



THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

G. DE PURUCKER, EDITOR

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[Stenographic report of the sixth 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 February 19, 1928, and broadcast, by remote control, through Station KFSD San Diego — 680-440.9]

FRRIENDS: Both far and near: I deeply regret that our beloved teacher and leader, Katherine Tingley, cannot speak to you here in this Temple this afternoon. Her unparalleled eloquence and her greatness of heart would have given you something to carry away to your homes, when you leave this, our Temple of Peace, that would have abided with you, that would have remained with you. Her words would have been as seeds of thought in your minds, not only on account of their own intrinsic beauty and spiritual import, but also because she

is the true successor of the original Theosophical Messenger, enunciating once again to the western world the ancient Theosophical truths as they were first brought to that western world by the Messenger of those Great Men, 'the Masters of Wisdom,' as we call them: this Messenger was the Founder of our Society, H. P. Blavatsky.

I do not know of any other society on earth today which so consistently and with such unflinching devotion has kept to the original Theosophical teachings, as H. P. Blavatsky first

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enunciated them, as has our own Society.

Theosophy is absolutely nothing new. It is not an invention. It has not been formulated by some keen and thoughtful mind, studying the various religious and philosophical literatures of ancient times, and then framing the results of such study into a systematic form. It is, indeed, nevertheless a formulation of the truths of Nature, as those truths have been reduced to logical method and system, and have remained as such a system in the guardianship and keeping of those Great Men of whom I have just spoken, who are the Fine Flowers of the Human Race — men who have attained that spiritual and intellectual status, not through the favor of anyone, whether that one be god or man, not by an intensive course of study alone, but solely as the result of long evolutionary progress through many lives on this earth.

Now, it is obvious that those who listen to a Theosophical speaker, and especially those who have not studied our literature, would like to know something about Theosophy *per se*, that is to say, what it is and what it is not, what it teaches, and what kind of life those who accept it as their guide do live. As regards a great part of the teachings, friends, you can find all that in our literature. But may I not also openly say that there is a body of teaching which is not given out publicly — a reserve not inspired by motives of selfish reticence, nor because the part withheld differs in the slightest

degree from the parts given out publicly as regards authenticity or actuality, but simply because, without some adequate study, no one could understand these parts, which are, from that fact, of necessity held in reserve or secret for the use of students who are willing to, and do, devote the necessary time to understand them.

But any honest man or woman, who is also a member of The Theosophical Society, thereby showing his real interest in such doctrines, may get them by due and proper application and by giving his or her most sacred word of honor that the teachings, when given, shall be held secret — for the same reason precisely that, as a body, we find it necessary to hold them secret.

This fact of a body of teachings which is held private is nothing new in the history of religion and philosophy. It is one of the commonest bits of knowledge that scholars have, that all the ancient religions and philosophies had an esoteric side — that is to say, a system of secret teachings given only to those who had been tried and found worthy and fit to receive them and to understand them. Even the Syrian Sage, Jesus, according to the doctrines of the New Testament, is said to have taught certain things to his disciples in private, whereas to the multitude the same truths, or at least parts of them as the case may have been, were taught not openly but in parable and symbol. This is a matter of necessity, as a moment's reflexion will show you, for you cannot teach one who is not acquainted with the ele-

ments of a study the deeper reaches of that study until he has fitted himself to understand them.

Particularly, friends, is this the case when the doctrines to be communicated deal with profound religious, scientific, and philosophical truths. These doctrines are not withheld because they are in themselves dangerous. On the contrary, they are most wonderfully helpful, illuminating, and inspiring; but to those who are not fit to receive them, for the reasons I have outlined above, and who would give them out indiscriminately to all and sundry in any time and at any place and without due preparation, they could indeed work a very real mischief, because of the unprepared mentalities into which such thoughts would fall. Please remember in this connexion the New Testament parable of the sower who sowed his seeds.

Have you never heard of religious fanatics? This is a single instance of what ill-digested religious thought can and usually does do in weak or unprepared minds. This serves as an illustration of what we mean of the danger of indiscriminate teaching. If you do not understand a noble teaching properly and fully, its very beauty, its very profundity, may sweep you from your mental moorings, so to say. The stream of your own emotions, sympathetically following the lead these give to them, may at some moment of mental or moral weakness cause you to do a psychological injury to another, readily becoming the cause to that other of damage of no small quality,

as the history of religious fanaticism shows us clearly, and such a condition of affairs we are strictly taught to avoid in any degree becoming the cause of.

Some of the teachings that we have given out publicly in our own age, were esoteric in past times, and were then taught under the veil of allegory and mystical symbol. It is rather difficult for the men and women of our age to understand why such reticence should be held in religious, philosophical, and scientific matters, because to-day a common saying is that truth is a sacred thing, and can only do good; that facts of Nature are the common property of mankind, and that there is no possible danger in the communication of knowledge by one who has it to others who have it not; but I suppose that a more fantastic fallacy, or a greater untruth, does not exist anywhere. Who does not know that knowledge can be and often is most abominably misused by selfish or self-seeking individuals? Even our scientists are beginning to see that the communication of some of the truths of Nature to everybody, without some preparatory safeguards exacted in the first instance, is a very dangerous course of proceeding to follow.

Some of the teachings which we now give out publicly, but which were esoteric or secret in past times, I may instance by citing at least two. Such were the doctrines of Karman, which we Theosophists briefly describe as that majestic operation of Nature, that so-called 'law of Nature,' if you will,

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which is set forth in the saying of Paul: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (*Galatians*, vi, 7). It is the doctrine of consequences, of results following action, inevitably, ineluctably, whether such consequences or results be immediately forthcoming, or be postponed to a later time.

Another one of such doctrines, now taught publicly, but formerly held as a more or less secret teaching, is the general doctrine of Reimbodiment, of which a certain part, a certain section, as it were, has recently — that is to say, in the last fifty years, since our Society was founded — been given out by us under the name of Reincarnation: it is the doctrine that the human spirit-soul returns to earth after the change men call death, and after a long period of rest in the invisible spiritual realms, in order to learn new lessons on our earth, in new environments; taking up again on this plane, and on this earth, the old links of sympathy and of friendship, of hatred and dislike, as the case may be, which seemed to have been ruptured by the hand of death, when the soul last left our sphere. On its return to this earth it finds anew old friends, perhaps squares old accounts left unsquared, it completes the doing of duties unfulfilled, it rounds out more fully its character: all of which belongs to its destiny, and in accomplishing which it grows or evolves.

Yes, if you examine the old literatures of the world, friends, you will find that there never was a great religion or a great philosophical system

which did not have its esoteric side; and we Theosophists claim, and easily prove to you by what is known of the remaining literatures of those old systems, that this esoteric side of them was the same in all, and formed a greater body of teaching, which was the common property of the human race all over the world. It is this esoteric system which actually is what we today call Theosophy, as I have pointed out in other lectures.

The ancient Greek Sages taught these more secret doctrines in what they called 'the Mysteries,' such as they of Eleusis and of Samothrace and of other places in the various Greek Republics. The Jews likewise had their secret system of thought, which in a more or less complete degree is imbodyed in what they call the Qabbâlâh, a Hebrew word meaning 'tradition' — the traditional teaching handed down from teacher to pupil, who in his turn graduated and became a teacher, then handing it to *his* pupils as a secret teaching communicated from the Fathers, and so forth. The Christians also had their body of secret doctrine. It is also common knowledge that the great religions of Hindûsthân all had their secret schools or esoteric bodies, in which the fitter, abler, and more trustworthy students of these respective religions received the Noble Wisdom.

Even so-called savage or barbarous tribes, as our European anthropologists have shown us, have their peculiar and secret tribal mysteries — de-generated memories from the days

when their forefathers formed the leading races of the globe.

Let me read to you a few quotations, which I have selected this afternoon for that purpose. I will take a Christian witness first, Origen, one of the earliest, noblest, broadest-minded Fathers of the Christian Church; and I selected this extract from the book which Origen wrote and which is called *Against Celsus*, a Greek philosopher who disputed the claims of the Christian teachers of his day to have pretty nearly all the truth that the world contained. Origen, who in his way was really a great man, wrote as follows, on the subject of esoteric doctrine as existent in the non-Christian religions even of his own time:

In Egypt, the philosophers have a most noble and secret Wisdom concerning the nature of the Divine, which Wisdom is disclosed to the people only under the garment of allegories and fables. . . . All the Eastern nations—the Persians, the Indians, the Syrians—conceal secret mysteries under the cover of religious fables and allegories; the truly wise [the initiated] of all nations understand the meaning of these; but the uninstructed multitudes see the symbols only and the covering garment.

—ORIGEN, *Against Celsus*, Bk. I. 12

This was said by Origen in his attempt at rebuttal of the attack made against his Christian system by the Pagans to the effect that Christianity was but a compost or a rehash of misunderstood Pagan mythological fables. Origen claimed that in Christianity there was, as there was indeed in all other religions, a similar, indeed an identical, esoteric system; and he was

right, so far as that one argument goes; but while he was right in the argument, we fail to see that it was a successful plea in extenuation of the charge that the Christians of the day claimed the only real knowledge of things in religious matters that there was then to be had.

If you turn to the Jews, you may find in the *Zôhar*—a Hebrew word meaning ‘splendor,’ which is perhaps the greatest text-book of the Jewish Qabbâlâh,—a statement to the effect that the man who reads the Bible in its literal meaning is a fool. “Every word of it,” says the *Zôhar* in this connexion, “has a secret and sublime sense, which the wise [that is, the initiated] know.” And one of the greatest of the Jewish rabbis of the Middle Ages, Maimonides, who died in 1204, writes in his ‘Guide of the Perplexed,’ part II, chapter xxix:

We should never take literally what is written in the Book of the Creation, nor hold the same ideas about it that the people hold. If it were otherwise, our learned ancient sages would not have been to so great labor in order to conceal the real sense, and to hold before the vision of the uninstructed people the veil of allegory which conceals the truths that it contains. Taken literally, that work contains the most absurd and far-fetched ideas of the Divine. Whoever can guess the real sense, ought to guard carefully his knowledge not to divulge it. This is a rule taught by our wise men, especially in connexion with the work of the six days. . . .

We all know of people who think it a cardinal virtue offhand to doubt the truth of any statement that they may hear. I fancy that this excess of vir-

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tue arises out of an idea that doubt and skepticism in themselves form a safe method to follow in thinking. Perhaps this method is safe to a certain degree; but a man also can be so skeptical and so doubtful by temperament (or more often by training) that he won't believe a truth even when it is actually before his eyes, until he has subjected it to tactile investigation, quite forgetting that the senses are the most deceptive as well as deceitful means of investigation that we have, and that all proof ultimately lies in the mind itself.

It is a maxim with us Theosophists: "Believe nothing that your conscience tells you is wrong, no matter whence it comes." If the very divinities came to earth and taught in splendor on the mountain-tops, believe nothing that they tell you, if your own spirit-soul tells you that it is a lie.

But while we teach this rule as an absolute necessity for the inner growth and as an invaluable exercise of the spirit and of the intellect which by that exercise of attempting to understand have the means thereby to manifest themselves with ever increasing power; nevertheless others of our teachings tell us, and we try to follow these injunctions with equal fidelity because we have proved their merit: "Be of open mind. Be careful lest you reject a truth and turn away from something that would be of inestimable benefit and help not only to you but to those whom you love and to your fellow-men."

There is no contradiction or contra-

riety of feeling between these two positions. It is the most logical and natural thing in the world for an honest man or woman to follow both these rules. How can a man teach that which he believes to be false? How can he accept it? How can a man refuse to believe that which he knows to be true?

There are in each of us faculties which can be cultivated and made greatly stronger by exercise — for instance the faculties of quick discernment, of intellectual penetration, of immediate spiritual insight, of intuitive recognition of truth. Is there any one of you who has never had what is popularly called a 'hunch'? Nine times out of ten, if you follow that 'hunch,' you will find that you have done aright, and I venture to say that if in following such you ultimately find that you have done wrong, investigation and reflexion will show that it was not a true 'hunch,' but an egoistic following of your own aggressive opinions, which is a very different thing indeed. A 'hunch' is the commonest and lowest manifestation of that something within you which tells you: "This is truth, follow it"; and it easily illustrates the faculty of intuitive discernment which it is our bounden duty to cultivate.

Alas, that these higher faculties manifest themselves so seldom in our lives! This is so because from the personality of our own opinions, and from the egoism of our feelings, we constantly turn our faces away from this inner light, from this inner knowledge. Indeed, the entire course of

modern education — to say nothing of modern instruction — is against accepting the idea that man has within himself faculties by the training of which he may know truth with a depth of feeling obtainable in no other manner whatsoever.

But the ancients knew this truth; they knew that all proof lies ultimately in the mind; they knew that the judgment lies within, and not without; and for these reasons they were more largely introspective than we are, who pride ourselves upon, yes, actually boast of, the modern idea that extraspection, or looking without, is the highway of truth. It is all wrong. The attaining of truth runs in both directions, in the sense that while we should cultivate the faculty of looking outwards in order to discern the facts of Nature, we can only understand those facts by using the power of understanding, and that power of understanding and comprehension is not outside but within us, as is obvious enough.

You know in the Platonic dialogs what the noble-minded Socrates said of his 'daimon,' as the Greeks called it — of his inner monitor, his inner guardian: "It never tells me *what* to do, but it never fails to tell me what *not* to do"; and this is usually the case with all of us; for we more usually receive warnings against action than urgings to act in any particular direction or after any particular manner, although these latter do come to us also at times.

This inner faculty any normal man or woman can cultivate, because it is

innate in us all. The pity of it is that we are so trained in extraspection in our day that we have almost lost the faculty of introspection, so much so that we are oft inclined to sneer at what we call 'an introspective temperament.' What folly and what blindness!

Our entire system of education is against cultivating these noblest faculties which man has within him, nay, which he himself *is*, for they are his own internal economy; he is they, and they are he. Yes, you can cultivate these marvelous powers which lie within you if you only will do so. How? By recognising the actual existence of your spiritual nature and its transcendent powers, and by exercising them with a true, though guarded, self-confidence. Egoism and vanity are two of the worst foes in the cultivation of these marvelous inner springs of the spirit-soul. These springs belong to the impersonal and therefore unselfish part of you. Their light will come to you at first like the intimations or intuitions of the coming of a messenger, whose footsteps over the distant hilltops we may not hear at first, though inwardly we know that he is coming, coming, coming! and finally we see the presence and recognise the intimations of truth which our inner nature gives to us.

Is this mere faith?—to use the popular expression. What then is faith? or more accurately what is blind faith? Is it the latter? Most emphatically it is not. Is it faith at all? Most emphatically it is faith, if you understand what a Theosophist means by the

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word, and as he would employ it; but not blind faith, which is credulity. Faith is not believing a thing because someone tells it you, but that inner instinctive recognition of truth, which overrides in your mind all else and forces recognition of itself. Ninety-nine times out of one hundred you cannot communicate this to another; but you yourself know that it is true.

What is then faith, I ask again? Let us turn to the Christian New Testament for a moment in order to find a fairly good answer which is there. We can indeed find something of value in these writings even as we can in very much larger degree in the world's sacred books of the other great religions. I always make my own translations from these ancient books, because I want to give to you just what the original books say, not what some dogmatic translator thinks you ought to be told. Paul of the Christians says in his supposed *Epistle to the Hebrews*, chapter xi, verse 1: "Faith [or instinctive knowledge] is the reality of things hoped for [intuitively discerned], the evidence of things invisible."

Let me ask another question: What is proof? According to our courts of law, in civil cases proof is the preponderance of evidence; and in criminal cases it is such preponderance of evidence as to leave no reasonable doubt in the minds of the jurors. Proof, then, is that which convinces you. Is proof therefore infallible? No. If it were, then you would be infallible. Proof is only that which convinces you that a fact is as stated, or a thing is as

seen or otherwise sensed. And yet you may be wrong in your proof.

How many men have died, innocent of the crime for which they were convicted in courts of law, although the evidence was conclusive against them, proved to the minds of the jurors who tried the cases! They were condemned and the sentence duly carried out. These are cases in which the crime was proved against innocent men; because the evidence was there, was duly submitted, there were no missing links or lacunae, and to the jurors the crime was proved. The minds of the jurors were swayed and completely controlled by the evidence, and in the cases I allude to, they sent an innocent fellow human being to an infamous death.

Here we refer to courts of law alone, but while conviction of the innocent does indeed occur there, how much more often do not the innocent suffer in the affairs of daily life! These latter cases occur with appalling frequency; even daily one might say. From what we see, from what we hear, from what we believe, by the working of our prejudices and in other ways, our minds are swayed, our judgment is over-ruled, our instincts of compassion have no longer room in which to work, and we condemn. We feel that the case is proved; and it may be years afterwards before we finally learn that we have wrongly judged. To us these cases were proved, 'proved to the hilt' as the saying goes, and yet they were all wrong.

Let us then beware of mere 'proof.'

There is only one true guide in life, and that is that inner voice which grows stronger and more emphatic with cultivation and exercise, telling you: "This is true; that is false." In the beginning we hear this silent voice and recognise its clarion tones but faintly, and call it a 'hunch' or an intuition, which indeed it is. But there is nothing except our own stupidity and the overweening consciousness we have in the righteousness of our own set opinions, which prevents us from cultivating this noblest of inner monitors more than we do. Any one of you can cultivate it; that is to say, clarify your minds so that it may more easily manifest there, and more quickly and readily express itself.

I tell you that a thing may be 'proved to the hilt,' and yet it may be *de facto* untrue. Your judgment may be at fault, although indeed it may be right. It all depends upon whether we are or are not capable of summoning the inner light at will, and following the path which that interior illumination shows us. Then our judgment is always right, for our prejudices, misconceptions, opinions, loves, hatreds, disgusts, and all the rest of the panoply of the personality, go by the board.

What then is the other kind of faith, 'blind faith'? It is credulity, believing what you are told merely because someone tells it you, someone whom you trust perhaps, or perhaps because it happens to please you at the moment. Let me give you a very famous example of the working of blind

faith. I refer here to one of the great Church-Fathers, whom I will allow to speak to you in his own words. I mean Tertullian, who, in his book *Against Marcion* (601), who was a very eminent Gnostic teacher, speaks as follows:

The only possible means that I have to prove myself impudent successfully, and a fool happily, is by my contempt of shame. For instance, I maintain that the very Son of God died: now this is a thing to be accepted, because it is a monstrous absurdity; further, I maintain that after he was buried, he rose again; and this I believe to be absolutely true because it is absolutely impossible.

You see, friends, declarations of this kind would have indeed no effect whatsoever on any well-balanced mind, were it not for the fact that there is in them an appeal to the contrarities and contradictions and surprises in life, which arise merely because we are not under the beneficent and benign influence of our higher natures. Were we so, these contrarities and contradictions and all the rest of the panoply of the lower self, of which I have just spoken, would never manifest at all, and such wildly illogical contradictions as those Tertullian allowed his mind to be swayed by, would have no such easy sway for us. A man who will say that because a thing is absolutely impossible, which is the same as saying absolutely untrue, it is therefore absolutely true, is simply playing ducks and drakes with his own consciousness; and the very boldness of the declaration is its only force.

When an honest man will allow his judgment to be so biased and swayed

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that his mind becomes a battlefield of conflicting theories and emotions, which he nevertheless manages to hold together by opinionative will-power, he is indeed in a pitiful state; and this, I believe, is the invariable result of mere blind faith.

I remember once hearing a man say that in his opinion two and two need not necessarily always make four; sometimes it might make five, did God so wish, because, he said, "Everything is possible with God"! But it seems to me that such statements do not take account of the fact that two and two could never make five even if God so willed, because otherwise that would be equivalent to saying that the mathematical laws of quantity were not the ultimate relations of quantity which Divinity itself, by the theory, is supposed to have laid down. It would be contradictory of the hypothesis itself. By this I mean that if Divinity made a thing impossible, Divinity at the same instant could not make it possible, because that would be saying that Divinity is — to use a figure of the Christian Testament — a mind divided against itself, which is impossible, under the hypothesis.

But a few moments ago, when we spoke of faith, I meant that inner vision which is the inner recognition of things that are — and this is mainly what the Theosophist means when he does indeed occasionally use this word 'faith' and tells you that you can find the truth, if you will, even as he has so found it, in the degree that his development allowed him to understand it.

Faith is the intuitive discernment of reality, the inner recognition of things that are invisible to the physical eye.

This universe is governed by law and order. It is not divided against itself. Its parts do not mutually conflict and therefore tear it asunder. It works co-operatively and wholly towards one divine end. In other words, it is an organism. The human race is a part of that organism, an intrinsic part. inseparable therefore, each man and woman of the human race therefore having within all the powers that be in the infinite Cosmos, of which they are the children, all such powers in the individual awaiting a fit and appropriate vehicle only, before they can manifest themselves; and it is this vehicle which finds development and growth within us through evolution.

What therefore does all this mean? It means that you can develop any one of these faculties innate in you virtually to any degree, virtually without limits. It depends only on the exercise of your will so to do, and upon the recognition of the truth as a fact of Nature itself.

"Come up higher," has always been the call of the great Teachers. "Save yourself by your own exertions," is the teaching of Śâkyamuni-Buddha. No one else can save you, because you yourself are the actor in your own drama of life. You are an inseparable part of the Cosmos, its offspring, its child. You are a co-operative part; you are helping in the great Cosmic Labor. You are an incarnate god, I

mean divine in your highest parts. Therefore do all the great Teachers say to you: Recognise yourself. Come up higher. Be one of us; and this you can do by being your inner Self. The first step along this trail is the similar injunction: Be a Man! The time will inevitably come — you cannot escape its coming — when the entire human race will know these and others of the sublime truths that Theosophy teaches us, its students; and in those days the men and women who have run the race of evolution faster than their fellows have done, will then stand as Masters of Life, with a conscious knowledge of the truths of being, henceforward as actual conscious agents in the Cosmic Work, and no longer the mere tide-driven flotsam on the ocean of life, as most human beings today actually are.

No wonder Pythagoras spoke of the latter as the living dead, living indeed in the lower principles, but dead to the Divinity within themselves.

Suppose that someone were to come to me today and ask me: "You are a Theosophist?" "Yes sir." "You believe in Reincarnation?" "I do." "Will you please to give me some proof of it?" What could I say to him in answer offhand? Like all the thoughtless, he thinks an offhand answer is a sign of wisdom. Is it not more frequently a sign of ignorance? What would be your answer if someone came to you and asked you a similar question about some matter which you knew and he did not, but yet which you felt it would be extremely difficult to tell him in such fashion that it would be a

satisfactory response to his query? How would you answer him?

By way of illustration, let me suggest the following case: Perhaps one of you saw and read a letter from your mother or your father, or your brother or your sister, last year, and the fate of someone whom you love depends upon your proving to the hilt that you saw that letter and read it, perhaps by producing it as tangible witness of what you know; and you cannot produce it. It is destroyed, yet you know that you have seen it, and you know its contents. How can you convey your knowledge to another? To you it is proved; it is an indubitable fact. Could you make someone else believe by your mere statement that it is so? Perhaps. Perhaps not.

All a Theosophist can do is to tell you the following, which is the truth: There is no proof of anything outside of you yourself, none at all. You yourself in any particular case must judge of the preponderance of the evidence as presented to you and draw your own conclusions therefrom. My querent may say: "But is there no absolute truth? Can I trust in nothing but relative truth? Can't you tell me something more definite and comforting than that all I can get out of life is what I believe and what I feel?" Don't you see just here that it is the craving brain-mind, ignorant of the Laws of Being, which asks for something which does not exist?

What would my answer be? What could my answer be, except this: "Brother, I cannot think for you; I

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cannot live your life; but I can indeed show you the Way, the Path, and tell you that if you follow that Way faithfully you will get your answer, an answer so fully complete and satisfactory that you will know it to be the truth; and you will be absolutely satisfied, furthermore, because you will have proved it for yourself." I show him proof in other words; I make no appeal to him to follow any blind faith; but show him the way, that he may obtain intuitive discernment, inner conviction, or proof; and this is faith in the other sense of the word, of which I have spoken. Blind faith has caused some sad and sorry things in the world.

I hope that everyone who hears my voice will realize that all of us, sons of the same Universal Mother, Nature, and blood-brothers, have been through the same trials and tests in our common life on earth. These tests and trials are things that we all have to meet and to overcome; and while at the moment of their coming they oft are hard to conquer, difficult to overcome, yet reflexion will show that they are our best friends, because they develop our inner faculties by action; they exercise those inner powers which are latent in all of us, and of which I have spoken; and it is through meeting these trials and tests with inflexible will and indomitable courage that knows no failure, that will recognise no defeat as final, that we grow.

But let us be compassionate with the Blind Faithists. There is nothing which in itself is wicked in a man having mere blind faith, if he truly cannot

see any farther than that. But we can pity him. No sane man or woman would exchange his or her grown intellectual capacities, the understanding and the inner reaches of consciousness of maturity and the blessings of a more or less awakened soul, for the imperfections on these various lines of a little child. The child is not wicked if it believes that Santa Claus comes down the chimney on Christmas Eve, and gives it gifts; but no grown-up believes that. He knows better, although indeed I have met grown men and women who go through life like the immortal Dickens's Mr. Micawber, always waiting for 'something to turn up,' rather than playing the part of a man in the world. It is better to act and to fail than not to act at all. Similarly also, when some good men, earnest men, write things that we know to be grotesque, let us at least be charitable in our judgments of them; let us understand that their minds have not yet opened to the truth.

Let me give you another example, which occurs to me at the moment, which will show you what tricks our minds do play upon us. This second example I will cite from another great Father of the Christian Church, one of the greatest in that body, a saint likewise, Augustine, who was Bishop of Hippo in Africa. In his thirty-third Sermon, he tells us the following:

I was already Bishop of Hippo when I went into Ethiopia, with a number of servants of Christ, in order to preach the Gospel there. In that country we saw numbers of men and women who had no heads, but had

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two large eyes in the breast; and in countries still more to the south, we found a people who had but one eye, and that placed in the middle of the forehead.

It is unfortunate that our geologists and anthropologists have found no trace of these acephalous races or cyclopean peoples. Suppose we say that St. Augustine dreamed a dream and saw a vision. He was at one time, I understand, a rather fervid Pagan philosopher, but his writings also show that he was rather credulous; which seems to be proved by the citation that I have just made — although he says he saw these amazing races himself. As a former believer in the mystical teachings of his own and of preceding ages, he must have heard of some of the old Pagan allegories and legends, as of the Cyclops-race, who had but one eye, and that in the center of the forehead. Odysseus, in Homer's *Odyssey*, you remember, escaped with his companions from out the cave where the Cyclops, Polyphemus, cannibal as he was, was holding them for future meals, by clinging to and under the belly of rams and sheep, the herds of the giant.

Polyphemus, according to the mythological story, was the son of Poseidon, and of the nymph Thoosa. He was representative, according to the fable, of a former titanic race, which preceded our human kind, and is usually represented as a gigantic monster, more or less having human shape, with one eye situated in the center of his forehead, defiant of the gods, and of cannibalistic propensities. He lived

in a cave near Mount Etna in Sicily, and fed his flocks on the slopes of the mountain. Odysseus put out the eye of Polyphemus with a fire-heated stake; and thus blinded and unable to see the escaping Greeks, Polyphemus was reduced to feeling of his flocks as they passed him at the entrance of the cave. Apparently it did not occur to him to feel of more than the backs and flanks of the individuals of his herd.

I suppose that Shakespeare, having this report of Augustine in mind, probably referred to it when, in his *Othello*, Act I, Scene iii, he makes Othello, of this Italian play, speak as follows, when the latter is explaining how he won the hand and heart of the fair Desdemona, you remember:

Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle

And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This
to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline.

I bring to your attention these illustrations of the fact that honest belief is not enough as a guide in life, for it may readily become blind faith. A belief may be very honest, held with fervor, and still be untrue. Of this stuff are fanatics made. Of such a nature were the beliefs which sent Mohammed and his cavalry over the plains and deserts of the Hither East, with the *Qûr'ân* in the one hand and the sword in the other, giving to all they met the choice of three things: Tribute, the *Qûr'ân*, or death! Such

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likewise was the nature of the beliefs on various sides which sent so many noble-minded men and women to a horrible and untimely death in medieval European history.

Does any man or woman think that we of our own age are free from all the defects in this respect that our fathers had? They were on the whole no worse than we are now. They were in some things perhaps more sincere than we at present are, because they had less to distract and to confuse their ordinary mentality, and therefore were more strongly thrown back upon themselves, upon their inner natures. They thought more of religious things — and whether that religion was the best or not, is another question — but we think more of enjoying ourselves, of the movies, of the automobile, of gaining money, and of what we call ‘distractions,’ which they truly are, for they do ‘distract’ us! They were very serious people, those forefathers of ours!

As an illustration of how men can waste their intellectual energy and time in mere theorizing, the following two problems of the schoolmen of medieval Europe are often cited. The first is the query: “How many angels can dance on the point of a needle?” This query seems very absurd to us of our day. But before you judge and then condemn offhand, pray pause a moment and bring back to your mind, if you can, just what the medieval scholastics meant by this question. Here is no question of religion at all, but one of a more mystical tendency.

The point of a needle, to beings of infinitesimal size, but perhaps of spiritual grandeur, may be a wide and expansive field; even our modern physical science teaches us today of infinitesimal quantities, and more particularly, in this regard, of the physical nature of the atoms.

Another such puzzle, equally empty, if you like, was the following: “If an irresistible force meet an immovable obstacle, what happens?” We may well smile at these plays of fancy. But, after all, when a man has not something very noble and very high with which he may occupy his thought, it runs wild and riots. Men are hungry for truth, always have been hungry for truth. If they have it not at hand, they will go out hunting for it, and they will take up anything which, having some of the guise of spiritual or intellectual exercise, seems to give them that inner pabulum which their souls crave, that inner enlightenment which they feel they need, and alas! which they do need. This is a divine hunger in a sense, and without any arrogation to ourselves of superiority, which I am sure you know I do not mean, I venture to call your attention to the fact that it is Theosophy, and as far as I know, Theosophy alone, in the world today, which can supply that inner need and that vast inner enlightenment, which our intuition tells us can be had if we will.

We Theosophists submit to you our sublime system of thought, based not upon blind faith, nor on anyone’s ‘say-so’; kept in the most sacred guardian-

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ship of Great Adepts, of Initiates, of Masters of Life, evolved men who have progressed so far that in comparison with the ordinary run of men of our times, they walk as gods among us. Yet they are men, not spirits nor gods. And this sublime system of thought, this holy teaching, is derived originally from a primeval revelation made to the human race when it was young on our dear Mother Earth, given to the first human protoplasts by spiritual beings from other spheres, who thus became the Teachers and Saviors of the men of the future.

I am setting all this forth in very succinct fashion for you, but you may find it fully set forth in our books. Read them. Find therein the evidence of what I have said, and study it. Then draw therefrom your own conclusions, have the proof of what I tell you, and abide by it as your conscience dictates.

As a parting thought, friends, alluding to what I said a few moments ago, remember that each man and woman of us is an energy co-operating with Nature, of necessity so, because we are inseparable parts of the Cosmic Organism. Every thought we think; every word we say; every act we do; has its consequences; and itself, in all

cases, is the consequence of a preceding cause. We are not slaves of blindly driven matter, nor are we on the other hand the offspring, the children, of an infinite — what? Of someone or of something who or which created us and put us here in order that we should blindly work out our salvation as best we may? Those who hold this thought earnestly and sincerely we can respect, but respect is not a tendering of allegiance to their idea. We may respect their idea, but we cannot accept it.

Our teaching, on the contrary, is that man has a cosmic and divine destiny before him, because he is a co-operator in the Cosmic Labor, an incarnate god, with practically infinite possibilities in him as yet unmanifest; provided that through the evolutionary courses of the distant future he cultivate the fire of inspiration lying in his own heart, bring forth the divine things within himself. *This is education.*

On last Sunday we pointed out the difference between *instruction* and *education*: instruction is the imparting of information; and education is the bringing out of what a man has within; and when this latter is doing, that, indeed, is *evolution*.



“UNIVERSAL Unity and Causation; Human Solidarity; the Law of Karma; Reincarnation. These are the four links of the golden chain which should bind humanity into one family, one Universal Brotherhood.”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Key to Theosophy*

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

(Reprinted from *The Theosophist*, October, 1879)

THIS question has been so often asked, and misconception so widely prevails, that the editors of a journal devoted to an exposition of the world's Theosophy would be remiss were its first number issued without coming to a full understanding with their readers. But our heading involves two further queries: What is the Theosophical Society; and what are the Theosophists? To each an answer will be given.

According to lexicographers, the term *theosophia* is composed of two Greek words — *theos*, 'god,' and *sophos*, 'wise.' So far, correct. But the explanations that follow are far from giving a clear idea of Theosophy. Webster defines it most originally as "a supposed intercourse with God and superior spirits, and consequent attainment of superhuman knowledge, by *physical processes*, as by the theurgic operations of some ancient Platonists, or by the *chemical processes* of the German fire-philosophers."

This, to say the least, is a poor and flippant explanation. To attribute such ideas to men like Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus, Iamblichus, Porphyry, Proclus — shows either intentional misrepresentation, or Mr. Webster's ignorance of the philosophy and motives of the greatest geniuses of the later Alexandrian School. To impute to those whom their contemporaries

as well as posterity styled 'theodidaktos,' god-taught—a purpose to develop their psychological, spiritual perceptions by 'physical processes,' is to describe them as materialists. As to the concluding fling at the fire-philosophers, it rebounds from them to fall home among our most eminent modern men of science; those, in whose mouths the Rev. James Martineau places the following boast: "matter is all we want; give us atoms alone, and we will explain the universe."

Vaughan offers a far better, more philosophical definition. "A Theosophist," he says — "is one who gives you a theory of God or the works of God, which has not revelation, but an inspiration of his own for its basis." In this view every great thinker and philosopher, especially every founder of a new religion, school of philosophy, or sect, is necessarily a Theosophist. Hence, Theosophy and Theosophists have existed ever since the first glimmering of nascent thought made man seek instinctively for the means of expressing his own independent opinions.

There were Theosophists before the Christian era, notwithstanding that the Christian writers ascribe the development of the Eclectic Theosophical system, to the early part of the third century of their Era. Diogenes

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Laertius traces Theosophy to an epoch antedating the dynasty of the Ptolemies; and names as its founder an Egyptian Hierophant called Pot-Amun, the name being Coptic and signifying a priest consecrated to Amun, the god of Wisdom. But history shows it revived by Ammonius Saccas, the founder of the Neo-Platonic School. He and his disciples called themselves 'Philaletheians'—lovers of the truth; while others termed them the 'Analogists,' on account of their method of interpreting all sacred legends, symbolical myths and mysteries, by a rule of analogy or correspondence, so that events which had occurred in the external world were regarded as expressing operations and experiences of the human soul.

It was the aim and purpose of Ammonius to reconcile all sects, peoples and nations under one common faith—a belief in one Supreme Eternal, Unknown, and Unnamed Power, governing the Universe by immutable and eternal laws. His object was to prove a primitive system of Theosophy, which at the beginning was essentially alike in all countries; to induce all men to lay aside their strifes and quarrels, and unite in purpose and thought as the children of one common mother; to purify the ancient religions, by degrees corrupted and obscured, from all dross of human element, by uniting and expounding them upon pure philosophical principles.

Hence the Buddhistic, Vedântic, and Magian or Zoroastrian systems were taught in the Eclectic Theoso-

phical School along with all the philosophies of Greece. Hence also, that pre-eminently Buddhistic and Indian feature among the ancient Theosophists of Alexandria, of due reverence for parents and aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human race; and a compassionate feeling for even the dumb animals. While seeking to establish a system of moral discipline which enforced upon people the duty to live according to the laws of their respective countries, to exalt their minds by the research and contemplation of the one Absolute Truth, his chief object, in order, as he believed, to achieve all others, was to extract from the various religious teachings, as from a many-chorded instrument, one full and harmonious melody, which would find response in every truth-loving heart.

Theosophy is, then, the archaic *Wisdom-Religion*, the esoteric doctrine once known in every ancient country having claims to civilization. This 'Wisdom' all the old writings show us as an emanation of the divine Principle; and the clear comprehension of it is typified in such names as the Indian Buddh, the Babylonian Nebo, the Thoth of Memphis, the Hermes of Greece; in the appellations, also, of some goddesses—Metis, Neitha, Athena, the Gnostic *Sophia*, and finally the Vedas, from the word 'to know.' Under this designation, all the ancient philosophers of the East and West, the Hierophants of old Egypt, the Rishis of Âryâvarta, the Theodidaktoi of Greece, included all

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knowledge of things occult and essentially divine. The *Mercavah* of the Hebrew Rabbis, the secular and popular series, were thus designated as only the vehicle, the outward shell which contained the higher esoteric knowledges. The Magi of Zoroaster received instruction and were initiated in the caves and secret lodges of Bactria; the Egyptian and Grecian hierophants had their *aporrheta*, or secret discourses, during which the *Mysta* became an *Epopt* — a Seer.

The central idea of the Eclectic Theosophy was that of a single Supreme Essence, Unknown and *Unknowable*—for—“How could one know the knower?” as inquires *Brihadâranyaka-Upanishad*. Their system was characterized by three distinct features: the theory of the above-named Essence; the doctrine of the human soul — an emanation from the latter, hence of the same nature; and its theurgy. It is this last science which has led the Neo-Platonists to be so misrepresented in our era of materialistic science. Theurgy being essentially the art of applying the divine powers of man to the subordination of the blind forces of Nature, its votaries were first termed magicians — a corruption of the word ‘Magh,’ signifying a wise, or learned man and — derided. Sceptics of a century ago would have been as wide of the mark if they had laughed at the idea of a phonograph or telegraph. The ridiculed and the ‘infidels’ of one generation generally become the wise men and saints of the next.

As regards the Divine essence and

the nature of the soul and spirit, modern Theosophy believes now as ancient Theosophy did. The popular *Diu* of the Aryan nations was identical with the *Iao* of the Chaldaeans, and even with the Jupiter of the less learned and philosophical among the Romans; and it was just as identical with the *Jahve* of the Samaritans, the *Tiu* or ‘Tiusco’ of the Northmen, the *Duw* of the Britons, and the *Zeus* of the Thracians. As to the Absolute Essence, the One and All — whether we accept the Greek Pythagorean, the Chaldaean Kabalistic, or the Aryan philosophy in regard to it, it will all lead to one and the same result. The Primeval Monad of the Pythagorean system, which retires into darkness and is itself Darkness (for human intellect) was made the basis of all things; and we can find the idea in all its integrity in the philosophical systems of Leibnitz and Spinoza. Therefore, whether a Theosophist agrees with the Kabala which, speaking of En-Soph propounds the query: “Who, then, can comprehend It, since It is formless, and Non-existent?” — or, remembering that magnificent hymn from the *Rig-Veda* (Hymn 129th, Book 10th) — inquires:

Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?

Whether his will created or was mute.

He knows it — or perchance *even He* knows not;

or, again, accepts the Vedântic conception of Brahma, who in the *Upanishads* is represented as “without life, without mind, pure,” *unconscious*, for — Brah-

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ma is "Absolute Consciousness"; or even, finally, siding with the Svabhâvikas of Nepaul, maintains that nothing exists but 'Svabhavat' (substance or nature) which exists by *itself* without any creator: any one of the above conceptions can lead but to pure and absolute Theosophy — that Theosophy which prompted such men as Hegel, Fichte, and Spinoza to take up the labors of the old Grecian philosophers and speculate upon the One Substance — the Deity, the *Divine All* proceeding from the Divine Wisdom — incomprehensible, unknown and *unnamed* — by any ancient or modern religious philosophy, with the exception of Christianity and Mohammedanism.

Every Theosophist, then, holding to a theory of the Deity "which has not revelation, but an inspiration of his own for its basis," may accept any of the above definitions or belong to any of these religions, and yet remain strictly within the boundaries of Theosophy. For the latter is belief in the Deity as the ALL, the source of all existence, the infinite that cannot be either comprehended or known, the universe alone revealing *It*, or, as some prefer it, *Him*, thus giving a sex to *That*, to anthropomorphize which is *blasphemy*. True, Theosophy shrinks from brutal materialization; it prefers believing that, from eternity retired within itself, the Spirit of the Deity neither wills nor creates; but that, from the infinite effulgency everywhere going forth from the Great Center, that which produces all visible and invisible things is but a Ray containing in itself

the generative and conceptive power, which, in its turn, produces that which the Greeks called *Macrocosm*, the Kabbalists *Tikkun* or Adam Kadmon — the archetypal man — and the Aryans *Purusha*, the manifested Brahm, or the Divine Male. Theosophy believes also in the *Anastasis* or continued existence, and in transmigration (evolution) or a series of changes in the soul* which can be defended and explained on strict philosophical principles; and only by making a distinction between *Paramâtmâ* (transcendental, supreme soul) and *Jivâtmâ* (animal, or conscious soul) of the Vedântins.

To fully define Theosophy, we must consider it under all its aspects. The interior world has not been hidden from all by impenetrable darkness. By that higher intuition acquired by *Theosophia* — or God-knowledge, which carried the mind from the world of form into that of formless spirit — man has been sometimes enabled in every age and every country to perceive things in the interior or invisible world. Hence, the 'Samâdhi,' or *Dhyân Yog Samâdhi*, of the Hindû ascetics; the 'Daimonion photi,' or spiritual illumination of the Neo-Platonists; the 'Sidereal confabulation of soul,' of the

*In a series of articles entitled 'The World's Great Theosophists,' we intend showing that from Pythagoras, who got his wisdom in India, down to our best known modern philosophers and Theosophists — David Hume, and Shelley the English poet — the Spiritists of France included — many believed and yet believe in metempsychosis or reincarnation of the soul; however unelaborated the system of the Spiritists may fairly be regarded.

Rosicrucians or Fire-philosophers; and even the ecstatic trance of mystics and of the modern mesmerists and spiritualists are identical in nature, though various as to manifestation. The search after man's diviner 'self,' so often and so erroneously interpreted as individual communion with a personal God, was the object of every mystic, and belief in its possibility seems to have been co-eval with the genesis of humanity — each people giving it another name.

Thus Plato and Plotinus call 'Noëtic work' that which the Yogis and the Śrotriyas term Vidyâ. "By reflexion, self-knowledge, and intellectual discipline, the soul can be raised to the vision of eternal truth, goodness, and beauty — that is, to the *Vision of God* — this is the *epopteia*," said the Greeks. "To unite one's soul to the Universal Soul," says Porphyry, "requires but a perfectly pure mind. Through self-contemplation, perfect chastity, and purity of body, we may approach nearer to It, and receive, in that state, true knowledge and wonderful insight." And Swâmî Dayânand Saraswatî, who has read neither Porphyry nor other Greek authors, but who is a thorough Vedic scholar, says in his *Veda-Bhâshya* (opasna prakaru ank. 9): "To obtain *Diksh* (highest initiations) and *Yog*, one has to practise according to the rules. . . . The soul in human body can perform the greatest wonders by knowing the Universal Spirit (or God) and acquainting itself with the properties and qualities (occult) of all the things in the universe. A human

being (a *Dikshit* or initiate) can thus acquire a power of seeing and hearing at great distances."

Finally, Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., a spiritualist and yet a confessedly great naturalist, says, with brave candor: "It is 'spirit' that alone feels, and perceives, and thinks — that acquires knowledge, and reasons and aspires . . . there not unfrequently occur individuals so constituted that the spirit can perceive independently of the corporeal organs of sense, or can perhaps, wholly or partially, quit the body for a time and return to it again . . . the spirit . . . communicates with spirit easier than with matter."

We can now see how, after thousands of years have intervened between the age of the Gymnosophists* and our own highly civilized era, notwithstanding, or, perhaps, just because of such an enlightenment which pours its radiant light upon the psychological as well as upon the physical realms of Nature, over twenty millions of people today believe, under a different form, in those same spiritual powers that were believed in by the Yogins and the Pythagoreans, nearly three thousand years ago. Thus while the Aryan mystic claimed for himself the power of solving all the problems of life and death, when he had once obtained the power of acting independently of his body, through the *Ātman* — 'self,' or

*The reality of the Yog-power was affirmed by many Greek and Roman writers, who call the Yogins Indian Gymnosophists; by Strabo, Lucan, Plutarch, Cicero (Tusculum), Pliny (vii. 2), etc.

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'soul'; and the old Greeks went in search of *Atmu* — the Hidden one, or the God-Soul of man, with the symbolical mirror of the Thesmophorian mysteries; so the spiritualists of today believe in the faculty of the spirits, or the souls of the disembodied persons, to communicate visibly and tangibly with those they loved on earth.

And all these, Aryan Yogîs, Greek philosophers, and modern spiritualists, affirm that possibility on the ground that the embodied soul and its never embodied spirits — the real *self* — are not separated from either the Universal Soul or other spirits by space, but merely by the differentiation of their qualities, as in the boundless expanse of the universe there can be no limitation. And that when this difference is once removed — according to the Greeks and Âryans by abstract contemplation, producing the temporary liberation of the imprisoned Soul; and according to spiritualists, through mediumship — such a union between embodied and disembodied spirits becomes possible. Thus was it that Patanjali's Yogîs and, following in their steps, Plotinus, Porphyry, and other Neo-Platonists, maintained that in their hours of ecstasy they had been united to, or rather become as one with, God, several times during the course of their lives.

This idea, erroneous as it may seem in its application to the Universal Spirit, was, and is, claimed by too many great philosophers to be put aside as entirely chimerical. In the case of the Theodidaktoi, the only controver-

tible point, the dark spot on this philosophy of extreme mysticism, was its claim to include that which is simply ecstatic illumination, under the head of sensuous perception. In the case of the Yogîs, who maintained their ability to see Îswara 'face to face,' this claim was successfully overthrown by the stern logic of Kapila. As to the similar assumption made for their Greek followers, for a long array of Christian ecstasies, and, finally, for the last two claimants to 'God-seeing' within these last hundred years — Jakob Böhme and Swedenborg — this pretension would and *should* have been philosophically and logically questioned, if a few of our great men of science who are spiritualists had had more interest in the philosophy than in the mere phenomenalism of spiritualism.

The Alexandrian Theosophists were divided into neophytes, initiates, and masters or hierophants; and their rules were copied from the ancient Mysteries of Orpheus, who, according to Herodotus, brought them from India. Ammonius obligated his disciples by oath not to divulge his *higher* doctrines, except to those who were proved thoroughly worthy and initiated, and who had learned to regard the gods, the angels, and the demons of other peoples, according to *hyponoia*, the esoteric or under-meaning. "The gods exist, but they are not what the *hoi polloi*, the uneducated multitude, suppose them to be," says Epicurus. "He is not an atheist who denies the existence of the gods whom the multitude

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worship, but he is such who fastens on these gods the opinions of the multitude." In his turn, Aristotle declares that of the "Divine Essence pervading the whole world of Nature, what are styled the *gods* are simply the first principles."

Plotinus, the pupil of the 'God-taught' Ammonius, tells us, that the secret *gnosis* or the knowledge of Theosophy, has three degrees—"opinion, science, and *illumination*. The means or instrument of the first is sense, or perception; of the second, dialectics; of the third, intuition. To the last, reason is subordinate; it is *absolute* knowledge, founded on the identification of the mind with the object known." Theosophy is the exact science of psychology, so to say; it stands in relation to natural, uncultivated mediumship, as the knowledge of a Tyndall stands to that of a school-boy in physics. It develops in man a direct beholding; that which Schelling denominates "a realization of the identity of subject and object in the individual"; so that under the influence and knowledge of *hyponoia* man thinks divine thoughts, views all things as they really are, and, finally, "becomes recipient of the Soul of the World," to use one of the finest expressions of Emerson. "I, the imperfect, adore my own perfect"—he says in his superb Essay on the *Oversoul*.

Besides this psychological, or soul-state, Theosophy cultivated every branch of sciences and arts. It was thoroughly familiar with what is now commonly known as mesmerism.

Practical theurgy or 'ceremonial magic,' so often resorted to in their exorcisms by the Roman Catholic clergy, was discarded by the Theosophists. It is but Iamblichus alone who, transcending the other Eclectics, added to Theosophy the doctrine of Theurgy. When ignorant of the true meaning of the esoteric divine symbols of nature, man is apt to miscalculate the powers of his soul, and, instead of communing spiritually and mentally with the higher, celestial beings, the good spirits (the gods of the theurgists of the Platonic school), he will unconsciously call forth the evil, dark powers which lurk around humanity—the undying, grim creations of human crimes and vices—and thus fall from *theurgia* (white magic) into *goëtia* (or black magic, sorcery). Yet, neither white nor black magic are what popular superstition understands by the terms. The possibility of 'raising spirit[s]' according to the key of Solomon, is the height of superstition and ignorance. Purity of deed and thought can alone raise us to an intercourse 'with the gods' and attain for us the goal we desire. Alchemy, believed by so many to have been a spiritual philosophy as well as a physical science, belonged to the teachings of the Theosophical school.

It is a noticeable fact that neither Zoroaster, Buddha, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Confucius, Socrates, nor Ammonius Saccas, committed anything to writing. The reason for it is obvious. Theosophy is a double-edged weapon and unfit for the ignorant or the selfish.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF ANTIQUITY

Like every ancient philosophy it has its votaries among the moderns; but, until late in our own days, its disciples were few in numbers, and of the most various sects and opinions. "Entirely speculative, and founding no schools, they have still exercised a silent influence upon philosophy; and no doubt, when the time arrives, many ideas thus silently propounded may yet give new directions to human thought"—remarks Mr. Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie IX°. . . himself a mystic and a Theosophist, in his large and valuable work, *The Royal Masonic Cyclopaedia* (articles *Theosophical Society of New York* and *Theosophy*, p. 731).* Since the days of the fire-philosophers, they had never formed themselves into societies, for, tracked like wild beasts

**The Royal Masonic Cyclopaedia of History, Rites, Symbolism, and Biography.* Edited by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie IX° (Cryptonymus) Hon. Member of the Canon-gate Kilwinning Lodge, No. 2, Scotland. New York, J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway. 1877.

by the Christian clergy, to be known as a Theosophist often amounted, hardly a century ago, to a death-warrant. The statistics show that, during a period of 150 years, no less than 90,000 men and women were burned in Europe for alleged witchcraft. In Great Britain only, from A. D. 1640 to 1660, but twenty years, 3,000 persons were put to death for compact with the 'Devil.'

It was but late in the present century—in 1875—that some progressed mystics and spiritualists, unsatisfied with the theories and explanations of Spiritualism, started by its votaries, and finding that they were far from covering the whole ground of the wide range of phenomena, formed at New York, America, an association which is now widely known as The Theosophical Society. And now, having explained what is Theosophy, we will, in a separate article, explain what is the nature of our Society, which is also called the 'Universal Brotherhood of Humanity.'

THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF ANTIQUITY

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

"It is now clear that in human history there has been as much decline and degeneracy as the reverse."—Professor A. H. SAYCE, quoted in the *London Observer*, Nov. 3, 1929

THE above quotation from the eminent Orientalist, typical of so many similar admissions today, seems to give away the case for the usual theory of human history—that civilized man of today stands at the apex of a continuous ascent through pro-

gressive stages, leading, when traced backwards, to barbarism, and even beyond that to animality. Thus does scientific research, when honestly pursued, lead ever to a vindication of the true teachings.

Moreover, in this new view of hu-

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man history, the supposed need for making the period of man's habitancy of the earth comparatively short vanishes. If that history is a series of ups and downs, how or why try to fix a time for its commencement?

It might at first sight be supposed that this idea of alternate ups and downs precludes progress. But not so; nor need we look far for an illustrative analogy. The figure of a helix or screw (often loosely called a spiral) is traced by the motion of a point which goes continually round and round in a circle, and yet ever progresses. This analogy will help us to understand what is meant by 'cyclic progress'—by saying that evolution proceeds in cycles. If the history of humanity is that of a succession of civilizations, each one of which has passed through all its possible phases of birth, growth, maturity, senescence, and decay; then it becomes reasonable to say that there may have been one civilization or many civilizations, in the past, which, though standing behind us in the course of evolution, yet had reached a higher point in their own cycle than we have yet reached in ours; to which may be added that, when we have reached the highest point in our cycle, we shall stand at a higher level than they of the past. So it is not so difficult, after all, to make sense of the facts: apply the right key, and the mystery is unlocked. Interpret the facts without prejudice, and they will yield the key. But trouble awaits him who goes to nature with a set theory in his mind, determined to force the facts to fit it.

The drama of human history is far larger than we had imagined and includes many ups and downs and successive waves sweeping over different parts of the earth. It follows from what has been said that we can learn from the past. Material civilization does not necessarily imply a high level of development in other respects; it may even imply the reverse. Older races may have attained much greater heights in self-knowledge, in knowledge and mastery of some of the deeper secrets of life, than we have. The vast sacred and philosophical literature of Hindústan shows that these matters have been studied deeply for ages.

The title of H. P. Blavatsky's principal work, *The Secret Doctrine*, indicates that it was written to convince people that such a Secret Doctrine does exist, and has existed throughout the history of mankind; that it is the accumulated results of the studies of great Seers of all times; that it embodies the keys to knowledge in all departments of inquiry; and that the time has now come for reintroducing it to the modern world. We find in the preface to that work a prophecy to the effect that, though it may be derided and rejected in the Nineteenth century, in the Twentieth century scholars will begin to recognise that the Secret Doctrine has been neither invented nor exaggerated, but simply outlined. This prophecy is now beginning to be fulfilled.

In an age when education and the circulation of reading matter are so

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widely diffused, dogmatism in religion or science or anything else cannot last very long. It is always the aim of the dogmatists to have a fixed system and to try to fix any new knowledge on to this system, rejecting such things as do not fit. But the general public will always judge of teachings by their ability to solve problems, and teachers by their ability to teach. When it is found that the teachings of the Secret Doctrine do actually solve problems, people will study these teachings.

The facts discovered by science are so numerous that they cannot be coordinated by the existing scientific philosophies; but the Secret Doctrine (now known as Theosophy) is found to supply the keys which will harmonize these facts. Facts cannot be inconsistent with each other, but they may be inconsistent with a theory; and then the theory is proved to be either wrong or not large enough. But a theory which accommodates all the facts proves itself thereby.

Only Theosophy can reconcile religions, by showing them to be the same in essence and origin, and by pointing to their common parent, the Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine.

The facts of life, from which we cannot escape, do not square with theories as to the constitution of human nature or with religious teachings about the soul and its origin and destiny. What the people need is an interpretation of these facts; not something which they must believe on faith or authority, but something which will actually explain

those facts and thus enable people to cope with them.

This something is to be found in the Secret Doctrine of antiquity. Let people examine its teachings and judge accordingly. A hungry man, who has food placed before him, does not waste time inquiring whether it is good to eat, or who provided it; and then, if the answer is not satisfactory, go without it. He tastes and eats. Similarly, no earnest and reasonable inquirer will want to know first the credentials of a book, but will open and read, to see whether it can tell him anything he wants to know. If he finds that it does solve his problems, then he will begin to be interested in the question of the source of that information. This is the test which we ask people to apply to Theosophy. And we do not doubt that the sincere inquirer will find it a masterkey to his problems, wherever it may have come from. And be it remembered that the Secret Doctrine has been 'simply outlined'; that is, there is a limitless ocean of knowledge, to the shores alone of which we have been conducted. It is possible for any earnest student to tread the path of knowledge, both by availing himself of the accumulated wisdom of his predecessors on that path, and by learning how to open his own subtler faculties.

To realize the importance of such a source of knowledge, it may help if we look around on the world of speculation and contemplate the wild theories of great writers who have the public ear, and are prominent in biology or sociology or what not, but whose ab-

stract reasonings do not touch human nature in any vital spot. It would seem that the first requisite for theorizing about the proper government of mankind and his future destiny is to have some sort of idea of what man *is*. And this problem may be described as the foundation of Theosophy, whercin

man figures as an incarnate Divinity and as a miniature of the whole universe.

So we may wind up by urging people to do their own studying and not accept the *ipse dixit* of anyone without examination, however eminent the authority may be.

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Lucius Annaeus Seneca

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

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

BOOK II

(1) All research concerning the universe is divided into celestial, sublime, and terrestrial matters. The first examines the nature of the heavenly orbs, and the magnitude and form of the fires by which the world is inclosed; whether the sky be solid and of a stable and concreted matter, or woven together out of subtil and thin matter; whether it is moved or moves (*of itself*); also whether the heavenly orbs are wandering beneath it or fixed into its own texture; in what manner it preserves the seasons of the year, bends back the sun (*in its course*), and other things similar.

(2) The second part treats of things that are situated between the sky and the earth. Here are clouds, rain-storms, snows [earthquakes, lightnings],

And thunders to shake the minds of men;
(Ovid, *Metam.*, i, 55)

whatever, also, the air does or suffers. These we call sublime, because they are more lofty (*in position*) than the lowest parts. The third part examines sufficiently concerning waters, lands, vegetation, and — if I may use the language of the lawyers — concerning all things *which are contained in the soil*.

(3) "Why," thou askest, "hast thou placed research concerning the earthquake in the list containing thunders and lightnings which thou art going to speak of?" Because, since movements of the earth (*earthquakes*) are produced by spirit — and spirit is driven air — even if it goes under the earth, it (*spirit*) is not to be seen there: it should be examined in the seat where nature has set it apart.

(4) I will add something that will seem more wonderful: it will be necessary to speak of the earth (*as being*) among celestial things. "Why?" thou

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askest. Because, when we examine the characteristics of the earth itself in its own place: whether it be wide and unequal and enormously extended, or whether it lie wholly in the form of a sphere and compress together its parts into an orb; whether it hold the waters together or be held together by the waters; whether it be itself an animal (*living being*) or an inert body without sensation, full indeed of spirit but the latter of outside origin; and other matters of this sort as often as they come to hand (*for discussion, we see that*) they belong to the earth and are allocated to the lowest parts (*terrestrial*).

(5) Yet where it is a question of the earth's position, or in what part of the world it is placed, or in what manner it is situated in opposition to the heavenly orbs and the sky itself, our investigation approaches higher (*than merely earthly*) matters, and, if I may so say, follows a higher rank.

II

(1) Since I have spoken of the parts into which all the matter of the nature of things is divided, *certain things should be discussed in common, and this first is to be assumed, that among those bodies by which the unity (oneness of things) consists, is the air.*

(2) What that may be which we are first to discuss, thou wilt know if I say and claim a trifle more emphatically that there is a certain continuum, and a certain conjunction. *Continuation* is the uninterrupted union of parts among themselves. *Unity* is continu-

ation without conjunction, and [conjunction (commissura) is] the touching of two bodies conjoined.

(3) Is it doubtful that of the bodies which we see and handle, which are either felt or which feel, certain ones are [composite, certain ones not] composite? They consist in either junction or accumulation, as a rope, corn, a ship: or, otherwise, non-composite, as a tree, a stone. Therefore thou must admit that of those which actually escape our sense, yet which are grasped by the reason, there is in certain ones a unity of bodies.

(4) See how I spare thy ears! I were able easily to explain myself if I wished to use the language of philosophers, if I were to say *united bodies*: since I spare thee this, bear me thanks for it! Why (*do I say*) this? Because if I say one, thou wilt remember that I am not referring to number but to the nature of a body cohering by no external power but from its own unity. Of this sort of bodies is the air.

III

(1) All things which fall, or can fall, under our notice, the world embraces. Of these, certain things are parts of it (*the world*), the remainder exists as matter. For all nature longs for matter as does all art which consists in (*work of the*) hand. What I mean I will now show more clearly.

(2) A part of us is the eye, the hand; parts are the bones, the nerves; matter is the juices of recently taken food going to the (*different*) parts (*of the body*). On the other hand, a quasi-

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part is our blood, and yet it is matter: for it builds up also other things and nevertheless it belongs to those things whose combination makes the body.

IV

(1) Thus the air is a part of the world, and indeed a necessary (*part*), for it is that which links together the heaven and the earth, which separates the lowest and the highest parts in such manner that it joins them together. It separates, because it stands between: it joins together, because of this fact, there is to both between themselves a common life. It carries above itself whatever it receives from earth: and, again, it pours into terrestrial things the energy of the heavenly orbs.

(2) I denominate as a quasi-part of the world, the animals, the vegetation, for the races of animals and of plants are a part of the universe, because they are required for the completing of the whole and because without them there is no universe. A single animal and a single plant, again, is a quasi-part, because, though it may perish, yet that out of which it perishes is the whole. The air, as I have said, coheres to both sky and earth: it is inborn in each of the two. Whatever of anything is an inborn part has unity, for nothing is born without unity.

V

(1) The earth is both a part of the world and is also matter. Why it is a part, I think thou wilt not ask; or thou wilt likewise ask why the sky is

also a part; because, forsooth, no more without the latter than without the former can the universe exist, because with these it is the universe, out of which just as from it (*the earth*), aliment is supplied to all animals, all seeds, all stars.

(2) Hence singly to each, hence to the world needing so much for itself, (*food*) is supplied; hence proceeds that by which are sustained so many heavenly orbs so greatly at work, so greatly avid both by day and by night, of work and of food. And the nature of all things, verily, takes whatever of nutriment may be necessary for it; the world, whatever it desired from eternity, it took. I lay here before thee an insignificant exemplar of a great subject: eggs inclose as much liquid as is necessary for the development of the future animal.

VI

(1) The air is continuous with the earth and is so arranged that it instantly flows into whatever place whence the earth has moved. It is a part of the entire world, but, nevertheless, whatever the earth sends forth for aliment of celestial things, it (*the air*) receives it, so that it must be understood in this case as matter, not as a part. Out of this fact arise its instability and its tumults.

(2) Certain men (*say that*) the air is strewn forth out of separate corpuscles, after the fashion of a powder, and they depart greatly from the truth. It is never produced except through the unity of a cohering body, since the

parts must combine and confer energy to produce the effort. But the air, if it be divided into atoms, is dissipated, for dissociated things cannot be held together.

(3) Things inflated and not yielding to a blow will show to thee the tension of the air; heavy objects carried to a distance by the wind can show it; sounds show it, which are faint or clear in proportion as the air has aroused itself: for what is a sound if not a tension of the air, brought about, so that it may be heard, by the stroke of the tongue?

(4) What are movement forward and all motion if not the works of spirit in a condition of strain? It imparts energy to the sinews, velocity to runners. When it is violently aroused it twists itself, uproots plants and forests, and snatching up entire buildings, breaks them into pieces aloft. It excites the sea, of its own nature languid and still.

(5) Let us turn to less things: what musical sound exists without a tension of the spirit? Horns and trumpets and the (*pipes*) that produce by the pressure of water a sound greater than that which can be rendered by the mouth (*of man*) — do they not display their parts by a tension of the air? Let us consider the things that use immense energy in invisible ways: very small seeds, whose insignificant size finds a resting-place in the crevices of stones, so greatly increase that they unsettle immense rocks and wreck monuments; crags also and cliffs are split off by very minute and thin roots: what else

is this than a tension of spirit, without which nothing is capable of action?

(6) That there is a unity in air can be understood assuredly from this, that our bodies cohere together. What other thing is it than spirit that could hold them together? What other thing is it by which our mind (*animus*) is agitated? What movement has it except tension? What tension (*has it*) except from unity? What unity (*has it*) except this were in air? What other things produce fruit and the smaller crops, and thrust forth the vigorous trees and spread them out into branches [or extend them on high] than tension of spirit, and unity?

VII

(1) Some (*in their theories*) divide the air and make it consist of particles so that they may mix voids throughout it. They consider it a proof of its not being a full (*continuous*) body but as having much of void, that birds have so easy a movement in it, that both the greatest and the smallest fly through it.

(2) But they are deceived. For of waters also there is a similar facility (*of movement in them*), and there is no doubt of their unity, for they receive bodies in such fashion that they always flow back against the bodies received. This, our people call circumstantiam (*standing around — surrounding*), but the Greeks call it ἀντιπερίστασις which takes place in air even as in water. It surrounds every body by which it is moved. There is,

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therefore, no need whatsoever for an admixture of void spaces.

VIII

But of these things, elsewhere. That there is in the nature of things a certain vehemence of great impulse, may be gathered now in the following way: nothing very vehement exists without tension (intentione — *strain*), so much so, by Hercules! that nothing can be thrown into a state of tension by another thing unless there were something put in a state of tension from itself. We say in the same way that a thing cannot be moved by another thing unless something were movable from itself. But what thing is there that may be believed to suffer more tension from its own self than spirit? Who will deny that this may be put in a state of tension (*strain*) when he has seen the land with its mountains to be moved, roofs and walls, great cities with their inhabitants, and the seas with all their coasts?

IX

(1) The velocity and the expanding of spirit show its tension. The eyes send instantly their vision over many miles. A single sound strikes all cities at once. Light does not creep forth slowly, but in an instant is poured out upon all things.

(2) But water: in what manner could it be put into a state of tension without spirit? Dost thou doubt that the spraying shower, which, starting forth out of the foundation of the

arena, reaches even to the highest part of the amphitheater, is produced with a tension of the water? And yet neither hand nor any catapult-engine can send forth or drive the water so (*greatly*) as can spirit. It (*the water*) adjusts itself to it (*spirit*); the latter passing into it and compelling it, it is raised high; against its own nature it attempts many things, and ascends, though born to flow down.

(3) What! Do ships deeply submerged by their load insufficiently show that it is not water which prevents them from sinking, but spirit? For water would give way, nor could it bear up burdens if it itself were not sustained. A dish cast from a high place into a pond does not sink, but rebounds: in what fashion, unless spirit were resisting it?

(4) By what means is a sound transmitted through the materials of walls, if it were not that air is also within the solid material, which both receives and transmits the sound from without? Forsooth, it (*air*) puts in tension by spirit not only open (*outward*) things, but also those hid and inclosed, which it is easy for it to do, because nowhere is it divided, but through those very things by which it seems to be separated it is continuous with itself. Interpose walls and a range of hills: through all these we have no passage, but not (*so*) to it. For that through which we may follow it is merely blocked; but it, indeed, passes over through itself where it is parted, and intervening obstacles it

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does not so much flow around or ingirdle, but permeates them.

X

(1) Air is diffused from the brightly shining aether down to the earth, being more mobile and more tenuous and higher than the earth and also than water; on the other hand, it is denser and heavier than the aether: it is cold and dusky in its nature. It has light and heat from outside itself, but it is not everywhere alike, for it is changed by its neighbors.

(2) Its highest part is very dry and very hot, and on this account also very thin, because of the nearness of the eternal fires and those manifold movements of the heavenly orbs and the perpetual revolving of the heaven. The part which is lowest and near to earth is dense and murky, because it receives terrene exhalations. The middle part is more temperate — if thou compare it with the highest and lowest parts — as regards dryness and tenuousness, and on the other hand it is colder than the highest and lowest.

(3) For its higher parts feel the heat of the neighboring orbs. The lower parts also are warm, first, from the vapor of the earth which carries much warmth with it; next, because the rays of the sun are reflected back, and as far as they are able to reach, warm (*those places*) more abundantly with a double heat; finally, from the spirit which is in living beings and in plants; which is quite hot. Nothing could live without heat.

(4) Add now the fires, not so much

those made by hand, which are obvious, but those concealed in the earth; of which some have burst forth, and innumerable ones flame forth from hid and secret (*places*). These particular parts of it (*the air*), fertile of things, have (*therefore*) somewhat of warmth, since, truly, cold is sterile, warmth begets. Therefore the middle part of the air being removed from these, remains in its (*state of*) cold, for the nature of air is icy.

XI

(1) Since it (*the air*) is thus divided (*into parts*), in its lowest part it is especially variable and shifting and changeable. Around the earth it dares most, it suffers most, it stirs (*things*) up, and is (*itself*) stirred up; yet the whole of it is not affected in the same way, but otherwise elsewhere; and in parts it is turbulent and troubled.

(2) The earth furnishes other causes of its mutability and changefulness, for the (*earth's*) positions turned hither or thither affect greatly the air's temper; other (*causes*) are the courses of the heavenly orbs, of which thou mayest place the sun's as the most important: it governs the year, and summers and winters follow its turnings. Next is the power of the moon. The other stars also affect terrestrial concerns not less than (*they affect*) the spirit pressing upon the earth, and from their courses, or from adverse approaches, cause now colds, now rains, and other injuries to the earth [from their revolving.]

(3) *To one about to speak of thun-*

der, thunderbolts, and lightnings, it was necessary to mention first these things (above referred to); for since they take place in the air, it was needful that the nature (of the air) be explained, in order that what it can do or suffer, should more easily be shown.

XII

(1) There are three things which occur: lightnings, thunderbolts, thunderings, which are heard together when produced somewhat late (*in the evening*). Lightning shows fire: the thunderbolt (*fulminatio*) emits it. The former, if I may say so, is a threatening, an attempt without a stroke: the latter, a hurling, with a stroke.

(2) There are some, concerning which all agree, and others concerning which there are diverse opinions. It is agreed concerning the former; all the latter are in the clouds and are produced by the clouds. Moreover, it is agreed that both lightnings and thunderbolts are either of fire or of the appearance of fire.

(3) Let us now pass on to those concerning which there is dispute. Some think that fire inheres in clouds, some that it is produced at the moment and that it had no existence before discharge. Nor is there agreement, again, among those who consider fire as ready beforehand. One says that it is gathered from outside; others say that the rays of the sun, rushing in and rushing back and thus frequently meeting each other, excite (*the production of*) fire. Anaxagoras says that it distils from the aether, and that from

such great heat of the sky many things fall, which the clouds hold a long time imprisoned.

(4) Aristotle thinks that fire is not collected very long before (*it appears*), but that it leaps forth in the same instant when it is produced. His opinion is as follows: *Two parts of the world lie the lowest, earth and water. Each of the two gives out something from itself: the terrene vapor is dry and similar to smoke, which causes winds, thunderbolts, and thunderings. The vapor of water is moist and results in showers and snows.*

(5) *But that dry vapor of the earth whence is the origin of winds, when it is closely compressed, is dashed out of the meeting of clouds violently impinging on each other: and, where it strikes the nearest clouds far and wide, the blow from the impact produces sound, like that given out by our fires when the flame crackles from the burning of green wood; and this spirit, having something humid with it, when it is pressed into a mass, breaks forth in flame. In the same way, that spirit which a moment ago I said was formed out of colliding clouds, impinging upon other (clouds), can neither be broken nor spring forth in silence.*

(6) *The dissimilarity of the crackling sound is caused by the dissimilarity of the clouds. How? Some (clouds) have a larger belly, some a smaller. On the other hand, that energy of the forced-out spirit is fire, having the name of lightning, kindled by a light impulse and empty (of results). We*

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see the flash before we hear the sound because the sense of the eyes (vision) is very quick, and greatly outdistances the ears (hearing).

XIII

(1) It can be proved in many ways that the opinion of those who (*teach that*) fire is held in the clouds, is false. If it fall from the sky, why does this not happen daily, since it burns there always just as much? Further, they have given no reason why fire, which nature calls upward, should flow downward. The character of our fires out of which sparks fall, is different, for (*these sparks*) have something heavy in them: fire does not fall in that way, but is precipitated and drawn down.

(2) Nothing similar to this occurs in that purest fire, in which there is nothing that can be pressed downward: or, if any part of it should fall down, the whole is in peril, because any whole may fall which can be divided into pieces. Further, that which (*its*) lightness hinders from falling . . . [*probably a lacuna in the text here*] it holds it in its hid recesses: how could a heavy body be there, whence it could fall?

(3) "What then? Are not some fires commonly carried down to the lower spaces, just as are these very thunderbolts which we are examining?" I admit it; nevertheless they do not go (*of themselves*) but are borne down. Some force bears them downward which is not in the aether. For nothing there is compelled by vio-

lence, nothing is broken, nothing happens beyond rule.

(4) There is order in things, and cleansed fire, in the custody of the world, having obtained the highest bounds of the work (*of nature*), beautifully incircles (*all*). It cannot descend hither, nor even be confined by aught beyond, because there is no place in the aether for any undefined body: things that are defined and ordered do not conflict.

XIV

(1) "You," he says, "say, when you set forth the causes of shooting-stars, that some parts of the air can draw fire to themselves from the heat in the higher spaces, and thus be inkindled." But there is an immense difference whether one say that fire falls from the aether, which nature does not suffer, or whether one say that heat out of a fiery energy passes over to those places which lie below. For fire does not fall thence, which cannot take place, but is born here.

(2) We see actually among ourselves, in a widespreading conflagration, certain blocks of houses, which after long supporting the heat, burst into flames of themselves. In like manner it is very probable that there is in the uppermost air, which has the faculty of catching fire, something capable of being inkindled by the heat of the superlying aether. It is necessary also that the lowest aether have something similar to air and that the highest air be not dissimilar from the lowest aether, because the transition

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between contrary bodies is not instantaneous: by degrees these (*bodies*) commingle their energy where they conjoin, in such fashion that thou mayest be in doubt whether air or aether be there.

XV

Some of our (*thinkers*) opine that the air, since it is changeable into fire and water, does not draw from elsewhere other causes of the flames. For itself inkindles itself by moving, and when it disperses the dense and compact bellies of clouds, of necessity, by the disruption of such great bodies, gives forth enormous sound. Furthermore, this conflict of heavily moving clouds aids somewhat in exciting the fire, as the hand, in the same manner, aids the iron (*implement*) in cutting, but yet the cutting is done by the iron.

XVI

What, therefore, is the difference between lightning and the thunderbolt? I will explain. Lightning is fire widely spread; a thunderbolt is fire condensed and hurled with an impetus. We receive water between our two hands joined together, and then, pressing one palm against the other, expel it, after the manner of a siphon: imagine something similar to occur there (*in the cloud discharging the bolt*). The narrow spaces of clouds compressed together force out the spirit between, and by this very thing burst into flame, and throw it forth after the manner of a catapult; for ballistae and scorpions (*military engines of the*

catapult kind) also when hurling weapons, produce a sound.

XVII

Some opine that that spirit, passing through cold and moist things, gives out sound: but hot iron is not wetted in quiet, for if the glowing mass fall into water, it is extinguished with much noise. As Anaximenes says: "Spirit falling into clouds, gives out thunder, and, while it struggles to escape through the obstacles and interstices, by the very flight it kindles fire."

XVIII

Anaximandros referred everything to spirit. "Thunders," he says, "are sounds out of a stricken cloud. Why are they unequal (*in sound and volume*)? Because the stroke itself is unequal. Why does it thunder in a clear sky? Because then spirit leaps forth through shaken and rent air. But why, sometimes, does it not lighten but yet thunders? Because spirit of weaker power cannot produce flame, but does produce sound. What then is lightning itself? A shaking of air which is scattering and which is rushing part upon part, uncovering a fire both languid and stationary. What is the thunderbolt? A rushing forth of a more violent and denser spirit."

XIX

Anaximandros says: All the above things occur in such fashion that an energy descends into the lower parts: thus, fire dashing into cold clouds,

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thunders; but when it cleaves them, it lightens, and a less energy makes lightnings, but a greater, thunderbolts.

XX

(1) Diogenes Apolloniates says: Some thunderings are produced by fire, some by spirit (or air). Fire produces those which it itself precedes and announces: spirit (or air) those, which resound without brightness.

(2) I concede (he says) that either without the other sometimes occurs, but nevertheless in such fashion that no different power is in (*either of*) them, but either from the other can be effected. For who will deny that spirit, borne along with great impetus, when it produces sound will like-

wise produce fire? Who, again, will not concede this, that sometimes fire is also able to dash into clouds and be unable to leave them, if, in the multitude of clouds, though it may destroy a few, it be overpowered? Therefore fire will turn to spirit (or air) and will lose its flame; and spirit, while it is cleaving the lower regions, will inkindle them.

(3) Add this, which is necessary, that spirit (or air) will send out before it the impulses of the thunderbolt, and will drive before itself and drag after itself wind, when it falls with a blow so enormous upon the air. Hence, all things, before they are struck, begin to quake, being shaken by the wind that fire has sent out before itself.

(*To be continued*)

THE NEVER-ENDING WRONG

A DRAMA: BY KENNETH MORRIS AND REGINALD W. MACHELL

(*Continued from the June number*)

SCENE V: THE PLOTTERS

Kao Lishih — Bid him attend you here? No need, my lord; he'll be here presently. . . .

So — I have delayed long enough, it seems.

(Claps hands. Enter a servant)

That which I ordered must happen tonight; outside the western gate of the palace; to-night, just before dawn.

Servant — I understand, my lord. (Going)

Kao Lishih — Stay! I shall be there — perhaps. No account is to be taken of what I may say or do then. The orders already given are to stand. Go!

(Exit Servant)

So, my lady, you do not trust me? And you would remove ministers — whom I find it convenient to retain in office; and introduce reforms — of which I do not approve? Perhaps you have forgotten the time when, to please you, your lover bade me tie that rhymester's shoe-lace? The sting of that insolence, so far as you are concerned, shall lie in my mind only until dawn.

The puppets of the state, madam, dance when I pull the strings; and you, it seems, would take those strings out of my hands into your own? No, no! your hands are too fair, too delicate for the work. believe me! Your place is in paradise — and dawn shall find you there. The Son of Heaven is to

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dismiss your brother the minister — and me also, of course! Oh, 'twas time I intervened with those *matters of state!* — which shall be provided. Tonight you die!

(Enter a messenger)

Eh, sir, what would you?

Messenger — I seek the Minister Yang, sir.

Kao Lishih — And what would you with — er — the Minister Yang?

Messenger — I bring a letter, sir, from the General Chih Tseng, in command of the Yangtse Army. They told me I should find His Excellency here.

Kao Lishih (taking the letter) — You may give it to me, sir.

Messenger — It was to be given into the Minister's own hands —

Kao Lishih — Yes, sir. Go. You are dismissed.

(Exit Messenger. *Kao Lishih* opens and reads the letter.)

By forced marches we have crossed the mountains, and by dawn shall be before the Honan Gate.

H'm; they have been speedy beyond expectation.

We have with us, as you know, fifty thousand picked troops; and the Son of Heaven, to whom our most loyal greetings, may comport himself securely, as though there were no rebels in the empire. We shall enter Changan immediately, and place our whole strength at his disposal.

I trust you not, Chih Tseng; you lack refinement. I know you love Tai Chen; if she were alive when you entered the city, you would back her influence with your own and your army's, and — But you will come too late. And meanwhile, your letter is safest in my hands.

(Enter a servant)

Eh, who comes here?

Servant — My lord, a letter for you

from the General An Lushan. (Hands him letter and retires.)

Kao Lishih (reading) — *We shall be before the Shensi Gate almost by dawn.*

What, you too? Loyalists at the south gate, rebels at the north — H'm! . . .

You will see that the gate is opened to admit us, and dispose of the garrison as may seem well; we will then proceed according to the plan agreed upon. — AN LUSHAN

See that the gate is opened — H'm — I hardly think so, under the circumstances. You should have made more speed, my friend! Your message is rude and Tatarlike; yet it may serve my purposes. Er — fellow!

Servant (returning) — My lord?

Kao Lishih — To whom was this letter addressed?

Servant — To you, my lord.

Kao Lishih — You are mistaken, sir. It is addressed to the General Feng Lo, in command at the Shensi Gate. See here —

Servant — I cannot read, my lord. But the messenger said —

Kao Lishih — The messenger said, to the General Feng Lo. And there are incidents in your past career —

Servant — My lord —

Kao Lishih — To whom was this letter addressed?

Servant — To the General Feng Lo, my lord.

Kao Lishih — Very well, sir; remember. And now go.

(Exit servant.)

To Feng Lo — on whose loyalty already I have had occasion to throw some little doubt — unheeded so far. Well, it appears that heaven designs the humble secretary Kao Lishih to remain amid all these changes the ruler of the Empire; and to that end has arranged the events of tonight. Ah — here comes my excellent master.

(Enter Yang Kuochung)

THE NEVER-ENDING WRONG

Yang Kuochung — Well, sir, you have to report?

Kao Lishih — First, your Excellency, that the Son of Heaven desires to see you here as soon as he returns from escorting the Lady Tai Chen to her pavilion.

Yang — Well. And you listened? — You overheard?

Kao Lishih — Much. Your Excellency, much: I was very favorably placed during the conversation. What I have to report to you causes me no little uneasiness.

Yang — Ah?

Kao Lishih — The Son of Heaven, as you anticipated, was for letting slip the work of government, to have the greater quiet for the pursuits on which his heart is set.

Yang — Rightly; he is all poet, and literature would lose were he to be burdened with the details of his sacred office. It has always been my object to relieve him, to the utmost of my power, of all such cares; it is only fitting that he should enjoy, to the fullest extent, the blessings of the aesthetic life, exercising his supreme authority through me.

Kao Lishih — That is hardly, I think, what His Majesty intended. He spoke of abdicating; and in view of the expected arrival of the Prince of Tang with the Army of the Yangtse —

Yang — Why, this is ingratitude! What freedom could he desire more than he has? I take on my shoulders the whole management of affairs; sparing him all anxiety — scarcely consulting him, indeed — shielding him scrupulously from every rumor of sedition — of which heaven is aware, there is enough! Against whom, I ask, does An Lushan direct his infamous rebellion? Who stands between the emperor and anarchy, but me?

Kao Lishih — Ah, who indeed?

Yang — I — the humblest of his servants, on whose head the imprecations of the

herd are showered without ceasing! Do I complain? No! I ask for no reward; I claim no recognition of my services. Willingly I bear the burden for him; gladly rule the empire in his name — yet he would rob me of the one thing I treasure, my power to serve the state, by basely laying down his sacred office! He would be free to waste the remnant of his life in soft luxury and idleness, careless what might become of me. The Prince of Tang is young, and, I fear, headstrong; on more than one occasion he has misinterpreted the loftiness of my motives; he has much to learn before I can safely invest him with the imperial Yellow. No, no. I need the Emperor, and he needs me! But what said my sister? She, I trust, endeavored to correct this tendency towards weakness?

Kao Lishih — She did indeed, my lord; but —

Yang — But what, sir?

Kao Lishih — That is the painful part of it. Your sister's natural charm renders of more moment her opinions and designs.

Yang — Opinions and designs? But proceed; I presume then, that she disclosed these opinions and designs, as you call them, in the course of her conversation with the Emperor?

Kao Lishih — She did, my lord. Such a nature, untempered by the wisdom that comes with maturity, is apt to lead its possessor into — er — shall we say *indiscretions*?

Yang — Indiscretions, eh?

Kao Lishih — I fear we must call them so. She has, as you know, great influence with the Son of Heaven — very great influence; so that her attitude in the present instance is one. I think you will agree, that calls for immediate action.

Yang — Well, sir?

Kao Lishih — Led on, no doubt, by her idealism, she besought the Emperor to play his imperial part more vigorously: to take personal charge of affairs —

Yang — Unwise, unwise!

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Kao Lishih — Unwise indeed, as Your Excellency says. But she went much farther. She begged His Majesty to institute reforms; to go back to his former régime of economy—

Yang — The silly child! Why, that economy — that miserable parsimony — was bringing the whole administration into contempt — in the capital, in the provinces and abroad. I have told his majesty so a hundred times. Why, this is the rebels' cry!

Kao Lishih — And, knowing that Your Excellency is opposed to these ideas, she pleaded with the Emperor to dismiss you.

Yang — She — pleaded — with the Emperor — to dismiss — ME?

Kao Lishih — And might have persuaded him, I think, then and there, had I not broken in with a request that his Majesty would grant you audience upon urgent matters of state.

Yang — You did well. Why, this is preposterous! I must send her away immediately — this very night! She must go home to Szechuan; I must have some means of convincing the Emperor —

Kao Lishih — My lord, I have in my possession that which, I think, will make the Emperor only too eager to send her away.

Yang — You have? What is it?

Kao Lishih — A letter taken by my police this evening from a Tatar at the Shensi Gate; it is without address, but was to have been delivered to the General Feng Lo, in command there. Deign to read it. (Gives him the letter.)

Yang (reading) — "*We shall be before the Shensi Gate almost by dawn; see that the gate is opened to admit us, and dispose of the garrison as may seem well. We will then proceed according to the plan agreed upon.*"
— AN LUSHAN"

What! Disloyalty in the garrison? Terrible! We are none of us safe.

Kao Lishih — Precisely the impression we desire to convey to His Majesty.

Yang — Then this letter — ?

Kao Lishih — Shows an understanding between the rebels and Feng Lo. But he is powerless — I hold the situation in my hands. This for Your Excellency.

Yang — Ah — so!

Kao Lishih — Er — the widespread disaffection in the garrison, implied by this letter, is due then, as Your Excellency is aware, to rumors that the Lady Tai Chen has been urging the Emperor to courses which would imply curtailment of their privileges —

Yang — A good point! Proceed.

Kao Lishih — Arrests have been made, and the usual means taken for forcing revelations. These have been of so alarming a nature that we are in a position to state that unless she be sent away at once — tonight — the whole garrison is likely to join the rebels when they arrive in the morning. And of course, the first victim of the mutiny would be the Lady Tai Chen herself.

Yang — Excellent, excellent. She must go, and the officers of the garrison must be notified at once.

Kao Lishih — Your Excellency will, of course, represent to the Son of Heaven that the banishment need be no more than temporary — no banishment at all, in fact; merely seclusion — say at the imperial park at Tien Ching, which is on the road to your home in Szechuan, and at no such distance from the capital as to cause the Emperor unnecessary alarm. Then Your Excellency can deal with the situation here in such a way as to convince him that you are indispensable to him —

Yang — As he is to — er — the State.

Kao Lishih — Exactly. And we shall gain leisure to devise new reasons for the prolongation of her journey. As for her escort—

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Yang — That must be, of course, your personal charge.

(Enter *Ming Huang*)

Ming Huang — I have been delayed. Well, now; these matters of state. What new ill has befallen? You seem disturbed.

Yang — Alas, Your Majesty, with infinite reason! My secretary here has this evening, through his police, taken treasonable correspondence between An Lushan and a high officer of the garrison.

Ming Huang — What? —

Yang — Here is the letter. Sire.

Ming Huang (reading) — “*Before the Shensi Gate almost by dawn . . . opened to admit us . . . dispose of the garrison . . . plan agreed upon.*” I do not understand. This has been sent? —

Kao Lishih — To the General Feng Lo, in command at the Shensi Gate.

Ming Huang — Then Feng Lo is -- a traitor. . . .

Yang — And, as the letter implies, the garrison is disaffected.

Ming Huang — This . . . is . . . disaster. And the Army of the Yangtse — what hope is there in that quarter?

Yang — According to the latest despatches, it should now be at about three days' distance from Changan, among the mountains — not less.

Kao Lishih — Certainly not less.

Ming Huang — Then . . . I . . . must go . . . at once — while the roads are still open.

Yang — Such a course would be fatal, Your Majesty. You could not leave the palace without the knowledge of the guard; the garrison would hear of it; their unrest and suspicion would become open riot; the city would be given to murder and pillage; word would be sent to An Lushan; there

would be quick pursuit, and by Tatar horsemen —

Kao Lishih — And even if the sacredness of your person should protect yourself, it would not save the life of her against whom, unfortunately, the soldiers are incensed.

Ming Huang — Against her — whom do you mean?

Kao Lishih — The Lady Tai Chen, Your Majesty.

Ming Huang — Justice of Heaven!

Yang — There is only one plan of action that offers a prospect of safety. The police have made full inquiries; they have discovered that all this unrest in the garrison is due to a rumor, firmly believed by all the soldiers, that my sister has been urging Your Majesty to a course of action which would put an end to their most cherished privileges.

Ming Huang — Ah!

Kao Lishih — So far has this feeling gone, Your Majesty, that while she remains in Changan, not one of our lives is safe — least of all hers.

Yang — Your Majesty can see, then, that all that is necessary is that she should leave the city at once; and that the garrison should immediately be informed of her banishment.

Ming Huang — I would rather die than lose her. You must find some other plan.

Yang — There is no thought of Your Majesty's losing her. You need but send her out of the city — to your villa at Tien Ching, which is not far away, but beyond the reach of these troubles. She will go privately; no one but ourselves will know where she is going. Once it is published that she has gone — banished — the roof-beam of disaffection will have fallen: the soldiers will understand that her supposed policy is condemned: we shall give them reason to think that, so far from curtailing their privileges, it is even the intention to extend them. With

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the garrison thus kept loyal, we shall have leave to hold An Lushan parleying until the Army of the Yangtse arrives.

Kao Lishih — To reinstate the Lady Tai Chen, with more honors than ever, at Your Majesty's side.

Ming Huang — The plan is good . . . and it is but for a little while. Yes, she shall go to Tien Ching — at once. Whom shall I send as her escort? Would I could go myself! Who is there that I can trust?

Yang — As head of the police, my secretary would be more able to protect her even than I should myself.

Ming Huang (to *Kao Lishih*) — You shall go, sir; you shall take her — to Tien Ching. Bid her prepare for the journey; here is my ring; it will tell her whence the order comes, and that it comes with love, and that it is urgent. Speak tenderly to her; give her assurance of the utter necessity of her going; let her fear nothing; but make all speed. Say 'tis no long farewell I bid her. . . . But above all, let nothing delay her going.

Yang (to *Kao Lishih* as they go out) — You will remain with her till her journey's end.

Kao Lishih — Till her journey's end.

(Exeunt *Kao* and *Yang*)

Ming Huang — Made free from its anxieties — at last! It was Heaven sent me these rebels, designing to set my footsteps in a higher path. I came here meaning to dismiss a minister; kind Heaven has ordained that I should dismiss the Empire instead. I foresaw endless troubles; now I foresee endless peace.

I will wait for *Chih Tseng's* coming, and the Prince of Tang; there shall be no disorder: no dark closing to my reign. I will invest my nephew in the Yellow . . . and then ride forth to Tien Ching among the mountains: Emperor no longer, but poet. lover, free man. Year shall follow eventless

year, day beneficent day shining in gold and pearl and turkis hues. We shall grow hour by hour more one at heart with beauty and love. We shall watch the wonder of the waterfalls: we two shall watch the grace and mystery of wild bird flights across the blue calmness of evening; the changes of the light on far-off rocks and pine-topped mountains; the autumn clouds that wander between the white peaks and the moon. Through love and poetry we shall find a way into the Eternal.

It is a night for poetry: this night that has shown me the Path. . . . I will go seek my poets. (Exit)

INTERLUDE: THE BROKEN LUTE-STRING

(Song to lute-accompaniment, sung behind the scene.)

From the silver lamps are trailing
faint blue, odor-laden streams;
Flash the golden wine-cups, laden
with the ruby juice of dreams;
Through the splendor of the evening
wakes the plectrum on the strings:—
Rain-drops whispering in the forest,
stir and hush of pearl-gray wings,
Murmur ancient winds and darkling
waters lit with sudden gleams.

In the pine-tree's topmost branches,
underneath the ghostly moon,
Now the bird of night is pouring
forth his wild, enchanted tune:
In the lotus blooms the dewdrops
glisten; the green fireflies pale,
And the garden throbs and quivers,
dreaming 'neath the nightingale —
Olden ecstasies ring out, and
long dead loves their longings croon.

Hush! an arrow is sped;
Unseen was its flight,
But the bird is dead.

There is more grief in the sigh
And silence of the night
Than in any cry.

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Hush! the lute hath spoken;
Her music hath taken it wings,
Her strings are broken.
T-i-n-g! (long drawn out note)

SCENE VI: THE BOLT FALLS

(Enter the Nurse)

Nurse — Kwanyin, Mother of Mercy, grant me to find the Son of Heaven alone, and in gentle mood; and grant me words, words, words, and daring to speak them! Oh, he is not here, and I must call! Grant me voice; grant me great daring, Mother of Compassion! for such a thing as calling aloud to the Son of Heaven was never ventured on before. (Calls) Your Majesty! Your Majesty!

(Enter Tai Chen)

Tai Chen — What, raising your voice to call the sacred Son of Heaven! 'Tis lucky I was passing, and am here to hush you before you are heard. What is the matter, dear?

Nurse (breaking down)—O my darling, my darling! My little, pretty lotus flower! My sweet, toddling babe that I nursed!

Tai Chen — Yes, yes! What is it, dear?

Nurse — What is it — my precious, you ask what is it? Oh! it is my husband, and the Secretary Kao Lishih — may the King of Death invent new hells for them! May frantic demons tear them through ten thousand ages!

Tai Chen — Hush, hush dear, and tell me!

Nurse — Ah me, I nursed you, my darling! I taught you the first words that came from your little rose-petal lips — and these villains —

Tai Chen — What have they done, dear?

Nurse — Oh, how can I tell you? How can I tell you? They have set a gang of murderers to — kill you — at the western gate of the palace.

Tai Chen — What nonsense, dear! Who has set this gang to kill me?

Nurse — Kao Lishih has. I got it from my husband in his drink. Oh, you know he hates you! You told me yourself how the Son of Heaven commanded him to tie the poet's shoestring in your presence.

Tai Chen — Your husband's drunken babblings, dear — he is tired of hearing you praise me! I am not going to the western gate; I am here in the palace, and the Son of Heaven —

Nurse — Kao Lishih will cheat him into sending you there, my darling! You know he is full of wiles —

Tai Chen (laughing gaily) — Oh, my dear, fear nothing from him! The Son of Heaven is the Son of Heaven; this night, depend on it, sees the end of any power the Secretary may have wielded. Why, he is already dismissed — he and his master. There, dry your old eyes, and come! (Leads her to exit)

Nurse — Ah, sweet, I am full of fears, I am full of my fears!

Tai Chen — I kiss them away! (Exit Nurse.) Poor thing, she was sadly troubled!

(Enter Kao Lishih on other side, and meets her as she returns to center.)

Kao Lishih — Madam, I am sent to you on an urgent message by the Emperor. He bids me say that there is great danger while you remain in Changan; the garrison, disturbed by some wild rumor, has come to believe that you are hostile to its privileges, and is on the point of revolt; for which reason the Son of Heaven has decided, in his great anxiety for your safety, that you shall set forth immediately for Tien Ching; I am to have the high honor of escorting you.

Tai Chen — For Tien Ching — and you are to escort me!

Kao Lishih — Here is His Majesty's ring. I am to say that it is no long farewell

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he bids you; when these uncertain days have passed, you are to return. He would have you make the utmost speed in preparation, that we may start before dawn.

Tai Chen — His Majesty's commands, Sir, will be obeyed.

(Exit Kao Lishih, bowing.)

But — *that* His Majesty's command! — that I should go with you where you have planned to kill me! Oh, the Emperor has been deceived — has allowed himself to be deceived — again — and after all he promised me! Oh, is there no way to right this Never-Ending Wrong? (Exit)

SONG (behind scenes)

Yet, though the string be broken,
There is nothing the same as of old
Since its word was spoken.

And though the bird be dead,
The whole world is ensouled
With the song she shed.

Ah, and apart, apart,
In the Heart of Things,
Hope as a wild bird sings,
As a secret lute still rings
In the Secret Heart.

SCENE VII: THE NEVER-ENDING WRONG

(Enter attendants with wine, etc.; then Emperor on south, poets on north.)

Ming Huang — So, my good friends, the night begins for us; the care having vanished that cut short our festivities earlier. Once again, I am glad to see my poets. I expect high and rare entertainment from you, sirs; this is a great occasion.

Li Po — Let Your Majesty command us.

Ming Huang — I must have a royal night of song; I must have a night velvety in dark azure and purple and silver; majestic and luxuriant; opulent yet something austere. I

must have an imperial night, richly palpitant with mystery.

Tu Fu — Shall we call solemn dancers, to meet your mood with gorgeous-somber pageantries?

Ming Huang — No sir, no! I hold in you Immortals of the Wine Cup all that is wonderful in all my rivers and mountains. I will have from you the waters of the Ho-angho rolling by; the dragon-haunted snow-peaks and lonely valleys; the pearl-mists blown in over the Yangtse from the sea; all far and lofty and beautiful dreams; all pine-deep solitudes wherein spirits sing. You understand me? — I will have poetry, poetry, poetry.

Li Po — That makes the Golden Valley, Majesty! Come, gentlemen; wine to unloose the heavens, and flood the world with the bright dream waters! Three cups of poetry, three poems of wine! To the Son of Heaven!

(They drink)

Ming Huang — To the Son of Heaven that is a happy man at last, my friends! To your companion that suddenly finds himself without a care! To *Ming Huang* the poet among his poets! Drink that to me!

Li Po — To the Son of Heaven that is without a care at last: without a rebel or a minister, one supposes! Drink, sirs, drink!

(They drink; *Tu Fu* and *Kao Shih* with signs of amazement.)

Li Po — The Golden Valley, my Emperor! The third cup, and the toast for it!

Ming Huang — Give me this then: To *Ming Huang* that is your Emperor no longer; that wears the Yellow for form's sake, only for a day or two! To *Ming Huang*, your host to be at his little paradise at *Tien Ching* among the mountains; and to the lady who will be his wife there, and your hostess, the most adorable *Tai Chen*!

Li Po — Drink, sirs, drink, and no words

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from you: to Ming Huang of Tien Ching, the new Immortal of the Wine Cup; and to his lady lovelier than the lotus flowers of Amitâbha's paradise!

(They drink)

Tu Fu — But Your Majesty —

Ming Huang — No more of that, sir; not a word of it! Say 'Honorable Ming,' or 'Boon Companion.' No more of Majesty!

Tu Fu — The Empire, sir?

Ming Huang — The Empire, sir, may go to pieces; I have done with it. I am no longer the slave of that vexatious thing: I am servant now only to the Gods of Love and Poetry; the master only of Tien Ching, where I hope you will do me the honor to foregather. Honorable Chang Chiho, I offered you a province recently, and you replied very properly with a poem. Let us have that poem now, sir; it tells my mind concerning the Empire. Lute-girl, play for the Honorable Old Fisherman of the Mists and Waters.

Chang Chiho — Here it is, Boon Companion; and an excellent thing that you are converted to wisdom!

(He recites to lute accompaniment:)

Nay, I'll go seek Cloud-Cuckoodom.

And Seagull-town, and mystery!

Since in the boundless privacy

Of this my dragon-wandered home

Whose roof-tree is the empyreal dome,

The bright Moon, friendlike, dwells
with me,

Here will I seek Cloud-Cuckoodom,

And Seagull-town, and Mystery!

What? Quit my mountain brothers? — roam

Far from my bosom friend, the Sea? —

In that dull world wherein ye be

Quench my ethereal self in gloom?

Nay, but I'll seek Cloud-Cuckoodom,

And Seagull-town, and Mystery!

(Enter, behind, Tai Chen followed by Kao Lishih.)

Ming Huang — Excellent, sir, excellent!

I knew not at the time how to reward you for it; I shall know at Tien Ching. Never look amazed, gentlemen! It is as I tell you; I am to disburden myself of sovereignty in a day or two; and if the Gods are interested in such matters as the Empire, my unfortunate nephew the Prince of Tang is to inherit the burden of the world. Now, sirs, not one word more of it! The Golden Valley of Poetry: you, Tu Fu, sir, to begin!

Tai Chen (coming forward) — I have heard aright, sire? You are to abdicate? You will not dismiss — You are to — forget?

Ming Huang — Ah, my sweet, you must go quickly! I am full of anxiety while you linger here. Yes, you have heard aright: Heaven has appointed a Path for me, and it is the path of my choice. But you must hasten away; you do not know what perils lurk —

Tai Chen — You have forgotten, my lord?

Ming Huang — I have forgotten that ever you withheld the mystic fulness of your love from me. I have forgotten that sovereignty ever lay, a chasm between us and the high limitless heaven whereto love leads. You will not delay, my love? You will hasten now to Tien Ching, where tomorrow or the next day I shall follow you?

Tai Chen — You will not remember, my lord? Oh, you half promised me —

Ming Huang — In ignorance of the designs of Heaven, which has now ordered my path so clearly, I did listen to the bitter-sweet wisdom of your lips. But 'twas impossible to follow it; fate —

Tai Chen — Then . . . you have not dismissed the Minister? You will not follow the Warrior in your Soul?

Ming Huang — There is no time for words, dear; Heaven itself has pointed and confirmed to me a better path.

Tai Chen — You will not — be Emperor, and save the Empire?

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Ming Huang — Oh, my sweet, go, I implore you! It is you, you, you of whom I think; the Empire is nothing to me.

Tai Chen — Then — I will — go.

Ming Huang — I will not say farewell, my lotus flower — my pearl, my incarnation of splendid dreams. I shall be with you in a little while — in a day or two — at Tien Ching, my paradise — the Paradise of Love.

Tai Chen — Yes — I think — you will be with me in a little while — in paradise.

Li Po — Where we poets, dear lady, to your high beauty shall sing immortal hymns through many azure summers; we shall sing *Tai Chen* to lutes of sea-bright jade and gold till the Four Regents of the Quarters of Heaven grow mad with envy.

Tai Chen — Farewell! (She turns, and goes out after *Kao Lishih*. Short pause.)

Tu Fu — How like the Lady of Western Heaven she moved!

Kao Shih — How like some high, compassionate Queen in Heaven dispensing sorrows!

Ming Huang — Was ever such a woman in the world? This parting is a little drifting cloud blown o'er the serene whiteness of the moon.

Li Po — A breath, and it is gone. Why, we must think how heaven has favored poetry, to send so fair an inspiration to the poets who will sing at Tien Ching.

Ming Huang — Yes, yes; we must win back the lovely omens of this night of night; we must not let this little sting of grief cark our high mood for song. Am I not fortunate, paying away the miserable coin of Empire for her?

Tu Fu — Most fortunate!

Kao Shih — Most heavenly fortunate!

Ming Huang — Indeed I am. Oh, we shall have wondrous nights and days at Tien Ching. Never in all these twenty thousand

historied years has been a Son of Heaven more blessed. It shall be again as it was when the King of Chow rode forth to the Western World, and came to Paradise, and wedded there the Royal Lady of the Western Heaven. Her garden, where the birds of azure plumage sing, and the Trees of Immortality bear fruit, we shall outrival with high poetry in Tien Ching. We will anticipate the time; come; we are pledged to the Golden Valley of Poetry; we must begin. (To *Tu Fu*) Sir, honor us with a poem.

Tu Fu — The theme, sir?

Ming Huang — Oh, for an opening, this wonder night; I hope the last we shall spend in the palace garden of Teng Hsiangting: the last of sovereignty in a sordid world. Let it be 'A Night of Song,' sir. Strike, lute-girl!

Tu Fu (reciting to lute accompaniment):
The shadowy waters mutter and steal,
Dreaming down by the lilled places;
The stars in their dragon-pageant reel
White through the soundless spaces.

Hushed the breeze where the dim trees loom;
The moon hath taken her magical wings;
We and the white magnolia bloom
Wake, and the lute's soft strings.

II

Hush! Night's filled with spirit-singing!
Subtil tunes our fancies chime to:
Flamey words like fireflies winging,
Jewel thoughts to set our rhyme to.

Now 'tis two-edged swords are clashing;
Pride and pomp and valor swelling;
Now the cups like red stars flashing,
Now young love his passion telling.

III

Breathes a strange, sad air from of old,
From the turkis mists on time's horizon:
Suddenly passion hath grown a-cold,
Song is reft of the wings it flies on. . . .

And muteness lies on
The lutes of jade and the lutes of gold.

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Ming Huang — How the moods of our mind lose themselves in the vaster moods of poetry! Hearing you chant, sir, I forget that but now I was sad, and again merry. I am carried up into the great merriment and sadness of your divine art, and find all its moods, sad and merry alike, purely a source of aesthetic pleasure. It is beautiful, sir; it is beautiful; it has the magical wave-form; it gathers with the mysterious images and sounds of the night; it hangs poised where you mention the scent of the magnolia and the music of the lute-strings; it breaks into a foam of vigor with the flamey words that you compare to fireflies, with the jewel-thoughts, the two-edged swords and the wine-cups; then, with the old, sad air, it withdraws whispering into the ocean of mystery and quietude, until

Muteness lies on
The lutes of jade and the lutes of gold.

(repeats) Muteness lies on
The lutes of jade and the lutes of gold.

(Pause.)

Ah, but not for long! I am very thirsty after the divine wine of poetry tonight; the last hours of my sovereignty must be filled with it, that my memories of Changan may not be all bitter. Marquis Li, as day dawns I must be listening to a poem from your lips: a prophetic poem, inspired by the beauty of the lady of my love. You must picture her at Tien Ching, as a Bodhisattva adored by myriads of spirits, robed in luminous silks of a hundred faint dyes, throned in a garden of supernatural loveliness. About her let there be celestial irises and peonies in bloom, a glow of splendid purples and crimsons; let the scent and tremulous yellow of mimosas quiver delicately above her head; let a butterfly of paradise, a living, winged jewel of jade and opal and lazuli, light on the fragrant midnight of her hair. — No, not yet; it must be the culmination of many songs; you, the Son of Heaven among poets, must be the last to sing. Honorable Wang, I would now hear a poem from you.

Wang Changling — This morning — or was it yesterday? — I saw the Lady Tai Chen lead forth her maidens to the lake, to gather nenuphar lilies; would it please you, sir, to hear me recite on such a theme as that?

Ming Huang — It would indeed, sir. I have often watched them from the windows of the Yen Tower; it is a lovely theme. Play, lute-girl!

Wang Changling (reciting to lute accompaniment) —

One pale shimmer of green on the nenuphar
leaves in the lake and the silken dresses;
One rose glow on the lolling nenuphar
blooms and the laughing maiden faces;
Under the willows the luminous hues
and the lines are blurred and run together —
You cannot tell the silk from the leaves,
the girls from the nenuphar blooms
they gather,
Save when their voices suddenly swell
to a coo and tune-soft chatter.

Here the maidens came, of dynasties
One with the long past's dust and dreaming;
Dewed their glistening silks with dew
on the nenuphar blooms of the long
past gleaming;
Now, when the lilies hear the Lady
of ladies with her maidens nearing.
They lift their languid heads to greet her,
old dreams stirred by the sounds they
are hearing;
And the sun-dappled waters murmuring plash
with a gurgle and lisp endearing.

Ming Huang — I will have a lake of nenuphars, bordered with willows, at Tien Ching; day by day in the summer my lady shall go down to its shores, with her attendant girls, robed in pale green silk like the nenuphar leaves, to gather blossoms fairer than any in the world, but not so fair as she. I will do this in honor of your exquisite poem, sir; in which light seems to glow delicately through silks of pure colors — pale

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green and rose. You shall often chant this poem to us at Tien Ching, if you will consent to be our guest there. But I must have more poetry: it satisfies, while it feeds, the divine hunger of the soul. Sir, Kao Shih, though advanced in years you have but lately honored me by coming to court; though your fame and many of your poems have preceded you here, I have not yet heard you recite. Will you gratify me now?

Kao Shih — My muse is something a sad one, Majesty; my life has been long, and filled with much sorrow and wandering. If you will listen to me —

Ming Huang — Touch the strings somewhat mournfully, lute-girl; play with exquisite sadness, that we may taste the full fragrance of the Honorable Kao Shih's muse. I am in mood for sweet sadness, sir.

Kao Shih (recites:)

Frost, and Autumn o'er the waters; night
time,

Death-cold, star-clear;
He that's in the boat can hear
Trembling beside him, gray Fear.

Far across the jade and foam of waste waves,
O'er lone crag and pined height,
Fear and Autumn fly through night
With the wild geese, in slow flight.

Fear and Autumn fill my heart; my dreaming
Like dead leaves, goes drifting;
Or like wild geese on the wing,
Or like ghosts, wind-blown, moaning.

Ming Huang — "Fear and Autumn fill my heart" —

SCENE VIII: EXPIATION

(A commotion is heard outside — south)

Voice of Guard — You cannot pass, the Son of Heaven is here.

Voice of Nurse — And therefore I will pass, fellow; I must speak to him concerning the Lady Tai Chen.

Voice of Guard — She is not here; she is gone.

Tu Fu (going towards entrance) — What means this?

Ming Huang — Let her pass.

Nurse (hurrying in) — 'Tis I, Your Majesty; the Lady Tai Chen's nurse and tiring-woman. They told me she had gone; but I knew they lied; for what has she done that you should send her to her death?

Ming Huang — To her death, good soul? 'Tis to save her life that I have sent her away. She has gone to Tien Ching, whither you shall follow her tomorrow; she has gone under the protection of the Honorable Kao Lishih; no harm can befall her.

Nurse — Under the protection of Kao Lishih, who has set men at the gate to murder her! O heaven, heaven, heaven, where is thy justice, where?

Kao Shih — She is mad!

Li Po — There is reason in it. He showed his teeth awhile since. Come, some of you!
(Exit Li Po, drawing his sword, followed by Tu Fu, Tsen Tsan, Wang Changling.)

Ming Huang — What do you mean? Quick, woman, tell me! What have you heard?

Nurse — This: my husband is one of the Secretary's men; I had it from him in his drink: they were to murder her this morning, before dawn, outside the western gate of the palace! . . .

Ming Huang — Murder her . . . before dawn . . . outside the western gate . . . Kao Lishih. . . Oh, the world whirls round, whirls round!

(Shouting outside; servants run in excitedly, then courtiers, officials, etc. Lastly, Yang Kuochung.)

Yang — Your Majesty, the people are in riot at the western gate; but you are not

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to be alarmed; my Secretary, as you know, is there, bearing my authority; he will act for me; he understands the populace, and will quell them; I have sent word to him as from Your Majesty, whose interests, as you are aware, I, and therefore my Secretary also, have always at heart. I can assure you I have not been negligent; nothing has been left undone; and there is no cause in the world for Your Majesty to feel even the most temporary alarm —

Ming Huang — Why, you are mad, you are mad! You would persuade me that I do not dream! Here, nurse: it was another man I sent with her, and not Kao Lishih; I sent her not to the western gate, but to paradise! Did I not say I had sent her to paradise? And would I trust any man — any thing tainted with mortality — with so celestial a treasure? It was some genie out of western heaven I sent with her; some dragon from the mountains; watch the skies, and you shall see the flaming of his wings upbearing her, brush by the little stars! You are all mad, I say. . . . Ah, heaven, my heart, my heart!

(Enter Li Po, wounded, supported by Tsen Tsan and Wang Changling, and Tu Fu.)

Tu Fu — We were too late; she is slain.

Li Po — Too late! I saw the glory of her soul
In Bodhisattvic beauty soar from the world.
I saw the white flame tremble up to the stars.

Ming Huang — Mad, mad, mad, mad!
Why does he rave of death?

Li Po (breaking away from his supporters) — I saw her die — the Bloom of Lotus blooms,
The beauty of the world — beneath the spears.
Oh, she went peerlessly, imperially,
All glimmering white, 'neath that red avenue. . . .
Then came Li Po the poet, and with his sword
Wrought splendid tragedy; Kao Lishih died,
And the guard came, and there were many
died;

But that poor wastrel poet wrought poetry
then,
Terrible poetry; for he had seen the light
Of the Middle Kingdom flicker up into
heaven,
And had waste years to avenge. . . . Oh,
Son of Heaven,
He loved her, and loved you, and was too
late! (Falls)

Ming Huang — Slight man! I hear my
love call; I will go to her! (Starts towards
entrance, and is met by servants carry-
ing in the body of Tai Chen on a bier.)

Nurse — My little babe! My little
Flower of Flowers! (She falls at foot of
bier, burying her face in the dress of
Tai Chen. The Emperor stands gazing
at the dead face.)

Tu Fu — She blossoms now in Amitâ-
bha's heaven.
A thousand Buddha Fields glow white with
the bloom.

Li Po — Too late! . . . The light of the
world goes reeling down
Into confusion; to a darker dawn
Dark night is whirling. Boy, fill full the cup!
No; all the wine is spilt, the song is sung.

Ming Huang — It is she—dead—dead!

Li Po — Light there! light at last!
She stands, a flame of stars, a lotus in heaven;
She beckons from the trembling bridge of
light
That spans infinity. . . . She calls. . . . I
come! (Dies)

Ming Huang — Yes, yes, she calls! I
come! Oh, love, I hear thee
Crying from the Fortunate Isles of the East-
ern Sea;
I see the Trees of Immortality
Blush deeper green to embower thee, and
the soil
Turn jade and turkis at the touch of thy feet.
Oh, that is beautiful (pointing to the body);
but 'twas a dream —

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A beautiful dream, but a dream! Thou —
now at last
The stuff of the world goes crumbling and
streaming down
Into nothingness. I come, my love, I come!
I fling aside the fetters that have bound
me, (throws off the Imperial Yellow)
And walk upon the air; on dragon wings
I mount into the eternal! (Exit)

(A servant picks up the Yellow Robe, and
brings it to Yang Kuochung.)

Yang — Follow him, some of you; let
his physicians be called. . . . Oh, this is sad,
sad, sad! (He stands on steps in front of
the throne.) You are to look to me now as
regent and fountain of authority. Take this
poor relic of mortality (pointing to the bier)
and bear it to the tomb; see that the rites are
costly performed, as befits my sister and the
Emperor's love. So passes that poor shadow,
human beauty! . . .

(Servants bring in a bier for the body
of Li Po.)

Ah — and bear the dead poet away; we shall
miss him sorely.

Tu Fu — Stand back! No hands but
ours shall touch this clay!

(The poets place body of Li Po on bier. Tu
Fu takes cup of wine from the table.)

You poured your life as a libation out
Unto eternal beauty and poesie;
So now: (breaks wine cup) the chalice is
broken, the wine outpoured
Of your great spirit to enrich the world.
While you lived you were immortal; you
shall be
Immortal in song while speech of man en-
dures;
And when you deign to come on earth again,
To kindle earth with poetry again,
Master, may we be here to learn from you.

(The poets take up bier and are carrying it
out. Shouting outside; gongs; a roll of
drums and chimes, etc.)

Shouts — The Prince of Tang! The
Prince! The city is saved!

Yang — What means this tumult? Go,
one of you, and see —

(Enter an Officer)

Officer — The Prince of Tang and the
General Chih Tseng, of the Army of the Yang-
tse, newly arrived in Changan, crave audience
of the Son of Heaven.

Yang — The Prince of Tang? The
General of the Yangtse? Impossible!

Officer — They approach, sir.

Yang — They —

(His voice is drowned in a blare of music.
Officials enter, clearing a passage for the
Prince and his suite. Enter the Prince
and Chih Tseng.)

Yang — Most honorably welcome to the
Capital!

Prince — We seek the Son of Heaven, sir.

Yang — Your Majesty, he that but now
was Son of Heaven, but now has abdicated.

Prince — Has abdicated!

Yang — Aye, sir. Alas, reft of his reason
by the shock of the Lady Tai Chen's death—

Chih Tseng — What! she is dead?

Yang — Dead — murdered within the
hour; which tragedy
So terribly smote upon his Majesty's heart
That it unshook his reason, and, distraught,
He tore the Yellow Robe from his sacred
shoulders,
And went out raving. Wherefore it becomes
My humble duty now to offer you
This symbol of the Empire.

Prince (pointing to Chih Tseng) — To
him, sir, who will invest me in due course.
(Enter messenger, who speaks to Chih Tseng)

Prince — We will proceed to the Hall
of Ceremonies. (To Chih Tseng) Let the

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officers of state be summoned to meet us there. Set guards about the palace; these tragedies must be explored. Arrest that shallow man (indicating Yang Kuochung).

Yang — Ah! (The guards arrest and hurry him out.)

Prince — And do you yourself attend on my poor uncle, lest he be harmed.

Chih Tseng — Alas, Your Majesty, it is too late. (To messenger) Speak, fellow!

Messenger — My lord, his Majesty the
Son of Heaven
Strode in his ecstasy hence, crying aloud
That the dead lady shone before his gaze
Out of Mid-Paradise; so terrible his mien
In exaltation, so with splendor lit
Of dreams and visions, none of us dared ap-
proach him,
But followed awe-struck. Gazing into the
dawn,
And holding converse with the unseen, he
came
Upon the ramparts; there, quite wrapt from
the world,
He cried that he would come into the sheen
And glory of the sunrise: that he would soar
On dragon-pinions unto her in heaven;
And suddenly, like an eagle rendering himself
To the blue ether, ere we could hinder him,
Cast himself down.

Chih Tseng — He is in heaven; he was
a warrior once;
Side by side with me full many a time
Of old he broke the Tatar. Ere I rejoice,
My Emperor, with you, give me an hour
To weep for him.

Prince — We too shall mourn him; his
was a haughty soul
Might have impressed dominion on the world,
But grew impatient of this mortal sphere
The Law gave him to rule, and sought a star,
A dream, and drowned his glory in a dream;
Forsook his duty for the splendor of a dream
That lured him down to ruin. We shall
mourn him —
We too, who also have dreamed an imperial
dream
Of this our people raised to the stature of
gods,
And shall ensue our dream with feet on the
earth. . . .
We shall raise a stately monument o'er his
bones,
And honor him presently; not yet; there is
work
To do, and many battles to be won,
And we must save our empire first of all.
Come; the new day has dawned, and we shall
make it
With deeds and dreamings, glorious!

(Procession out. Music.)

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AS RECORDED IN *THE SECRET DOCTRINE* BY H. P. BLAVATSKY

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

IV

EVERY system of philosophy worthy of the name, premises eternity in both directions, and the Wisdom-Religion declares that this is true. A beginning in life is inconceivable. For ever, beings have been evolving, and the Universe is neces- sarily filled with those of every possible degree of intelligence and non-intelligence and of every grade of power. 'Blind force' and 'empty space' represent conceptions only of ignorance. They can have no basis in reality. Moreover the Universe — not our So-

lar System alone — being one, every part of it is related to the whole. The statement of such self-evident facts would almost call for an apology, were there not abundant indication that religious bias has caused the average human mind absolutely to neglect them in building up its thought-structure.

But once these fundamental truths are realized, there is no escaping the conclusion that every atom has its place and function; that not the smallest tittle is superfluous; that all space is inhabited by intelligences of varying degrees, each performing its task as accurately as do the innumerable entities which make up our body; that for the infinite worlds to move with the certainty and precision which they plainly do, there can be no gap in Nature anywhere, no point which is not supported above and below, no smallest cosmic effect without an actor intelligent to the degree of the act, no being which is not essential to the whole; in short, that the Universe of universes is but the instrument, the organ, the body — if you wish — of the Great Unknown.

From *Gods to men*, from Worlds to atoms, from a star to a rush-light, from the Sun to the vital heat of the meanest organic being — the world of Form and Existence is an immense chain, whose links are all connected.

— *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 604

We cannot study ourselves without reaching out to the Whole; we cannot study the Whole without seeing the reflexion — ourselves. In speaking of the Hierarchies of Dhyân-Chohans, H. P. Blavatsky says that

humanity, as a whole, is in reality a materialized though as yet imperfect expression thereof.— I, 93

The Worlds are all subject to Rulers or Regents.— I, 99

It is impossible, in short papers of this kind, to give more than a hint of those overruling souls whose constant care and continuous exercise of will furnish us with the necessary conditions for life. Even *The Secret Doctrine* claims to outline what knowledge our humanity needs but for the coming century. These articles are an attempt to interest in H. P. Blavatsky's great work those who are searching for truth, and to implant the idea which she has given to the world that there are such unceasingly active Guides. She says there are innumerable hierarchies of Builders, Architects of our Planetary Chain, and Progenitors of our Humanity,

until the mind is lost in this endless enumeration of celestial hosts and Beings, each having its distinct task in the ruling of the visible Kosmos during its existence.— I, 129

Each people and nation, as said already, has its *direct* Watcher, Guardian and Father in Heaven — a Planetary Spirit.— I, 576

There are thus Watchers or Architects who furnished the many and various races with divine Kings and Leaders.

When incarnated as Kings of the 'divine Dynasties,' they gave the impulse to civilizations, and directed the mind with which they had endued men to the invention and perfection of all the arts and sciences. Thus the Kabiri are said to have appeared as the benefactors of men, and as such they lived for ages in the memory of nations. To them — the Kabiri or Titans — is ascribed the inven-

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tion of letters, . . . of laws and legislature; of architecture, . . . and of the medical use of plants. . . .

It is the Kabiri who are credited with having revealed, by *producing* corn or wheat, the great boon of agriculture. What *Isis-Osiris*, the once living Kabiria, has done in Egypt, that Ceres is said to have done in Sicily; they all belong to one class.—II, 364; see also I, 266-7

During the great mystery and drama of life known as the Manvantara, real Kosmos is like the object placed behind the white screen upon which are thrown the Chinese shadows, called forth by the magic lantern. The actual figures and things remain invisible, while the wires of evolution are pulled by the unseen hands; and men and things are thus but the reflexions, *on* the white field, of realities, *behind* the snares of *Mahâmâyâ*, or the great Illusion.—I, 278

The old records of every race and nation show a belief in Divine Rulers. It can be found in the Chinese, Persian, Indian, Egyptian, Hebrew, Peruvian.

These Beings appear first as 'gods' and Creators; then they merge in nascent man, to finally emerge as 'divine-Kings and Rulers.' But this fact has been gradually forgotten.

— II, 366

This will be more fully explained in describing the Third Race. All through *The Secret Doctrine* are references to and explanations of the myths and legends which have formed the background of every ancient people; which have entered into every religion and been the inspiration of artists and poets of all ages. They are all the more or less true reproductions of the actual facts in the ancient history of man. *The Secret Doctrine* is a treasure-mine for those wishing to trace these universal myths to their origin;

as for those wishing to study comparative religions; as indeed, for those who seek illumination on any subject that is of real interest to the human race.

In Volume I, pages 207-8, is described a WONDROUS BEING, who

is the *Tree* from which, in subsequent ages, all the great *historically* known Sages and Hierophants, such as the Rishi Kapila, Hermes, Enoch, Orpheus, etc., etc., have branched off. As objective *man*, he is the mysterious (to the profane — the ever invisible) yet ever present Personage about whom legends are rife in the East, especially among the Occultists and the students of the Sacred Science. It is he who changes form, yet remains ever the same. And it is he again who holds spiritual sway over the *initiated* Adepts throughout the whole world. He is, as said, the 'Nameless One' who has so many names, and yet whose names and whose very nature are unknown. He is *the* 'Initiator,' called the 'GREAT SACRIFICE.' For, sitting at the threshold of LIGHT, he looks into it from within the circle of Darkness, which he will not cross; nor will he quit his post till the last day of this life-cycle. Why does the solitary Watcher remain at his self-chosen post? Why does he sit by the fountain of primeval Wisdom, of which he drinks no longer, as he has naught to learn which he does not know — aye, neither on this Earth, nor in its heaven? Because the lonely, sore-footed pilgrims on their way back to their *home* are never sure to the last moment of not losing their way in this limitless desert of illusion and matter called Earth-Life. Because he would fain show the way to that region of freedom and light, from which he is a voluntary exile himself, to every prisoner who has succeeded in liberating himself from the bonds of flesh and illusion. Because, in short, he has sacrificed himself for the sake of mankind, though but a few Elect may profit by the GREAT SACRIFICE.

It is under the direct, silent guidance of this MAHÂ — (great) — GURU that all the

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other less divine Teachers and instructors of mankind became, from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity. It is through these 'Sons of God' that infant humanity got its first notions of all the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge; and it is they who have laid the first foundation-stone of those ancient civilizations that puzzle so sorely our modern generation of students and scholars.

And it is they who have given to the world the great Wisdom-Religion, the modern expression of which is Theosophy.

The foregoing quotations will prepare the mind for the great event of the Third Race, whose history is so wonderful. There were gradually evolved during that Race three distinct methods of procreation: the first was sexless; the second, hermaphrodite; the third, bi-sexual. In the beginning, the process was one unknown to modern science. It was by means of an exudation of moisture or vital fluid, the drops of which, coalescing, formed an oviform ball or egg, which gradually hardened, broke, and the young human animal issued from it unaided, as do the fowls in our race.

The little ones of the earlier races were entirely sexless—shapeless even for all one knows; but those of the later races were born androgynous. It is in the Third Race that the separation of sexes occurred. From being previously a-sexual, Humanity became distinctly hermaphrodite or bi-sexual; and finally the man-bearing eggs began to give birth, gradually and almost imperceptibly in their evolutionary development, first, to Beings in which one sex predominated over the other, and, finally, to distinct men and women.

— II, 132

Speaking of the method of reproduc-

tion of the early Third Race from these drops of 'Sweat,' it

is not more difficult to imagine or realize than the growth of the foetus from an imperceptible germ, which foetus develops into a child, and then into a strong, heavy man.— II, 177

Of course the changes were numerous, as the transformation from one to the other of the three main types was gradual and covered millions of years. A little later the drops became greater and developed into huge eggs, in which the human foetus gestated for several years.

During the hermaphrodite period there was a stage when human creatures were four-armed, with one head and three eyes, the third eye being the organ of spiritual vision.

A KALPA later (after the separation of the sexes) men having fallen into matter, their spiritual vision became dim; and coordinately the third eye commenced to lose its power. . . . The third eye, likewise, getting gradually PETRIFIED, soon disappeared.— II, 204

H. P. Blavatsky says its present witness is the Pineal Gland.

In the beginning, every class and family of living species was hermaphrodite and objectively one-eyed. . . . The two physical front eyes developed later on in both brute and man, whose organ of physical sight was, at the commencement of the Third Race, in the same position as that of some of the blind vertebrata, in our day. *i. e.*, beneath an opaque skin. Only the stages of the *odd* or primeval eye, in man and brute, are now inverted, as the former has already passed that animal *non-rational* stage in the Third Round, and is ahead of mere brute creation by a whole plane of consciousness. Therefore, while the 'Cyclopean' eye was, and still *is*, in

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man the organ of *spiritual* sight, in the animal it was that of objective vision. And this eye, having performed its function, was replaced, in the course of physical evolution from the simple to the complex, by two eyes, and thus was stored and laid aside by nature for further use in Aeons to come.—II, 299

Those who are interested can follow in H. P. Blavatsky's writings, the presumptive evidence of these changes in the ancient legends and records.

The active Power, the 'Perpetual motion of the great Breath' only awakens Kosmos at the dawn of every new Period, setting it into motion by means of the two contrary Forces, and thus causing it to become objective on the plane of illusion. In other words, that dual motion transfers Kosmos from the plane of the Eternal Ideal into that of finite manifestation, or from the *Noumenal* to the *phenomenal* plane. Everything that *is, was, and will be*, eternally *is*, even the countless forms, which are finite and perishable only in their objective, not in their *ideal* Form. They existed as Ideas, in the Eternity, and, when they pass away, will exist as reflexions. Neither the form of man, nor that of any animal,

plant or stone has ever been *created*, and it is only on this plane of ours that it commenced 'becoming,' *i. e.*, objectivizing into its present materiality, or expanding *from within outwards*, from the most sublimated and supersensuous essence into its grossest appearance. Therefore *our* human forms have existed in the Eternity as astral or ethereal prototypes; according to which models, the Spiritual Beings (or Gods) whose duty it was to bring them into objective being and terrestrial Life, evolved the protoplasmic forms of the future *Egos* from *their own essence*. After which when this human *Upādhi*, or basic mold was ready, the natural terrestrial Forces began to work on those supersensuous molds *which contained, besides their own, the elements of all the past vegetable and future animal forms of this globe in them*. Therefore, man's *outward* shell passed through every vegetable and animal body before it assumed the human shape.—I, 282-3

As soon as man appeared, everything was complete . . . for everything is comprised in man. *He unites in himself all forms*.—II, 290

What happened when this outward instrument was ready, will be described in the next chapter.

(To be continued)

H. P. BLAVATSKY: THE MYSTERY

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

PART TWO: PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC

CHAPTER XV—EVOLUTION (Concluded)

"For of the soul the body form doth take.

For soul is form and doth the body make."—SPENSER

EVOOLUTION as set forth in the preceding chapter is seen to be no longer a mechanistic process of sheer physical determinism in which neither hope nor bright prospects for the future inhere, and in which all is

governed by chance; but is seen instead to be a course of growth of the evolving entity, for growth, as already said, is practically a synonym for Evolution.

There is, therefore, in the Theoso-

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phical conception and teaching of Evolution, boundless hope, and an envisaging of future growth without any possible limitations or frontiers at which growth ceases. There is always something new to learn, and behind the veils there are always other veils still more beautiful to pass beyond.

So far as the central or monadic consciousness is concerned, Evolution is therefore a constant unveiling, a bringing into realization of limitless latent possibilities. It was the old-fashioned materialism of philosophy and of religion, as well as of science, which made all former conceptions of the evolutionary process to contain what was popularly called the element of fortuity or chance, and which thus reduced the evolutionary process to a soulless mechanism.

It is just here that the matter of ethics, of which we have spoken, enters into the problem, so called, of Evolution, and enables us to see it in a vastly different light from that in which it has been customary to present it. Already physical scientists are beginning to dream of and talk of something else besides the physical determinism of a bygone day — in other words, the fatalism of our forefathers — and to replace it in the evolutionary process with the conception of the unfolding of an indwelling consciousness. This revolution in scientific thought is an exceedingly important one, as well for the spiritual welfare of humanity as it is for a proper viewing of Nature itself and its wonderful processes.

We subjoin some extracts taken

from an article written by Professor A. Wolf, to whom we have alluded before, and who is professor of the Theory of Science in London University, England. This article was published in *The Observer*, London, on February 10, 1929.

Modern physics set out on its career, in the seventeenth century, with a Crusade against the occultism and magic which distorted the study of natural phenomena from the end of classical antiquity till then. Among others Robert Boyle (one of the founders of the Royal Society) had to devote much time and energy to cast out such evil spirits from the body of physical science. The reaction naturally tended towards the atomic views of Democritus and Lucretius, whose ideas had come into vogue again during the Renaissance. . . .

Gradually, however, it was increasingly recognised that not only biological phenomena but even chemical phenomena could not be accounted for on mechanistic principles alone . . . it has been felt with increasing urgency that something more is required to account for biological and even chemical phenomena. Biologists like Professor Lloyd Morgan insisted that these phenomena show abundant evidence of 'emergence,' meaning by 'emergence' the appearance of something that cannot be regarded as a mere resultant of its chemical constituents. . . .

A breach in the citadel of mechanism and determinism has now been made by physicists themselves. . . . It has brought about the explicit recognition of a 'principle of indeterminacy,' which implies that it is part of the character of the atom that its behavior shall be to some extent indeterminate. The atom is thus not something inert and dead, but has something analogous to the spontaneity of life. Some people, indeed, would describe the atom as a kind of organism; but we must proceed warily.

The old nightmare of a rigid mechanism and universal determinism is at an end. But the

precise significance of the recognition of physical indeterminacy must be interpreted with great caution. Man's freedom of self-determination is probably secure now, partly at all events. That means much, and should act as an incentive to renewed efforts for human progress. But it seems rash for speculative physicists to jump to 'idealistic' conclusions. Unwittingly they may be opening the doors wide for the re-entry of all those superstitions which the founders of modern science had so much trouble to dispel. To speculate about the nature of ultimate reality is an enterprise both legitimate and fascinating. But it is a theme that calls for the greatest caution.

There is, however, one point which should not be passed over in silence as regards this 'principle of indeterminacy,' to use the phraseology of some of the modern scientific thinkers, and it is this: what is here called the 'principle of indeterminacy' is what the Theosophist would call the action of free choice or free will. The old idea was that the events of Nature succeeded each other continuously after a rigid mechanistic fashion, and without any possibility that was then known of an indwelling conscious moral energy.

This view is changing, but in speaking of the 'principle of indeterminacy,' as showing a revolt against the old determinism or fatalism, we must be careful not to imagine that this 'principle of indeterminacy' is only a restatement of the old materialistic doctrine of Chance or Fortuity. Scientists are treading warily, advancing slowly step by step in their enlarging view, for they fear to open the door to the superstitions of the olden times should they too quickly admit the existence of a prin-

ciple of free will in evolving entities.

Now, while this fear or dread of falling back into ruts of medieval speculation is a commendable one, it is also clear that such prudence or caution can very readily become a stumbling-block in the way of further progress.

We have said before, and we here repeat it, that if and when the conception of Nature as an ensouled entity becomes dominant in the philosophical views of modern thinkers, they will then have entered upon the pathway leading them straight to an unfolding of some of Nature's great mysteries, which their positive reluctance and indisposition in former times to admit such an ensouling power, has prevented them from seeing.

Of course Nature unquestionably is in one sense of the word a cosmic mechanism. This is a fact which no Theosophist would ever be insane enough to deny; but the Theosophist likewise is logical enough to see that behind the mechanism there are mechanics; behind the machine there are engineers, so to say. And the best thinkers in speculative science today are slowly coming to the same realization.

No Theosophist has ever denied that there is a certain modicum of truth in the views of Nature that were brought into modern physical science more or less through the writings of Charles Darwin; but by this we do not mean that the Theosophist is a Darwinist. We have already most emphatically denied this.

The first edition of Darwin's book, *The Origin of Species*, was published

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on November 24, 1859; and his second work, epoch-making in its way, *The Descent of Man*, was published in 1871. In these two books, Darwin set forth his conception of the evolutionary process, as a series of additions to, or, in some cases, subtractions from, the physical equipment of evolving entities, by means of what he called "natural selection," or the "preservation of favored races in the struggle for life."

The idea lying behind these two works is that Nature is a purely mechanistic process, eventuating in the varied phenomena of the world which surrounds us; and that the energies inherent in Nature and producing these phenomena were in some mysterious manner endowed with the power of selecting out what Darwin called 'fit' entities, in other words, entities or beings which by chance had brought forth certain physical characteristics enabling them to survive and reproduce their kind in a manner superior to other contemporaneous physical beings.

Now, of course no one denies that as regards two entities, one of which is fit and the other unfit as regards a certain environment, the fit has the better chances to survive; but it is very evident that merely restating a natural problem in new words, is giving no explanation of the problem at all. The problem is not solved merely by stating the facts of the case in a new formulation.

Furthermore, the fittest is by no means the best, and the most limited

experience of life shows us that sometimes it is the best which goes to the wall. For instance, a shark and a man in the water offer an example of a case where one, the shark, is well fitted to live in that particular environment, and the man is not. The shark will survive and the man will drown; but the man is unquestionably the better, the more evolved, of the two.

What was lacking in Mr. Darwin's work was the conception of an inner conscious or quasi-conscious urge or impelling drive which brought forth not merely the fit, but also the best, in any particular set of circumstances; and merely to say, as Mr. Darwin did, that the better of two in the long run survives, is merely saying what everybody knows, and is offering no explanation at all of the phenomena of life.

The great value of Darwin's work, in the effect that it had on immediately succeeding generations, was its calling attention to the unexplained fact of progressive development, and also the destructive effect that it had on the crystallized theories and notions of the time.

In certain merely secondary matters, the Theosophist does not deny that there is some truth in Darwinism, but he cannot see that it really explains anything in Nature whatsoever; and indeed Mr. Darwin himself rather pointedly said that his literary work was descriptive rather than explanatory: at least this is the substance of a number of his remarks.

Again, the supposition of Darwin,

and of his followers even today, that the human race is an evolution from beast-ancestors and more particularly from the anthropoid stock, is, in the Theosophical view, not only unproved but untrue, and later evolutionist biologists have done splendid work in showing pretty much the same thing.

It is often said today that Darwin did not teach the descent of man from the apes; but this statement is unfortunately altogether untrue; in several places in his published works Mr. Darwin makes the very definite declaration to the contrary, deriving man in an unbroken line from that particular branch of the anthropoid stock which is commonly called the Catarrhine or Old-World division of the anthropoids.

For instance, in his *Descent of Man*, chapter vi, 'On the Affinities and Genealogy of Man':

Now man unquestionably belongs in his dentition, in the structure of his nostrils, and some other respects, to the Catarrhine or Old-World division.

And again on the next page, he remarks, in speaking of the Catarrhine group:

We may infer that some ancient member of the anthropomorphous sub-group gave birth to man.

And again, over this page, he continues:

And as man from a genealogical point of view belongs to the Catarrhine or Old-World stock, we must conclude, however much the conclusion may revolt our pride, that our early progenitors would have been properly thus designated. But we must not fall into the error of supposing that the early progenitor of the whole Simian stock, including man,

was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey.

And again he says, in the same chapter, a paragraph or two farther on:

We are far from knowing how long ago it was that man first diverged from the Catarrhine stock; but it may have occurred at an epoch as remote as the Eocene Period.

In view of these citations and a large number of others that could be made from Darwin's works, it is simply idle to deny that the great English naturalist derived man from the ape-stock, merely because he says that man could not have been derived from "any existing monkey or ape." Of course not. The trees of the present period are obviously not derived in direct lineal descent from the ferns and mosses of the present period! It is the alleged derivation of man from the anthropoid stock which the Theosophical student finds to be utterly unsupported by any natural fact.

Unquestionably a large number of resemblances and even possible identities in some few cases exist in ape and man — these are natural facts, which certainly no Theosophist would ever deny; and the Theosophist, furthermore, with an insistence even stronger than that of the Darwinist, points to these resemblances and few identities as certain proofs of the relationship of the apes to man — but he offers an explanation of these facts which is widely different from, in fact what we may call a polar antithesis to, that suggested by Mr. Darwin, and followed by his school.

It is perfectly true that the apes

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have some human blood in their veins, but there is not one drop of ape-blood in the veins of man. This entire matter is so well set forth by H. P. Blavatsky in her *The Secret Doctrine*, in various places, that it would be a mere waste of time to go into the details here; and to *The Secret Doctrine* the reader is referred for further information, if he cares to pursue the subject.

One of the authors of this book, during the spring, summer, and autumn of 1927, delivered a series of lectures in the Temple of Peace at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, in which this entire matter of Evolution was studied, and the Theosophical teachings regarding it more or less fully set forth. As these lectures were published in the official Theosophical organ, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, during the years 1928 and 1929, those who are interested can turn to the pages of that magazine for fuller information, if they desire it.*

Man is the most advanced of the living entities on earth today, and being the most advanced, the immediate supposition is that he is so because the oldest of the animate stocks on earth. Being the oldest, he has had the most time in which to evolve forth from his indwelling monadic essence a larger proportion of, so to say, or in greater degree than the inferior stocks have been able to do, the innate or inherent energetic and substantial charac-

teristics of that monadic essence, which thus expressing themselves through their ultimate vehicle, the physical body, have changed it correspondingly.

Evolution is a cyclical process, as already said, and this fact is so perfectly obvious that even the most recalcitrant Darwinist, or the most positive and determined materialist, is not blind to the fact. Even from Darwin's day, it was noted and commented upon that as the geological record is uncovered, one very interesting fact is observed with greater clearness and more fully as that geological record becomes better known, and it is this: there seem to have been in past ages on earth, evolutionary waves or cyclical periods during which one or another stock *apparently* suddenly appears in the geological record, advances steadily to its culmination or maturity of development of form and power and size, and then fades away and apparently, in some cases, as suddenly disappears, while in other cases remnants are carried on over into the succeeding age.

Such cases of succeeding evolutionary waves are very noticeable in three instances: first, in the Age of the Fishes, which took place during what it is usual to call the Primary or Palaeozoic Era. This was the geological era when the sea swarmed with fishes of all-various kinds and sizes, which fishes then represented, *as far as the geological record shows*, at least the supposedly highest known forms. This last the Theosophist does not admit,

*Now published in book-form, 2 vols., under the title: *Theosophy and Modern Science*.

but we are here speaking of the geological record alone, and not of the Theosophical teachings.

The second of these waves, which occurred during the Secondary Era or Period of time, is what is called the Age of Reptiles, when reptilian monsters of many kinds and often of huge body, were, so far as the geological record shows, the masters of the earth.

The third instance occurred during the Tertiary — or perhaps it began in the last period of the Secondary, and continued into the Tertiary — and this third evolutionary wave or cyclical period we may call the Age of the Great Mammals, which then in their turn, succeeding the Reptiles, were the masters of the earth.

In each of these three cases, as the geological record is studied, we can see the beginnings: we can see the growth in size and power, the culmination or the maturity or full efflorescence of the particular stock. Then comes decay and a final passing of the bulk of the animate beings belonging to that particular evolutionary life-wave, making place for the new stock, which in its turn has its dawn, reaches its full margin in the expansion of its physical powers and size, and then in its turn passes away; and so forth.

These evolutionary waves comprise a subject of study which is fully explained in Theosophy, and they furnish interesting examples of the cyclical nature of Evolution as hereinbefore spoken of. Wave succeeds wave, each wave reaching a higher level of evolutionary activity than did the preceding

wave; and is in its turn followed by another wave, bringing on the scene beings or entities and things of a new and different type.

It has been customary to say that the fishes gave birth to the reptiles, and that the reptiles gave birth to the mammals, to the great beasts, and these great beasts brought forth man through the highest of their own type, which, as supposed, was the ape. But the difficulties in the way of the acceptance of this theory are far greater — and no one knows this better than the modern transformists themselves — than are the arguments in favor of it.

The Theosophical teaching runs directly to the contrary. It sets forth that while it is true that these evolutionary waves succeed each other, each such wave represents or manifests the coming on the scene of physical existence on our earth of a new Family or a new Host of evolving entities. It says, furthermore, that each one of these hosts has its dawn, its noon-day, and its evening, and that the physical bodies in which these hosts of evolving entities dwell, die or pass away in due time, and that the hosts themselves pass on to inhabit vehicles or bodies of a higher evolutionary character which these hosts themselves bring forth.

It is not the bodies of these hosts which give birth to the superior bodies which follow them, as the Darwinist and other theories say; but it is the succeeding waves, each one of a stronger and fuller type of self-express-

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sion, of the Monads composing such an evolving host, which in their psycho-astral principles grow constantly more perfect and fitter vehicles for the manifestation of the monadic essence.

Evolution, therefore, in the Theosophical teachings, is essentially a process arising from within, and not existing wholly without: or, in other words, Evolution in the Theosophical teachings means the monadic essence constantly expressing itself in ever fuller measure, and constantly raising the visible and invisible vehicles through which it manifests itself to better and fitter vehicles for the expression of itself.

In one sense, therefore, in the Theosophical view, Evolution is not only cyclical but teleologic, that is to say it is purposive, working towards a destined end, which in fact is an ever fuller expression of the monadic essence. But this purposiveness in Evolution, this inherent urge or drive to betterment, is in the entity itself, and is not imposed upon it from without, either by a god or gods existing outside of and separate and different from the evolving entity, or, on the other hand, by physical nature alone.

Physical nature furnishes the environment or fields within which the monadic essence works, and it is in these physical fields that the various races of physical bodies which biological science calls the various Classes, Orders, Families, Genera, and Species, of physical living beings, exist, and are the means for the ultimate self-expression of the evolving host

of Monads or consciousness-centers.

We return again to the key-thought of what Evolution is, as taught by the archaic Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy: it is a continuous and uninterrupted series of beings appearing one after the other, enchained by karmic effects or actions one to another — each one the fruitage of its predecessor, and eventuating in its successor; and this continuous and uninterrupted series of beings is an endless concatenation of 'events' of evolving Monads in the sense which is hereinbefore set forth.

Evolution is cyclical, for it has a beginning, a culmination, and an end — which is but a new beginning along other lines; and the motivating or rather the energizing causes behind this majestic process of natural as well as intellectual and spiritual growth, flow forth from the consciousness-center or Monad within the evolving form, in strict accordance with the seeds of karmic action sown by previous acts, and thus working in and through the conditions and circumstances which then exist.

It is thus that the fabric of character is built; it is thus that the destiny of the future is founded; it is thus that consciousness expresses itself in continuous and uninterrupted action. What is called 'death' is no real interruption, but is a passing or transference of the invisible energies composing the evolving entities to the invisible worlds or planes or spheres, where the cyclical evolutionary activity pursues an uninterrupted course without break of continuity.

When it is remembered that man as an example of such an evolving entity is a composite being, consisting of a spiritual-divine Monad; of a reincarnating ego; of a temporary 'event' called a human ego; and of a vital-astral-physical body; it is at once seen what death is — the casting off of the least evolved or most imperfect of these living vehicles; in other words, the dropping of the physical body, and the continuance of the evolutionary course as regards the remaining portions of man's constitution.

In due time, after the death of the physical body, the intermediate or soul-nature — in other words, the human nature — in its turn is dropped. All the best of it: in other words, all the finest energies or functions, are withdrawn or indrawn into the monadic essence, which then, as before, pursues in its own spiritual realms the sublime course of evolution characteristic of itself. Then, when the energies which we have called the 'finest energies,' formerly withdrawn into the monadic essence and forming the reincarnating ego, have passed a certain period of time in rest or repose — or in what may perhaps be properly termed an intellectual adjustment in spiritual equilibrium — the seeds of thought and action previously sown in the fabric of the reincarnating ego itself and thus forming part of its own being, awaken, so to say, or begin to manifest themselves anew; and by a species of psycho-magnetic attraction for its former spheres and planes of activity, it is drawn back to the earth

whereon it had formerly lived, and enters anew another human physical body therein to start a new life-cycle, which is the fruitage of its past life and lives, and which again will be the field whereon shall be sown the seeds ultimately producing the next succeeding reïmbodiment. Thus this wonderful process continues, each step or stage of growth in the normal course being, of course, superior to the last.

We omit in the present study all questions of retrogression, for there are occasional instances of apparent degenerative return to a more imperfect but always human incarnation. These last cases are very rare, and do not concern us here, for they are what may be called 'exceptions' to the general rule.

It is these seeds of thought, of emotion, and of energetic impulses carried over from the tree, so to speak, of the former life, which are destined to blossom forth into the career of the individual next to be: in other words, to furnish the series of 'events' and the various vehicles for the reïmbodiment of the Monad in its next cycle of evolutionary activity on earth.

In order to round out the scheme of Evolution hereinbefore set forth, and in order to give a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the preceding great Root-Races, as we Theosophists call them, through which the human race has passed, the following observations drawn from *The Secret Doctrine* by H. P. Blavatsky should suffice.

In the first place, then, and in the

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early portion of the evolution of this globe — our Earth, which is, as the Theosophical student knows, the most material of a chain of seven interblending and interlocking spheres, the other six of which are progressively more ethereal as they ascend towards the spiritual realms — when the human life-wave first entered into the 'physical' atmosphere of this earth in those far past aeons of time, it did so as Beings clothed with light — or at least we may so phrase the matter for easy understanding.

The earth then opened a new period of evolutionary activity. Previous to the descent of the human life-wave from those other and higher globes of the earth-chain of seven spheres just spoken of, the earth had been in a course of evolutionary preparation. This means that it had become from an ethereal and nebulous sphere in its beginning, one now fairly well compacted or concreted in the material sense, although far more ethereal than it is at the present time.

The human host, when the time came for it to appear on this earth-globe, did so, as has just been said, in bodies of concrete light, these bodies having a globular, or perhaps more accurately, an ovoid or egg-shaped form. These were the 'physical bodies' of this first period of human evolution, or of what we Theosophists call the First Root-Race.

These ovoid bodies had no physiological organs whatsoever, and the vital functions were carried on by a process very similar to what would

now be called osmosis, including both endosmosis and exosmosis. The manner of propagation of this First Race was entirely sexless, and was carried on by what would today be called fission, or the separating off from the parent-body of a part or a half of itself, which thereupon grew and became another entity similar to its parent.

This lasted many millions of years and it might be remarked in passing that this First Race appeared on earth some tens of millions of years ago, or possibly more.

It was succeeded by the Second Great Race of mankind, the Second Root-Race as we Theosophists call it, which was more material in all senses of the word than the First, but still preponderantly ethereal. It likewise was asexual in character, and its method of propagation was by budding, that is to say, a small 'bud' or swelling appeared on the body of the individuals of this race, and finally detached itself from the parent in order to grow into a being in all respects similar to the parent from which it came.

There followed it the Third Great Root-Race, much more physical or grossly material than its predecessor the Second Root-Race, but still far more ethereal than the human beings of the present time. Its method of propagation was in the beginning also asexual, by 'spores,' which method very soon, racially speaking, assumed the form of hermaphroditism; and its young were born from it in the shape of small ovoid bodies, which method

of propagation is still extant on earth in egg-laying creatures such as the fowls and reptiles.

At about the middle period of this Third Root-Race there ensued one of the greatest events in the history of the human species, and this was the *Awakening of Mind*, or Intelligence, which had been entirely latent in the First and Second Root-Races, which were, mentally speaking, in much the same state that a man of the present day is in when in what is called a 'trance.' They were but faintly, if at all, conscious of themselves, and the consciousness of the first two Races might perhaps be likened to that manifested by an infant or very young child of the present day.

The Third Great Race from about the middle point of its existence on earth — an existence which lasted for many millions of years — began to grow more and more towards becoming a race containing individuals having one sex, such as we are today; and in its last portion, did indeed fully develop the separate sexes as now known. From this time began to appear the beginnings of real civilizations, and towards the end of this Third Great Race, civilizations existed of a glory and splendor which we have not yet surpassed. This, of course was many million years ago.

This Third Great Race was followed by the Fourth Great Race, which we Theosophists technically call the Atlantean for the reason that the *main* continental system on which it lived and flourished and built up its bril-

liantly material cycle of civilizations, lies under what are now the stormy waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

It may be remarked in passing that it is one of the geological teachings of the Ancient Wisdom, today called Theosophy, that continental systems succeed each other in cyclic regularity in time. What is ocean becomes dry land, bears its races of men, and then disappears or is submerged to give place to succeeding and more evolved races existent on new lands, rising or emerging out of oceanic areas which were formerly part of the aquasphere of the earth.

This Fourth Root-Race was in every respect and in all senses the most material, grossly material, body of human stocks known in the history of the earth, and coincidentally with its middle point of evolutionary development the earth likewise reached its condition of greatest material concretion or solidity.

Since then, both the earth and the men who live on it have rebecome more refined, more ethereal, for the evolutionary turning-point alluded to before in this book, then took place, and the beginning of the pathway towards a more ethereal condition of things occurred.

It is to this great Fourth Root-Race and its brilliantly material civilizations and great Initiates, that most of the religious and philosophical mythology of the ancient peoples refers when it speaks of the 'giants of antiquity,' of the great Sages and magicians of past time, and of the wickedness of former

generations of men. All this is set forth with marvelous power in *The Secret Doctrine*, to which the reader is referred for fuller information.

When this great Fourth Race had about half-way run its course, there appeared the beginnings of the Fifth Root-Race, and this Fifth Root-Race is the present Race of mankind, to which we ourselves belong. We shall be succeeded by two other Great or Root-Races, each one, just as ours is doing, evolving constantly towards a more ethereal expression of energies and substances, on its return journey to Spirit from which all beings and things originally came. The earth likewise follows the same etherealizing process, but at a much slower rate of speed than do the humanities succeeding each other in cyclical periods.

In order to give the reader a somewhat more definite geological view, it may be said that the First Root-Race above spoken of appeared, in all probability, in what it is customary to call the late Primary Age (or Palaeozoic Age), of Geology, and possibly in the Devonian, or Coal-Periods. Because of the fact that the geological periods, as taught today, are by no means certain as regards their duration or their points of beginning, it is extremely difficult to place our Races in them with any pretense of accuracy.

It is quite possible that the First Race had its beginnings in the Coal-Period. The Second Race also very probably had its origins in the later Carboniferous or possibly even in the early Permian. The Third Great Race

was contemporaneous with the enormous reptiles of the Triassic and Jurassic Periods of the Secondary Era; whilst the Fourth Great Race certainly appeared before the Tertiary, and the great Sages and Seers specifically state that its primal beginnings may even be placed back in the very last period of the Secondary Era, probably in the Cretaceous, therefore.

It was in the very beginning of the Eocene Period of the Tertiary Era that this Fourth Race made its first real appearance, and it reached its culmination of brilliant material splendor, and its catastrophic fall, in the Miocene. Our own Fifth Race, as a race *sui generis* (and racially descended from the Fourth Race which preceded it), is at least a million years old, but the primal beginnings of our Fifth Root-Race go back much farther than that, and perhaps may be traced into the early Miocene, which — the Miocene — witnessed the catastrophic downfall or destruction of the great Fourth Root-Race.

Finally, in response to the question that might be asked regarding the lack in the geological record of any evidences of the First, the Second, and the Third Root-Races, the answer is simple enough. The First Race was extremely ethereal in physical texture, much more so than even the earth then was; and so was the Second Root-Race, although more materialized than was the First. Obviously, races having bodies of so tenuous and vaporous a texture could leave no fossilized impress even on a more or less ethereal-

ized earth, as it then was. Nor could even the Third Race in its early portions do so, for it was still much more ethereal than the globe on which it lived.

However, it must be remembered that the geological record is extremely imperfect, so imperfect indeed that what we know of it is not a page here and there in a big volume, so to say, but not even all the paragraphs of that one page, nor even all the sentences, so to say, of one paragraph. The geologic record furnishes us with only an occasional word or phrase, or sentence perhaps, here and there on such a page, and mostly towards the end of the page.

The Fourth Race of course was quite sufficiently material easily to affect the earth on which it lived, for the men of that Race were not only mighty builders, but their bodies were intensely physical and gross, more so even than our own, and fossilized remnants of these bodies it is quite possible will be found when further discoveries open up further paragraphs of the book of the geological record.

Thus then, in the preceding sketch of Evolution as taught by Theosophy, we see once more the power of thought that the Great Theosophist, H. P. Blavatsky, possessed, and the high grade of intellectual discernment which enabled her to gather together, in her *The Secret Doctrine*, the large number of facts and instances which she there adduced in support of her re-statement of the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom in modern times.

What she there taught was practi-

cally unknown, unheard of, unsuspected, when she wrote that great book; but since her passing, Theosophists have checked off, one after the other, as they have come to pass, ever closer approximations by the most brilliant minds in modern scientific speculation to the teachings which she there laid down.

We come back to the question we have asked before: Whence did she get these teachings? If she invented them, she was, as we have already said, a genius without peer in the history of the world, for these supposititious 'inventions' are being yearly shown to be facts of Nature, as modern scientific discovery and deduction bring them to our view.

But no Theosophist ever looks upon H. P. Blavatsky in this light. While recognising her intrinsic greatness of spirit, of mind, and of heart, the Theosophist above everyone else realizes that the hand which wrote *The Secret Doctrine* and the brain which dictated to that hand, were inspired by intellects still loftier — the Great Teachers of the Ancient Wisdom from whom H. P. Blavatsky, from the beginning of her public work to the end, claimed to receive the doctrines which she gave to the world.

We conclude this chapter with the following thought: Evolution is a fact, growth is a fact, the great Seers and Sages of the ages are a fact and they are the individual products of cyclical evolutionary law. They are as much a necessity in Nature's scheme, so far as our earth is concerned, as is

anything else, and to deny the existence of the Teachers of Wisdom who sent forth H. P. Blavatsky into the world, we Theosophists feel is equivalent to denying the fact of cyclical evolution itself.

They are the Fine Flowers of the human race, the noblest human expres-

sions of the monadic essence. Between them and us there are all-various grades or degrees of intermediate grandeur, and between them and the gods there are other similar grades and degrees of still nobler beings who are the examples of a still more splendid evolutionary growth.

KATHERINE TINGLEY THE PRESERVER OF THEOSOPHY

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

THEOSOPHISTS in all parts of the world are rejoicing over the cordial letter written by Dr. Gottfried de Purucker, the Leader of The Theosophical Society, in which he invites all Theosophists, whatever their affiliations, to co-operate with him in furthering the great common cause of Theosophy. To this invitation many cordial responses have been received, showing it to have been timely and adapted to meet a real need. The spirit which actuates those who have thus responded is a desire to maintain Theosophy in its original purity, as taught by the Founder, H. P. Blavatsky; and it is right and necessary that due recognition should be given to all those who have labored so to maintain it, in the face of many influences which have tended to divert it into other channels.

It is right therefore that recognition should be given to one who certainly did more to bring about this result — that of keeping Theosophy pure — than any other one person. We refer to Katherine Tingley, late Leader of

The Theosophical Society. It is simply matter of historical fact that, during the years when she held her post, Theosophy stood in danger from many sources. All kinds of elements, not contemplated by the Founder, and even directly contrary to the principles enunciated by her, were introduced. It was against all such attempts to divert Theosophy from its original lines that Katherine Tingley labored; and we now enjoy the results of her labors and self-sacrifice. Except for her work, the invitation to reunion could not have been issued.

The present writer worked under the leadership of Katherine Tingley for thirty years, and was also a personal pupil of H. P. Blavatsky and of William Q. Judge, so that his experience is considerable. Katherine Tingley was imbued with the spirit of H. P. Blavatsky, and her entire life was devoted to keeping alive the pure light of Theosophy, and to expressing outwardly, in as many ways as possible, the principles of life and conduct laid

down by the Founder. As is well known, Katherine Tingley did not emphasize the intellectual side of Theosophy; it was not the time for that to be done. Through pursuing a too exclusively intellectual path, Theosophists had wandered away from the principles, especially the cardinal principle of promoting the true brotherhood of humanity. It was high time that they should be brought back and made to realize, and to demonstrate by their conduct, that they were in truth genuine Theosophists. The policy served as a test, which at the same time strengthened those who withstood it and eliminated those who failed to qualify.

It was in pursuance of this policy of insisting on the ethical side of Theosophy, and of making it practical, that Katherine Tingley initiated so large a variety of enterprises, each one of which might serve as a demonstration of the way in which Theosophy can be applied in daily life. She thus familiarized the public with the idea that Theosophy is not a mere study for the few, but a way of life. The chief institutions coming under this head were home-life and the school. As founder of the Râja-Yoga system of education, Katherine Tingley put into effect the ideals of education outlined by H. P. Blavatsky (see for instance in *The Key to Theosophy*). Under that system, as carried out under her supervision, it was demonstrated that Theosophy can solve the most vexed questions in education; and the Râja-Yoga School has since served as a model for

the world to copy as far as may be possible for people not themselves Theosophists.

The term home-life comprises a host of details, each and all of which were carried out under the direction of Katherine Tingley upon Theosophical principles; and again it was shown that Theosophy touches life at all points, and that there is no occupation which cannot be so carried out as to afford to the workers an opportunity of expressing their principles, and to the world a demonstration of what the Theosophical life may mean even to the humblest worker.

What Katherine Tingley has done for art cannot be passed over. Art is the expression of spiritual things in visible form, through the various art-forms and crafts; and music and the drama claimed much of the Leader's attention. Here we found that Theosophy is unlimited in its scope, leaving outside of its sphere nothing that concerns humanity. Here again Theosophy was kept at the high level of its original source, and enabled to express itself in pure and wholesome ways.

It is not our purpose here to enlarge upon the many things which Katherine Tingley did in furtherance of her policy and duty; this has already been done by other writers, and the records and results of that work are available to all. But we have said enough to remind our readers, to some extent at any rate, of the obligations which they owe to her; and also to give some little outlet to our own strong feelings on the matter.

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. RYAN, M. A.

SOME interesting reports have lately been received which have a bearing upon the Theosophical outlook in general.

About a year ago, the French Academy of Sciences was informed that Dr. François de Loys, a leading biologist who had been sent on a research-expedition to the wilds of northern South America by the Venezuelan government, had discovered and shot a large anthropoid ape in Venezuela. The explorers suffered great hardships on their return and lost the skin and bones of the ape, but an excellent photograph of the animal was exhibited in confirmation of the astonishing claim that specimens of the great tailless apes exist in the Western Hemisphere.

It is difficult for scientists to accept such a claim, as no anthropoid ape has ever been found in America, and no fossil remains are known outside the Eastern Hemisphere. It must be admitted, however, that vast forested and other districts in South America are still unexplored, and there are many rumors of strange things hidden away in the depths, including unknown animals and even remains of lost civilizations. Colonel Fawcett recently lost his life in the daring endeavor to penetrate into the unknown Amazonian region in order to solve

some of these mysteries, which he considered were probably well founded.

The good faith of the report of the discovery of American anthropoids is rendered more probable by the announcement from Mexico City that Dr. Georges Montandon, of the French Anthropological Institute and of the International Society of Americanists in Paris, has confirmed Dr. de Loys' claim in a communication sent to the Museum of Archaeology, Mérida, Yucatan, Mexico. The subject is therefore worth attention.

To the student of Theosophy, the existence of anthropoids in America would be explained in the same way as that of Old World anthropoids, as we have so often described in Theosophical literature. The anthropoids are not ancestors of man, but offshoots from the human family-tree. Man, as Dr. Osborn now declares, is not developed from any kind of ape or monkey. The anthropoids are called by H. P. Blavatsky "a bastard branch" grafted upon the real human family. The discovery of an American anthropoid adds nothing evidential to the Darwinian theory, but appears to raise new difficulties.

To find an anthropoid with certain American characteristics ('platyrrhine'), opens afresh the whole question of anthropoid evolution, which,

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as the communication from Mexico says, "may undergo drastic changes." There can be no doubt that these changes will be in the direction of the Theosophical teachings.

This discovery, so utterly unexpected, is another broad hint to Theosophical students not to accept materialistic scientific hypotheses — such as the ape-ancestry theory — when opposed to the Eastern Wisdom and their own intuitions, merely because they are plausible and are supported by clever arguments, for the latter may be based on premisses which may be fundamentally modified at any time by new discoveries. We have already seen, since H. P. Blavatsky wrote, many orthodox scientific hypotheses vanish, to be superseded by others nearer to or identical with the teachings of her Masters, though once looked upon as incredible. We have perfect confidence that this process will continue.

IN one of Mark Twain's humorous travel-books, he describes an imaginary Roman newspaper picked up in the Colosseum, Rome, and speaks of its modernity. When he wrote that, no one supposed that the Romans had newspapers, and his witty account of the contents was looked on as a pure flight of imagination. But 'there is nothing new under the sun,' and it has just been found that the news of the day was published in Rome centuries before the Christian Era. Recent excavations at Ostia, the ancient sea-

port of Rome at the mouth of the Tiber, have unearthed fragments of ancient Roman 'newspapers.' They were not printed on paper or even papyrus, but engraved on marble and displayed in the market-places.

In early times the collection of news was a matter of private enterprise, but under the Caesars it became a strictly governmental institution, and subject to severe censorship. Official distortion and suppression of news — which became so conspicuous to us all during the great war — was customary, and Julius Caesar was responsible for much of it. As Dr. Kenneth Morris pointed out lately in this magazine in his articles on Druidism, the charges of human sacrifice among the ancient Britons are mainly derived from Caesar's skilful literary propaganda undertaken to discredit his enemies.

The official gazette referred to was exhibited in the Forum and copied for circulation throughout the Empire. It contained news of the State, decrees, speeches (taken down in shorthand), sittings of the Senate; news of the city, such as fires and accidents, building developments, financial matters, births and deaths in prominent families; and Imperial affairs, audiences, games and distribution of food — the latter, of course, only after the establishment of the Emperors. Some of the fragments found at Ostia are particularly interesting, as they include news of the death of Julius Caesar, the reform of the calendar, the triumphs of various Emperors, and the departure of Pompey from Rome. The official record

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of Caesar's death does not mention that he was assassinated!

QUEEN CLEOPATRA VI of Egypt is a perpetual subject of interest, and, since Mr. Weigall's learned rehabilitation of her character (even though not quite complete), she has become a much more sympathetic one. Controversy about her has raged for centuries, and no wonder, for nearly all the evidence we have was provided by her bitter enemies, whose interest it was to blacken her character. This is shown very clearly by Mr. Weigall, who has painstakingly sifted out the most likely facts in the story and cleared her of the worst imputations. Katherine Tingley always spoke very highly of Cleopatra and her knowledge of the sacred rites conducted in the Temple of Dendera, where her portrait is still to be seen; and declared that Cleopatra was "one of the royal lights of Egypt."

There has always been a mystery about her burial-place and a dispute about her mummy. This has again arisen in connexion with a proposal to place what some claim to be her remains in a tomb in the gardens of the French National Library in the Rue Vivienne, Paris. The statement is made that the mummy was brought to France after the Egyptian campaign of Napoleon in 1798 (during which he ordered extensive archaeological researches), and kept till 1870 in one of the rooms of the Library. It is supposed to have been hidden in a damp

cellar during the Franco-Prussian War and it became considerably deteriorated thereby: it was ultimately buried in the garden, according to this version. There are many who doubt the whole story, and it will be interesting to see what is the final decision by the highest authorities.

THE so-called 'Curse' of Tutankhamen's tomb seems not to be exhausted yet. At least two more deaths have occurred in connexion with it since the question was discussed in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.* It seems difficult to deny the possibility that there has been something of a very unusual nature in the series of tragic events that have happened to so many of those who were directly concerned with the opening of the tomb, not to mention their immediate connexions. Even eminent Orientalists such as Dr. J. C. Mardrus are convinced that these incidents cannot be ignored, and that the magic of the Egyptians — black or white as it may be — is not an entire fiction.

Another report appeared in the press in March to the effect that the possession of a scarab by an English officer in the Grenadier Guards was believed by him to be the cause of an extraordinary series of misfortunes to himself and his family.

Mr. Weigall, in his *Treasury of Ancient Egypt* and *Tutankhamen* gives

*THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, February, 1930: 'The Mystery of Egyptian Mummies,' Boris de Zirkoff, B. A.

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several remarkable observations made by himself of incidents which testify to the persistence of some occult force of a malignant nature in connexion with various Egyptian objects, though he naturally does not care to commit

himself to a definite opinion. The reader may draw his own conclusions. He also mentions certain events which look as if the modern Egyptians had not altogether lost touch with the ancient magic.

THE POPOL VUH

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

(Translated from the text of Brasseur de Bourbourg)

PART II — CHAPTER VI

IN their turn the young men commenced their labors, in order to show their quality to their grandmother and their mother. The first thing they did was to clear a field. We are going to work in the fields, our Grandmother, our Mother, they said. Do not afflict us, we who are here, we are your grandsons, we are in the place of our elder brothers, added Hunahpu and Xbalanqué.

Then they took their axes and mattocks and plows and set out, each with his blowpipe which he carried on his shoulder; they went out of their house, asking their grandmother to send their food. At noon precisely let them bring our dinner, Grandmother, they said.

It is well, my grandsons, replied their grandmother.

Soon afterwards they arrived at the place where they had to clear the field and everywhere where they struck a mattock in the earth, the mattock by itself served to clear away the brambles and scrub from the land, the soil being cleared by the mattock alone.

And the hatchet they also thrust into the roots of the trees, as also into their branches, throwing to the ground, cutting, and felling everything—wood and lianas of every kind. One single hatchet cut all these trees and did all the work by itself.

What the mattock uprooted was considerable. It would be impossible to reckon the amount of the brambles and thorns which had been cleared by a single mattock. It would be impossible to reckon how much had been cleared and how much had been felled in the mountains, great and small.

Then they gave their orders to a wild creature, a savage named Xmu-cur, the Wood-Pigeon, and having sent it to perch on a great tree, Hunahpu and Xbalanqué said to it: You have only to look and see when our Grandmother comes to bring our dinner. Coo immediately she arrives and we will take the mattock and the ax. Very well, replied the Wood-pigeon.

And behold, they occupied themselves in hunting with the blowpipe

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and in reality cleared no ground themselves. Then the Wood-pigeon cooed; immediately they ran, the one to recover the mattock and the other to seize his ax.

Wrapping his head, one of them quite unnecessarily smeared his hands with earth, likewise dirtying his face, as if he had been a real laborer. The other also unnecessarily filled his head-covering with chips of wood, as if he had really been occupied in cutting and hewing.

It is then that they were perceived by their grandmother. Then they took their food, although in truth they had done no work in the field for the sowing. In fact, it was really quite unnecessary for anyone to bring them something to eat.

When they came home: We are really tired, Grandmother, they said when they arrived, as they stretched their legs and their arms before their grandmother, without any real reason at all.

When they returned the day following, they found on arriving at the field that all had been set up again, trees and lianas, and that brambles and thorns had all been tangled up in confusion again, at the moment when they arrived.

Who has played this trick on us? they exclaimed. It is certainly they who have done this, all the animals, small and great: the lion, the tiger, the deer, the rabbit, the opossum, the jackal or coyote, the wild boar, and the porcupine; the birds great and small, it is they who have done these

things, and in a single night they have done it.

Then they began to prepare the field; they did as before with the surface of the ground and the cutting of the trees, all the while taking counsel with one another, between the cutting of the trees and the cleaning of the brushwood.

We will watch our clearing, they said. Perhaps we shall manage to surprise those who have come to do this, they added, mutually discussing the matter. Then they returned home.

What do you think of our having been tricked, Grandmother? When we arrived a little while ago we found that all the great heaps of brushwood and all the great forest which we had cleared had taken their place again, Grandmother, they said to their grandmother and to their mother. But we will return there and we will watch; for it is not good that they should act like that with us, they added.

Then they armed themselves. After that they returned to their cut trees and hid themselves there, concealed in the shade.

Then all the animals reassembled, each kind gathering together by itself among the animals small and great. And behold, at the point of midnight they arrived, saying in their tongue: Trees, rise up! Rise, lianas!*

It is thus that they spoke on arriving, their multitude crowding under the trees and under the lianas. Finally

*The word *Yachin che, yaclincaam*, is not Quiché, but belongs to an anterior language.

— Brasseur de Bourbourg

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they approached, discovering themselves to the sight of Hunahpu and Xbalanqué.

Well, the first were the lion and the tiger; the brothers wanted to catch them, but they escaped. In their turn the deer and the rabbit advanced with their tails close together; they seized them, but they only tore out the end of them and the tail of the deer remained in their hands. After they had thus taken the tail of the deer and that of the rabbit, these animals had only a very short tail left.

The fox and the jackal likewise refused to be caught, and so did the boar and the porcupine, and all the animals passed before Hunahpu and Xbalanqué, whose hearts were bursting with anger at not having been able to catch a single one of them.

Then came another of them, last of all, jumping as it went. The two brothers barred its way and caught the rat in a handkerchief. Having thus seized it, they pressed its head hard as if trying to squeeze it to death. They burnt its tail in the fire. That was when the rat began to go about with a tail that had no hair on it, and when its eyes bulged as if they had been pressed out of their sockets by the young men, Hunahpu and Xbalanqué.

Do not kill me. Know that it is not your business to work on the land, said the rat to them.

What is it that you are telling us now? said the young men to the rat.

Let me go for a moment; for what I have to tell you is in my belly. Then

I will tell you; but first give me something to eat, said the rat.

We will give you something to eat afterwards. Say first what you have to tell, it was replied to him.

Very well; know then that we are the property of your fathers, Hunhun-Ahpu and Vukub-Hunahpu, so named; the ones who died in Xibalba. They exist as well as the instruments of their diversion which have remained hanging above the house, their rings and their gloves, their ball of gum elastic. But they did not want to show them to you because of your grandmother, because it is for that that your fathers died.

Are you really certain of these things? said the young men to the rat. They were filled with joy on hearing the story of the elastic ball. The rat having said this, they gave him something to eat.

Here is the food which we will give you: maize, white chili, white beans, and pok* and cocoa will be yours, and if anything is kept or forgotten, it will be yours as well, and you will be able to nibble at it and benefit by it, said Hunahpu and Xbalanqué to the rat.

Very well, young men. But what shall I say if your grandmother sees me, added he.

Fear nothing. We are there. We are all ready for the reply to be made to our grandmother.

Quick then, climb on this corner of the house and let us go where we have

*Pok, a sort of cocoa of inferior quality of which the natives make a beverage. They also use it as money.

to go. You must quickly climb to the place where these things are suspended which we saw in the straps of the house,* when we were looking for our food, said the rat.

Then having been in consultation with one another overnight, Hunahpu and Xbalanqué arrived exactly at noon. Carrying the rat without showing it, they advanced, the one entering boldly into the house, the other going round to the corner, where he immediately set the rat to climb. And then they asked their grandmother for their dinner. Grind our dinner then.† We want a chilmol,‡ Grandmother, they said.

Immediately there was prepared for them a bowl of soup which was placed before them. But it was only a trick to deceive their grandmother and mother. And having spilt the water out of the jug: Truly our mouths are burning; go and get us something to drink, they said to their grandmother.

Yes, I am going, she said, as she went.

As for them, they continued to eat. But they did not really experience any need of drinking and they only did it to prevent her seeing what they wanted to do. And having seen that the rat

had its chilmol, the rat quickly went up to the elastic ball which was suspended with the other instruments at the top of the house.

Having finished their chilmol they commissioned a certain Xan. Well, this Xan was an insect like a gnat; it went to the bank of the river and immediately began to pierce the side of the old woman's pitcher and the water ran out of the pitcher. She tried to stop it but was unable to stop up the side of the pitcher from which the water was trickling.

What is our grandmother doing then? We are suffocating for want of water; we are dying of thirst, they said to their mother, sending her out.

Immediately she went out, the rat went to cut the cord which held the elastic ball; it fell from the roof-timbers of the house with the rings, the gloves, and the leather shields. They immediately took them and then went to hide them on the road which leads to the hall of the *jeu de paume*, the tennis-court.

After that they went to look for their grandmother on the bank of the river; well, their grandmother and their mother were both at that moment occupied in stopping the side of the pitcher. Then both of them arrived with their blowpipes and advanced to the bank of the river. What are you doing then? We are tired of waiting and we have come, they said.

Look then at the side of my pitcher which we cannot stop up, replied their grandmother. And immediately they stopped it up and together they re-

*Straps; cordage or twisted tree-bark and leather thongs. Still used at the present day to join roofs instead of nails. I have seen them more solid and durable than nails, etc.

— B. de B.

†It is usual to grind things on the metate with a stone roller — maize, pepper, cocoa, coffee, sugar, etc., on the same stone.

‡Chilmol; sauce or ragout of aji or pepper, still used in Central America and Mexico.

turned, walking in front of their grandmother.

So that is the story of how the elastic ball was delivered to them.

CHAPTER VII

Well, then, Hunahpu and Xbalanqué departed full of joy as they went to play at ball in the hall of the *jeu de paume*, the tennis-court. They went a very long way all alone to play at ball, and they began by sweeping the tennis-court of their fathers.

Well, then, the princes of Xibalba heard them. Who then are those who are now beginning again to play above our heads and who do not fear to shake the earth? Are they not the dead Hunhun-Ahpu and Vukub-Hunahpu, who sought to exalt themselves before us? Go then and fetch these latter in their turn.

Thus said once more Hun-Camé and Vukub-Camé and all the princes of Xibalba. They sent and said to their emissaries: Go and tell them: Let them come, say the princes; here in this very place we will play with them. In seven days we will measure our skill against them, say the princes. Go and tell them that, was repeated to them, to the emissaries of Xibalba.

They then took the great road which the young men had swept from their house and which led straight to it, and by which the envoys came directly where their grandmother was. Well, then, they were occupied in eating when the envoys of Xibalba arrived.

In truth, let them come, say the princes, repeated the emissaries of Xi-

balba. And then the emissaries of Xibalba notified the day when they were to come; in seven days they will be expected, was said to Xmucané.

It is well; they will be there, O messengers, replied the old woman. And the envoys went on their way and returned.

Then the heart of the old woman was heavy within her. Whom shall I command to go and see my grandsons? Is it not truly in the same way that the envoys formerly came from Xibalba and took their fathers? said their grandmother, entering the house sad and solitary.

Then a louse fell from her skirt; she seized it at once and put it on her hand, where it began to move about and walk.

My nephew,* would you like me to send you to go and call my grandsons to the tennis-game? she said to the louse. Envoys have come to your grandmother and have told her that you must appear in seven days, and you have to go, the envoys of Xibalba have said; thus speaks your grandmother, she said, repeating it to the louse.

Then he went away slouching along the road. Well, then, seated on the road was a young man named Tamazul, which means Toad. Where are you going? said the toad to the louse.

I carry my message at my girdle, and I am going to find the young men, replied the louse to the toad.

Very well. However, you are not

*Nephew, grandson, relative, etc.

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exactly running, as I see it, said the toad to the louse. Would you like me to swallow you? You will see how well I run; we shall arrive immediately.

It is very well, replied the louse to the toad. And immediately he let himself be swallowed by the toad.

Well, the toad walked along the road for a long time, but he did not run. Then in his turn he met a great serpent named Zakicaz.

Where are you going then, Tamazul, my boy? was said to the toad by Zakicaz.

I am a messenger; I carry a message in my belly, the toad said to the serpent.

You are hardly running, so far as I can see; shall I not arrive more quickly than you? said the serpent to the toad. Come here then, he said to him.

Then the toad was in its turn swallowed by the Zakicaz. It is since that time that serpents take them for their food, and even today they still swallow toads.

The serpent went swiftly on its way; and then, in its turn was found by a Vac, a sparrowhawk, which is a big bird. And immediately the serpent was swallowed by the Sparrowhawk. Soon afterwards it arrived on the roof of the tennis-court. It is since that time that the sparrowhawk makes its food of the serpents, and devours them in the mountains. When they arrived, the sparrowhawk settled on a cornice of the tennis-court, where Hunahpu and Xbalanqué were amusing themselves by playing at ball.

Standing on its feet, the Sparrowhawk croaked and cawed *Vacco, vacco!* That was its cry, *Vacco!*

What is that croaking there: Quick, our blowpipes! cried the two young men. Then they shot at the Vac, sending the pellet of the blowpipe into the pupil of its eye. The sparrowhawk immediately toppled over and fell at the feet of the two brothers.

They ran at once to catch it, and then they asked it: What are you doing here? speaking to the Vac, the sparrowhawk.

I carry my message in my belly. But first cure the pupil of my eye and then I will tell you about it, said the Vac.

Very well, they replied. Then they took a little of the gum of the ball with which they were playing and applied it to the eye of the Vac. This remedy was called by them Lotzquiq.* The sight of the Vac was immediately cured completely.

Speak now, they said to the Vac. Then it threw up the great serpent. Speak then thou, they said immediately to the serpent. Yes, replied he, as he immediately vomited the toad. Where is the message you spoke of? was said to the toad. I carry my message in my belly, replied the toad.

Then he made efforts as if he were suffocating. But he did not vomit and his mouth was covered with saliva with

*An American tropical herb called by the Mexicans Xocoyolli, apparently the oxalis. The Indians assured Brasseur de Bourbourg that it would remove cataract.

the effort he was making, without anything coming up.

Then the young men were about to maltreat it. You are an impostor, they said to it, giving it a kick behind, so that its backbone came down on its legs. It tried again to vomit, but its efforts only produced a sort of saliva around the mouth. Then they opened the toad's mouth and its mouth being opened by the young men, they looked inside. Well, the louse was seen caught in the gums of the toad; it was only just inside its mouth. The toad had not swallowed it, but it only seemed as if it had swallowed it. It is in this way that the toad was tricked. And we do not know the kind of food that it eats. It does not know how to run any more, but we know that its flesh is like that of serpents.

Speak! was then said to the louse and it explained its message.

Thus speaks your grandmother, young men: Go and call them. Messengers from Hun-Camé, and Vukub-Camé have come from Xibalba to fetch them. Let them come here in seven days to play tennis with us; let the instruments with which they divert themselves also be brought, and the ball of gum elastic, the rings, the gloves, and the cuirass, and let us see their faces here, say the princes.

And truly they have come, says your grandmother. Then I came. For it is truly that which your grandmother says: she groans, she laments, your grandmother. So I have come.

Is it indeed true, replied the young men in thought, when they heard the

message. And immediately they set out and arrived at their grandmother's; but they only went to take leave of their grandmother.

We are going, Grandmother; we have only come to take leave of you. But here is the sign of the word which we shall leave. Each of us will plant a cane here. We will plant it in the middle of the house. If it dries up, it will be the sign of our death. Have they perished, then? you will say, if it dies. But if it flourishes: They are living, you will say. O our Grandmother, O our Mother, do not weep. Here is the sign of our word which remains with you,* they said.

And immediately they went away, Hunahpu having planted one and Xbalanqué the other. They planted them in the middle of the house and not among the mountains or in the damp soil, but indeed in the dry earth in the middle of the interior of their house where they left them planted.

CHAPTER VIII

Then Hunahpu and Xbalanqué set out, each with his blowpipe, going down towards Xibalba. They swiftly descended the precipitous terraces or steps of the mountain and passed thus into the boiling waters of the ravine. They passed it surrounded by birds and these birds are those they call molay.†

They likewise passed over the river of mud and the river of blood, where

*The words may mean: This is the sign of our posterity which has remained with you.

†The molay is not identified by B. de B.

those of Xibalba thought they would have been taken in the trap; but they did not touch it with their feet; they crossed them on the side of their blow-pipes, and having come out they arrived at the Four Cross Roads.

Well then, they knew the roads that were in Xibalba, the Black Road, the White Road, the Red Road, and the Green Road; that is why they there commissioned an insect named Xan. The latter was to gather the information which they sent it out to seek.

Bite them one after the other; begin by biting the one who is seated nearest and then bite them all in turn; for your part or reward will be to suck the blood of men on the roads, was said to the Xan.

It is very well, then replied the Xan.

So it entered by the Black Road, and on arriving at the mannikin and the wooden men which were first seated, covered with their ornaments, it bit the first. But this did not speak. Then it bit the other, that is, it bit the one who was seated second in order. But this did not speak any more than the other had done.

Then it bit the third. And this one who was seated third was Hun-Camé. Ay! ay! he cried at the moment when he was bitten.

What is it, Hun-Camé, what has bitten or stung you? Vukub-Camé asked him.

Something that I do not know, replied Hun-Camé.

Ay! ay! said Vukub-Camé in his turn; he was seated fourth in order.

What is it then, Vukub-Camé; what

is it that has bitten you? the one who was seated fifth asked him. Ay! ay! cried Xiqiripat at the same moment.

And Vukub-Camé said to him: What is it then that has bitten you, Xiqiripat? Bitten in his turn, he who was seated sixth in order, cried Ay! ay!

What is it, Cuchumaquiq? said Xiqiripat to him. What is it that has bitten you? added he who was seated the seventh, at the moment when he was bitten in the same way. Ay! added he.

What is it, then, Ahalpuh? said Cuchumaquiq to him. What then has bitten you, added he who was seated the eighth, at the moment when he felt that he was himself bitten. Ay! cried he.

What is the matter with you Ahalcana? replied Ahalpuh to him. What is it that has bitten you, said he in his turn who was seated the ninth in order, and then he felt himself bitten likewise and said, Ay!

What is it Chamiaabak? said Ahalcana to him. What is it that has bitten you? said he who was seated the tenth, and at that moment he felt himself bitten in his turn and he cried Ay!

What then, Chamiaholog, said Chamiaabak, what has bitten you? added he who was seated the eleventh,* and

*The eleventh, says the text, without giving his name. It is given later, but the last names are changed. In the first naming of the princes of Xibalba after Chamiaholog come Ahalmes and Ahaltocob, then Xio and Patan. The latter reappears, but in place of the three who precede him we here find Quiquic, sparrowhawk's blood; Quiqué, blood of the teeth, and Quiquixgag, blood of the claws or nails.

feeling himself bitten in his turn he cried Ay!

What is it? said Chamiaholom to him. What has bitten you? likewise said he who was seated twelfth, and feeling himself bitten in the same way, he added: Ay!

What is the matter, Patan? replied his neighbor. What has bitten you? then said he who was seated the thirteenth, and on the instant, feeling himself bitten too, he exclaimed, Ay!

What is it Quiqxic? said Patan to him. What is it that has bitten you? asked he who was seated the fourteenth, and at that moment feeling himself bitten in his turn, he cried, Ay!

What then has bitten you, Quiqrixgag? said Quiqré to him, addressing the word to him.

Thus came about the calling of their names which they gave one to the other; it was thus that they declared themselves, calling one another by name, each of those who commanded in these places being interpellated by the other, and it was thus that they told the name of the last, who was seated in the corner.

There was not one of whom they forgot the name; they ended by repeating the name of all of them at the moment when each was bitten by the hair of the leg of Hunahpu which he tore from himself, for it was not a real Xan which bit them and which went to hear all their names for Hunahpu and Xbalanqué.

Then having set out on the road, they came to where those of Xibalba were.

Salute the King,* they said to them, him who is seated there, they said to them to test them.

This is not the king; this is only a statue and a man of wood, they replied advancing. Then they commenced to salute them: Hail, Hun-Camé! Hail, Vukub-Camé! Hail, Xiqiripat! Hail, Cuchumaquiq! Hail, Ahalpuh! Hail, Ahalcana! Hail, Chamiahak! Hail, Chamiaholom! Hail, Quiqxic! Hail, Patan! Hail, Quiqré! Hail, Quiqrixgag! they said on arriving, showing their faces to them all and saying their name, and all without forgetting the name of a single one.

What had pleased them was that their names had not been discovered by the two young men. Sit down, they said to them, showing them the seat where they wanted them to sit.

But they would not. That is not our seat, but it is a bench of heated stone, that seat, said Hunahpu and Xbalanqué, without being caught in the trap.

It is very well. Go then to your dwelling, they said to them.

Then they entered the house of darkness, but they could not be defeated there.

*Ahau, king or lord. *Ah*, possessive, *au*, necklace.

(To be continued)

“ WHO HAVE TRAVELED THE WAY BEFORE ”

GRACE KNOCHE, M. A.

LOOKING down the aisles of history, we mostly find a record of opportunities just missed; of great benefits that were all *but* conferred upon humanity; of great gifts that were all *but* freely given; of noble men and women who all *but* expressed the inner god; of spiritual influences that were all *but* controlling; of great catastrophes that were all *but* prevented; in short, a record that, read between the lines, discloses the picture of a better path that might have been followed, and a worse, a shameful, path that was.

That is the long historic picture — the Great Achievement, like the cup of Tantalus, just within reach, demanding only one more step, one brave leap, to reach it and drink of its crystal fire — in other words, demanding only the wise choice, as the eternal Two Paths stretched out before the nation, the community, or the man, when a choice had to be made and all the future hung on the nature of that choice. Poised, as it were, on the crest of a whirling, passing cycle, they failed to leap therefrom to the crest of the cycle next higher — does this need a diagram? Not for disciples, surely. Instead, they clung to the old familiar rim and so were whirled down again for another stretch of agony under the wheel. When the Ancient Sages appealed to

the disciple not to divert the stream of effort “for thine own sake” but send it back to its primal source “along the crest of cycles,” they were not indulging in a pretty but meaningless figure. They were picturing to the pupil’s mind one of the possibilities of that power which belongs to the spiritual life.

Humanity is at the cross-roads of destiny, facing the two diverse paths today as certainly as at cyclic times in the past. Yet if we keep well to this side of what in our ignorance we call ‘pre-history,’ we see that we are really far from repeating, or even respectably copying, similar or corresponding periods in the past, excepting as to the law involved.

The sweep of the large cycle now ending has been larger, more vast, than any written history knows, and numberless smaller cycles are held whirling within it. Moreover, as H. P. Blavatsky pointed out, many of the latter are reaching their overlapping points simultaneously with the ending of the Great Cycle and its overlapping of the one to come. This Teacher made not only general statements regarding this, but gave out specific teachings, and in addition made prophecies concerning this time which are familiar to students of Theosophy. It was similarly pointed out by her Suc-

cessors, William Quan Judge and Katherine Tingley, and by their Successor, Dr. G. de Purucker, the present Leader of The Theosophical Society.

This is significant, and what the writer is trying to point out is that the present cycle of mental and spiritual unrest, the present status of topsyturviness and wrecking change in practically every line of human work or thought, was *foreseen* by the Teachers of Theosophy — and foreseen by them because they “had traveled the Path before.” No wonder that their aim was to wake up the human mind to what lay (and still lies, perhaps in terrible measure) just ahead, so that the inevitable present period of stress and readjustment and sweeping change could be met understandingly, and not in ignorance and fear.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, for instance, H. P. Blavatsky forecast the recent world-war, which might have been averted, as the nations all admit now, had brotherliness and patience been in the saddle at the critical hour, instead of — something else. To avert this world-catastrophe was the hope of Those who stood behind the Theosophical Movement, and the Messenger They sent forth. But their great hope perished — water long now gone under the bridge, it is true, but leaving humanity today still at the crossroads, wondering whether to claim its birthright of Divinity or copy again the old misshapen past.

Are we to copy, merely, the focus-points that dot the long past, when the

great step was all *but* taken, and the real path just missed? To rise in the heritage of soul-power and master and divert the tides of disintegration that at times seem bound to swamp it — that is the leap before us to be made! To put forth the flower and the fruit of life as a *spiritual expression* — that is the task to be essayed. Humanity cannot, dare not, will not, fall once more, ‘exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged’ to drift into the red tides of unbrotherliness and disintegration. No, we are indeed in the lap of the gods, today. The New Cycle is a rising one — though only if we make it so.

The Theosophic teaching of Cyclic Law was practically — indeed as a definite teaching, completely — unknown to modern thought when it was brought forth out of the treasure-house of Ancient Wisdom by H. P. Blavatsky. Yet so penetrating has been its power that thinkers now accept it as at least one of the great sources of illumination in the study of the past. In its teaching of Duality it explains the seeming mystery of the two paths forever confronting us, individuals and nations alike. That mystery once made clear, we then know what to do!

There is no question that thinkers generally recognise that great and sweeping changes are now imminent, while many of them see that a choice simply will *have* to be made between the old path of egoism and personality (nations can be just as small and personal as persons themselves can be, and sometimes they make a better job

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of it), and the far higher, and far older path of altruism, forgiveness, love. The difficulty is that the latter path is (to many) new and strange, and the regions it seems to lead into are (to them) so uncharted and unknown! They hesitate to take the first brave, bold step upon it — and what wonder? Yet it calls them — this path of peace and power. They cannot, will not, turn away and take the other, and so they stop bewildered, vaguely peering about for guidance, direction, help. They feel intuitively that the old grave danger confronts them, that the great opportunity will be all *but* seized and the old, old story retold. Obviously — for their own attitude proclaims it — their need is that of every traveler on an unknown road: for a guide, a leader, for the counsel and help of one “who has traveled the path before.”

The old grave danger threatens and there is poignancy, reality, in the threat, for the danger is real and in matter of seriousness cannot be over-estimated. Quack philosophies and so-called ‘philosophers’ are on every hand — so many false guide-posts with misleading ‘directions’ written on them, so many false lights to delude and to allure, so many pretended spiritual panaceas. Everywhere we find personal notions and even political schemes masquerading under high-sounding philosophical terms, with ambition and love of power ambushed and in wait for the unwary. Everywhere the blind are trying to lead the blind, everywhere mistaken teachers play with uncanny

sureness on the stretched, strained, pitiably taut strings of the human heart. It is no wonder that the few who are not deluded are demanding light, and a guidance that is sure.

Here is Theosophy’s great opportunity, for such guidance it can give, pre-eminently in its Leaders and those who have qualified under them. They are fitted, for they “have traveled the way before.” They know the (to others) hidden path. Is anyone competent to guide humankind on outer paths or inner, let us ask, who has *not* traveled them before? There is much to reflect upon in this fact, and it should hold for us a hint for the future.

The grand inclusive keynote of Theosophy is the essential Divinity of Man. It rings out like a master-chord, calling to rhythm and order the too long jangled progressions in the counterpoint of soul-life. For soul-life is the life to be considered first, when all is said and done. The soul of things is now demanding recognition; it is asking simple justice for its own.

But that justice will come to us by other paths than treaty-considerations, problems of repatriation, indemnities, reprisals, the freedom of the seas, international law, and the rest. These must be considered, it is true, in an era of reconstruction, but is there not something more? Is there not another and different path for the nations? Where are those who shall boldly declare that there is, and that it is *the path of soul-life*? On all sides is heard the despairing cry, “Show us the

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way to go!" On all sides we find appeals, uttered and unuttered, for real Leadership. We are facing the problem of problems today, and without the Teacher, the Leader, can we hope to arrive at a solution without that maddening waste of time which frets and crucifies and literally wears away the soul? Or, indeed, can we hope to arrive at all?

What is that problem of problems? It is simply enough stated: it is the problem of spiritual freedom. And yet it is vast, as vast as universes multiplied. Oh, think of it in the silence! Think of its power to enfold — for all lesser problems are included in it. Spiritual Freedom! What is the freedom of the seas compared with the Freedom of the Soul in Man?

THE SWORD OF LIGHT An Ancient Irish Tale Re-told

ART O'MURNAGHAN

THIS story is full of mystical touches and seems to be a symbolic record of a certain initiation through which passes a candidate of full seven mystical years of growth.

This land of the Ancient Mysteries is said by Greek tradition to be an island to which men journeyed that they might learn more about the Mysteries. High tribute surely, for the Mysteries were taught among their own islands, and history links, in this respect, the rites celebrated in Samothrace with those of Sacred Ierne of the Hibernians.

In West Kerry, near the sea, among lonely mountains, rises the cloud-swept peak of Brandon Mountain. It was known as a 'mountain of pilgrimage' long before the coming of Christianity, and today you will find a circle of big stones near the summit. The line of ancient Bards still remains as a vestige in the native tellers of old stories

in Gaelic. You must bear in mind a remarkable proof of this — the tellers of the stories are not readers of books, probably some of them could hardly sign their names, but the language in which they have their store of Tales of the Old Wisdom, is that of masters in the use of words, and the form of the narrative is finished and professional (shall we say?) in its shape.

This is the story of an only son, his mother, a widow, having no one else belonging to her. *Shawn* is his name and *of the Cold Feet* is his description or surname. The mystical nature of the tale is seen when we hear that as a child he grew so fast that when he had reached the age of seven years he could not find room in his mother's house, which was at the northeast corner of Brandon Mountain. In at least one story, the figure of a house refers to the body of the person, and there may be significance in this case. When

he was seven years old his feet were not in the house when he was asleep. At fifteen years only his head could find room by night. Food became difficult to get and "one day above another"—in other words, on a day of decision — he told his mother he must go out into the great world to find food for them.

So Shawn went out, and rested neither in the clear day going, nor in the dark night coming, until he came to a high, roomy castle. He did not knock, but went in until he met the master, who asked if he were a servant in search of a master.

"I am in search of a master," is all he replied.

He was engaged to herd cows for a day and a year, for small hire and his keeping. He slept there that night; the first step completed, he took his first breathing-space.

Next morning, going out with the cows, his master was there before him with the warning to take good care of himself — no mention of the cows — that every one of those who took service with him had been killed by one of four giants who lived next his pastures. Four brothers they were — one was four-headed, one six-, the third eight-, and the fourth twelve-headed.

"By my hand, I did not come here to be killed by the like of them. They will not hurt me, never fear," said the hero.

Not long were the cows grazing, when the least of the giants, "caught the odor of a man from Eirinn" and came forward, trying to strike terror

into the heart of the young man by threats.

"It isn't to give satisfaction to you that I am here, but to knock satisfaction out of your bones," was the answer. They fought till sunset and then, before the dark, the boy took the four heads off the giant, and put them into muddy gaps for a dry, solid road for the cows, and drove them home to his master.

On each of the three following days, a fiercer fight was waged, and on each sunset-hour a giant was killed, and his heads made into stepping-stones for a firm road for the cows.

On the fifth day, the dreadful mother of the giants came raging out to him, and she had steel claws on hands and feet — a characteristic of the cat-tribe, night-hunters, more clear of sight in the dark than in the light. She told him, also, that he was a man out of Eirinn. (This seems to suggest another country, does it not? and he had crossed no sea as yet. But anyway, he was no longer in Ireland.) She complained that the giants should have been asleep in her castle, and owing to the scarcity of trees she could not make cradles for them — so we may read that they were not fully grown. She also told him she knew he had come all the way from Brandon Mountain to kill her sons.

"Glad would I be to tear you to pieces, but 'tis better to get some good of you first. I put you under spells of heavy enchantment that you cannot escape, not to eat two meals off the one table, nor to sleep two nights in the one house till you go to the Queen of

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Lonesome Island, and bring the Sword of Light that never fails, the loaf of bread that is never eaten, and the bottle of water that is never drained."

"Where is Lonesome Island?"

"Follow your nose and make out the place with your own wit," said the hag.

(The word 'hag' in Irish folk-lore means simply a very ancient woman, and did not necessarily imply the repulsive appearance usually connected with it in English stories. The Calliagh or Hag of Beara, is the name of the Oldest Woman on earth — the Ancient Grandmother she was also called — and she lived not a great distance from the same Brandon Mountain.)

In the dusk, Shawn drove home his master's cows.

"You'll never have trouble again in finding men to mind your cattle," he said, "the heads of all the giants are in the muddy gaps from here to the end of the pasture, and there are now good roads for your cattle. I have been with you only five days, but another would not do my work in a day and a year — pay me my wages!"

The man — not now the master — paid him, gave him a good suit of clothes *for the journey*, and his blessing. The next step taken, he is reclothed for the further journeying he must take, farther from his mother's house, from the roomy castle of his master, and sent on his way with a blessing.

Away went Cold Feet now, having undergone four days of ordeals, and a fifth day on which a new task was put upon him. He was

now on the long road, and, by my word, it was a strange road to him. He went across

high hills and low dales, passing each night where he found it, till the evening of the third day, when he came to a house where a little old man was living. The old man had lived in that house without leaving it for seven hundred years, and had not seen a living soul in that time.

Interesting details — the evening of the third day — the willing watcher for seven times one hundred years, who *had not seen a living soul* in that time. You will find different statements about the *living soul* with two other old men. Note also the different forms of conversation — after the usual Irish salutations: Good health to the old man, and one hundred thousand welcomes in return.

"Will you give me a night's lodging?"

"I will, indeed, and is it any harm to ask, Where are you going?"

"What harm in a plain question? I am going to Lonesome Island *if I can find it.*"

"You will travel tomorrow, and if you are loose and lively on the road you'll come at night to a house, and inside it an old man like myself, only older. He will give you lodgings and tell where to go the day after."

He left good health with the old man and received his blessing.

There is here nothing about the Island, and a simple blessing at parting. He traveled swifter than the hare in the wind and in the heel of the evening arrived at the house of his second guide. Here he goes straight into the house where a little old man was sitting at the fire. Follow the usual salutations.

"Why did you come; and where are you going? Fourteen hundred years am I in this house alone, and not a living soul *came in to see me* till yourself came this evening."

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"I am going to Lonesome Island *if I can find it.*"

"*I have no knowledge of that place, but if you are a swift walker, you will come tomorrow evening to an old man, like myself, only older; he will tell you all that you need, and show you the way to the island.*"

From this old man he received *good wishes for the road.* He traveled more swiftly and at nightfall greeted the third old man.

"A hundred thousand welcomes! I am living alone in this house twenty-one hundred years, and not a living soul *walked the way in that time. You are the first man I see in this house. Is it to stay with me that you are here?*"

Here is the personal affection test and the invitation to halt on the way — to get a little needed rest and comfort and give companionship to a lonely soul.

"It is not, for I must be moving. I cannot spend two nights in the one house till I go to Lonesome Island, *and I have no knowledge of where that place is.*"

"Oh then, it's the long road between this and Lonesome Island, but *I'll tell where the place is, and how you are to go, if you go there.*"

"The road lies straight from my door to the sea. From the shore to the island *no man has gone unless the Queen brought him, but you may go if the strength and the courage are in you. I will give you this staff, it may help you. When you reach the sea throw the staff in the water and you'll have a boat that will take you without sail or oar straight to the island. When you touch shore pull up the boat on the strand; it will turn into a staff and be again what it now is.*

"The Queen's castle goes whirling round always. It has only one door, and that on the roof of it. If you lean on the staff you can rise with one spring to the roof, go in

at the door, and to the Queen's chamber.

"The Queen sleeps but one day in each year, and she will be sleeping tomorrow. The Sword of Light will be hanging at the head of her bed, the loaf and the bottle of water on the table near by. Seize the sword with the loaf and the bottle, and away with you, for the journey must be made in a day, and you must be on this side of those hills before nightfall. Do you think you can do that?"

"I will do it, or die in the trial," said Shawn.

"If you make that journey you will do what no man has done yet," said the old man. "*Before I came to live in this house* champions and hundreds of kings' sons tried to go to Lonesome Island, but not a man of them had the strength and the swiftness to go *as far as the seashore*, and that is but one part of the journey. All perished, and if their skulls are not crumbled, you'll see them tomorrow. The country is open and safe in the daytime, but when night falls the Queen of Lonesome Island sends her wild beasts to destroy every man they can find until daybreak. You must be in Lonesome Island tomorrow before noon, leave the place very soon after mid-day, and be on this side of those hills before nightfall — or perish."

And this is the last word that passes between the pilgrim and his last guide. In the story there are no blessings, no good wishes for the road. Shawn rose in the dark before the dawn, ate his breakfast, and at daybreak he started on the road.

Three times seven centuries had passed with never a living soul on that road. Who was this old man? Hundreds of picked, high-born aspirants had struggled through the miles of terror, and died before they had attained — and then he had come to the point where the road ran straight from his

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door to the sea, and the island. And from that moment never a pilgrim had tried to reach it; whether others had succeeded in reaching the points where the other two Ancients could have helped them, we are not told. The first had not seen a living soul, and not a living soul had gone in to the second house to see the old man sitting at the fire. There is food for much meditation on the points of this wonder-tale of the Island of the Mysteries.

And now let us return to the Pilgrim journeying in his straight line to the sea and the island — the Queen, and the three precious things, given to no man, but to be taken, swiftly and silently, while their guardian slept.

Away he went swiftly at daybreak, over hills, dales, and level places, through a land *where the wind never blows and the cock never crows*; and though he went quickly the day before, he went *five times* more quickly that day, for the staff added speed to whatever man had it.

On the Irish bog-land, in the silence of night — and a miracle of silence it is, to stand after midnight, looking across unseen miles of flat, dark-brown peat, and listening in vain for the shadow of a sound. At such a time you realize the companionship that the wind brings to a listener into the still silence — you are assured of touch, and that there are moving twigs and grasses — the touch of the free wind on your face, and the uneven rustling at your feet, and in patches around you are links with the everyday.

And there is never a rising of the

sun without the crowing of a cock — it is mystical, this linking of the two things — and the pilgrim was traveling by the light of a day never associated with cock-crowing. It does not say that the crowing of a cock was never heard there, but there the cock never crows. And his swiftness was multiplied above all the daily increasing of speed, five times, the number of the known senses.

And he came to the sea, did as the old man had directed him, and all was as the old man had said it would be. But when he should have darted away immediately with the three precious things

he went towards the door; but there he halted, turned back and stopped awhile with the Queen. And then — away with him.

A tremendous moment — all the daring of his journey, the double daring of his entry of the Queen's castle, were excelled in this last moment. It was very near he was *then*, says the story, to returning no more — having gained his object, to have surrendered everything on the spot and at the moment of Victory. And it is said that though he traveled there swiftly, he strove more in going back.

When the sun was near setting he saw the last line of hills, and remembering that Death was behind and not far from him, *he used his last strength* and was over the hill-tops at nightfall. The whole country behind him was filled with wild beasts.

"Oh!" said the old man, "but you are the hero, and I was in dread that you'd lose your life on the journey, and by my hand you had no time to spare."

Shawn gave him back, with thanks,

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the staff, stayed there the night, and next morning *left his blessing* with the old man and started back the way he had come, spending a night with each of the old men. He came to the ancient Hag who had sent him on the quest; she was outside the castle before him.

"Have you the sword, the bottle, and the loaf?" asked she.

"I have. Here they are."

"Give them to me," said the Hag.

"If I was bound to bring the three things, I was not bound to give them to you; I will keep them."

"Give them here," screamed the Hag raising her nails to rush at him. With that he drew the Sword of Light and sent her head spinning through the sky in the way that 'tis not known in what part of the world it fell, *or did it fall in any place*. He burned her body then, scattered the ashes, and went his way farther.

A very masterful man, this newly-made Hero — he had made his way into the master's castle without knocking; he 'took off' the heads of the giants whose lives he had taken, and he took his leave, after five days, from the service he had promised for a day and a year. He did not ask, "May I go?" He said, "Give me my wages" — and it was so, and he was clothed anew and got his master's blessing. He had achieved where others died.

He forced his way through all the ordeal the Hag had put on him, and took by stealth the treasures of the sleeping Queen, finishing his task, and standing before her to claim his quit-tance. Refusing her possession of the things she had used him to obtain, he

took her life, and took his leave. There is a hint of the demon in the suggestive words "*or did it (her head) fall in any place.*"

I will go to my mother *first of all*, thought he, and when his feet struck small stones on the road, the stones never stopped till they knocked wool off the spinning-wheels of Old Hags in the Eastern World.

There is a new power in his going, a power which animated even the stones he kicked; they were carried by it until they reached the very presence of the Ancient Sisters who sit through the ages, spinning the thread of destiny for many a man, and even affected their eternal spinning.

And with that evening comes a change. He feeds the people who give him lodging, with the loaf, and the woman of the house, when he is asleep, substitutes one of her own, without his knowledge. At two succeeding houses on the following nights, he loses the bottle and the Sword of Light. And each day he travels more swiftly than before. On the second day, if he fell in his running he had not time to rise, but rolled on until *the speed that was under him* brought him to his feet again.

He came to his mother's cottage, and in great rejoicing at having food to free them from all further anxiety, they make their meal, and soon the bread is gone. Even then he is blind to the extent of his loss. His mother has a little meal in the house and would go out for water. "I have water here in plenty," says her son, and he discovers his loss. He thinks the Old

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Hag enchanted the things before he killed her. And so they had to live in the old way, but Cold Feet was "far stronger than the first time" and was able to take all he wanted of food and no man nor all the men in the country could stop him.

But the Queen of the Lonesome Island had a son, who grew so rapidly that "when he was two years old he was very large entirely." She was grieving always for the things taken from her, and there was no light in the chamber. All at once she thought: "The father of the boy took them. I will never sleep two nights in the one house till I find him." And she went with the boy the same way that the Hero had traveled. It is recorded that they stayed one night with each of the three Ancient Men, but never a word of any conversation. The first one must have known who she was, at any rate, as she came straight up the road from the sea to his house.

She recognises her loaf, her bottle, and the Sword at the houses they lodge in for one night, but beyond asking where they came from and being met with a lie, she makes no attempt to take them back.

When they come near to Brandon Mountain she sees a man coming down hill with a fat bullock under each arm, as easily as another would carry two geese. He put them in a pen near the house and came out and saluted her. The boy broke away from her, ran to the man, and would not be taken away from him.

"How is this?" said she; "the child

knows you! Have you always lived in this place?"

Then he tells his story to her, she asking how he found the way and how he "came near forgetting" his life with her. When he brought the things home they were useless.

"What is your name?"

"Cold Feet."

"You are the man," said the Queen. "Long ago it was prophesied that a hero named Cold Feet would come to Lonesome Island without my request or assistance, and that our son *would cover the whole world with his power*. Come with me to Lonesome Island."

So they left Brandon Mountain after the Queen had given the Hero's old mother good clothing. "You will live in my castle," said she to her. Coming to each house where he had been robbed, Cold Feet and not the Queen asks where the people had obtained the three things, and throws their lies back at them, taking them back himself.

All the Old Men were glad to see Cold Feet, especially the Oldest, *who loved him*.

They all arrived safely at Lonesome Island where they lived on in happiness and

there is no account of their death, and they may be in it yet for all we know.

And this wonderful story was told to Jeremiah Curtin, who collected in his time many of the folk tales of the American Indians, as well as those of Irish speaking peasants. Whether he saw nothing of its symbolism, or whether he left it alone, all his comment on the story is:

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This is a good hero, an excellent herdsman and cattle-thief. What a splendid cow-boy he would be in the Indian Territory or Wyoming. He has a good strain of simplicity and heroism in him. The bottle of water that is never drained, is like the basket of trout's blood (also water) in the Indian tale of Walokit and Tumukit.

If it is studied in the spirit in which it seems to have been created, there

would seem to be a mine of rich seams of teaching waiting for the reader who can recognise the golden gleams of the incorrodible metal amidst the earth and dust now laid before them. Very fascinating is the barely-hidden suggestiveness that peeps out in almost every sentence. The Spirit of Ancient Eirinn smiles a wise smile at you, gentle reader.