patient that for every ugly trait there is a corresponding virtue — the ‘pairs of opposites’ of the Eastern philosophy — and that he has a great reservoir of strength and moral health *within him*.

The new treatment does not deny the bad qualities, open or latent; the psychologist studies all the symptoms he can find, but he exhibits to the patient only what is absolutely necessary, so as not to discourage him by the magnitude of the task before him. He shows the patient how to evoke his will-power and draw upon his building forces; doubt and fear are specially attacked by the system.

In his efforts to find a better psychological treatment Professor Jules-Bois, who is evidently no conventional thinker, studied certain curious results obtained by ‘New Thought’ cults to see if there might be some valuable principle behind their denials, obscured by what seems to the scientist illogical pseudo-science. He was led to the conception of a “*Super-Consciousness*” (not a *Sub-Consciousness*, an important difference) and its afflatus, and it struck him that this constructive power could be used intelligently and without the mental artifices and appeal to morbid credulity with which it has been exploited by amateurs. The great success of the new psycho-synthesis treatment has arisen from this thoroughly sound principle, a principle that Theosophy has been teaching for years, though not specially in connexion with healing, for the Theosophical Movement does not offer any specific treatment for the sick; it is emphatically not a ‘healing cult.’ Its scope is far wider.

The Theosophical teaching of the innate divinity of man is the foundation of all real reform and of future evolutionary progress; and it is gratifying to see psychology taking a real step toward it under whatever name.



A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me. — *Gautama the Buddha*

DOUBT AND UNBELIEF

H. A. FUSSELL, D. LITT.

DOUBT has been regarded, chiefly by pious church-people, as a 'sin.' On the other hand, the more philosophically inclined have always affirmed that it is 'a sacred duty.' An oft-quoted verse in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* states unqualifiedly that "the man of doubtful mind hath no happiness either in this world or in the next or in any other." Which of these views is correct? For the present I will content myself with remarking that, since man is a thinking, reasoning being, naturally a truth-seeker, doubt cannot be regarded as a permanent state of mind; it must end in either affirmation or denial, or in some kind of compromise, both 'yes' and 'no.' Moreover, doubt is, more often than not, a stepping-stone from half-truths, or what once seemed to be truth but was really error, to essential truth, that is to say, from illusion to reality.

Like all men, I am but a learner in life's school, and what I have to say I have learnt from experience and from my Teachers, to whom I cannot be too grateful for what they have taught me. Whatever originality, therefore, this may possess will be in the manner of presentation, not in the subject-matter, occasionally perhaps not in the words.

It is a commonplace among real thinkers, that "the encyclopedic instruction, in vogue today, imparts a great deal of verbal, but very little real, knowledge." We too often repeat words without any vital apprehension of the facts they convey. We use grandiloquent language, composed largely of catchwords which we have learnt by rote. For example, we speak in praise of Brotherhood, even when our conduct is ignoble and unbrotherly, conduct which we ourselves condemn in our better moments, thus adding to the doubt already existent in the world, and in its worst form, doubt in ourselves and in one another.

If truth is to prevail, it must be personally experienced, assimilated by the heart as well as by the intellect, and expressed in conduct, a process which will be greatly aided, as I have already hinted, by following the teachings of those who are more advanced than we are, whose knowledge is greater than ours, and whom we shall do well to take for guides on our journey through life.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

The only remedy for doubt is knowledge, of which self-knowledge is an important part, for he who knows the Self — which is not to be identified with our illusory, apparent self — knows all things. And the only sure way to obtain this knowledge at all completely, is to live a truly Theosophic life, the life of service, of brotherly love, of mutual help, and of self-sacrifice. For, as Mr. Judge very truly says, if we desire to know in order better to help our fellow-men, we shall surely find, not all knowledge — that is an unending quest — but all the knowledge we need. “He who would profit by the wisdom of the Eternal Mind,” says H. P. Blavatsky, “must seek it through Collective Humanity.”

It is a mistake to make church-membership the hallmark of religion, and to think that there are no religiously-minded people outside the churches. The great religious awakening we are witnessing today is bearing fruit most abundantly among the unorthodox, that is to say, among those who reject more or less the established forms of Christianity.

The old dogmas of a personal, vindictive, punishing God, of predestination to an unending heaven or hell, of vicarious atonement which demands that an innocent victim should suffer instead of the guilty, of the verbal inspiration of the Bible, are no longer even argued against. They are outgrown and, in their cruder forms, have ceased to be the topics of pulpit eloquence. Old-fashioned preachers called the growing unbelief sinful doubt, contempt of God's word and commandment. The doubt which they castigated in such unmeasured terms has become deep inner conviction, born of intellectual acumen wedded to soul-insight.

Some years ago a thoughtful writer, in an article in a religious and philosophical journal, admitted that “much of modern skepticism has its roots in some of the finer aspects of human nature. It is probable that human love, compassion, and good-will are responsible for as much doubt and loss of religious faith as hardness of heart.”

Quite recently a College professor, writing on ‘Religious Beliefs in American Colleges,’ summed up fifteen years of intimate intercourse with College men in ten States, chiefly in the South, the middle West, and the West. He says that the majority of these young men declared frankly that God was still speaking directly to the world through sin-

DOUBT AND UNBELIEF

cere thinkers, writers, and scientists, and that greater revelations than he had yet given to the world were to come.

Many of these young men placed Jesus, Buddha, and Confucius in the same category of inspired teachers. And the writer ends a most interesting article with the significant words:

Religion to the average College thinker is a matter of man's relationship to the Divine, and the expression of it in service to mankind. . . . If ever this youthful religious thought finds a broad-minded and sympathetic leader, the spiritual world may leap forward as it has never done before.

I might quote much more to the same effect to show that men's minds are being prepared to accept the teachings of Theosophy, and that Katherine Tingley stated a great truth when she declared that a new energy is being liberated from the center of life . . . and its influence pervades all things. Nothing can rest still, all things are being pushed forward by that great solar energy now being set free.

The new ideas now streaming into men's minds have already brought about radical changes in our outlook upon life. We have a nobler and truer conception of the Self, of our own inner god. What of it if the result is a bitter struggle between the higher and lower natures of man? We accept the combat, for it is of our own seeking — would that we all knew it! — the result of high resolve and effective action in former lives. The spiritual knowledge acquired by us in former incarnations is not lost; it belongs to the imperishable part of our nature, and it influences us for good during life after life, making us strive more and more diligently towards perfection.

If it is really our purpose to seek truth at all costs, our vision will clear, and doubt and hesitation will give way to resolution and definiteness of aim. We are working in the right direction, of that we are sure; but how little has been accomplished, owing to the perversity of human nature. Our way lies through imperfection and incompleteness to perfection; and to stop striving for the greater good that lies ahead, we know would be death, the death of the soul; and so we continue the struggle, confident that victory will be ours at last.

In this brief sketch of some of the changes, chiefly psychological and religious, that are taking place, I have endeavored to state facts, and have been content merely to indicate my own viewpoint. No one, it has been pertinently remarked, was ever converted to Theo-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

sophy. Whoever becomes a Theosophist, does so because of an extension of previous thought. That is why so many, on being asked their reasons for wishing to join the Society, exclaim: "Why! I have always been a Theosophist, though I did not know it. Joining the Theosophical Society is for me simply the soul's homecoming."

It is my firm conviction that Theosophy will spread quietly and unobtrusively by the persuasive force of truth inherent in it. If it makes no headway in some quarters where bigotry and prejudice still reign, it gains ground elsewhere; rejected in one period, in a more enlightened one it is welcomed and finds acceptance in minds which have been made receptive by its own light. Like the dawn, it lights up first the highest peaks, the most advanced among mankind spiritually and intellectually. Only gradually can it dispel darkness and ignorance, until it will finally enable all men to convert faith into insight. And to those whose doubts are more scientific than religious and philosophical, I would say that it is difficult to divide the mind into compartments, and that Theosophy, being religion-philosophy-science, has an answer for doubts of all kinds, whatever name we may give them. Moreover, Theosophy gives us a vision of what we are destined to be, if we will only live up to our highest possibilities; and what is more, it shows us the way.

A great responsibility, then, is ours. The beliefs we form, the purposes that rule our lives, subserve or retard not only our own individual progress, but also the progress of the race. Human solidarity compels us to consider others as well as ourselves. And we must remember that the thoughts we cherish become part of the great thought-reservoir of the earth, from which we and all men are constantly drawing. Our responsibility lies in whether we accept or reject thoughts that come into our minds, in the manner in which we develop and color them, before they return to the source whence they came, for they bear our impress. Truly, not only of set purpose, but in ways unknown to us, we influence, not only those around us, but the course of human evolution, generally speaking. We are so constituted that we are for ever reciprocally acting on one another.

I began by mentioning my debt to my Teachers. Let me end on the same note. They have taught me that any and every attainment of truth: truth about the universe, about man's relations to it, and his relations to others, is of the nature of an initiation, entailing along with the knowledge gained, great responsibilities in re-

NATURE, MY UNIVERSAL SELF

gard to the use we make of it, for such use affects not only our fellow-men, but even the beings below us. Also, that the only safe way to obtain this knowledge, which in its essence is spiritual, is to live a clean life, to think out things to the end, confident that in a universe of law and order and of absolute justice to each and all, we shall ultimately find a way out of every doubt and every difficulty, *provided that* we believe in, and develop, our divine potentialities. Our first and last duty is to elevate ourselves spiritually, to heed the behests of the god within.

There are then certain conditions which must be fulfilled, if we would attain to spiritual knowledge, and know our true place, and function, in the vast scheme of evolution. These conditions are clearly indicated by Fechner, one of the deepest and yet clearest thinkers of the last century, whom I regard as one of the forerunners of the present Theosophical Movement. Almost alone among the scientists of that materialistic age, he was convinced that "the whole universe was alive," that it was "a wonderful organism of the sublimest order"; that "nowhere in it was there any such thing as 'dead matter'"; and that "the best and highest things . . . are only for the best and highest men, who alone understand them and help to produce them." "The best and highest things,"—do we not long to possess them? Do we not wish to create them, not for ourselves so much as for others? It is Dr. G. de Purucker, our present Leader and Teacher, who tells us how to become one of these best and highest men: "Each of you is an incarnate god. Be it!"

NATURE, MY UNIVERSAL SELF

GRACE KNOCHE, M. A.

I must follow up these continual lessons of the air, water, earth,
I perceive I have no time to lose.—*Walt Whitman (Myself and Mine)*

NO TIME to lose, indeed, while the great question, What is Nature? falls unanswered from our lips. Yet to guests from another planet it would seem odd, that question, from the lips of human creatures, who live and move in her spaces and have all their being there. It is as if one bird should ask another, as they meet flying in the blue, "Tell me, what is air?"—the while they dip and float and breathe, immersed in the element itself.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

The question is almost the first from the lips of those who are beginning to study philosophy and the world around them, particularly if with that effort they begin to study themselves. *Where am I?* follows logically upon *Who am I?* Yet if you suggest to the average person that Nature is more than the visible world around us — the trees, the ocean, the flowers, the storms, the sky, all this beautiful and quieting *milieu*; if you suggest that what we ordinarily call 'Nature' is but a slice, the thinnest kind of a slice, indeed, a mere cross-section of that great invisible kingdom which Nature is in its wholeness, you are likely to hear the response, "No invisible worlds for me! I'll believe in them when I'm shown." While all the time he is living, and loving, and conducting his business in a world as invisible as anything in great Nature, and is, as a matter of fact, invisible himself.

This is the thesis then, and we have only to ask a question or two to make it clear. What is the Self, the man? Is it the clothing which, some say, makes the man? Obviously, no; that is merely a garment for the man. Is it, then, the body? Go into the institutions where mental cases are cared for, institutions for the insane, the defective, the idiotic. There are bodies enough, functioning perhaps as well as our own. But the man, the Self, is not in them. Go into the still chamber of death. The body lies before you, in physical perfection it may be. But the man, like a bird, has flown. Obviously, therefore, the body is just another garment. Is not our thesis proven? The man himself is invisible, for the man is *Mind*, with the radiance of the Spirit upon it. We do not see each other, we do not jostle each other on the street; we see only the garments that we wear, you and I; we jostle only the covering that hides the inner splendor — or the shame, sometimes, alas! — of the man who is within. The word 'man' by the way, comes from the Sanskrit *manas*, meaning 'mind'; and Earth is called a 'mind-bearing planet' because man dominates here for the time.

As to our real life: that, too, is lived in an invisible world, the world of thought and feeling, a world compact of that which is wholly immaterial — love, will, dreams, aspiration, creative energies. It is not necessarily a spiritual or uplifting world, for it has contrasting general levels, as our material world has, one that is high and another that may be very low. But our real life is lived there because the real man is the Mind, and fortunate he who has the radiance of *Ātman* shed on it. No finest instrument in our power to make can render

NATURE, MY UNIVERSAL SELF

visible or tangible to us, therefore, the Man himself. Walt Whitman set forth the matter succinctly when he wrote:

I am not contained between my hat and my boots.
I am the mate and companion of people just as immortal and
fathomless as myself.

(They do not know how immortal, but I know).

Consider the ordinary courses of our worldly life. We pride ourselves on being very practical, agnostic, perhaps, or even materialistic. We believe in nothing we cannot weigh or measure or see or touch (so we say); yet in our next breath we condemn this or that proposed law because, forsooth, it is 'unpatriotic' or it assails 'the home' or is against the best interests of the 'state.' Yet who ever saw, or could lay on the scales, or cram into a test-tube, or photograph through a telescope, that intangible, purely metaphysical something called 'home' or 'patriotism' or 'the state'? Homes, yes; patriotic enterprises or people, yes; states, yes: but that is something else again. No, there is no such being as a thorough out-and-out Materialist. There couldn't be. We are invisible beings with nothing visible of us at all but the garments that we wear; and the world we live in is an invisible world. We may therefore plunge into a consideration of Nature as a vast invisible kingdom without apology.

According to Theosophy, 'Nature' is the whole vast universe of life, visible and invisible, in which we live and move and have our being — immersed in it, breathing it into our being, and outbreathing it again. And of this Universal Nature uncountable other beings are a part; they infill it, some of them visible, but the greater part, by far, invisible. Earth, well called a 'dust-speck' when compared with the glorious stars and suns in space, is therefore not our home; but just one little chamber in a vast universal home of many mansions: the Universe. It is just a stopping-place on the long journey, and what we call 'Nature' while here is but a feeble suggestion of the illimitable whole.

According to teachings which come down to us from immemorial time, and which are being brought out in a new and more profound way by the present Theosophical Leader, Dr. de Purucker, Space is no empty void, but is packed full with energies, entities, forces, and beings of myriad kinds and in all stages of evolution, some of them below the human kingdom, others far ahead of it on Nature's path of advance. Man stands at the midway point on this mighty

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Ladder of Life — for evolution means in this our Universe a mighty Stair or Ladder, going from planes and kingdoms more material than our earth, step by step and rung by rung — not one passed over or missed — up and up to the mighty beings above us, the greater men, the heroes, the demi-gods, the gods above these, and ever on and on. There could have been no beginning; there can never be an end. Every entity on this vast Ladder is, to quote our Teacher, “a learning entity, a growing, evolving entity.” And the building-bricks of all this cosmic structure are atoms.

Now to understand what is an atom, is to know what Nature is. Fifty years ago, when H. P. Blavatsky taught that at the heart of every atom was a spark of Divine Life; that in the core of the core of its being was an inner fire, a god-spark, she was ignored. When she gave out the teaching of laya-centers—that is, that there are certain points in the scale of things where substance is homogeneous and that through these vast energies and matters flow down into this our world from other and invisible worlds or planes, she was ignored. When she said that our universe was not running down like a tired clock, but that a process of creation and inflow was continually going on, she was ridiculed. But today the leaders in Science are teaching all this. What are the ‘singular points’ of Sir James Jeans but the ‘laya-centers’ of archaic Theosophy? There is a passage in *The Secret Doctrine* that actually describes the ‘cosmic rays’ of Dr. Millikan, and even states what he does as to the best conditions for observing them. As to the atom: that lives in an invisible world, certainly, for not even the most powerful microscopes can make it visible, much less the miniature solar system which is its anatomy and its plan, with its infinitesimal electrons or ‘planets’ whirling around the proton, their central ‘sun.’

As to the archaic teaching that matter is an illusion — that is, that while matter indubitably exists, it is not what it appears to be — science now tells us that what seems so solid is anything but solid; that in fact matter is merely a congeries of light-points or energy-points, as relatively proportioned to and as relatively distant from each other as a pea in this room in Lomaland would be from another pea located in San Diego. In the hydrogen atom the distance between such peas would be, relatively, 80,000 miles. Everything else is ‘holes,’ that is, so far as *matter* is concerned, ‘emptiness.’ In short, according to science today, matter, far from being solid, is but a col-

NATURE, MY UNIVERSAL SELF

lection of holes tied together with strings, the knots alone of which are provable. But these knots are the atoms, Nature's tiny consciousness-points.

This brings us to another fundamental teaching which coming from the lips of H. P. Blavatsky was ignored, but is now the latest pronouncement of science — that mind-stuff, consciousness, is the fundamental stuff of the Universe, therefore of Nature. Scientists are even beginning to suspect an ether within the ether which they now admit, even an ether within the atom — just what Theosophy has taught from immemorial time.

Now if science declares solemnly so much as this; and if common sense and logic declare that so thrifty a housewife as Nature would never leave all that vast invisible world of 'holes' and 'spaces' empty, surely we cannot be accused of being visionary or too metaphysical if we go a step further and declare that this world of so-called 'emptiness' has its inhabitants just as Earth has, and of as infinitely many kinds. It has them, verily, and they are as diverse in shape, in stature, and in temperament, as are the entities that inhabit Earth in the human kingdom, the beast-kingdom, the plant-kingdom, the mineral-kingdom and so on. It is these that, infilling the invisible world, constitute what the Theosophist calls 'Nature.'

This is but a running glance at only a few of the teachings that Theosophy has about Nature, but they are sufficient to make certain important facts stand out clearly. One is, that not Earth merely, but the entire Universe is our home. Who imagines, with these great ideas before us, that man could be confined to Earth and earth-life? If the Mind is the man, then wherever Mind can go, man can go — to the farthest star if he will, if he knows the road, and if he is equipped. There are no limits to his journeying save those set by the encircling bounds that limit the Universe itself. Let us never forget that mighty teaching and truth: *Not the world but the Universe is our home*, and we are inseparable from it. We breathe in its life, physical and spiritual, and we give of our own to help create it. Mystically *it is ourself*. Therefore, logically, just as all things on our Earth are our brothers — bound to us by virtue of that inner Divine Essence or Spiritual Fire which is the core of the core of every atom — for atoms are the 'building bricks' of Cosmos and everything that it contains — so are we bound in brotherhood to the beings that constitute great Nature and that fill invisible space.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

This brings us to the consideration of a topic that is of interest to practically everyone, for the great majority of mankind are fathers or mothers or teachers, and hardly anyone is removed from some contact with children who want to know. It is this: Are there, or are there not, *fairies*? You can't persuade the little child that there are no fairies, but as fairies, whether imagined or real, belong to the invisible world of Nature, of course among their elders eyebrows are lifted and hands held up in horror at the idea. But the question is not so insignificant as it seems, when governments will pass laws decreeing what children shall be told about 'fairies'; and at the present time the State of California is burning tons upon tons of otherwise valuable school-books because, forsooth, they are found to contain fairy-stories — and fairies, of course, do not exist! It will never do to teach the children falsehoods, you know — the while schools all over the world are still teaching Darwinian evolution and other things wholly discredited by our leaders in science now. The inquirer may well be referred to Dr. de Purucker's book, *Theosophy and Modern Science* at this point. It sheds an illuminating light.

Now to come back to the invisible world where dwell the fairies — the gnomes, pixies, elves, Undines, salamanders, sylphs, 'Children of Beauty,' 'Good People,' and so on, some of them small, even infinitesimal in size, some of them large, titanic; some of them beautiful and others hideous; some of them friendly to men and others hostile, unfriendly. Stories and legends about these make up the priceless legacy of fairy-lore that has come to us out of the ages, a legacy which no one who aspires to be even fairly well-educated can ignore. So that it is important to settle the question as to whether 'fairies' exist or not, if we wish to understand what 'Nature' is or how to educate the child, for children have an inborn intuition that fairies *do* exist, and we have to take this into account. There seems to be an impassable gulf here: on one side, the intuitive mother with her fairy-world and her child; on the other, science with its denial of 'fairies' but with its wonder-tales about energies, forces, vortices of consciousness, consciousness-points, and so on.

A ridiculous situation is this, for both are talking about exactly the same thing—infinitesimal 'lives,' hardly more than 'cloudlets of air'; invisible energy-points just born, some of them, from the heart of mystic Nature, and beginning their long evolutionary climb. Call them 'energies' and the scientist admits them *in toto*, though he shies

NATURE, MY UNIVERSAL SELF

at 'fairies'; call them 'fairies' and the little child takes them to his heart, when 'energies' would mean to him exactly nothing. Theosophy, meanwhile, always the Great Reconciler, quietly discloses that there is no quarrel at all. The names may be different but the things named are identical. To stickle and quarrel and make dividing-lines in such case is neither Theosophical nor scientific, as H. P. Blavatsky pointed out — and as her Successor, the present Theosophical Leader, is kept busy pointing out today, so many questions are being asked him on this subject. Read 'Gods, Monads, and Atoms' in *The Secret Doctrine* in connexion with certain lectures in Dr. de Purucker's recent book, *Questions We All Ask*, the most outstanding chapters, so far as the subject of invisible worlds is concerned, being the following, 'Sprites, Fairies and Goblins,' 'Glimpses into the Unseen Universe,' and 'Invisible Worlds and Their Inhabitants.' These give in beautiful and lucid form the teachings of Theosophy on this subject and make needless further paragraphs here. Suffice it to observe that today Theosophy and Science are practically clasping hands on this subject — it simply remains for Science to find this little fact out.

While capricious Nature, with her moods and impulses, her sunshine and storm, her helpful influences and her malign ones, her energies vast and cosmic, whether gentle, or fierce as hurricane or typhoon, goes right along, challenging us to explain her. Theosophy meets this challenge, however, with ease, in its teachings about the invisible world and the invisible energies playing there — 'lives' simply 'lives' for the most part, in the elemental or beginning stage. They are conscious; they are intelligent on their own plane; they have attractions and repulsions as we have, though as yet no more than rudimental mind. They attract man, and are attracted by him — which is not strange, for of how many myriads of them is not man himself the creator! Thoughts sent forth by man become entities in the invisible world of Nature, and in due course return to him, strengthened in respect to the good or evil quality of the power that sent them forth. Here is your explanation of the true old saying that "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost." They do.

Much truth about these elemental beings might come to us were we to contact more thoughtfully and more sympathetically the animals and plants of our own *visible* world, for these, to quote our Teacher again, are simply elemental beings who are passing through (as we are, too, just now) the earth-stage of their evolution. The

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

beasts seek us and revere us. To them we are as gods. And how shamefully we misuse our lofty place and power! They *want* to serve and love us. Even in the wilds, they leave man to go his way, unharmed, if he does not first harm them. *This is undisputed testimony.* How cruel is our response to this!

Those who love somewhat these brothers of ours in the beast- and flower-kingdoms, know that a beautiful interchange and communion might exist between them and ourselves, if we would have it so; not *communication*, which is a brain-mind, dictionary word, but *communion*. It is established already in the case of those who have regained love and the child-heart. And how came it ever to be broken, with the same Divinity, the same Monadic Essence, at the heart and core of us all? That is the question that bothers. How much, how very much, we have lost on our long climb up the steps of Life's still, old Stair! For we are all Brothers, ALL of us, whether we live in visible or in invisible worlds, or, as we do at present, in both. Below and within and beyond this outer and separate life, so dizzy with heart-ache and friction, is the Inner Life which is One, and the Inner Golden Cord binding us together. Nature is not something for us to examine at a distance with a telescope, or near by with forceps in our hands. No! It is *ourselves* — the very term 'human nature' indicates as much as that — and we are Nature. Rest, purification, peace is unto those who stretch out weary hands to Nature, because her heart is one with our heart in its deeper, inner being.

Understanding this, sentimentality leaves us for ever and compassion takes its place. We see the truth at last. We could not, even if we would, turn away from these elemental beings visibly surrounding us. As they are now, so once were we; but helping hands reached down to us, and we grasped them and climbed up. It is but decency, it is but the most elemental gratitude, that we should now reach down to help those who are below. I sometimes think that if Mother Nature were ever to adopt our human ways and want a design for a cosmic book-plate or a seal, no emblem could be chosen closer to her plan and method, her spiritual *métier*, than the Helping Hand. For her whole cry to us, her most intimate, urgent message, is that we reach out the helping hand to those below. That matters utterly; wanting it, nothing else really matters at all. Do you remember the lines Burns wrote to a daisy, plow-torn and uprooted in the furrow? Through the simple words breathes the Spirit of Compassion.

WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?

Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
That I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To save thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

That is the spirit we must have if Nature is ever to open her magic casements and show us on the distant billows the Great Ship coming in. And isn't it time? Like the poor Lady of Shalott, we are "half-sick of shadows." We are anhungered for the Real. Nature has it — oh, do we need Teachers to tell us so simple a truth as this? — and it may be had by us for the asking, so be it we ask aright.

WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?

(Reprinted from *The Irish Theosophist*, II, 80; Dublin, Ireland, 1894)

F. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E.

THIS is one of the questions so much easier to ask than to answer. Its enunciation involves half truths, and contradictions, which seem so obvious that it is easier to turn away from the problem than to face it, even intellectually. Yet it is capable of perfectly logical and scientific treatment, granting a sufficiently unbiased mode of approaching the question, and we must try and shake ourselves out of our ruts and grooves in considering it.

First, who are we? Are we more, or less, than we suspect ourselves to be? Are we really *owners*, so to speak, of a long procession of varied lives amid all imaginable surroundings of power, of service, of brilliancy, and of gloom, the memory of which is merely lost for a time; or are we heirs to some vaster memory *not* our own? Are we merely bundles of mental impressions which flicker and die, never to reawaken; or are we like feeble candles burning outside the flame-temple of our real selves; to be entered sooner or later, or not at all, as we choose?

I love contemporary thought, notwithstanding its beautiful error, tottering metaphysics, and general denial of everything sacred. To what can we advantageously address ourselves if not to, and largely in, terms of that thought? Good deeds and thoughts are a mighty

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

power; but if we venture into the region where the men and women of our time are *asking* these questions, we should see whether it is not possible to answer very much in terms of the thought of the time. Be it noted that in order to do so, students may dig more or less deeply in Eastern psychology, but it does not follow that they should invariably offer the spoken *thought-forms*, to say nothing of the *words*, of the East, to those whom they fain would help; especially when we remember how little of really occult thought-forms is translatable by our ill-developed Western *brains*, even though these sometimes reach our *hearts*.

Our past lives! What an astounding conception! It is too astounding, perhaps, there must be a flaw somewhere. It rings true somehow, yet it seems not true; why is this? Who then, are *we*? That is the point. The answer of Theosophy is, *We are Mind*. Now I venture to think this is not *obviously* true. It takes some time to make this out. We have to reflect a little before we will admit the truth of this. I will go further and say that one has usually to go through a good deal of pretty stiff self-analysis, and perhaps suffering, before he is at all ready to admit it. As it is, many people would even be prepared to scout the idea. Yet it is most important to firmly grasp this conception, because until it is grasped we can make no progress with our subject. And let me say at once that by Mind we must *not* understand Intellect. *We* are more than intellect. The latter is a semi-automatic affair, a good deal connected with memory, of which we will speak presently. Intellect is not the real thinker, and, moreover, does not suffer, is not swayed by emotion, does not aspire or despair. But *we* do, that is to say, *Mind* does. It is for want of due discrimination between intellect and mind that the control of the passional nature, etc., seems at first to point to no other result than the production of a purely intellectual, and therefore cold and unfeeling being, whom we perhaps picture as "grieving neither for the living nor the dead." Mind really includes perception and experience of form and material qualities, of sensations of different kinds, of abstract ideas, of tendencies and desires, and of mental powers. These five are we, not separately, but collectively. Now this is also a creative and energizing power that works from, and in the center of our being, the heart. The brain, moon-like, in one aspect merely reflects the life of the heart. "Regard earnestly the life that surrounds you. It is formed by the hearts of men!" And

WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?

this power selects and works with one or more of the five essential functions, thus creating and being in turn affected by, its environment, on the one hand, and modifying, and being affected by, its essential organism on the other.

This organism must occupy our attention for a moment. It is twofold in its essential history and evolution, the elements of form and sensation, etc., resulting from a long past, and prodigious evolution, and the others (really older, but joined to the former at a later date) partaking of the nature of mind, which at a certain period descended into, and ensouled the former elements. It is only necessary to consider one other point in this connexion in order to prepare us for the solution, intellectually at least, of the problem which engages us.

This organism is held to be but the external shadow of a variety of subtil organisms, one within the other, in different regions of mind-substance, or on the subjective side of nature, and each of these regions has its atmosphere of mind-stuff, so to speak, on which are recorded the impressions therein produced.

In each region the mind and its five essential functions — its organism — react on each other in a certain manner. In our ordinary waking state the mind uses certain of these functions at present in such manner as (1) to prevent the equal action of the remaining ones in modifying and refining the organism, and (2) so preventing the conscious control, or rather the perfect co-operation of the mind over the whole. In other words, our minds, that is we ourselves, are largely absorbed in perceiving forms, material qualities, and sensations, and further swayed by certain mental tendencies and desires. The sphere of the mind is not rounded out by the partial suppression of these three essential functions with the simultaneous cultivation of the remaining two (which deal with abstract ideas and mental powers), in such manner that the whole action of the person shall be under the sway of mind joined to will, rather than of its vehicle. When this rounding out of the nature occurred, we would be sufficiently steady and purified to receive impressions from the inner and subtil organism hailing from an evolutionary period far exceeding that of the lower vehicle.

From these considerations it will be seen that we are entities using our outer mind-organisms in an imperfect manner, and that as the method of using them becomes more equable and perfect a

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

subtil law connects them with the next higher mind-organism. Now the mental powers form part of our mind-organism, and these include memory. A procession of forms, sensations, abstract ideas, and mental tendencies impress themselves in detail during life, in the *atmosphere* of our ordinary mind-organism, and become reproduced in the brain in four different ways. Firstly, automatically, by the stimulation of form or of sense-perceptions, as the odor of a flower recalling instantly a scene. This kind of action is frequent, and is what is ordinarily called *memory*. Secondly, by an idea taken up; as, for instance, we think of kindness, and some observed event of that nature immediately recurs to our consciousness. This is also frequent and is called *remembrance*. Thirdly, by the wish to recall details of a certain subject or experience. This is generally accompanied by a more or less severe effort of the will, occasioning thereby a slight paralysis, momentarily, of other centers, and thus allowing the pictures that exist in the atmosphere of the mind-organism to again impress the brain. This is less frequent and is called *recollection*. The fourth kind of *memory* of the before-mentioned procession of sensations and ideas which have occurred during present life is the abnormal one active in trance or hypnosis. It is of the same nature as the third, but the action is more perfect owing to the complete paralysis of the other centers of the ordinary mind-organism.

Now, I have already referred to the nature of the action taking place in the whole organism during this procession of events. It molds, and is in turn molded by, these events. In short, the dynamic *experience* of these events and thoughts is built into us, so creating continually a fresh sum-total of mind-organism. The mind-organism then is built up, not by memory, but by experience. The physical memory is merely the recorder of passing events, and *not* the preserver of experience. "It is but the outer husk of experience." Experience relates to *feeling* and *consciousness*; memory but to time and sensation, and is at best but the record of an illusion. The events recorded in our atmosphere precipitate their essence (so far as it can be assimilated) into the mind-organism. Memory reproduces a portion of this record in terms of time and sensation, but in the inner sphere they exist, as we have seen, *all at once*. "Time is but the space between our memories. As soon as we cease to perceive this space, time has disappeared. The whole life of an old

WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?

man may appear to him no longer than an hour, or less; and as soon as time is but a moment to us we have entered upon eternity.”

So far, we have up to this spoken of ourselves as identical with our mind-organism, consisting of the five essential functions. This is *more* than the truth for many of us for the time being, but far less than the truth potentially and in actual fact. We have pictured this mind-organism solely in connexion with recent experience, but we must remember that it was already a complete organism when this recent experience commenced. Most of the sensations and desires of early childhood have completely disappeared from voluntary recall, yet we were there at the time with our organism, inner as well as outer. Who among us could even trace back from day to day the events of school-life? Nay, could we trace in detail the events from the 31st of January back to New Year's Day? If we consider the matter, the wonder is not why do we not remember, but how can we possibly forget so much! One reason, of course, is that we are not yet master of the five essential functions of our mind-organism as already stated. Another reason is, and this is the important one in connexion with our subject, that we have been building the experiences into us, while leaving the recording power in abeyance.

Thus it happens that there are many things we say we know, while yet we cannot recall the steps by which we know them. Now this is, so far as we are concerned at present, the essential and distinguishing quality of the fifth kind of memory not yet referred to, *reminiscence*, the memory of the soul, the subtler mind-organism lying immediately behind or above, the one in current use; the Higher Ego, in fact. The mind-organism that we have hitherto spoken of, and identified rightly enough with ourselves, is yet not the Higher Ego, but only its illusion-body, the personality. Now, this illusion-body (not the physical body) with its five essential functions modified continually by present-life experiences is yet the entity which has been developing upward slowly from mindless animal-man, under the fostering care of the descending Ego, through many lives. They are closely connected, though apart, and the consequence is that our personality is overshadowed by these built-up experiences known without the power of recalling details. Most of this usually seems to lie dormant, but is far less so than we often suppose. Everyone is largely guided by intuition. Many success-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ful commercial and professional men have admitted this. It is an intuitional perception apart from the physical brain, or any known concatenation of experience. In its most obvious and easily recognised form it is seen as genius, an ecstasy of inward vision, the essence of many memories, the synthesis of former experiences.

Now, there are two points that at once occur. First, this genius is not *memory* of past lives, and second, we have here the fuller entrance of the Ego into its vehicle, the illusion-body of an incarnation. Given the power of genius, why does this memory not accompany it? Here we have a really important restatement of our question, because so evidently nearer the domain of our higher, though undeveloped nature.

The reason is that the personal mind-organism, though here more fully in touch with the Higher Ego, has not yet mastered the use of that mental power which examines or comes into *rapport* with the atmosphere of the higher organism. It cannot, in point of fact, do so without first paralysing all that goes to make up the lower mind-organism, or personality. In short, the Spiritual Ego can act only when the personal Ego is paralysed. Or, again, the Spiritual Ego is the real Thinker, and the personal Ego is occupied with the five essential functions, things thought of. Hence the meaning of Patanjali's Aphorism: "In concentration, the soul abides in the state of a spectator without a spectacle." Thus only can the divine voice be heard. We see then that the Higher Ego speaks dimly to us in our waking life; not by records of past events, but through the small portion of their synthesized experience that can be reflected into the personality or mind-organism, appearing there as the voice of conscience, premonitions, intuitions, etc. But we also see, then, that the precipitated results of past experience endure in the subtler mind-organism, and are carried along with the Higher Ego, not as accretions, but as essences, which impress themselves more or less on the new mind-organism that is grown out of it in each new incarnation.

Reminiscence is to memory, what the spirit is to the physical body.

(H. P. Blavatsky)

It is clear, then, that in order to enter into the being of the Thinker, the Higher Ego, man should learn to gradually free his consciousness from the illusions of sense and time; and it is also clear that

A GUATEMALAN LEGEND

we need help and guidance as to the mode in which this is to be accomplished!

We see, then, roughly, how it comes to pass that we do not remember our past lives. Firstly, they are the past lives of the emanations of the Higher Ego, not of our present personalities, and secondly, we have not led the life necessary to place our mind-organism *en rapport* with that Ego. If we did so we should not be long, I think, in gaining some glimpses of the wider life-cycles of which we now exploit but a small corner.

We cannot get at the past by the intellect, but we can so train the memory as to observe the action of the synthesizing power of experience. We should cultivate that particular mental power which enables us to recall in orderly sequence events from the present time backwards through our lives, tracing effects to causes in so doing. The steady pursuit of this form of concentration is indeed said ultimately to awaken the higher memory. Yet there is always the other side of this process to keep in view, equally necessary for harmonious progress in self-knowledge.

The Past! What is it? Nothing! Gone! Dismiss it. You are the past of yourself. Therefore it concerns you not as such. It only concerns you as you now are. In you, as you now exist, lies *all* the past. So follow the Hindû maxim: "Regret nothing; never be sorry; and cut all doubt with the sword of spiritual knowledge."
(William Quan Judge)

A GUATEMALAN LEGEND*

P. W. JONES

(President, T. S. Lodge, Fallbrook, Calif.)

IT was many years ago; you must know it was, for it was before men had learned how to write, and all teaching was spoken, and must be remembered, and was given in the form of legend. Therefore this of which we are speaking came down to us in this way from the Ancients of our Sister Republic of Guatemala. Her

*The writer of the curious and highly mystical Indian legend which follows spent some time in Guatemala a few years ago in work which brought him into sympathetic contact with members of some of the native Indian tribes. The legend is authentic, and is related as told by Srta. Eufemia de Salazar of Retalhuleu, Guatemala, to her brother, Mr. Jones listening and transcribing. It is a tale that only a student of things occult, or the esoteric philosophy, could in-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

children even today tell such legends in their poetical Spanish language from one to another.

Juanito (little Juan), the hero of our legend, though small in stature and young in years sold his mother's *tamales* in town and of the proceeds of the sale bought corn and other ingredients to make more *tamales*. And the family ate all that Juanito couldn't sell, so none starved. And the children listened intently and tried to remember what their mother would tell them of the legends of Giants and Heroes and of the mighty deeds done in days of old.

But Juanito often wondered and would ask himself, Why are there no giants and heroes nowadays? Why don't I see some mighty rulers, or princes and lords of the realm? Am I to spend my life selling *tamales* and never meet the nobility? — for you must know that to Juanito the days seemed long. Even so long ago as that, children got tired from long walking and imagined everything to be commonplace, and Juanito, even though he was a hero, didn't know it. So he trudged forth on this eventful day, little dreaming of the events to come which would finally change his whole life. We should mention here that Juanito was always singing or whistling. This served two purposes: it kept him cheerful and light-hearted and also notified prospective customers where he might be found. He was for that reason known to some who did not even know his name, as *El Canario* (The Canary).

He was whistling cheerfully on his way home, carrying the maize that he had bought, when a strange man approached, very regally

terpret, and it obviously touches upon what H. P. Blavatsky and her Successor term "the night-side of Nature." The story of the demon- or were-horse, whose wounds were mysteriously duplicated on the body of Juanito's demon-master, ranks this tale with the story of the demon-horse Kesin who was slain by Krishna in a battle so mighty that the great Nārada himself came forth to watch it; and equally with the were-wolf and similar legends that have come down the centuries since medieval days, and, we might add, have never been successfully disproved.

This tale has a unique interest in the fact that it has never before been written down, and except for the business-interests that 'by chance' took the transcriber to Guatemala, undoubtedly would have gone the way of so many others now vainly mourned as lost. Unlike some, however, it is obviously ethical, and follows the old familiar sequence: covetousness opening the door to delusion, delusion to loss of discrimination, and, as it runs in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, "from loss of discrimination, loss of all"; thence, on the upward arc, from sympathy and pity to reunion with the Self and its power. — ED.

A GUATEMALAN LEGEND

dressed, tall, lithe, graceful, and handsomely dark. Juanito thought, Indeed, here is nobility! If not the King Guatemoc or Quetzalcoatl, he is at least a prince or lord. He doffed his *gorra*, bowed to the ground, and inquired in what way he might serve His Lordship. The man replied that he was not of the nobility but was a common citizen of El Pais de Oro (The Land of Gold) and he would require some *tamales*. Also that the boots and spurs which he wore denoted that he was a *caballero*, and that he rode great distances on horseback. Juanito, while wondering about the horse, tremblingly served him of his best *tamales*, and the stranger, dropping a coin in Juanito's palm, strode on.

Poor little Juanito was so startled that some time elapsed before he looked at the coin in his palm. When he did so he was surprised to see that in place of the dull gray of a nickel, it was yellow, heavy, and large, and he was quite convinced that the stranger had made a grievous mistake. So, forgetting all else, he unhesitatingly ran to catch the stranger; but although he was a swift runner,— for you must know that in those days all men took delight in running, and would cover great distances with messages in a short time — he could not overtake him, try as he might, so he hailed him. The stranger stopped as though annoyed at being hailed, and asked rather abruptly if he could not go peacefully about his duty without being bothered.

"Yes, kind sir," said Juanito, "but you made a grievous mistake, Sir, you dropped a gold coin in my palm, which is for all I know, the value of a kingdom, and instead of the nickel usually given." "It is well," said the stranger. "It was but to test your honor, I have plenty of them in my Land of Gold. You may keep the coin; and furthermore, as I have occasion to pass this way, I shall require *tamales*; and for the excellence with which they are made and for the sterling merit of your character, I shall be pleased to leave one of the coins, of so little value to me and so precious to you, each time I buy *tamales* — provided you set aside an old building standing outside your home as a storehouse, and put them aside for the use of the family only. *But not a penny for yourself*, nor shall you ever covet any of the wealth until the building is full of gold for others *and none for you*. Will you do this?"

Juanito replied, "Yes, gladly and faithfully."

"So be it," replied the stranger and strode on.

Juan was puzzled. How could the stranger walk so fast? Where

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

was El Pais de Oro? Certainly he had not been told of it, nor had ever imagined that there might be such a place. And how did the stranger know that there was an old building standing outside of his home? Certainly the Giants and Heroes would have known of such enormous wealth — the mighty ones of the *Popol Vuh*, Huneman and Kabala Kan, Guatemoc, the invincible! Surely his education in that quarter had been neglected, and as he slowly retraced his steps to recover his maize and the remainder of the *tamales*, he resolved to ask his mother about the Land of Gold, and what class of mortals lived in that land. If one were so careless of a king's ransom in gold as this handsome stranger, it must be a land of plenty, and surely his mother would like to move there with his brothers and sisters, and all would be happy if there were no lack of food and clothing.

He continued to wonder how the stranger could walk so fast, knowing as yet nothing of 'nine-league boots.' But of that further on.

The stranger passed often through the land of the Quichés, which as you know was once ruled by the mighty king Maya; and many mighty deeds of heroism and valor were told of the valiant warriors of the days before men forgot that they were mighty, and kin to the gods. Little indeed was then to be known of intrigue and dishonor, except of course when occasionally one forgot the mighty precepts and fell behind his brothers in the struggle to gain freedom for all. And I must tell you here, if you don't know, that the Quichés once had a temple. Round was its form, very much, so they say, like our own Temple of Peace, and its great dome was of solid gold. And even today these mighty Quichés are waiting the return of their king Maya. And these same Quichés have a language — not merely a dialect — and it may be written and spoken like any other language; and if today you went to San Tomás, Chiché Castenago, Departamento de Quiché, you could see sculptured, or rather molded in clay, a reclining statue of King Maya; and if you ask no questions, remaining discreetly silent and friendly, you will surely be told that the gold dome of that temple is now hidden, buried. Or maybe the whole temple, for that matter, for there are many deep canyons and likely spots among the lofty mountains of lovely Guatemala where such a temple could easily be hidden, there to wait the coming of Maya to lead his people onward.

Juanito often met the stranger, but always on some lonely spot

A GUATEMALAN LEGEND

on his way home. Each time he sold him *tamales*, and each time received a golden *quetzal*. He was surprised to see the hoard of gold grow, for as he stored it only for others it seemed to multiply of itself and soon the building was nearly full. Juanito was now quite a large boy, and he held frequent conversations with the stranger, who, at first quiet and dignified, grew friendly and conversational, and told Juan that his high-topped nine-league boots aided him greatly to cover great distances and also in crossing large rivers; that really he could cover nine leagues at one step, and could step across quite a large river. This ability to walk great distances in a day in these boots caused them to be called 'nine-league boots.' Furthermore, they did not hinder him in riding horseback, and Juan believed him, for he once saw him mounted on a wonderful, really superb stallion, a dappled gray, which was equally at home in water and on land. He could swim the length of Lake Atitlan, which I would have you know, is no less than seven leagues or twenty miles across, and hundreds of feet deep. But its depth makes no difference to the horse, as he swims along only on the surface. The lake is so clear that you could see the bottom if there was one, but they say that it has never been found in some places, maybe because people got tired trying to find it. I will tell you some day how there came to be a lake on the top of this high mountain, but that legend is of even more ancient days, the telling of which would probably appear to lead us within the realms of fiction.

Juan, emboldened by his acquaintance and friendship with the stranger, asked him where lay this Land of Gold, and if he, Juan, might not go there and if there were difficulties to be encountered on the way. The stranger replied, "Trace the path of the sun in its northern course to its turning-point, the summer solstice. Directly beneath lies El Pais de Oro. The greatest difficulty is to cross the 'River of Blood.'" To conquer other difficulties, those of intrigue, he should learn to know the false from the true. Impatience is another difficulty hard to overcome.

There came a time when the building was nearly full of the golden coins, and it seemed ages since Juan had seen the stranger. He fell to dreaming of nine-league boots, and how, if he could buy a pair, he could also cover leagues of distance in a few strides. To make matters worse, if worse they could be, the laces of Juan's sandals chafed his feet, and they became sore; so he would limp about his

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

duties and pity himself, complaining that he, an acquaintance and friend of a Mighty One from the Land of Gold, should go limping over the long miles each day, when with nine-league boots he could cover the distance in a few strides. Moreover, he reasoned that he was quite grown, therefore he should accomplish more each day, and by all means should have nine-league boots. Although he had pledged his honor not to use a penny of the hoard, and even not to covet it, yet surely it was no harm, he thought, to indulge a fancy for nine-league boots. And anyway, as he passed through the streets, he could look into the doors and windows of the stores and see if there were any nine-league boots for sale. Surely there would be none, for none of his friends knew of them, nor in fact had he ever seen any except those worn by the stranger. All the more reason, thought Juan, to see if any *were* to be found.

Now if Juanito was lacking in patience in some ways, he was patience personified in his search for nine-league boots, so much so, indeed, that he for a time neglected his duties to extend his search — as he thought, to prove to himself that they did not exist, outside the Land of Gold. Meanwhile this extra walking caused his old sandals to chafe worse, until the misery seemed unbearable.

At last long search and diligence brought its reward, for behold, in a store where the day before no boots had been — or at least he had seen none — for had he not been searching diligently? — he saw the exact duplicate of those worn by the stranger, even to the carved protector for the knee-cap and the well-turned heel. The discovery excited Juan so much that most of that day was spent comparing these with the boots worn by the stranger, and to the best of his memory they seemed identical to the least detail. He wished, however, that he had studied more carefully those worn by the stranger as to a few details. Though they seemed the same, were they really nine-league boots — or just ordinary boots? Then he remembered the charge given to him by the stranger, to learn to separate the false from the true, and he wondered to himself — How? This he wondered all the way home: How should he know whether they were nine-league boots or not? Surely if he had a pair of his own and knew them well he should know immediately the false from the true. But who, oh, who, could tell him but the stranger? So absorbed was he, that had he met the stranger then it is doubtful if he would have seen him. Yet he longed to be sure that he *had* found the nine-league boots.

A GUATEMALAN LEGEND

For days Juan continued thus absorbed until one day he met the stranger again, and joyfully served him *tamales* and received the gold coin. But he was somewhat reluctant and ashamed to ask about the boots, though all the while comparing them closely with the stranger's nine-league boots and ever-present spurs, and wondering why, either riding or walking, the spurs were in place. In fact, why there were spurs at all, for such a willing steed who seemed to obey even the stranger's thought — why should he need spurs?

And, Juanito pondered, should he need spurs along with the nine-league boots to journey afoot to the Land of Gold? For he had partly determined to go there, that is, if he could honorably do so. It seemed each day more clear that he could, in fact, had he not already found the nine-league boots? Indeed, if he was not destined to go, why had he found them at all? Forgetting, of course, that he had devoted his whole energy to finding them.

As the hoard of gold grew the old building seemed to be bursting, and Juan could see from the outside through a crack here and there, a golden gleam. But he was more puzzled about the spurs than about the boots for he had never before in his life seen a single pair of spurs other than the stranger's. And why did the stranger tell him to hoard up such a store of gold for the family and not a cent for himself but for a single object, namely, that he, Juanito, could go to the Land of Gold? Surely it was simple enough.

Meanwhile, he found that the price of the boots was only one *quetzal* — only one of the countless gold pieces of the hoard. And Juanito thought of the many gold pieces it took to fill the large room — a thousand at least, or maybe a thousand thousand. He had tried to count on the fingers of each hand, laying a pebble in a pile the size of a *quetzal* each time till it grew to be the size of the building, but then he would have to count the pebbles, and he got wofully mixed up in his mathematics, further neglecting his duty, which was to sell *tamales*.

All that now delayed his journey to the Land of Gold was to find a pair of silver inlaid spurs of bluish iron whose rowels scintillated like distant stars. Juanito had decided that it was boots and spurs even though he went afoot, but spurs could not be found. He had begun to argue also, that out of the many thousands of *quetzals*, the stranger in all probability would not miss one — the price of the boots.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

(You have no doubt wondered why this hoard was not molested, but that, you remember, was long, long ago.)

One day, as Juanito was passing the hoard, he saw a yellow gleam on the ground, and upon approaching he saw that one of the gold pieces had fallen through a crack in the old building. His first thought was immediately to restore it. Then apparently a second voice said: No, Juanito, that is to buy your boots, you have not removed it from the hoard. It has fallen out of its own accord. Of all the thousands of them why, otherwise, should this one alone have fallen — just sufficient, and not a penny left, to buy the boots.

So he hastened to the merchant and bought the boots and requested that he hold them a few days, knowing that if he took them home it would cause many questions. He did not care for it to be known until he was entirely ready to go to the Land of Gold. Moreover, he had never inquired if there was a road, except as the sun went, which would take a long time and many spirals, even with nine-league boots. He thought there should be a shorter, even if rougher way. But he found there was a road — if you would call it a road — which led from summit to summit of mountains, ever northward. You know that roads in beautiful Guatemala are rarely what we would call roads here, wide and paved. They are mostly trails and they range as though when first laid out one had cruised from summit to summit of lofty peaks and mountains, ever looking toward one's goal. One gets a glimpse of the road only on a lofty peak ahead, and the valleys are traversed only to ascend the next peak on the way. Thus is the lofty land of Guatemoc and Quetzalcoatl traversed. And so at times does one see, hours before arriving, the town ahead, and the trails are often spoken of and considered as roads. Such was the way confronting our Juanito ever onward ever northward till he should reach the River of Blood, and when he reaches that (if he ever does) we will tell you why it was called the River of Blood which it was not always called, nor will it continue to be in time to come.

Poor Juanito, in his eagerness to be off for the Land of Gold, finally decided to go without the spurs, and so one day he brought home the shiny new pair of boots and prepared to set forth. On the eve of his departure he took his mother to the building and showed her the hoard of gold for the family and told her he was going on a long journey and she should prepare his food as follows: *tamales* for the first day, *tortillas* for the second, and *suaco*, a hard thin well-baked

A GUATEMALAN LEGEND

bread, for the rest of the journey. She agreed also that there was gold enough for the family, and prepared the food accordingly so that he would not go hungry. Late in the evening, our hero tried on the nine-league boots which to his dismay he found much too large for him, the knee-protectors coming nearer to the waist than the knee. He decided that by wrapping the feet well to keep them on, they would do, but in comparing them with the rest of his clothes he was startled with the contrast. He had to make the best of it, for go he would.

The following morning he set out northward, hopes running high, his courage elevated: and the birds never sang more sweetly. Of course there was a tinge of sadness in parting with his loved ones, but he put all this aside thinking of his lofty aim and the attainment when he had reached the Land of Gold. Anyway he would soon return on a dappled gray stallion, for there must be plenty of them in the Land of Gold, and then he could distribute among his friends gold *quetzals* instead of *tamales*. Meanwhile some other and more humble could feed the hungry while he brought priceless treasure from distant lands, to distribute in lofty manner from gorged saddle-bags. Thus could he at once relieve the want and maybe many would not need to work so hard.

Our hero did not get far on his journey till he found that the weight of his nine-league boots tired him, so he took them off and carried them. But having no sandals, for he had left them behind as being now useless, he journeyed on barefoot, and many a bruise and cut on his bare feet proved the proverb "never entirely off with the old until fully on with the new."

Of the long, long journey northward it would take too long to tell of the pain and hardship almost past human endurance. From peak to peak, ever northward, through each canyon deep and sultry but to ascend a more lofty peak where the cold would be intense and bitter, and our hero's bare feet would ache. It seemed an age of ever up and down — no friendly sheltering house, no human voice, until even the animals that he met seemed to speak. He met a tortoise slowly passing by, of whom he stopped to inquire: "Is there a house on this lonely road, Sir Tortoise?" and the tortoise replied, "I am not interested in houses. I have a very good one of my own, sufficient for my needs. I never go looking for anything beyond my needs except, of course, a city. I have never seen a city but I have heard from an eagle that one lies due south of here. Not being able to go without my house I am taking it along."

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

One morning, on climbing a peak and looking steadily northward across successions of gradually diminishing peaks and deep canyons, there appeared in the blue haze tinged with golden sunlight, a wonderful land, beyond a doubt. Joy swelled in our hero's bosom, for there, even though many days' journey away, was the land of his goal, the land of his dreams, if they were dreams — the Land of Gold. His waning strength took on new life and he journeyed on strong with certainty, where before had dwelt only hope; for now his eyes had seen, as the thirsty traveler has often done on desert parched and shifting sands, a mirage, which his inexperience had accepted as a reality. True enough there was the river, and after days of weary toil he arrived at its banks, and could see plainly where the road entered, and on its distant shore where it emerged.

Now for a test of the nine-league boots. Would they carry him across? It didn't seem so far, so he put them on and waded in. But each step touched the bottom and finally water ran into the tops, filling the boots, our hero barely escaping with his life though he was a strong swimmer. Fortunately, struggling loose, letting the boots go, he swam ashore.

Wandering up and down the banks seeking a means to get across, he presently saw some birds having a bath higher up the stream and he approached them. Recognising them as the Quetzal Bird, which as every Guatemalan child knows is the national bird and was, so they say, even before the land was called Guatemala, he asked the foremost one in the Quiché tongue if there was a way to cross the river. The birds seemed to understand him but he could not understand their reply, so presently two birds left the throng, and Juanito understood that they were messengers and so he waited. Presently they returned, bringing with them a parrot who could speak, and who also seemed exceedingly wise.

The parrot addressed him thus: "Rash boy, return to whence you came. You are indeed a hero at heart, but not in stature nor understanding. I can't say more except that this river is tinged with blood, the blood of brothers slaying brothers in war and strife. You can do well in your native land. Why should you seek gold? The yellow peril of the human race — not the metal, which is good, but that which possession of the metal will bring in its wake, greed, pride, vanity and a thousand evils which turn back all but those with nine-league boots, who alone may cross unscathed. All others cross-

A GUATEMALAN LEGEND

ing here must first add to this polluted stream, which will continue to flow till men once more become heroes.

“Look! What you apparently see on the other shore is what wiser minds call ‘mirage.’ See yon dot on yonder shore? Now move, see! It moves. It is but a reflexion of yourself apparently already on yonder shore. Turn back before worse befall! You know not, you dream not the intrigue and treacheries on yonder shore, for indeed there is another shore, but there sharp distinctions are made. You either win or you lose ignominiously. There you find no half-way ground. Once beyond this mist and possessing neither nine-league boots nor spurs, you are lost to family and friends. You know the way back, which seems only back to you, for it is forward also, but you know not the way northward from here.”

So Juanito decided to return, albeit sadly, provided only that he could not find the beneficent stranger. He longed intensely that he would come, and lo! down the road which he had come or through the mist composing the mirage he saw in full stride — sure enough — nine-league boots! He could see them long before he was sure that they even had an owner, and so engrossed was he in contemplation of the coarse and worn boots and rusty spurs, thinking of the enormous distance that the beneficent stranger must have traveled to have worn them thus, that he scarcely glanced at the face of the stranger who addressed him rather gruffly:

“I have waited long to bear you over. I need a servant to do my slavish chores, for which I have no time. If you wish gold and gold alone, and the pleasures that it will bring, come! I have no time to spend here waiting. You come a willing slave or you come not at all. Go back a coward creeping into your hovel, a menial slave to your family and your friends, or wear a crown and purple robes, be a prince among my vassals. But know first that you must obey my smallest wish. I am not used to waiting. In my country I am well known as the Ancient of the Ages, and El Viejo, the Aged One.”

Poor Juanito! This did not resemble the speech of the beneficent stranger, but he could not mistake the nine-league boots which, after looking closer, did not seem so worn. They even looked quite presentable beside his sore bare feet and tattered garments. Raising his eyes to meet those of this stranger, Juan thought him at first quite repellent. While somewhat sarcastic and imperative, still he had a fairly regal aspect, in fact, quite a close resemblance to, if indeed

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

he really were not, his benefactor. He was not quite sure, but glancing again at the nine-league boots and spurs, by now looking quite presentable, he exclaimed, "Oh! Yes, 'tis he!" And visions of long years of poverty contrasted with implied wealth and ease soon helped finish the deception, for deception it was. Juanito raised his eyes all the way from heel and spur of boots, noting the costume of regal mien, to compare the feature and eye of this stranger, whom yet in his heart he doubted, when before his eyes floated the hungry faces of patrons at home; then those of his beloved mother, brother, and sisters; then his hoard of gold; then bright visions of more gold that he might have and use. Precious gems seemed to sparkle even now on his wan hands, and without further hesitation he said with faltering voice, "I will."

The stranger lifted Juanito to his strong shoulder, faced backwards towards the way whence he had come, and strode into the mist—if mist it was—and Juanito, faint, weary, and hungry, immediately fell asleep, so he could never remember which way he had come, nor knew he north from south, nor could he see even the river. When he awoke he was a servant in the home of a patron whose name we have told before, El Viejo, or Anciano, the Aged; with his wife La Vieja and daughter La Chiquita, at times called La Pajarita, for she at times appeared as a bird. Then she would perch on the wall under the rafters and sing so mournfully that Juanito would imagine the dissolution of all the worlds and feel pity for the bird, not knowing that it was really an appearance, and was the sorrow in the young girl's heart.

Always when he felt this pity, he was immediately called by El Viejo and put at some menial task, until he wished he could not feel pity any more.

Part of Juanito's duties was to feed and water three horses named Manuel, Manuela, and Manuelita. Now Manuel was always cross and many times would kick and bite at Juanito so that he had great trouble to lead him to water, and he ate only the coarsest and vilest of weeds grown specially for him, one of which, the *marejuana*, a very noxious drug, he was especially fond of.

Soon after Juanito began his services, or slavery you might call it, he was watering the horses as usual when old Manuel seemed in a rage because he was watered last. He tried to step on Juanito's feet and bite him, so that the poor child, to protect himself, hit the

A GUATEMALAN LEGEND

old horse a resounding blow on the jaw with a stick, and then he led him to the water. But he would not drink and tried to push Juanito into the pond which was very deep. So Juanito returned him to the stable which was directly under the house, but upon going upstairs he saw El Viejo with his head bandaged and suffering terrible pain in his jaw. Juanito asked what was the trouble but received no answer and went to his room without any supper, which he often did; and the bird perched under the rafter and sang more pitifully than ever and Juanito wondered how any living creature could be so lonely as this poor bird, and he felt desolate himself.

He asked the bird if he could do something, but the bird ceased singing and went away, and every time he approached or tried to help the bird it would disappear. Then he would somehow know that the girl was in distress, but why he could not tell. He never saw her except with the old folks and whenever he would ask her if she was contented she would nod her head and reply simply, "Quite so." Few words, in fact, were spoken, and Juanito busied himself with his chores so that he would not get lonesome and sad. Yet he felt a growing sorrow and sympathy for the poor bird, but as his sympathies for the bird grew his tasks grew harder also and El Viejo was more abusive.

One day Juanito could see that El Viejo was preparing for a journey, and soon he drove away with a four-mule team and a strong wagon — though the mule's hoofs did not clatter, nor did the wagon make any noise and no tracks could be seen where the wheels of the wagon had gone. For Juanito was living in a land of enchantment. Even the trees, though tall, and heavy of bough and leaf, yet cast no shade.

Being curious as to this mysterious journey, Juanito decided to watch for El Viejo's return and selected a large tree, easy to climb, near some boulders some distance from the house. The boulders were larger than any house he had ever seen and he would climb that tree tomorrow and wait.

That evening the bird did not sing but he could hear the maiden singing in the same sad strain. Juan listened to catch the words and they were about a youth and a maiden who, being sad and lonely and detained by a sorcerer, planned to escape while the sorcerer was away. She sang of the means they used, saying that neither could escape alone, but that they each could help the other; and

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

as Juan listened his heart grew more cheerful. He felt that he could help the poor singer to get free and resolved to do so, thereafter doing all his work more cheerfully, watching constantly for the return of El Viejo. The next night the girl sang of the escape of the youth and the maiden, how they rode the colt, which was gentle; how the boy rode before, the girl seated behind carrying the metal forks, plates, and spoons, made of pure iron wrapped in a linen table-cloth, all on a very large platter of staunch cork-wood.

The girl had learned all of the sorcerer's tricks; many things she had learned besides; alone she could not use them, but with two it would be different. She begged the youth to hasten before the return of El Viejo.

Juan while anxious to act yet hesitated to do anything rash, such as preparing a journey further northward, which the singer had said was the only direction of escape. The song ended by saying that they sailed ever northward. This Juan could not understand at all, as he had never seen a boat, so he decided that if the song had any significance for them he had missed part of it. He wanted first a look to the northward so he decided to climb the tree with leafy branches which he had selected to watch for El Viejo and from there have a look to the northward for signs of life and human activity. So early in the morning he climbed the tree to its loftiest bough and looked far northward where he saw an immense city. Who knows? It may have been Palenque. The air seemed very clear and from his lofty perch he could see an immense distance. He was quite sure it would take many days to reach there on horseback, much longer still, afoot.

Juan was so intensely occupied in this speculation that he failed to note the return of El Viejo who came very silently until he was quite near, in fact, nearly beneath Juan's perch. Almost beneath, also, was one of the very large boulders, the largest one in fact, which waited the approach of El Viejo with his four-mule team and wagon, loaded now to the brim with gold. When the foremost mule's nose touched the boulder, it opened wide from top to bottom like some huge monster opening its mouth, and as El Viejo, mules, and wagon disappeared within, Juan could look directly down and within it, and there he saw other immense stacks of gold, whereupon the enormous mouth or shell closed again, disclosing not a crack or seam at the place of opening. Juan was alarmed as to how to get down

A GUATEMALAN LEGEND

and back to the house without disclosing that he had been a witness to the enormous hoard of gold, thus exposing himself to the further wrath and consequent abuse of El Viejo. He ardently wished that he was a bird and could fly from his perch to the house, for he expected any moment to see El Viejo emerge from the boulder and demand his presence for some menial task. If so, what would he do? So he decided to hide where he was as best he could, and remain till the shades came, and in their friendly covering seek his quarters, letting El Viejo think, if so he should believe, that Juanito had wandered off to play, forgetting his duties.

He had not long to wait before the Old Man called him from the house, and then Juan knew that there was a means of reaching the treasure-store from the house as well as from outside. He did not answer the call and was looked for in all likely places except the tree in which he had hidden, for which he felt quite thankful. But he suffered from thirst and hunger, having to struggle constantly to keep awake and not fall from the tree until the darkness of the shades crept over the earth so that he could creep back to his room. He had not been long within when he was summoned by the old man to feed and water the horses. He was scolded for his absence but not questioned as to where he had been, for which Juanito was very grateful and he hastened to the horses. As he approached, old Manuelo who was in a raging fury succeeded in stamping his hoof on Juanito's foot. The poor boy, almost wild with pain, could in no way get loose. He implored for relief and help, but no one came. The Old Man would not, the Old Woman and daughter dared not. He could reach no stick nor club so in desperation he struck the old horse on the foreleg with a knife. To his surprise it caused a complete change in the attitude of the old horse and he went gently, almost meekly to water, after which Juan watered the others and fed them. Then he went upstairs to find the Old Man with arm bandaged and suffering great pain, but to his surprise quite mild and almost friendly.

Juan now decided to fit some words to the sad music of the bird and maiden, which by now had been engraved on his memory, and to sing them and to observe their effect upon the maiden; but with the first attempt to sing them, the bird appeared beneath the rafters and sang so loud and shrill as to drown his words, and even the music, completely. By now the boy had become accustomed to strange things and he decided to sing no more until the Old Man should go

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

again on a journey, but to make ready as much as possible to act. He had not long to wait, for the Old Man's greed for gold seemed insatiable.

Meanwhile Juan made better friends with the colt Manuelita, giving her the choicest sweet clover, which was her feed, and finding the cleanest, clearest water for her to drink, grooming her coat until it shone like burnished copper. He fashioned also a crude saddle out of an old one at hand and rode the colt each day to water. His kindness was returned, and they grew great friends.

Juan was fast growing to be a good horseman, and from hard toil he was growing tall and strong, for you must understand that this brief legend covers not days, but years, and Juan from a small boy had grown to be nearly a man and had changed from thinking of nine-league boots to duties once more, and how he could best serve, do his duty, and do it well. He would also learn his song better until his time to sing and be sure above all things that he made no mistake. He could see that before long another journey was in progress. He seemed not to know, seemed still less to care. If cunning was displayed, more cunning was he. He'd bide his time wisely nor chafe at delay, for once they had started, the journey begun, there'd be no turning back till full freedom was won.

Soon the Old Man started on another silent journey, fully equipped with mules and wagon, and that night the youth Juan sang his song: how the young colt stood now ready all groomed and content for a very long journey, his *canto* meant. A very good saddle, composed of the old, would serve at the dawning, the two riders bold.

At the close of this the maiden sang, in more cheerful tone, that the portmanteau was packed, to be carried in front while she riding behind carrying dishes as mentioned before. Plates, spoons, knives, forks, and cups of pure iron; a large cork-wood platter wrapped in a large linen table-cloth; that all would be too heavy for one colt to carry; that a carrier should be made with a pole on each side as shafts of a *volante*, the large ends dragging behind. A seat placed between the two, on which the woman rides, that she having a wider vision, could watch for pursuit, as Juan rode the colt due northward.

Juan sang a plaint: Why carry all the iron which was so heavy? Why not leave it behind? But she sang that she might need it, also she wished to remove it and other things from the Old Man.

So that night Juan made an *arrastra* and on it he placed for a

PRAYER

seat a strong dry bull's hide well bounded each side with thorns, and at daybreak, both set forth.

But the Old Woman in some way told the Old Man that they had gone, and when well into the desert, the maiden saw him following, mounted on old Manuelo, long before Juanito could see him; and he wondered what to do, for old Manuelo, only carrying one, was gaining rapidly on their poor colt with a load of two, a grip, and all the iron dishes; but the girl seemed not alarmed.

When the Old Man came in sight of Juan, she twirled one of the iron plates which sailed and soared far behind, finally landing on its bottom and becoming a lake between them and the Old Man. The lake growing ever wider and wider, they soon needed a boat, so the large cork-wood platter served as a base which, with the two poles as masts and the large linen table-cloth as a sail, they all got aboard and sailed along, and the boat grew larger as they went.

However, the Old Man was not to be so easily outdone. For some logs which had been floated drifting by, he caught them and soon had a raft, and followed. But he had no sail and the wind carried him far to the East. Yet he seemed to gain on them and in order to get clear away, the maiden threw an iron three-pronged fork, which converted that part of the lake into three prongs or rivers, and left the Old Man beyond the east prong in a river alone, while the young couple were in the river between, and they sailed due northward forever towards the Sun.

So ends a legend probably never considered worthy of placing on paper before, as told by Señorita Eufemia de Salazar of Retalhuleu, Guatemala, to her brother Manuel.

PRAYER

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

THIS is a topic which occupies a prominent place in religious life, and many inquirers would be glad to know how it looks from a Theosophical standpoint, and what a Theosophist might have to say on the subject. And to begin with we may refer to the remarks of H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, in her book, *The Key to Theosophy*, in the section, 'God and Prayer.'

As thus indicated, our question involves the question of 'God,'

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

but as is known to students of Theosophy, the idea of a *personal* God is not entertained. This item of belief is apt to arouse disapproval and cause misunderstandings, because the word 'personal' is used in different senses by different people.

Some seem to think that, by denying personality to the Deity, we thereby make him less than man. It is perhaps needless to say there is no such thought in the minds of Theosophists: the Supreme must be greater than man. What Theosophists mean, when they say there is no personal God, or that God is not personal, is that personality (in its usual sense) is a limitation peculiar to man in his present stage of evolution; and that man errs in attributing to his God this peculiarly human limitation. The prospect held out before man, in fulfilment of his further evolution, is the transcending of this personal limitation. There are many of us sufficiently evolved to have realized at times that personality really is a limitation, and that there is something greater to which we can attain. Personality is an illusion which causes us to make the universe center about our own petty self, thus shutting each one of us up into a narrow sphere where our thoughts and emotions are confined. What we have to do is to achieve the conscious feeling of being not separate from other creatures.

This being so, it is clearly wrong to assign to Deity a quality which we recognise to be a hindrance in ourselves. By so doing, we are creating God in our own image; much the same as various animals are supposed to imagine Deity in their own respective images, with four legs and a tail, and so on. We must surely make Deity greater than the greatest we can reach in our highest aspirations. But as to what is the nature of consciousness when freed from the limitation of personality, it is not much use trying to define it in words. It is enough to know that Harmony, Love, Wisdom, Justice, are the eternal laws that prevail in those sublime realms to which we aspire.

And how does this affect the question of prayer? The first answer must be given by asking another question — what do you understand by prayer? If it is a selfish petition, then it is wrong for more than one reason. It is an intensification of the selfish instinct in our own nature, and thus can only throw obstacles in our path, while working injustice to others, just as every selfish action does. Also it assumes Deity to be a person in the common sense of that

PRAYER

word: one who can be swayed by our personal will. But more than this: it cannot be right to pray for any specific object, even if that object may be, or seem to be, disinterested. For instance, there was a man who was able to collect large sums for a charity by praying. His object can hardly be called selfish, yet surely it was an attempt to limit and qualify Deific wisdom by his own suggestions and wishes. Is our wisdom sufficient to justify us in praying for a specific thing which we choose to consider desirable? Let us remember the sublime prayer of Jesus in Gethsemane: "Not my will, but thine, be done!"

Prayer should be an aspiration to be united with our "Father in Secret," a willingness that the Divine Will should be accomplished, an adding of our own aspiration to the sum-total of Wisdom and Love that directs all things. It is not only right but a sacred duty that we should help others. Obedience to the universal law of Love is incumbent upon us. But let us beware lest we impair the efficacy of that Love by allowing our imperfect mind and perverse emotions to interfere. It is right, it is obligatory, to desire the good of others; but it is not wise to desire anything specific for them; or not until we know more about them and their destiny and the laws of the universe in general.

Some may quote against us the saying, "Ask and ye shall receive." Theosophists themselves set great store by this saying. But they do not regard it as meaning that the laws of harmony and justice will be set aside to gratify us. These words were used by a Teacher of Divine Wisdom to his disciples. The same words are used by all such Teachers to candidates for initiation into the Mysteries. The word 'ask' means that the aspirant to wisdom shall ask in the true sense — that is, that he shall ardently and sincerely desire to rise beyond his lower and personal nature into the sublime heights that await man in the course of his evolution. This is the kind of prayer that is, and must be answered. Such a petition violates no harmony; it does not try to impose any conditions or to set up any private will and judgment against the Law.

So prayer, in the only sense in which a Theosophist can use the term, means an aspiration towards the goal of perfection for man; a resignation of the personal will in favor of the Divine Wisdom, Love, and Justice. It is an attitude which we should seek to maintain at all times, but specially in moments of silent meditation.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

It is hardly necessary to point out the absurdities to which the other senses of the word prayer lead: nations praying to the same God, or rather to their respective national Gods, each for the destruction of the other; religious sects praying for the conversion of members of other sects, each to his own sect. This shows not merely a preposterous notion of what prayer means, but an equally preposterous notion of what Deity is. But what strikes the imagination when seen on a large scale may be equally absurd on a smaller scale, though so familiar that the absurdity escapes our attention. How many devotees, on their knees, are addressing their supplications to an imaginary God which they have created for themselves? Rather than seek to impose conditions on the Divine will, we should seek to find out what it is and to acquiesce in it. And above all, in our prayers, let us strive to forget *ourselves*.

Lest anything that has been said should unduly offend or discourage sincere and earnest people, let it be added that there are many in whose prayers there mingles in less or greater degree the spirit of true aspiration which we have endeavored to describe. Such people are better than their own religious creeds. The Divine Spirit within them has made its sweet influence felt. Our only wish is to help them by inviting them to follow their own intuitions and to get away from false and conventional ideas. Let them trust in the universal Wisdom and Love at the fount of all life, and strive ever more to realize those sublime powers in themselves.

A WORD FOR SCIENCE

T. HENRY, M. A.

SOME people talk as if they thought the new views in science relegate the whole of preceding science to the scrap-heap. But we can assure them that this is far from being the case. We may have formed new conceptions about force and energy and matter; but this does not mean that our houses will come tumbling down about our ears, or that all our chemicals will begin to decompose, our dyes to fade, and our soap to quit washing. Whatever may have been discovered, or imagined, about light and electricity, we may still hope to continue enjoying the sun by day and our incandescent lamps by night. Einstein may twist and crumple space as much as

A WORD FOR SCIENCE

he likes, provided he does not hinder my getting about as usual; and any abolition of the old-fashioned idea of time will at least have the advantage that, in that case, there wouldn't be any to waste.

The laws of mechanics remain as before, for the benefit of engineers; and the constants and coefficients and equations work out with their usual certainty. Whatever may be the nature of *mass*, it is at any rate a measurable quantity, which is all the engineer needs to know. It may be very absurd to describe a lever as a crowd of particles, all separated from each other by distances enormous in proportion to the sizes of the particles; but in practice the lever works faithfully in accordance with calculable laws. The chemical atom may be nowadays as small in reputation as it is in size; but it still remains a definite and useful unit, and will enable me, as heretofore, to make my computations in practical chemistry.

And we can see no particular reason for discontinuing the teaching of elementary science, for the majority remain woefully ignorant thereof. Even those who acquire a marvelous skill in the practical use of the very latest discoveries, may be found wanting in a knowledge of general principles and elements. Thus their knowledge is highly specialized; whereas he who knows the rudiments is at home everywhere.

A knowledge of elementary science would enable people to make a better use of the appliances and materials of common life, to avoid waste, and not to break so many things. It would be easy to enumerate many instances of trouble caused by a lack of elementary knowledge of the mechanical powers or of the rudiments of chemistry; but there are reasons for eschewing such a detailed account. We might get ourself disliked; so the reader must supply the details for himself. A study of practical physics familiarizes us with accurate measurement and computation, which are acquirements always found useful, in other concerns besides science. We gain a respect for the sequence of cause and effect. Many things which to some people are guess-work and superstition, become matters of certainty and calculation. The rule of hit-or-miss gives place to the rule of aim-and-hit.

Where the new views of science are important is in teaching us not to apply physical laws where they do not belong. The carpenter may deal in plane geometry; but the canal-digger has to remember that the earth is round, else his canal would stick up into the air at

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

both ends. And, as people will insist on drawing analogies from science, it is well that they should have new material to draw upon. In that way we may hope that morals can be scientific without being materialistic; and that methods, whether of art or music or what not, will not necessarily be wooden.

Finally, do we not begin to suspect that man, in place of having to adapt himself to his surroundings, may some day find ways of adapting his surroundings to himself? Instead of being the sport of destiny, he may yet live to see destiny become the sport of him.

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

Lucius Annaeus Seneca

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

TRANSLATION BY G. DE PURUCKER, D. LITT.

BOOK VII — XVI

(1) *We have spoken against the proof; let us now speak in opposition to the witnesses.* It is not a laborious undertaking to withdraw authoritative weight from Ephorus: he is a historian. Some work up a recommendation of things which are incredible in recital, and the reader, who would behave otherwise if he were led on through daily matters, they excite by marvels; some are credulous, some are careless; upon some, falsehood creeps stealthily; some are pleased by it. The former do not shun (*it*), the latter long for it.

(2) These things are common with every class, which does not think it possible for its work to be approved and to become popular unless it be bespattered with falsehood. But Ephorus is not of the most scrupulous fidelity: frequently he is deceived, frequently he deceives. Thus with regard to the comet, which has been preserved by the eyes of all mortals because it brought on an event of immense importance when it submerged Helice and Buris by its rising, he says that it parted asunder into two stars — a fact that no one except him has recorded.

(3) Who, indeed, was capable of observing the moment when the comet dissolved and broke into two parts? But how is it — if it be true that someone saw the comet divided into two — that no one saw it produced from two (*stars*)? But why did he not add into

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

what stars it was divided, since it must have been some one of the five stars (*planets*)?

XVII

(1) *Apollonius Myndius is of a different opinion*, for he says that a comet is not a single (*wandering body*) produced out of many wandering bodies, but that there are many wandering comets. "It is not," he says, "a false appearance, nor a fire extended forth from the near neighborhood of two stars, but a comet is an orb of itself, as is the fact with the sun and the moon. Its form is such that it is not wrapped around into a sphere, but is much more extended and is drawn out at length.

(2) Besides, its course is not well known: it traverses the higher parts of the world, and only then appears when it reaches the lowest part of its path. But we do not think that the one that was seen under Claudius was the same that we saw under Augustus; nor the one that appeared under Caesar Nero and removed the bad name from comets, to have been similar to the one that [*after the murder*] of the divine Iulius, during the games of Venus Genetrix, appeared around the eleventh hour of the day (*an hour before sunset*).

(3) They are many and various, unequal in magnitude, dissimilar in color; some are red without any brilliance; some have a clear radiance and a pure and liquid light; some a flame which is neither clear nor thin but which wraps itself around with an abundance of smoky fire; some are blood-red and menacing, which carry an omen of bloodshed to follow after their appearances. These diminish and increase their light, just like the other orbs which are brighter and larger when they have approached because they are seen at closer range, and smaller and more obscure when they recede, because they retire to a greater distance."

XVIII

(1) *Against this it must immediately be answered* that the same thing does not occur in comets that (*occurs*) in other (*bodies*), for comets, first of all, are largest on the first day when they appear; but in fact they should increase in size the nearer they approach, yet their first size remains until they begin to be extinguished. Next, that which (*has been said*) against the former (*bodies spoken of*), is also to be said against this (*body — the comet*): if a comet were a

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

wandering (*body*) and if it were an orb, it would move within the boundaries of the Zodiac, within which every orb retains its path.

(2) A star never is visible through another star: our vision cannot pass through the center of an orb to see through it what is higher; but bodies beyond are discovered through a comet not otherwise than as if through a cloud: from which it is plain that it is not an orb but a tenuous and tumultuary fire.

XIX

(1) *Our Zeno holds the following belief*: he declares that stars run together and unite their rays; by this association of luminosity there emerges the image of a more distant star: hence, *some* think that there are no comets, but that an appearance like them is produced by the reflexion of neighboring orbs, or by a uniting of cohering (*particles*).

(2) *Some* say that they actually are, but that they have their own paths, and after a specified number of lustra (*periods of five years each*) rise into the sight of mortals. *Some*, that they actually exist, but that thou shouldst not give to any one of them the name of orbs, because they melt away and last not long, and in a short space of time are dissipated.

XX

(1) *In this belief are many of our own (thinkers)*, nor do they think that it is repugnant to truth, for we see in the upper regions various kinds of fires to be formed, and the sky at one time blazing, at another time

Long trails of flames behind them whiten (the sky);
(Vergil, *Georg.*, i, 367)

and at another time fire-balls (*faces*) are hurried along with vast flame. Moreover, the very thunderbolts, although by their wonderful velocity they simultaneously blind the eyesight and leave it, are fires from air in friction and pressed together by the great impetus (*of air-currents*) among themselves: hence, they make no pause at all, but having been wrung out they stream forth, and perish forthwith.

(2) But other fires last a longer time, and vanish not until all the aliment by which they are fed has been consumed. In this category are those marvels mentioned by Posidonius, columns and flam-

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

ing shield-like disks, and other flames of extraordinary novelty, which would not upset (*our*) minds if they fell as a customary occurrence and commonly (lege): every one is dumbfounded at these which bring down an unlooked-for fire from above, whether something has sprung forth and has flown on, or whether it be the air which, being condensed and concentrated into flaming heat, has offered the appearance of a marvel.

(3) What, then! Has not, at times, a gap appeared by the aether opening [inwardly], and a vast light in the concavity? Thou mightest exclaim: What is this?

. *I see the middle heaven open*
And the stars straggling 'round the pole, (Vergil, *Aeneid*, ix, 20-21)

which (*these stars*), unexpected, have sometimes shone at night, and have burst forth even at midday. But there is another reason for this occurrence: why they appear in the air at an unseasonable time, and what they are, even when they are hid, is well established.

(4) We do not see many comets, because they are obscured by the rays of the sun; which (*the sun*) being once formerly eclipsed, Posidonius relates that a comet appeared, which the neighboring sun had concealed (*by its light*); but frequently when the sun sets, scattered fires are seen not far from him. Evidently, the star itself (*the comet*) is flooded over by the sun and hence cannot be observed; yet comets flee from the rays of the sun.

XXI

(1) Hence, it is accepted by our (*thinkers*) that comets, as also fire-balls, as also tubes (*like straight war-trumpets*) and meteors and other prodigies of the sky, are formed by dense air. Hence they most frequently appear around the northern regions, because there is in that quarter the greatest quantity of inert air.

“But why is the comet not motionless, but in forward movement?” I will answer: after the manner of fires, it follows its aliment; for although the effort be towards the higher regions, yet when material is lacking it falls, turning back, and also in the air it presses neither to the right nor to the left. It has no path for itself, but where the vein of its food leads, in that direction it creeps along; nor does it advance like a star, but feeds along as does fire.

(3) “Why, then, does it appear during a long time, and is not

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

quickly extinguished? For that one which we have seen during the most happy reign of Nero, exhibited itself for six months, and was turned in a different direction from that (*which appeared*) in the Claudian (*reign; the preceding Emperor, Claudius I*). The latter, rising out of the north up towards the zenith, directed its course to the east, constantly becoming fainter. The former began in the same quarter, but tending towards the west turned its course to the south and there disappeared from vision."

(4) Evidently it (*the Claudian comet*) had (*aliment*) more humid and more suitable to fires, which (*aliment*) it followed closely after; of the other the course was more distant and the field wider. Hither, therefore, it descended, the nutritive matter conducting it and not its path, which (*the path*) appears to have been different in the two (*comets*) that we have seen, since the movement of the former was to the right and of the latter to the left. But the course of all stars (*planets*) is in the same direction — that is, contrary to (*that of*) the world (*the celestial vault*): for this latter revolves from east to west, but the former (*the planets*) advance from the west to the east, and because of this fact their movement is twofold: that by which they advance, and that by which they are borne along.

XXII

(1) *I do not agree with our (thinkers)*: for I do not think that a comet is a sudden fire, but one of the everlasting works of nature. First, whatever things the air forms are of brief duration, for they are born in flowing and changeable matter. How can anything long remain the same in the air, since the air itself never long remains the same? It is always in flow, and its stillness is momentary: within a moment's time it is changed into another condition than what it had: now it is rainy, now it is serene, now variable between the two; the clouds, which are perfectly related to it, into which it enters into combination and out of which it is dissolved, are at times congregated together and at times are divided: but never do they remain motionless. It cannot happen that a settled fire be at rest in an undefined body, and adhere as pertinaciously as the things that nature has so adapted that they should never be driven out.

(2) Finally, if it (*the fire*) is to stick to its aliment, it would always go downwards, for the air is the thicker the nearer it is to the earth: but never is a comet sent down to the lowest part, nor does it ever reach the ground.

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

XXIII

(1) Moreover, fire either goes whither its nature leads it, that is, upwards; or thither where the nutritive matter draws it to which it has adhered, and which it feeds upon. The path of no fires, common or celestial, is bent; but it is the characteristic of an orb to trace a circle (*in its path*): whether other comets have done this, I know not: still, two have done it in our time.

(2) Next, everything that a temporary cause inflames, quickly passes away: thus fire-balls flame (*only*) while they dart past; thus thunderbolts have one blow only; thus the stars that are called the transversely flying and the falling, fly athwart and cut the air. There is permanency in no fires except in their own (*nature*) — I mean in those that are divine — which the world contains as everlasting things, because they are parts of it and its works; but these perform some (*definite*) thing, and move, and preserve their uninterrupted course, and are equal. Would not greater and less (*fires*) be produced on alternate days, if fire were (*a thing*) collected together and upstart from some cause? It would be less or greater in proportion as it were fed more fully or more scantily.

(3) I was saying a moment ago that nothing is lasting [*in measure*] which has flashed into flame from some affection of the air; I now add more fully: it cannot tarry and continue in any fashion, for fire-ball and thunderbolt and star running athwart, and whatever other fire there is that is squeezed out of the air is in flight, nor does it become visible except while it is falling. But a comet has its abiding-place, and hence it is not rapidly driven along but passes over its own spaces; nor is it extinguished, but recedes.

XXIV

(1) “If it were a wandering star (*planet*),” he says, “it would be in the zodiac.” Who places a single boundary to the stars? Who assembles divine things within a narrow limit? Verily, these very orbs, which ye believe to be the only ones to be moved, have orbits many and different. Why, then, are there not some which recede along their individual paths remote from the others? Why is it that in any part of the sky there may not be a thoroughfare?

(2) Because if thou judgest that no star can move forward except it touch the zodiac, yet a comet can have an orbit so wide that

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

it may cut it (*the zodiac*) in some part of its (*length*): it is not necessary that this occur, but it is possible. Reflect whether this does not better become the immensity of the world, that it be divided into many paths, and does not wear out this one thoroughfare and be inactive in other parts.

(3) Dost thou really believe, in this greatest and most beautiful body and among the innumerable stars which adorn the night with varying splendor, which permit the air to be empty and inert in the least possible degree, that there are only five which are allowed to keep themselves busy, and that the others are motionless — a fixed and immovable host?

XXV

(1) If anyone should question me in this place: "*Why then has not the path of these also been observed as (it has been in the case of) the five stars (planets)?*" I will reply to him: There are many things which we concede as existing; but of what sort they are we do not know.

(2) All will grant that we have a mind by whose authority we are both impelled and restrained; yet what this mind may be which is the ruler and lord of us, no one will explain to thee further than (*to say*) where it abides: one will call it spirit; another a certain harmony; another a divine energy and a part of a god; another an exceedingly tenuous air; another an incorporeal power; another will not be lacking who will call it blood or heat: hence, our mind cannot be clear with regard to other things, since even itself seeks knowledge of itself.

(3) Why then do we wonder that comets — so uncommon a spectacle in the world, whose returns are at immensely long intervals — are not yet (*explained by us as being*) controlled by fixed laws, and that their beginnings and endings have not (*yet*) become known? Fifteen hundred years have not yet gone by, since Greece

gave numbers and names to the stars.

And many are the peoples even today who know the sky only by its face, who know not yet why the moon is eclipsed, why it is darkened. Even among ourselves it is only recently that investigation has brought these matters to certainty.

(4) *An age will come when those things that now lie hid, time*

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

will bring out into the light, as will also the diligence of a longer age. For the investigation of so many things a single age suffices not for it to have full leisure (*in study of*) the sky. Why is it that we divide such few years (*as is our life*) in unequal proportion between study and vice? Hence, these things will be explained through a long succession of ages.

(5) A time will come when our posterity will marvel that we were ignorant of things so manifest. We have only begun to know with regard to these five stars (*the planets*) which bring themselves to our attention, which, presenting themselves in this quarter and in that, force us to become inquisitive (*about them*), what their morning and evening risings may be, what their positions, when they are borne forwards, why they are moved backwards. We have learned only a few years ago whether Jupiter was ingulfed or whether he set or whether he were retrograde — for this is the name they have given to him in his withdrawing movement.

(6) Some are met with who would say to us: “Ye err if ye judge that any star can check its course or alter it: the celestial bodies cannot stop nor be diverted; all advance: as they have been once for all started forth, so they go, and that which is their boundary, the same will be their course; this eternal work has unchangeable movements, and, if ever they were to stop, everything would fall away from everything else which connexion and uniformity now preserve.”

(7) Then why is it that certain bodies appear to pause? The advance of the sun imposes on them an appearance of tardiness as also does the nature of their paths and orbits, so placed that at certain times they deceive the observers: thus, ships, though advancing under full sail, yet seem to be motionless. Some day there will live someone who will demonstrate the part in which comets run when, drawn away, they depart so greatly from other bodies, (*and*) how many and of what nature they are. Let us be content with known facts: posterity also will add its quota to the truth.

(To be concluded)



Let us make every act the expression of all that is divinest in our hearts.

— *Katherine Tingley*

JULIAN THE APOSTLE

A Fourth-Century History

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

XI

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A PHILOSOPHER (CONTINUED)

JULIAN made ample provision for hospitality to strangers in Galatia. He says:

It is disgraceful that when no Jew ever has to beg, and the impious Galileans support not only their own poor but ours as well, all men see that our people lack aid from us. . . . Teach those of the Hellenic faith to contribute to public service of this sort, and the Hellenic villages to offer their first fruits to the gods; and accustom those who love the Hellenic religion to these good works by teaching them that this was our practice of old. . . .

There is an interesting letter to Ecdicius, the Prefect of Egypt, bidding him secure the library of the assassinated George, who, if a political turbulent rascal, was yet a scholar. Julian writes:

Some men have a passion for horses, others for birds, others, again, for wild beasts; but I, from childhood, have been penetrated by a passionate longing to acquire books. It would therefore be absurd if I should suffer these to be appropriated by men whose inordinate desire for wealth, gold alone cannot satiate, and who unscrupulously design to steal these also. Do you therefore grant me this personal favor, that all the books which belonged to George be sought out. For there were in his house many on philosophy, and many on rhetoric; many also on the teachings of the impious Galileans. These latter I should wish to be utterly annihilated, but for fear that along with them more useful works may be destroyed by mistake; let all these also be sought for with the greatest care. Let George's secretary take charge of this search for you, and if he hunts for them faithfully let him know that he will obtain his freedom as a reward, but that if he prove in any way whatever dishonest in the business he will be put to the test of torture. And I know what books George had, many of them, at any rate, if not all; for he lent me some of them to copy, when I was in Cappadocia, and these he received back.

Athanasius was always a trouble. He was permitted to return to Alexandria and promptly assumed that he was thereby allowed to take power in the church there. Writing an edict to the Alexandrians, Julian says:

We have not even now granted to the Galileans, who were exiled by Constantius of blessed memory, to return to their churches, but only to their own countries. Yet I learn that the most audacious Athanasius, elated by his accus-

JULIAN THE APOSTLE

tomed insolence, has again seized what is called among them the episcopal throne, and that this is not a little displeasing to the God-fearing citizens of Alexandria. Wherefore we publicly warn him to depart from the city forthwith, on the very day that he shall receive this letter of our clemency. But if he remain within the city, we publicly warn him that he will receive a much greater and more severe punishment.

A letter to Evagrius beautifully describes the peaceful estate given to Julian by his grandmother. We have quoted it elsewhere.

In a letter to Basil he says: "We, though we refute and criticize one another with appropriate frankness, whenever it is necessary, love one another as much as the most devoted friends." Basil is to use the state-post and stay as long as he likes, being furnished with an escort when he chooses to leave. This Basil afterwards became a Father of the Church, famous in church-history. He had been at Athens-university with Julian.

Writing to his Uncle Julian, the Emperor says:

Renounce all feeling of anger, trust all to justice, submitting your ears to his words with complete confidence in the right. Yet I do not deny that what he wrote to you was annoying and full of every kind of insolence and arrogance; but you must put up with it. For it becomes a good and great-souled man to make no counter-charge when he is maligned.

This advice is given "concerning the affair of Lauricius," of which there is no further history.

Much has been made of Julian's Rescript on Christian Teachers. He forbids them to teach what they do not believe, like hypocrites and dishonest men. If they despise the gods why do they expound their works as given through Homer, Hesiod, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Isocrates, and Lysias? Did not these men think they were consecrated, some to Hermes, others to the Muses? Either let them not teach what they do not think admirable, or tell their pupils that none of these writers whom they expound is really guilty of the impiety, folly, and error in regard to the gods of which they are always accusing them. They make money from these works. They thereby confess that they are most shamefully greedy of gain, and that for the sake of a few drachmae they would put up with anything. He says:

It is true that, until now, there were many excuses for not attending the temples, and the terror that threatened on all sides absolved men for concealing the truest beliefs about the gods. . . . If they think that those writers were in error, let them betake themselves to the churches of the Galileans and expound Matthew and Luke. . . .

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

For religious and secular teachers let there be a general ordinance to this effect: Any youth who wishes to attend the schools is not excluded; nor indeed would it be reasonable to shut out from the best way boys who are still too ignorant to know which way to turn, and to overawe them into being led against their will to the beliefs of their ancestors. Though indeed it might be proper to cure these, even against their will, as one cures the insane, except that we concede indulgence to all for this sort of disease. For we ought, I think, to teach, but not punish, the demented.

There is another reference to George's library in a letter to Porphyrius:

The library of George was very large and complete and contained philosophers of every school and many historians, especially among these being numerous books of all kinds by the Galileans. Do you therefore make a thorough search for the whole library without exception and take care to send it to Antioch. You may be sure that you will yourself incur the severest penalty if you do not trace it with all diligence, and do not by every kind of inquiry, by every kind of sworn testimony, and further, by torture of the slaves, compel, if you cannot persuade, those who are in any way suspected of having stolen any of the books to bring them all forth. Farewell.

To the citizens of Byzacium Julian writes:

I have restored to you all your senators and councilors whether they have abandoned themselves to the superstition of the Galileans or have devised some other method of escaping from the senate, and have excepted only those who have filled public offices in the capital.

The Christians used to become clerics in order to avoid public duties. Constantine made them immune. Valentinian restored their privileges in 364.

The Arians in Edessa were to forfeit church-funds so as to help them to go to heaven and teach them to behave.

Since by their most admirable law they are bidden to sell all that they have and give to the poor, so that they may attain more easily to the kingdom of the skies, in order to aid those persons in that effort, I have ordered that all their funds, namely, those that belong to the church of the people of Edessa, are to be taken over that they may be given to the soldiers, and that its property be confiscated to my private purse. This is in order that poverty may teach them to behave properly and that they may not be deprived of that heavenly kingdom for which they still hope."

Speaking to Ecdicius, Prefect of Egypt, of "that enemy of the gods," Athanasius, he says: "Infamous man! He has had the audacity to baptize Greek women of rank during my reign! Let him be driven forth!"

There is a letter to the citizens of Bostra which gives a very true

JULIAN THE APOSTLE

picture of the turbulent politicals who had attached themselves to the Christians as a political party of revolutionaries and brought such a bad name on the genuine religious Christians.

I thought that the leaders of the Galileans would be more grateful to me than to my predecessor in the administration of the Empire. For in his reign it happened to the majority of them to be sent into exile, prosecuted, and cast into prison, and, moreover, many whole communities of those who are called 'heretics' were actually butchered, as at Samosata and Cyzicus, in Paphlagonia, Bithynia, and Galatia; and among many other tribes also villages were sacked and completely devastated. Whereas, during my reign, the contrary has happened. For those who have been exiled have had their exile remitted, and those whose property was confiscated have, by a law of mine, received permission to recover all their possessions. Yet they have reached such a pitch of raving madness and folly that they are exasperated because they are not allowed to behave like tyrants or to persist in the conduct in which they at one time indulged against one another, and afterwards carried on towards us who revered the gods. They therefore leave no stone unturned, and have the audacity to incite the populace to disorder and revolt, whereby they both act with impiety towards the gods and disobey my edicts, humane though these are. At least I do not allow a single one of them to be dragged against his will to worship at the altars; nay, I proclaim in so many words that, if any man of his own free will choose to take part in our lustral rites and libations, he ought first of all to offer sacrifices of purification and supplicate the gods that avert evil. So far am I from ever having wished or intended that anyone of those sacrilegious men should take part in the sacrifices that we most revere, until he has purified his soul by supplications to the gods, and his body by the purifications that are customary.

It is, at any rate, evident that the populace who have been led into error by those who are called 'clerics,' are in revolt because this license has been taken from them. For those who have till now behaved like tyrants are not content that they are not punished for their former crimes, but, longing for the power they had before, because they are no longer allowed to sit as judges and draw up wills, and appropriate the inheritances of other men and assign everything to themselves, they pull every string of disorder, and, as the proverb says, lead fire through a pipe to fire, and dare to add even greater crimes to their former wickedness by leading on the populace to disunion. Therefore I have decided to proclaim to all communities of citizens, by means of this edict, and to make known to all, that they must not join in the feuds of the clerics or be induced by them to take stones in their hands or disobey those in authority; but they may hold meetings for as long as they please and may offer on their own behalf the prayers to which they are accustomed; that, on the other hand, if the clerics try to induce them to take sides on their behalf in quarrels, they must no longer consent to do so, if they would escape punishment.

I have been led to make this proclamation to the city of Bostra in particular because their bishop Titus and the clerics, in the reports that they have issued, have made accusations against their own adherents, giving the impres-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

sion that, when the populace were on the point of breaking the peace, they themselves admonished them not to cause sedition. Indeed, I have subjoined to this my decree the very words which he dared to write in his report: "Although the Christians are a match for the Hellenes in numbers, they are restrained by our admonition that no one disturb the peace in any place." For these are the very words of the bishop about you. You see how he says that your good behavior was not of your own choice, since, as he at any rate alleged, you were restrained against your will by his admonitions! Therefore, of your own free will, seize your accuser and expel him from the city, but do you, the populace, live in agreement with one another, and let no man be quarrelsome or act unjustly. Neither let those of you who have strayed from the truth outrage those who worship the gods duly and justly, according to the beliefs that have been handed down to us from time immemorial; nor let those of you who worship the gods outrage or plunder the houses of those who have strayed rather from ignorance than of set purpose. It is by reason that we ought to persuade and instruct men, not by blows, or insults, or bodily violence. Wherefore again and often I admonish those who are zealous for the true religion not to injure the communities of the Galileans or attack or insult them. Nay, we ought rather to pity than hate men who in matters of the greatest importance are in such evil case. (For in very truth the greatest of all blessings is reverence for the gods, as, on the other hand, irreverence is the greatest of all evils. It follows that those who have turned aside from the gods to corpses and relics pay this as their penalty.) Since we suffer in sympathy with those who are afflicted by disease, but rejoice with those who are being released and set free by the aid of the gods. Given at Antioch on the First of August (362).

In a letter to the Alexandrians, Julian mentions that he walked the 'way' of the Christians until his twentieth year.

He speaks of the Noëtic Sun, and the visible Sun and the 'living image' of Helios, showing that the genuine sun-worshippers did not revere the physical sun, but the same Christ-Sun as the genuine non-political Christians of early times.

Athanasius has been reported to him as a clever rascal. Previously he had been banished from Alexandria for his political activities; now having shown himself more active therein than ever he is banished from all Egypt.

Julian shows his desire to promote the cause of music by arranging to maintain a number of choir-boys with special educational facilities for those who show exceptional aptitude.

There is an interesting letter to the Jews in which Julian speaks of restoring the Temple at Jerusalem. He was never antagonistic to the Jews. He says:

Those who are in all respects free from care should rejoice with their whole hearts and offer their suppliant prayers on behalf of my imperial office to Mighty

JULIAN THE APOSTLE

God, even to him who is able to direct my reign to the noblest ends according to my purpose. This you ought to do in order that, when I have successfully concluded the war with Persia, I may rebuild by my own efforts the sacred city of Jerusalem, which for so many years you have longed to see inhabited, and may bring settlers there, and together with you, glorify the Most High God therein.

In a letter to Photinus, Julian speaks of God entering the womb in a material sense as an impossible consideration.

In directing that funerals should take place only at night, Julian adduces among other considerations that death is rest; therefore, since the night is appropriate to rest, funerals should then take place. Among the other reasons are that a man going to the temple meeting a funeral must purify himself and not enter the temple. Also, if heard or seen, a funeral disturbs the temple-services. Those who know what is right in such matters do not approve of funerals taking place until after the tenth hour of the day (4 p. m.). He said little about the impurity of funerals in connexion with temple-rites of real religion, but it was well known that the oracles were ruined by the burial of Christian corpses and bones in the churches or temples or near them. No pure oracle could approach such a charnel-house.

Shortly before the commencement of the Persian campaign, Julian wrote to Arsaces the king of Armenia a very severe letter, anticipating his failure to support him (Julian). Julian speaks plainly of the possibility of his dying or being killed on the campaign, but points out that Arsaces will gain nothing by deserting him, because he will in due time be crushed by the Persians if he fails. Actually Arsaces, as Julian anticipated, did treacherously desert him and thereby ensured the failure of the campaign so far as such desertion could do it.

In another letter, Julian speaks in open language of the Invisible Sun, showing that, as we have already said, the physical Sun is worshiped only by exotericists as a symbol of the real Sun.

Perhaps it is the protest of an initiate against a too-open revelation of mysteries that prompts Julian to say of Paul that "he surpassed all the magicians of every place and time," and also that he changed about with every condition like a polypus changing to match the rocks.

Julian speaks of the "godlike Iamblichus."

He speaks of Christianity — the blatant political fanaticism of

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the day, not the real Christianity,— as a *disease*. Undoubtedly he was right, for such political frenzy on a nominal religious basis is truly a mental disease.

Even on campaign he writes: “As for the number of letters I have signed, and papers,— for these, too, follow me everywhere like my shadow. . . .”

He tells of the curious superstition or test of the German mothers who float their new-born babies on the Rhine. If they sink, it is a proof of their illegitimacy. If they float, it is a sign of their true birth. Also possibly it was a test of hardiness. A baby that could survive such an ordeal would surely be physically strong!

Lydus says that Julian wrote to the Jews: “For I am rebuilding with all zeal the temple of the Most High God.” This may contain the usual *double entendre* used by initiates and mystics the world over. For Julian was so rebuilding the temple in his own heart most actively. But the reference to the Most High God points to El Elyon of the Jews, who is of course the same as the Helios of the Greeks, in his true character.

The Christian Bishops invented classics to take the place of the Greek classical literature. Julian says of these: “Ἐγγνων, ἀνέγγνων, κατέγγνων, “I recognised, I read, I condemned.”

He speaks of the barley-beer or wine of the Celts as not being nearly so good as the Italian wine. Apparently whisky and beer date back at least fifteen hundred years among the Celts.

To the Christians claiming adherence to the Jewish Old Testament, Julian very aptly quotes *Exodus*, xxii, 28, “Thou shalt not revile the gods.” The politicals cared so little for anything but their selfish schemes that they paid no attention to such precepts of the law. Real Christians did not ‘revile the gods,’ but then they kept themselves very much to themselves, as they always had done, in order to avoid the self-seekers.

Julian quotes *1 Corinthians*, vi, 6, 8, 9-11, for the class of men who became Galileans:

But brother goeth to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers, . . . ye do wrong, and defraud, and that your brethren. . . .

Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. *And such were some of you. . . .*

(*To be continued*)