



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

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THEOSOPHY, THE MOTHER OF RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

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

FRRIENDS near in this our Temple of Peace, and friends afar:

If one were to ask you the question: What to you would be the Great Quest, what would be your answer? The Theosophist has an answer to this question in a wonderful system of spiritual and intellectual doctrine which is not a mere culling from the various great religions and philosophies of the world and in this fashion made perforce ap-

plicable to men's different minds. And this system is based on a highly illuminated understanding of essential human nature in its deepest reaches, in the first place; on the spiritual elements of his being which compose man and make him what he is — so different from the beasts below him, although these latter also are creatures of flesh and blood; and, secondly, our system is based on the seership of the most

[Stenographic report of the ninth 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 April 1, 1928, and broadcast, by remote control, through Station KFSD San Diego — 680-440.9]

highly evolved human beings that the race has as yet produced, the greatest Sages of all the ages. I have just spoken of the beasts below man as being creatures of flesh and blood, and so of course they are, and they are composed, furthermore, of all the elements of Nature, of Universal Nature, that compose man: yet between the human kingdom and the beast-kingdom there is a truly impassable psychical and intellectual gulf brought about by the inclusion in the human inner economy of the intermediate nature of the human being — a self-conscious and consciously thinking and choosing entity, which in the beasts is as yet quite unexpressed. But these last observations are not at the present moment directed to our point.

The Great Quest is the search for, the seeking of, and ultimately the finding of, all that man in his best and noblest self is: his spiritual essence. This Quest is in no sense whatever the obtaining of merely human wants and desires, because these last are always personal and therefore limited; but that which man is in his inmost parts, in the core of his being, which is equivalent to saying the Heart of Things. The Great Quest, therefore, is the attaining through accelerated evolution and by means of self-devised efforts of that spiritual status which the race as a whole will ultimately attain to through the slow processes of natural evolution.

The scientist's idea of the Great Quest in his own field of research is Truth. The philosopher likewise has his idea of what the Great Quest is, and

for him it is Reality — the Real Essence of things. The religionist again has his idea of what the Great Quest is: and what is it in this last case? It is Union with the Divine Life. These three to some may seem to be different things; and yet Truth, Reality, and Divine Union are fundamentally one thing. Can there be any essential difference between Truth and Reality and Union with that which is at the core of the being of every one of us and from which we all spring — the Divine Heart of Nature? Are we not all of us sparks, as it were, of that Central Fire, offsprings of the Universal? Most certainly we are, and so is everything else as well; and therefore in our heart of hearts, at the core of each one of us, there is life unbounded, power illimitable, wisdom without frontiers, because in our inmost self we ourselves are divine — atoms, as it were, of the Divine Self, the Universal Life.

You all know, I am sure, something at least of the recent very remarkable discoveries that have been made in modern physical science as regards the nature of the physical universe that surrounds us, and doubtless you have likewise heard of the splendid, and to the average man astounding, deductions that have been made by our greatest scientific leaders from their new views upon Nature. I refer in this connexion more particularly to the modern scientific teaching that force or energy, and matter or substance, are fundamentally one thing: so that the Nature around us exists in grades of fineness of matter; and that the gross and material world

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that we see around us is, as it were, nothing but equilibrated forces appearing as physical matter. Most intelligent men and women are interested in these things, but few know that this scientific deduction is a very old idea: it is an old, old teaching, lately rediscovered, but older than the enduring hills, because it is one of the mental-spiritual deductions of the human soul. It is of course a Theosophical teaching, and we have been teaching it since the foundation of the modern Theosophical Society — for fifty years last past.

But when we Theosophists say that spirit and matter are fundamentally one, do we mean indeed only that spirit is nothing but matter as we know it? As we know it by means of our physical senses, our vision or our touch, for instance? Most certainly we do not. What is more deceptive than are our physical senses? We see things and think that we see them aright, as they truly are; but as a matter of fact more often than not we see and feel the things not only awry but very imperfectly, and only within the range of etheric vibrations that our senses have learned to utilize and report back to us. Our senses, all of them, do not report to us faithfully; they are not faithful reporters: or, perhaps better, they cannot report more than what they themselves can gather. They are very imperfect instruments indeed.

No, we do not mean merely that spirit is physical matter in an invisible state or condition; that idea is an absurdity to us when so expressed.

Rather may we say that matter is but crystallized force or energy, crystallized spirit as it were, the general vehicle through which in discrete parts or portions the energies — and there are countless hosts of them — more evolved than matter itself is, are working. As I have just said, this generalized vehicle, matter, is composite of innumerable, literally incomputable, hosts of entities in all various grades or stages of advancement, from matter itself in the aggregate up through hierarchies of more ethereal and finally spiritual and divine entities: the more ethereal or spiritual or divine in all cases, collectively and particularly, working through the more material or more grossly dense forms or entities below themselves; and ultimately, back and behind and beyond all, and through and in all, is the Divine Hierarchy of our own particular Home-Universe, and this Divine is the Heart of Things. How does It work? Through entities — which thus become vehicles for its action — on the highest rungs of the Ladder of Life, which in their turn, after a similar manner, live in and work through others still more grossly material than they themselves are; and so forth down to the grossest matter of our own system of worlds, or universe — our Home-Universe.

How simple and logically appealing is this conception of a hierarchical system in Nature! And it is as old as thinking man himself, which means that it has prevailed for untold ages.

Thoughts like these, or approximately like them, are penetrating even

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into ranks of men where one would hardly expect to find them. True perhaps it may be that such men are superior men in their own respective classes; but from our Theosophical standpoint, it is a very encouraging sign of the times and of the direction that the common thought of modern mankind is taking. It is bound to eventuate in a far closer approximation to our Theosophical doctrines among men of science and religion and philosophy than has existed for many ages past.

Let me read to you an extract that a friend kindly copied out for me from the April issue of *The Forum*. In this magazine of that date there appears an article by the famous American, Mr. Henry Ford, who writes as follows:

I make no difference between matter and spirit. They are different degrees of fineness of the same thing. The one is becoming the other, through ascent and descent, and both benefit by the process.

This is an exceedingly remarkable statement; if a Theosophical lecturer had wished to put into graphic and brief form the teaching of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, on this very subject, he could not have done it better. It is likewise, as I have often before pointed out to you, and again today, the now established teaching of modern science that matter and force or energy are fundamentally one and the same.

Let me read two more extracts from the same article by Mr. Ford:

There is nothing new except a new appreciation, a new understanding, and this is the result of experience, and the result of experience can only be character. I believe all we

are here for is to get experience and form character. Although our beginnings may be small, yet daily are we adding to our sum total of knowledge of reality—those eternalities of which real life is composed. . . .

In the deep, unwritten wisdom of life, there are many things to be learned that cannot be taught. We never know them by hearing them spoken, but we grow into them by experience and recognise them through understanding. Understanding is a great experience in itself, but it does not come through instruction. Nothing ripens that is not first planted, and the very desire, the dream, the ambitions of youth are by way of a planting which will come to fruition some time after these desires are abandoned and forgotten. For the sown seed goes on growing whether we remember it or not. The wisdom of life is to keep on planting. . . .

My friend comments on this and other parts of the article quoted from as follows: "It is as though Mr. Ford tuned in sometimes to these, our Theosophical Temple-services!" It certainly does seem so; for here in this our Temple of Peace for many years past, our Teacher and Leader, Katherine Tingley, with her splendid oratorical power, brilliant mind, and intuitive understanding, has been saying these things again and again, because they are statements of truths of Nature and therefore are a part of Theosophy; and her various pupils and lecturers have been likewise setting forth these same Theosophical principles. And now comes Mr. Henry Ford, a man whom the average person would doubtless not suppose to be a man so deeply imbued with essential philosophical thoughts, and speaks as a Theosophist born and bred.

Any man or woman who feels and

follows the pull of the inmost nature, that is to say the impulse to go upward, to know more, to live better, is a born Theosophist, because these instincts within are responses to fundamental natural principles which will lead onward forever to increasingly nobler things; and the result of it all will be that knowledge will come naturally as it has very obviously come to Mr. Ford.

Katherine Tingley has recently been speaking in this Temple on the subject 'The Voice of the Soul.' The title given to her subject is both poetic and beautiful and expressive of the activities of the inner nature of man; and in explanation of that title much more might be said than I have time this afternoon to set forth. But the idea is not that the inner nature of man has a voice which is heard audibly with the physical ears. That is not the idea at all: it is rather the whisperings of truth coming into the consciousness from within, which, as all mystical seers and true religious teachers have always told us, nevertheless are tones thunderous to the inner ear and commanding the whole attention of the hearer; and we may add that there is no withstanding their appeal and their power.

The 'soul' here meant is, of course, not the lower soul — the struggling, learning, loving, hating, you and I,— the average human being; but it is that inmost spirit of us, that core of us, that heart of us, which is the divine in us. The philosophers of ancient India called it the SELF, the Self by excellence, the Universal Self, of which a

ray works through each one of us and which is in reality our inmost part. The Greeks called it the Divine — not meaning God as modern Occidentals understand that term, but the divine essence of man himself. Equivalent terms were used by religious and philosophic thinkers in other countries. In more modern times, speakers often call it the spirit, the spiritual soul, sometimes perhaps calling it simply 'the soul': the context in all cases showing more or less clearly what is meant. But in no case is it the lower or animal soul, as should be perfectly obvious to sensible folk.

Now this 'voice of the soul' expresses itself in many ways — as intuitions of truth, as intimations of truth and beauty, of inner light and splendor, sometimes as those mysterious urges within us, sudden oft, which will never be gainsaid and which in following we do well. It is the voice of the divine within us reaching our ordinary consciousness with more or less clearness; and to him who has even once experienced this true inner initiation it makes a startling contrast with the voice of the lower nature, the 'voice' or appeal of which is often so gross and coarse.

To the Theosophist these ideas and things are very clear and require no especial explanation, because he has studied them; but many who have not read our Theosophical literature, on account of the many and various implications which the word 'soul' contains to modern ears, are very apt to draw inferences from those implications which are not true, and we could not say that

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those inferences express what our Teacher and Leader, Katherine Tingley, means when she so eloquently speaks of 'the voice of the soul.'

Is this 'voice of the soul' our conscience, or is it not? Again: If a man follow his conscience, has he therein a never-failing, infallible, and sure guide in life? Would your answers to these questions be Yea, or would they be Nay? I tell you that my answer would be Nay. Why? The reason is as simple as can be, and it is this: We are imperfect beings — we humans. The self-conscious vehicle in us through which the highest part of our nature expresses itself is an imperfect thing, and it is the rendering by this imperfect vehicle of the boundless wisdom and life of the highest in us which forms what we call our conscience, which in its turn must reach our ordinary consciousness of the brain-mind by passing through the medium of the psychological and still lower vehicles of our economy: all these latter are still more imperfect than is the vehicle of the highest: they are all, relatively speaking, as imperfect to their respective higher parts as are our physical senses to our ordinary consciousness in their report to the latter of what they receive from the phenomena of the physical Nature around us. Hence, the 'voice' of our conscience, the 'voice' of our soul, this whispering of the spirit as transmitted to us through these various vehicles, these intimations of truth which declare to us what is right and what is wrong, what is safe and what is unsafe for us to do or not to do, do not

always come into our brain-understanding as easily and as clearly as they ought to come, on account of those various imperfections spoken of which distort and color the original knowledge received from the spirit. Thus is it that the lower self, the lower soul, does by no means always receive the pure and infallible guidance given to us by our spirit in uncolored and undistorted form.

Therefore is our conscience, as we call it, not an infallible guide, because the 'voice of the soul' so rarely reaches our ordinary consciousness clearly; yet the 'voice of the soul,' could it reach us clearly and uncolored, would indeed be an infallible and never-failing guide. The spiritual soul knows truth instantly, because it is in very truth part of the All — the All-Soul, that universal energy in which we live, and move, and have our being, as the Christian New Testament puts it so finely. Of course, if our conscience were fully developed as a vehicle of transmission of the whisperings of the spirit in us; in other words, if we were perfect creatures, or creatures even relatively perfected: if our inner instruments were so pervious to the rays of the spiritual sun within us and at the core of each one of us that there were no dimming of that supernal inner Light, then indeed our conscience would be an infallible guide because it would be the 'voice' of the spiritual soul itself, and would in very truth then be consciously recognised as such.

Yes, friends, the Great Quest is the self-conscious becoming of that which

we all are in our inmost. All that we most love, all that we most desire of harmony and beauty, all our dreams of finest betterment, all our noblest imaginations, are based on reality and are intuitions of Truth, because they all are the whisperings to our ordinary consciousness of this 'voice' of the spiritual within us, the actual fountain of our being.

Spirit and matter being fundamentally one, and what amounts to the same thing, force or energy and substance or matter being fundamentally one, although not necessarily in either case having the same form or the same manner of expressing itself: it follows that the innumerable hosts of evolving entities before spoken of, compact all of them of both these two forms of the underlying reality, Spirit and Matter — it follows necessarily, I say, that these hosts of entities, incomputable in numbers, compose the framework of Nature itself which is wholly builded of their forms, bodies, and essences; also, that the vast range of natural phenomena which we know somewhat of through our senses both inner and outer, are the results of the manifold activities of these hosts, interlocking and interpenetrating each other in all possible manners; further, that the all-various kinds of substance or matter are actually the all-various degrees or stages which these hosts have respectively reached in their courses along the pathways of evolution, of unfolding of the inner latent powers of themselves. This marvelous view of Nature and of all its phenomena and kingdoms

and degrees of materiality or of spirituality, proclaims to the attentive mind one of our greatest truths, as taught in Theosophy: the universal kinship and inseparable nature of all that is, and of all beings, entities, and things that are. In other words, this is what the Theosophist means when he speaks of Universal Brotherhood.

I am reminded in this connexion of a well-known passage in the Christian New Testament, *Matthew*, xxii, 37-40, which the reflexions that we have just been indulging in throw strong light upon. I always make my own translation of passages that I quote from any one of the old literatures, because I have learned to be watchful and oft actually suspicious of the accuracy and fidelity of the orthodox translations, which so frequently have been made with an eye fastened upon dogmatic tenets. In this passage from the New Testament a story is told that a certain lawyer was questioning Jesus, the Syrian Sage, in an attempt to catch him tripping, if possible, in his interpretations of the Jewish Scriptures. This lawyer asked Jesus:

Teacher, what is the great injunction in the Law? Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God in all thy heart, and in all thy soul, and in all thy consciousness.

This is the prime and great injunction.

The second is exactly like it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

In these two injunctions hang all the Law and all the prophets.

We have just seen from the reflexions and comments that we have made that the divine and the material are fundamentally one in essence; second-

ly, that all things are fundamentally one in their respective essences; and that, therefore, what affects one affects all, and that the Heart of Nature, the Heart of Things, is the Source of all that is, whence flows the inevitable deduction that Universal Brotherhood, as we express it, is an intrinsic fact of Universal Nature. Hence, a man who loves the Divine — called in this New Testament passage the “Lord thy God” after the manner of speaking in those days — is a lover of All. In loving all, he loses all self-love, and self-love, as is obvious, is therefore a limited and restricting emotion and is the root of all selfishness and evil in the human world. Self-love narrows the vision, and cripples the wings of the Soul, which is the true Self; but the All-lover loses the small in the infinitely great; he loves all, and sees even the good behind the seeming or actual evil that exists in the world. Thus the meaning of Jesus’ teaching is set forth into bold relief by the teaching of Theosophy which explains the real meaning that Jesus had in mind when he uttered this noble doctrine. The man who loves the All, obviously loves all beings and everything; and it is therefore not wonderful at all that the great Syrian Sage pursued the path of his thought in saying that the second injunction was exactly like the first: “Love thy neighbor as thyself”— for this is precisely what a lover of the All would necessarily do, because your neighbor in his inmost essence is the same as you are in your inmost essence.

Yes, we all come from the same Di-

vine Source in the beginning of our evolutionary journey, we all spring from the same Divine Central Fire; and our entire evolutionary journey through the eternities and through all the manifold degrees and stages of spirit and of matter, is for the purpose of evolving ever fitter and finer vehicles in ourselves in order to express ever greater and nobler forces, powers, parts, essences of the Universal. The man who loves the Divine, loves his neighbor inevitably; the man who loves his neighbor, necessarily loves himself — his best, highest, and finest and noblest Self.

Now what is it that prevents our living so reasonably and rationally? Why is it that our hearts and minds and souls are torn by conflicting interests which always lead to such fearful and horrible experiences as the recent war-scourge? It is the small personal self, the merely human self, the lower self, the intermediate nature, the psychological nature. It is not the SELF which is the same in us all and which is expressed by the phrase ‘I am,’ for this Self recognises that all other entities say the same thing precisely and mean the identic thing by so saying; for that sense, that consciousness, is the same precisely in all of us. But it is, on the other hand, that lower self which says not ‘I AM,’ but ‘I am I’ and ‘You are *you*,’ which is the human ego merely, the source of all the conflicting interests and falsely dividing ideas of personal existences; all this latter is matter-born, and not of the unifying and soothing nature of the spirit.

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It is this intermediate or psychological self, our personal self, which is the greatest stumbling-block which any seeker for Truth, any lover of Harmony and Beauty, in the Great Quest has to meet and overcome.

This morning, before Katherine Tingley asked me to speak to you this afternoon in this our Temple of Peace, I was reading a beautiful passage in the *Phaedo* of the great Greek philosopher, Plato; and I had it in mind when making a few notes for this afternoon's lecture as being so appropriate to what I was asked to speak to you about. The passage that I speak of is found in Section 79 of that wonderful treatise, and is as follows:

Have we not already long ago said that the soul when using the body as an instrument for perceiving: that is, when using the sense of sight or of hearing or indeed one of the other senses — for when we say that we perceive through the body we mean perceiving through the senses — did we not say, I repeat, that the soul is then naturally pulled by the bodily attraction into the world of changing, shifting scenes, and therefore wanders and is confused; that the world whirls around her, and that she is then, while under the influence of the senses, like a drunkard?

Very true, Socrates.

Yet, when she returns into herself she reflects clearly; and then she naturally passes into the world of purity, and into the everlasting and the undying and the unchanging, which are all her own nature; and with these she lives for aye when she is herself and is not attracted away or prevented; and then she ceases her wanderings; and from being in tune with the Unchanging is herself unchanging. Is not this state of the soul called Wisdom?

That is well said, Socrates, and very true.

Yes, it is the attraction through ignorance, through lack of sufficient experience, which draws the human soul into repeated incarnations into human flesh. But as it slowly gathers experience, it grows slowly ever more wise, learns more, and finally, when the far distant ages of the future shall have passed, it, that is, we, all of us, shall blossom out as the Fine Flowers of Eternity. Even as man today is an embodied god in his higher parts, working through an imperfectly evolved vehicle which is the ordinary human nature: even as we issued forth in the beginning of time, that is to say in the beginning of this our Universe, as unself-conscious god-sparks from the Bosom of the Divine: so in the distant ages and in the far distant aeons of the future, through repeated incarnations on earth and re-embodiments likewise in other spheres when those far distant times of the future shall have come, we who are now men shall then be fully self-conscious beings, godlike entities, yea, truly, human gods!

But this lower nature of ours—there is the difficulty; there is the great stumbling-block in our search on the pathway of the Great Quest. And when we say 'lower nature' we mean not the physical body alone, which after all is little more than a more or less automatic instrument responding mechanically more or less to the impulses from the psychological nature: but we do mean that psychological nature itself, for it is truly our personal self and the maker of illusions which blind and of passions which mislead. Yet the re-

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fining, the improving, the raising, of this psychological nature is the main part of the Great Work: the raising it from personality into all-embracing spiritual individuality which on the one hand recognises its inseparable identity with the Universal; and, on the other hand, is the seat of our self-conscious cognition, which is the root of that self-conscious godhood to which we shall attain in the far future, as I have already said: thereafter to take a self-conscious part in the Great Kosmic Work, growing ever larger and more sublime, as self-conscious gods.

The main thing to do, in this Great Work of ours, is not at all the evading of our inescapable responsibilities — for in duly and properly and fully assuming those responsibilities lies the path of evolution — but in the raising of the imperfect to perfection, in the passing from darkness into the Light, in the growing from the personal into the universal, as the very beautiful Invocation which you have just heard chanted here this afternoon and written by Katherine Tingley, tells you:

O my Divinity! Blend thou with me. that from the corruptible I may become Incorruptible; that from imperfection I may become Perfection; that from darkness I may go forth in Light.

There is the whole purpose and aim of evolution: the lifting of the lower unto the Higher; the raising of the intermediate psychological nature of ours, of us: in other words, the ordinary human being, towards, and finally in the future to become in actuality, those godlike beings of whom I have

spoken. Oh, this is the Great Work; it is grand; it is sublime; and when the understanding of it comes it is inspiring beyond the dreams of ordinary imagination!

Yet there is the other side of the problem, of course to be considered, appertaining to the present dealing with the lower nature which is our self as it now is. This lower self is, after all, but half-conscious of realities; it is a growing thing, and therefore imperfect in all its reaches; a part of it is the animal impulses with their purely selfish outlook and aims; it does not yet fully know what is best for itself, for it is not yet by any means fully trained, and it is still inexperienced, which means that its will and its vision are oft distorted and misapplied, for it has as yet but little judgment and less intuition.

I now read to you a quotation from an English poet, Milton, taken from his *Comus*, lines 463 and following. I might recall to your mind the fact that the English of Milton's day was rather more bold and less delicate than is considered good taste by the more fastidious judgment of today, though it should not be forgotten that very often words which have now acquired a meaning more or less coarse did not have it then, or not in the same degree as at present. Milton wrote of the post-mortem reliquiae of the human being after the process which we call death had done its work on the lower part of the psychological nature; and I quote this here in order to illustrate how the adult human being is builded

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inwardly of several degrees or kinds of ethereal matter, of varying stages of materiality. I might also add that Milton's ideas were drawn from ancient Greek and Roman writers, who but repeated in these respects what Theosophy teaches.

But when Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul
talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows
damp,
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchers,
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

As will be sufficiently plain to anyone who has studied the ancient literatures, found in any part of the world — for they all teach identically the same thing in these respects — the great English poet here alludes to the astral leavings or remnants of the human psychological economy which man leaves behind him when beautiful death frees him from the hut of this our earthly life, and the soul returns to the Mansions of its Father for a while — for rest and bliss without compare here on earth — before returning to take up another tenement of flesh on our globe in order to renew the earthly school-term interrupted by the Grand Vacation called death.

It is the parts of the human psychological economy which the English poet

here alludes to which work upon our intermediate nature from below, even as the aggregate of energies and powers collectively called the 'voice of the soul' work upon that psychological nature from above. It is the latter and the former which provide the material for the battles for self-mastery and self-conquest that we all experience; and while Milton here refers mainly to the one aspect of earthly life as found in the pull downwards of the lower nature, I may point out that there are worse things than ordinary human passion, and these are the more subtil and therefore more dangerous of the passions, such as anger, hatred, jealousy, envy, personal ambition, errant fear. All these sway powerfully the intermediate psychological nature and exercise upon it a strong attractive influence downwards; whereas the noble virtues, such as hope, charity, kindness, impersonal love, unselfishness, the instinct for the good the beautiful and the true, are, all, the whisperings and intuitions from the higher part of us and therefore are elevating in all their reaches over the psychological nature.

It is usually supposed that the choice between these and the others is very difficult; but this is stupidly untrue. The choice is, on the contrary, very easy indeed, and is the easier the more their nature and influence on the psychological nature are understood: and just here is it that the teachings of Theosophy about post-mortem conditions and the character and destiny of the psychological nature are so stimu-

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lating, helpful, and valuable to the student of mankind and of life. When once our teachings are really understood in the world, they will be followed more or less faithfully by all men, if only from motives of self-preservation; and the general results will be enormously beneficial to the human race. No man will deliberately injure himself seriously if he really understands the danger that lies in following any certain course: he will choose the better way and follow it with gladness — unless, indeed, he be insane or culpably negligent in caring for his own best interests: and such men be few, after all is said.

That a path to the left-hand exists, and one to the right-hand, every man or woman knows perfectly well, despite the prevailing and appallingly common ignorance of these simple truths of Nature. That to the left-hand is weakening and self-destructive; while that to the right is stimulating, strengthening, and builds.

I desire to read to you another quotation, this time taken from a Persian poet, Sa'adi, a Sûfî mystic. The Sûfîs may rightly be called the Theosophists of the Mohammedan religion, and especially does this apply to the Persian branch of Sûfîism, which actually represents a revolt against the rigid narrowness of view of orthodox Mohammedanism and a return towards the essential teachings of the archaic religion of that formerly noble race. Sa'adi sings to the effect that it is the duty of the man of true religion to feel, and therefore to practise, universal

forgiveness for injury and wrong done to him:

The virtuous man will aid and even benefit the one who has wronged him —

not merely on account of the peace of mind and happiness that accrue to him from the exercise of such self-control and such noble action, nor solely again on account of the strength and power and developed faculty that one's character acquires by such spiritual exercise, valuable assets even in ordinary practical life as are all of these; but also and more particularly because it is a following of the spiritual instincts towards harmony and peace which such action represents, for only the man who is following the path upwards and actually following the Great Quest is capable of doing this. Such high-minded men have been the great religious and philosophical Sages of the world, who lived in action what they taught in words. Yes, in very truth: the virtuous man will aid and benefit the one who has wronged him, and this is no slobbering sentimentality whatsoever, but the indomitable instinct, the chivalrous impulse, of the truly strong man or of the noble-hearted woman.

The philosophical rationale of this last situation is briefly this: Nothing comes to us except through what we Theosophists call the Law of Karman, that is to say, the Law of Action and its Consequences. Nothing comes to us, I repeat, except as the fruits of actions in this or in a former life, or in former lives; and therefore logically are we alone to blame for what happens to us. If we are overthrown, or injured, or en-

sure great suffering through the acts of another upon us, or upon our fortune, that one in his turn shall not escape the due retribution of natural law; but *our* suffering and *our* injury never could have come to us had we not planted seeds of present effects as causes in the past. Hence, the teaching of all the great Wise Ones of the world, that the way by which to obtain wisdom and peace and happiness is freeing the heart and the mind from the corrosive influences of hatred and revenge, and planting in their places the seeds of kindness, love, and unswerving justice to all.

Another Persian Sûfî poet, Hhâfiz, wrote as follows:

Learn from yon Orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with pearls the hand that brings
thee woe.
Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive
pride,
Adorn with gems the wrist that tears thy side.
Mark, when yon tree rewards the stormy
shower
With fruit nectareous, or the fragrant flower,

All Nature calls aloud: "Shall men do less
Than heal the smiter, and the scornful bless?"

Yes, friends, only strong men and women can follow this Path; but the reward is one past all ordinary human understanding, all ordinary comprehension, for it means definitely allying ourselves with the vast and invincible powers and forces of harmony and symmetry which control the Universe. An intuition, at least, of this great truth must lie in the heart of every one of you, for every normal man and woman must feel some light of this sublime truth in the heart.

In India, perhaps the noblest motherland of religions and philosophies, there is found the following beautiful injunction along the same general line:

The virtuous man, even at the moment of his destruction, if there be no safety to be found, should remember that his duty is not to hate his slayer, but to forgive him, and even to have the desire to benefit him: even as the fragrant sandal-wood tree at the time of its felling sheds fragrance on the very axe which lays it low.

OCCULT POWERS IN MAN

Prevision and the Time-Problem

C. J. RYAN, M. A.

ADVANCED thinkers have been stirred up by a recent scientific essay by J. W. Dunn called 'An Experiment in Time,' in which a mass of evidence is given showing how the limitations of time are transcended by dreamers who foresee events that have not yet happened, in the ordinary meaning of the words. He gives a large

number of dream-records taken down without delay, so that no omissions or additions should occur. Many were his own experiences. The proportion of verified premonitions was large, and the correspondence of the details — often strange and improbable — so exact as to make any materialistic hypothesis of 'coincidence' absurd. Scien-

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tists today are expounding such amazing theories of time and space that Mr. Dunn's study of prevision has received a more friendly reception from them than it could have had only a few years ago, but similar observations have been made and discussed for ages. Being associated with 'Mysticism' they have been distrusted by mechanistic thinkers, but Mysticism is now penetrating the sanctuaries of modern science as the result of the new discoveries in physics.

The ability to penetrate a little way into the mystery of time and to glimpse the future exists within us all in germ, and can be developed by those who have liberated themselves from the fetters of personality to a high degree. Such advanced souls can also call up the images of the past at will. To the Adepts in self-mastery Past and Future are literally aspects of the Eternal Now, and They know just what this expression means, and how the apparent paradox is harmonized with the action of free will and evolution. We, ordinary mortals, even the most learned who have not yet entered the Temple of the Higher Wisdom, get only exasperating glimpses that bewilder and fascinate us with the hint of profound knowledge awaiting discovery.

But there is a key which turns this lock as it does so many others, and it is contained in the oracular words, *Man, Know Thyself*. We can study the little things in ourselves so commonly overlooked or despised. We can open our eyes to neglected glimpses of light and find unexpected regions of conscious-

ness. A few well-authenticated examples of accurate prevision of events that happened at longer or shorter intervals afterwards will illustrate the point. These are not taken from Mr. Dunn's book.

To several of such the writer of this article can bear firsthand witness. On one occasion he had a vivid dream, just before waking, of being cut by a sharp instrument, and within an hour had the misfortune to suffer a deep gash from a breadcutting machine in the place he foresaw in the dream. Another time he dreamed of a most unlikely dispute at the breakfast-table in which a friend sitting next to him committed a gross *faux pas* and defended himself by a highly ingenious but sophistical excuse: the whole scene was as vivid as reality. Within less than an hour it was repeated in every minute detail. These were, significantly, morning dreams, presented by the inner man at the period when the body is least clogged with the fumes of food. They were not clairvoyant visions of events taking place at the time of the dream or before it, which could be explained by telepathy, but unmistakable representations of what, *in our time-concepts*, had not yet occurred.

The terrible conflagration which burned alive a large number of the leading members of fashionable society in Paris, on May 4, 1897, at a Charity-Bazaar, was such an unusual and outstanding horror, and one of such magnitude, that it made a considerable mark on the prophetic mirror of time, so to speak. *Old Moore's Almanack*

predicted it, and the Italian 'Il Pescatore di Chieravalle' said: "A great fire in May may bring misery among a number of families. A whole nation is in mourning for a person of importance. Many human lives perish by an accident. . . ." 'Old Moore' said it would happen in Paris, and that there would be looting, which was correct but unlikely under the conditions. The editor of *Light* (London) testified to having examined a letter, mailed three days before the fire, in which the prevision of the disaster was correctly announced. It gave the names of eight victims, described the temporary building in Paris, and stated that about two hundred persons would perish. The true cause of the fire was given. The letter was attested before being sent by a medical member of the Psychical Research Society and two other persons of repute. Two other persons in Paris also gave details of the catastrophe just twelve months before, and a nun who had duties in the bazaar told several persons, including the chaplain of her order, that she would not return alive but would be burnt. Particulars of these can be found in the literature of psychic research.

The innumerable accounts of 'second sight' in the Highlands of Scotland provide an indisputable mass of evidence of the perception of futurity, much of which has been carefully analysed and accepted by more than one committee of investigation. Some of the visions are symbolic, but others represent the coming events in minute detail. In a few cases the verification does not take

place for twenty years or more, but it usually occurs very soon. No one but a high Adept could be expected to foresee anything in the far distant ages. Why is this? Is there something analogous to a telescope in ordinary vision which can be used by the trained occultist, but which is quite unknown to the ordinary 'sensitive'?

As few sensational events take place in the remoter parts of the Scottish Highlands except deaths and funerals and an occasional wedding, most of the stories deal with these, but there are others, such as the vision of a squad of soldiers in red coats landing on a small island in the Hebrides and marching along certain roads. Practically no soldiers or even police are ever seen on this well-behaved island, but many years after, during a temporary Crofters' agitation, the vision was realized in all its details.

Ancient literature is filled with stories of prophetic dreams. Cicero tells of one in which his return after exile was clearly depicted, with certain unlikely details which came off as seen. There are several mentioned in the Bible; "an angel of the Lord" appeared more than once to Joseph foretelling the coming of Christ and other matters.

According to all accounts, persons who have the gift of prevision are by no means abnormal in other respects, nor feeble in mind or body. Andrew Lang, speaking of the Highlanders and especially the people of the Hebrides, says:

. . . the people are very temperate, and madness is unknown. That the learned 'are not

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able to oblige the world with a satisfying account of those visions is no argument against the fact of their occurrence. The seers are not malevolent impostors, and there are cases of second-sighted folk of birth and education, nor can a reasonable man believe that children, horses, and cows could be pre-engaged in a combination to persuade the world of the reality of the second sight.

He is referring to some cases where animals were terrified, and trembled and sweated, at visions which were seen by sensitive persons.

The detestable cruelty of the ministers who urged magistrates to burn second-sighted people, and the discomfort and horror of the hallucinations themselves, combined to make patients [?] try to free themselves from the involuntary experience.

But:

as usual among the Presbyterians, a minister might have abnormal accomplishments, work miracles of healing, . . . or be second-sighted. But if a layman encroached upon these privileges, he was in danger of the tar-barrel, and was prosecuted.—A. LANG. *Cock Lane and Common Sense*

After the Restoration of Charles II in the 17th century, the prosecutions ceased, and learned men such as Robert Boyle, Henry More, Pepys, etc., began to study the subject seriously.

A cognate subject — warnings of danger to come, in which there is a possibility of warding off a disaster otherwise unavoidable — is of great interest as showing the presence in ordinary persons of unsuspected powers which 'the learned' (so-called) cannot explain and therefore usually avoid with great prudence.

The writer has had more than one experience testifying to the value of

inner warnings. He was once, when young and active, running down a steep hill at Point Loma and occasionally jumping over a bush. Suddenly, just as he was about to spring over a dense growth of manzanita which entirely concealed the ground on the far side, a clear voice cried, *within his head*, "Jump to the left!" There was no time to stop, so he half jumped, half rolled to the left, and on reaching the other side saw a coiled rattlesnake in the place on which he would have landed but for the warning voice. A similar occurrence is reported in 'Forest and Stream,' reproduced in the Boston *Transcript*, April, 1930: the narrator did not hear a voice, but was thrown back a yard or more by what seemed a heavy blow, just as he was about to step on a rattlesnake that was asleep.

One of the best accounts of prevision which saved many lives is that of a near-accident on the North-Eastern Railway (England) at Eastington. The night before, Signalman M. Wildon had a dream of a disaster which was coming near, but it was accompanied by the conviction that he could prevent it if he only knew how. The next day, a very heavy rainstorm came on just before two trains were due to pass the signalbox. The line was clear and he put the signals at "all right." One train was an express, and the other a slow freight. The instant he had lowered the signal for the express, he heard "a commanding, but kind and familiar voice" call out "Stop this train." He instantly put the signal at "danger," and looked to see who spoke.

No one was near, and not having any proper reason for stopping the train he then let it pass. It was going very slowly and continued doing so till it approached the distant signal, as the engineer expected to find that closed against him. The driver of the slow train, coming in the opposite direction, saw that the distant signal had been blown down immediately across the track of the express, but not across his track, and he was able to stop the express in time. *The signal had blown down a moment after the signalman had set it "all right," just before the warning voice came.* The distant signal was a long way from the signalbox, heavy rain was falling, and it was getting dusk; the signal was invisible to anyone who was not close to it.

This remarkable case is fully authenticated by many witnesses, and in view of many similar cases, no rational person can fail to see that it is an excellent illustration of protective prevision. The only question is: Was it done by the 'inner man' of Wildon, or is any element of external help from an occult source probable? Taking the scientific position of looking for the explanation that is best in line with known facts, it would seem wiser to accept the former, and to put the prevision in the category of powers hidden within imbodyed man.

Another case personally known by the writer is that of a lady, an active worker in the Cause of Theosophy who, returning home one night very tired after hard service for others, received a sudden impression, very intense, urg-

ing her to avoid the familiar road and to go a longer way round even at the cost of extra fatigue. She obeyed the inward monitor, and got home safely. Next day the papers were full of a horrible outrage and tumult in the street along which she would have passed if she had ignored the warning. Had she done so she would have been in danger of serious injury, if not death.

Dr. Hereward Carrington, a well-known writer on psychological philosophy, describes a case that came to him directly. Among a group of soldiers at the front in Flanders during the World-War, one man heard an inner voice telling him to leave the building in which they were sitting. He instantly got up and warned his comrades, who merely laughed at him. A few moments after he ran out a shell burst within the building and killed every member of the squad except himself. Dr. Carrington speaks of many other similar warnings during the war, and brings up the question of the intervention of spirits, but decides that it is not necessary to explain such things by 'supernatural' means because we do not know the limits of the mind of imbodyed man.

'Providential' escapes, in which one person is saved while many others perish, are not rationally explained by the intervention of a Personal God, who favors a few and allows many to suffer horribly for no apparent reason; but the soul-satisfying teaching of Karma — what you sow that also shall you reap, even after many days—does cover the ground. It also explains why unusual means are used by the Higher

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Law to preserve certain persons from death, when it is not their Karman to perish.

The wonderful story of Joan of Arc contains several cases of prevision and clairvoyance on her part, and they are as well confirmed as any other historical fact. She had the knowledge that she would last only a little more than a year, but this did not deter her from her duty. Her capture at Compiègne was apparently the result of being 'accidentally' shut out from the city, but it took place hardly more than a year from her first appearance in arms.

'Second sight' is not confined to the Highlands of Scotland or the Western Islands, but is found far north in the Shetland Archipelago, where the inhabitants are not Gaelic. For instance, one evening three dark forms are seen wringing their hands and exhibiting other signs of distress in a quarry; next day there is a fall of rock and three workmen are killed on the spot. An old man going out on a moonlight night to have a smoke sees a funeral procession of neighbors, and as the moonlight strikes the casket he reads his name thereon. Within a week he is carried to his grave by the party he saw in the vision.

Another source of information regarding the occult powers in man may be found in records of experiences under anaesthetics. Most interesting glimpses through the veil of the corporeal have been reported, which prove that superior states of consciousness, profundities of intellection, lie just behind. Sir Humphrey Davy records

that under nitrous oxide it seemed to him that —

Nothing exists but thought. The Universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains.

Professor Jastrow mentions a patient who felt, under chloroform, that Plato's idea that Matter was only phenomenal and that the Reality underlay it, was transparently obvious. Sir W. Ramsay, co-discoverer of argon, saw that —

outside objects were merely passing impressions on the eternal mirror of my mind . . . that *I* was self-existent and that time and space were illusions. This was the real *Ego*, on whose surface ripples of incident arose, to fade and vanish like the waves on a pond.

Dr. Holmes had a flash of great truths that philosophy has tried in vain to solve; and another experimenter said:

At the acutest point I *saw*. I understood for a moment things I have now forgotten — things that *no one could remember while retaining sanity!*

The last sentence is very significant, as it illustrates the dangers of approaching the portals of higher knowledge while unprepared by training under a qualified Teacher. Another says he found himself in a world with no sensory impressions, yet a far more real world than the physical. In every case, hardly anything can be brought back, vivid as it has been; the feeling of the perception of truth in its depths fades, and "one is left staring vacantly at a few disjointed words and phrases."

Interesting cases have been collected of the remembered experiences of persons rescued from apparent death by drowning or other sudden accidents.

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One felt intensely happy, and troublesome questions that had formerly perplexed him appeared perfectly clear; another understood how man should live in order to avoid all strife, sorrow, misery, and poverty; and, of course, many had the instructive experience of seeing the entire past life in every detail.

Perhaps if we could, holding ourselves in the mental attitude of *souls*, review the events of each day in the quiet moments before sleep, dispassionately and without prejudice, we should more quickly learn lessons that lead to higher conditions, and even become conscious of what our real Self is doing when the restless mind is stilled. This is what we are advised to do by Those to whom we look for help.

Every student of Theosophy is faced by problems in Karman — problems of seeming injustice — and while an intensive study of this Law of Action or Cause and Effect clears up much that is bewildering to the neophyte, we are told that before it can be fully understood and the absolute justice of everything that happens be realized, we have to reach a plane where the vicissitudes of life cease to affect us: where we can say, with full conviction, in the words

of W. Q. Judge, "This is just what I, in fact, desired," however trying to the lower nature it may be. In face of the states of consciousness experienced by persons under anaesthetics referred to above, especially of the "intense comprehension of the *oneness and rightness* of all things," of the "logical relation of events"; and that "Time is an illusion," surely we have an invaluable clue to the infinite Justice and Compassion—Love—behind the surface of life! In the larger view of Those who have attained the "knowledge of the ultimate divisions of Time" as mentioned in Eastern philosophies, Cause and Effect are *one, inseparable*, even though separated by what seem to our limited perception many years of time. It is naturally difficult for us to realize the absolute justice of Karman, immersed as we are in the illusion of time, and psychologized from childhood with the 'one-life' theory of terrestrial existence; but intuitive minds will find some help by meditating upon the possibility of an enormous widening of consciousness, as hinted at by the reports of those who have brought back a few recollections of their feelings when the brain was partially out of commission.



"Do not look for phenomena: do not expect any strange, startling manifestation of the Law expressing itself through you or for you. The divine laws do not work that way. They work in the Silence, in the inmost part of one's being, ever seeking to manifest, to be recognised, to serve, and to bring one physically, morally and spiritually to a state of consciousness that means Peace, and a full realization of the meaning of Liberty."— *Katherine Tingley*

THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

REGINALD W. MACHELL and KENNETH MORRIS

(Concluded)

ACT III

Scene unchanged. Idris Gam, Owen Glyndwr.

Idris — In the name of Mary and the Trinity, Spirit of the Deep, defiance!

Glyndwr — Ha. Gwrda! is it this is your welcome for the guest at the door at Calangauaf? 'Spirit of the Deep, defiance!' Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! — Is it thought Satan would forget the warmth of his own palace, to seek shelter against the cold in the house of a Cymro? In my deed, not usual is this hospitality among our chieftains in Wales! Is this the hand of a Spirit of the Deep?

Idris (taking his hand) — You are not — you are a man — a guest?

Glyndwr — A man I hope indeed; a Welshman, whatever, and a wanderer; and a guest for your feast, if it please you.

Idris — To shame you put me, Gwrda! Accuse you my blindness, I beseech you; and the wildness of the night. A Cymro, and a guest for Calangauaf — well, well! A Welsh welcome to you, heartily and kindly! — Ha. Marged, a guest in the hall! — Gwenllian my wife will be here to welcome you now just; a sorrow on me she was not at the door at your entering.

(Enter Marged.)

Marged — Will I take your weapons, Lord Guest?

Glyndwr — A hundred thanks to you. (He gives her his cloak, sword, shield and helmet, which she hangs on the wall. Enter Elonwy.)

Elonwy — A warm Welsh welcome to you, Lord Guest! Good with us your coming!

Glyndwr — Health and good fortune to you and to the house — Lady Gwenllian?

Idris — No, no; it is Elonwy my daughter. — Sit you here beside the hearth, Gwrda; and we shall show you that there is welcome at Plas Morfran, Calangauaf or another time, for all but —

Glyndwr — Spirits of the deep, Gwrda — Ha?

Idris — For all but Satan, Gwrda Guest — and, by God, his near kinsman, Owen of Glyndwr!

Elonwy — Ha!

Glyndwr — And with that you are telling me that which I knew already indeed: that you are Idris Gam of Plas Morfran, well known for an enemy of that Glyndwr.

Idris — Yes am I. And hate the man I do, well known or not well known. A heavy curse is on the night, I think, to bring the ill-sounding name of him to my lips.

Glyndwr — A good providence, in my deed. Search is made for him throughout three cantrefs tonight: Prince Harri's men are everywhere from the Teifi northward. Is there any news of him with you?

Idris — Ha! seeking news of him you are? Yes there is news of him, and I will give it to you. You will not find that devil; he will not be taken by Prince Harri's men.

Glyndwr — Ha! with so much there will be more. You are knowing —

Idris — I am knowing, and you shall know. This bow will drive the shaft that will kill Owen; and at that door he will fall dead. Let that be enough concerning him.

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Elonwy — You have not guessed, Gwrda, what enmity is between Plas Morfran and that wicked man.

Glyndwr — He will have done you great injury in his time: driving off your cattle, or harrying your lands; or slaying this one or that of your kinsmen?

Idris — Not one of those things he has done; in his scorn he has lifted no hand against me. He has cause enough to fear the vengeance of Plas Morfran for an injury that was done of old time.

Glyndwr — It is the whole history of the Cymry. — He will have refused you the payment of *galanas*, without doubt?

Idris — *Galanas*? What is that, to a hundred years of waiting for revenge? What is wealth and gold paid, to a hundred years under insult and injury? They should have paid the *galanas*, those black Vaughans of Glyndyfrdwy, when the slaying was newly done. Offer to me his *galanas* he did, for the sake of affront and exasperation: offered to me three times the amount in the Laws of Hywel: "that Welshmen might hold with Welshmen," said he, desiring that I, too, should be a traitor to my Prince with him. None will hold out his hand to receive *galanas*, for whom there is writing in the stars he shall obtain revenge.

Glyndwr — There was writing in the stars for revenge?

Idris — Ay, and at my nativity: that in my own time and in my old age I should avenge my house against Glyndyfrdwy. And therefore Dafydd my kinsman gained no success against Owen at Machynlleth. Not by my counsel he went; I foreseeing it would be the death of him.

Glyndwr — Many are wondering it was not his death; and that Owen paid that attempt only with his captivity.

Idris — In bitter contempt he did that also; the more bitterly shall I reprove him when he comes here to his death.

Glyndwr — Was it written in the stars how you would prevail against him; you blind, and he not without fame as a warrior?

Idris — The stars needed not to tell me that. How, are you thinking, a blind man should spend his days and his years, and he waiting for his enemy to come to his house? Go you, if it please you, to the far pillar of the hall; take this wand, and strike the pillar with it — where you will, so it be on this side; and if to me a failing to pin the wand to the pillar with a shaft, three milch-cows of my herd I will give you.

Glyndwr (taking the wand) — Wonderful is your skill, indeed, if you can accomplish this. (He goes down the hall with the wand. Idris, standing, fits an arrow to his bow; and shoots at the sound of the striking of the pillar.)

Idris — Ha! am I poorer? Have I lost kine to you?

Glyndwr (returning with the arrow stuck in the wand) — In my very deed you have lost no kine. Marvelous is your skill truly; the quickest of sight would envy you.

Idris — As that wand, so will the breast of Owen Glyndwr be the moment of his coming in here.

Glyndwr — Well, well; hateful is this matter to you; let us turn now from thought of it.

Idris — No; it shall be said that I helped Prince Harri's man in his search. Ha, Marged!

(Enter Marged.)

Marged — Calling to me you were, Uncle?

Idris — Let the people of the *penisaf* come in here.

Marged — They shall come to you. (Exit)

Idris — Were you seeing that devil yourself, at any time?

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Glyndwr — Never have I had to set eyes on his face.

(Enter Servants.)

Idris — Here now are my people; question you them, Gwrda. — And see you that you do answer carefully and with truth, for my sake and Prince Harri's.

Glyndwr — Ha, people dear; is there one of you that has seen some stranger lurking about the moors and the cliffs here, since the dawn?

Servants — No. No. Not I, indeed!

Glyndwr — Is there one of you, perhaps, that knows the look of Owen Rebel; with having seen him near at hand, to recognise him?

Servants — No. No.

Marged — Dafydd Ddu Llanwrtyd, he has seen him; and that new man, Morgan Gloff the Soldier, that came here Friday; but none of these.

Idris — Send to me Dafydd Ddu, then, and that Morgan; and go you others.

(Exeunt Servants.)

You shall question these two men as to the likeness of him, Gwrda Guest; it shall not be said I have done less than my best to help you. I have never heard what they may have to say about him; a blind man, if he has the stars on his side with him, is better to deal with that wizard than a hundred thousand putting trust in their sight.

Glyndwr — Indeed, crafts and subtleties he has with him, they say.

Idris — Crafts and subtleties! Fifteen nights he was with Syr Lawrens his foe at Castle Berclos in Morganwg, the year that is gone; and nightly and daily making pleasure for the men of the castle with song and story. Tales he was telling them of the deeds of Owen Glyndwr, they thinking him the worst of Glyndwr's enemies; prevailing on Syr Lawrens he was, to send out bands to scour the country: "to catch the rebel Glyndwr," said he, "for in this place or in that the

rumor was that he had been seen." And on the sixteenth morning he rode away, thanking Syr Lawrens in his own proper name, hand clasped in his hand, for the hospitality he had had with him: Syr Lawrens after vowing fast friendship with him the moment before. But look you, he will not deceive me; and he will not deceive the Master of Hell to whom I shall send him.

Elonwy — You to have heard all this, my father!

Idris — Keen are my ears to hear news of him; there is little I fail to hear.

(Enter Dafydd Ddu.)

Ha, Dafydd Ddu Llanwrtyd!

Dafydd — Behold me here, Uncle!

Idris — Is there any stranger you have seen about the house or on the moors this day?

Dafydd — Not one, by my hope of Heaven; until the Lord Guest here now.

Glyndwr — It is you that have had to see that rebel fox, Owen of Glyndwr, I am hearing?

Dafydd — Rebel, yes; and fox, yes; and had to see him I have, yes sure.

Glyndwr — And sure you are you would know him again, if you were to come on him at any time.

Dafydd — Oh, certain sure. Gwrda! certain sure! At one glance of the eye; before to him time to hide or to cry out for mercy.

Elonwy — Say where it was you saw him.

Dafydd — Where it was, lady? Where would it have been but at the door of his Senate House at Machynlleth; when my chieftain, Dafydd your kinsman, sought to obtain vengeance on him for his crimes?

Glyndwr — A small, mean man he is, they are telling me.

Dafydd — A small, contemptible man, and shrivelled of appearance, Gwrda. One that no man would look on twice. A furtive, nasty aspect on him. One, you would swear,

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to have sold his soul to the fiend; and the eyes in his head ever shifting and turning, to see was his master behind him to pounce on him suddenly. *Ach y fi!* I am not knowing, not I, how Wales and the world will have fallen to be taking account of such *crachych!*

Elonwy — 'Tis of the power of Satan his lord they are taking account.

Glyndwr — Now look you here carefully. Dafydd Ddu Llanwrtyd. Many times they are telling me I myself might be taken for that Glyndwr. As you are a truth-telling man, prevaricate not upon this!

Dafydd — Not for the world would I prevaricate, upon this or upon anything, Gwrda. When they do tell you that again, give you them the word of Dafydd Ddu Llanwrtyd they are lying. Never in the age of the world would a fine, handsome, Christian-looking nobleman like you, Gwrda, be taken for that mean weasel of a fellow.

Glyndwr — Go you now, then, Dafydd Black; and a hundred thanks to you.

(Exit Dafydd.)

He should have been a bard at Glyndwr's court; to speak the truth to him there, as to me here.

Idris — But is that true indeed, Gwrda; that there is resemblance between you and the rebel?

Glyndwr — I have owed my life to being taken for him, by his own men, at dusk among the mountains. But here now will be Morgan Lame.

(Enter Morgan Gloff.)

Morgan — Calling for me you were, Uncle?

Idris — I was. Tell you the guest how you saw Owen Wizard; and proclaim the likeness of that man!

Morgan — Evil on the day I saw him on it! In the battle by Bryn Saith Marchog it was; lame have I been every day of my life since that meeting, with the hoof of his horse breaking the shin of me; and but for the

kindness of Cynwyd Sant in heaven, that caused me to slip and go down and escape the flashing fall of his sword, in hell or in purgatory I would be earning my living now, not at Plas Morfran.

Glyndwr — Perhaps I am Owen Glyndwr?

Morgan — And perhaps I am Peter Apostle, or Harri King of England indeed. Look you by here, Gwrda Guest: you do have the aspect of common sinful humanity on you, decent and tidy enough; but I am not one to flatter any man; expect it not of me. You are no more Owen Glyndwr, than you are King Cadwaladr or Arthur the Great reborn.

Glyndwr — A mean weasel of a fellow he is to look at, they tell me.

Morgan — Lies they tell you! A terrible demon of a man he is —

Glyndwr — Small and shrivelled of appearance —

Morgan — Shrivelled is it? The stature of him, by Dewi, towering above the stature of man —

Glyndwr — The furtive eyes in his head ever shifting and turning —

Morgan — The eyes of him flashing and flaming like the eyes of a dragon careering through heaven; the voice of him like a wild kingly lion raging and roaring after his prey; the demeanor of him, indeed to God, resistless; there is no one in this world like him, neither you nor another; and only one in hell.

Glyndwr — You shall see that wild lion slain at yonder threshold, they tell me, if you abide here.

Morgan — Not I shall see him slain at yonder threshold; and not if there were three score and three hundred bowmen such as Uncle Idris in the hall here, would they attain slaying that fierce Dragon of Battle, Owen Glyndwr. I do know very well. Drive at him I did, myself, with a spear that is not to be mocked at: Frankish armor never withstood it, when my arm drove it heretofore: but be-

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hold you, the hide shield of Owen was smashing and shivering it like rotten wood. If you do desire to slay him, pray you Mihangel Sant the captain of the angels to descend from heaven, and all the knighthood and spearmen of God with him to aid you; not till then will that Owen be slain. (Exit Morgan.)

Idris — Will you believe now that it is vain to trust in the eyes that see, against them that have dealings with the princes of hell? I have heard this before: one that has seen him will tell you he is short, another that he is tall; his eyes are gray and keen and quiet, says one; no, says another, dark and quick and fiery they are: stooping he is, and leaning forward, like the sycamore blown with the sea-wind, says this one; straight he is, and upright like the slender poplar of France, says that. And all of them have seen him; perhaps many times.

(Enter Ieuan; Glyndwr, watching the fire, has his back turned towards him.)

Elonwy — Here is a third that is familiar with that Glyndwr. (Exit Elonwy.)

Idris — What, son Ieuan; thou hast seen Glyndwr?

Ieuan — Ay, Father Idris; I have seen him.

Idris — Help you then Prince Harri's man with some account of him.

Ieuan — Prince Harri's man?

Glyndwr (turning to Ieuan) — Making search for Owen Glyndwr.

Ieuan (with a start of recognition) — Better than the world, with me, to help you.

Idris — Good you! good you! You are loyal to Plas Morfran — and the Prince!

Glyndwr — Unless you have seen him, or the like of him, on the moors or in the valley, or by the seashore this day?

Ieuan — I have seen no one, but those that are in the house here.

Idris — Where was it you saw my enemy, son Ieuan?

Ieuan — At his own palace at Sycharth, before the war; it was there the bards of Wales did congregate, in those days.

Glyndwr — Enough of him now, whatever! Gwrda, let us have song or story from your bard here: more pleasant is bardism than —

Idris — No; since I have sipped, I will empty the horn. You shall hear all my house can tell you concerning that rebel. Ieuan Bard will have more to say than those others, I am thinking. Tell you what is the likeness of him, son Ieuan.

Ieuan (to Glyndwr) — I think he would be something taller than you are; and his beard — longer than yours, and blacker; and his eyes — gray they would be, perhaps, or blue. Oh, very royal he was of his carriage and bearing —

Glyndwr (with proud, sad sarcasm) — Even then, I suppose, scheming to proclaim himself king —

Ieuan — And a certain look of — mystery and dignity — with him; his two eyes as if gazing down into the ages —

Glyndwr — Into the forbidden things of witchcraft, perhaps: into the secrets of Satan and Beelzebub!

Ieuan — Perhaps indeed! There was an aspect of might with him few could withhold reverence from it; though he would be gentle and courteous in his speech with all.

Glyndwr — Ay; to win men to him with glib, smooth-spoken words. . . .

Ieuan — Win men he did, without *if* or *were-it-not*. Oh, I have seen him among the chieftains of Gwynedd and Powys, and the earls of the Saxon, his guests: moving proud and kindly among them, dispensing his gifts to the bard and the stranger, like Arthur of old or Caesar among his barons; his head high above them all; and they making such court to him as Richard the king would have been proud to receive.

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Idris — Yes; I have heard he was like that — evil on the beard of him!

Glyndwr — I think your tale will help little in the finding of him. Ieuan Bard: you telling of a prince in his court, and the search being for a fugitive in the heather. — Well for you, Gwrda Idris, that you rely not on the witness of the men of your household: three different Owens have I heard of tonight.

Idris — And of as many more should you hear, as there might be quick of sight to tell you. No; I do rely on the witness of the stars; they will not be deceived for all his wizardries. Oh, I will make it known to you; and to you, Ieuan Yonge, that will be my daughter's husband and my kinsman; — I shall know well the signs of his coming. I myself am to summon him, before he comes in here. I am to know the hour: though no human voices will tell me, not without warning shall I be. Then I shall command him to enter, and he shall enter on my command. Look you; when I stand at the hearth here, and call to him, the one that enters will be he; whether in the guise of man or woman, of child or of horse or of hound; it will be he, and I shall shoot, and he will die. He could not deceive me; he could not deceive the stars of heaven. I am to cry out to him, and he is to enter, and he is to die: when the time for it comes.

ACT IV

Scene unchanged. Idris Gam, Owen Glyndwr, Ieuan. Enter Gwenllian, leading Elonwy.

Idris — And now, son Ieuan, two words with you! (They converse apart.)

Elonwy — Mother, the guest in the hall!

Idris — Thou art come, Gwenllian, thou art come — (He continues his converse with Ieuan.)

Gwenllian — A hundred welcomes to you, Lord Guest! My grief that I was not at the door at your coming, to welcome you.

Glyndwr — A hundred thanks to you, Lady Gwenllian.

Gwenllian — It is my name.

Glyndwr — There was a Princess of the Immortals in the Court of Arthur. Gwenllian Dêg the Majestic Maiden —

Gwenllian — It is a name was borne by many of old —

Idris (to Gwenllian) — Why comes not Sion Cent into the hall?

Gwenllian — He must be at his prayers till the feast is prepared. (She talks apart with Idris.)

Glyndwr — Sion Cent — here?

Elonwy — Sion Cent the Christian. Gwrda: no less a man than that great shield of Holy Church against the witchcraft and pagan bardism of the age. You shall meet him at the board here.

Glyndwr — An honor I never looked for, in my deed. Without *if* or *were-it-not*, he knows Glyndwr.

Ieuan — And hates him; and may come in here at any moment. . . .

Elonwy — As if you would not desire his coming, Ieuan Bard?

Ieuan — He has a hundred thousand
Faery Princes

From the Green Isles of the Ocean on his side;
And Gwyn the Emperor of Faeryland
And all his Riders on the midnight winds
Are leagued in his defense; he has greater
kings

In his alliance than the King of France,
That failed him.

Elonwy — Ay; Sion Christian has the
King of Heaven on his side.

Idris — What is it you are saying?

Glyndwr — Your bard is in his bardic
mood again,
His Calangauaf mood. They say the season
Is to the bards as March is to the hare:

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

They do go wild in it. He says Glyndwr
Has unseen hosts to do his will with him,
And that 'twas olden Kings of Faerie
Commissioned him to make this stir in Wales.

Idris — Kings of Faerie!
Demons out the nethermost deep of hell
Watch over him, and voices in the night
Cry out prognostications and dark sayings
To trap the souls of the Cymry into dam-
nation.
No more of him!

Glyndwr — Ay; let's have no more of
him! Hark! (At a gesture from him the cry
of the Swan-sisters is heard outside; the
music as in the Prelude, until he causes
both that and the voices to cease.)

Voices of Swan-Sisters — Oh, oo-oo, oo-
oo, ah, ah-ha! Oh, oo-oo, oo-oo, ah, ah-ha!

Gwenllian, Elonwy, Ieuan — Ah!

Voices — Sister! Sister! are you re-
membering nothing? . . . The glimmering
palaces of Arthur afar . . . the wave that
broke in a spray of luminous crystal . . .
round dreamy islands lapt in opal peace?

Elonwy — Mary and Tudno, keep us!

Idris — What is on you, child, to cry out
to the saints?

Gwenllian — The palaces of Arthur afar
. . . the islands lapt in peace. . . .

Idris — What —

Gwenllian — Ah, hush!

Voices — Take thought of the Ring of
Arthur! The gift that was to be given on
Calangauaf, before you should return. . . .

Elonwy — Mother of God, protect this
house!

Idris — Praying again! Little heart,
what is on you?

Glyndwr (to *Gwenllian*) — Lady, look
deep within your soul; do you know what
this means?

Gwenllian — Only I know it is to me
they are crying.

Idris — Means? Crying?

Ieuan — The Voices of the Storm are
crying bardism in the middle air.

Glyndwr — The Ring that must be given
on Calangauaf —

Voices — Remember that you were sent
to the Dragon of Wales!

Elonwy — Ah me! Ah me!

Gwenllian — The Ring! The Dragon of
Wales! The Dragon of Wales! . . . Oh, why
comes he not?

Idris — This wildness again! Bring me
Sion Cent into the hall! — What now? —

(Enter a crowd of servants, *Marged* fol-
lowing them. They come between *Glyn-
dwr* and *Gwenllian*.)

A Servant — Uncle *bach*, here is all hell
about the house in the night!

Marged — Back all of you! To be trou-
bling Uncle and Aunt, and the guest in the
hall, with your dreamings and your *Calan-
gauaf* fancies!

Voices — Sister! Sister! The time draws
on!

Catrin (screaming) — Ah!

A Maidservant (to *Marged*) — Fancies
with you! Against the witness and the testi-
mony of your own ears, tyrantess!

Ifan Tân — Uncle dear, indeed you the
demons are hosted above the house here, and
in their howling after our souls!

Catrin — Give you us protection, in the
name of God!

Idris — Silence, all of you!

(A loud burst of the storm and the music.)

Dafydd Ddu — Fools! to hear voices on
the raving of the wind!

Morgan Gloff — Quiet you, liar and liar's
son! The night is full of them.

Voices — Sister! Sister! soon it will be
too late. . . .

(Screaming of the servants..)

THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

Gwenllian — Oh, what am I to do? what am I to do?

Marged — Neither bragat nor metheglin for the one of you this night, of them that tell their lies about the voices!

Voices — The Dragon of Wales is with you in the house. . . .

Servants — Villainess! Tyrantess!

Gwenllian — Ah where?

Morgan Gloff — By God, 'tis Owen Glyndwr is upon us!

Idris — My bow! My bow!

Ieuan (to *Idris*) — Shoot not! Think! You have not summoned him — and the hall is full! (He secures the bow.)

Voices — Give you the ring before it is too late!

Idris — Has sudden madness fallen on all my house? *Elonwy*, fetch you *Sion Priest* from the chapel; he alone can quiet them.

Elonwy (deep in her prayers, and not heeding him) — Mother of Heaven, indeed, indeed, defend us!

Ieuan (to *Idris*) — I will go; I will fetch the priest. Think you not of shooting; you have not summoned *Glyndwr*.

Idris — Go you!

Ieuan (to *Glyndwr*, as he goes out) — I can delay the priest — a little while. (Exit, with the bow in his possession.)

Voices — Sister! Sister!

Gwenllian — It is that I must go!

Glyndwr (aside) — No hope, with this! (At a gesture from him the *Voices* and the music cease.)

—What is troubling you, people dear? Listen! there is nothing but the natural winds of heaven.

(Silence, but for the howling of the winds.)

Catrin (sobbing) — No; there is nothing, indeed, but the natural winds of heaven.

Idris — Nor has been; for shame upon your fears and your follies!

A Servant — Sure I was I did hear voices on the storm, whatever!

Another — Yes, and *Sister* they were calling, or something, indeed to God!

Another — Fancied it we did. I shouldn't wonder.

Glyndwr (to *Marged*) — Come you, *Soul*; withdraw the order against the drink! Not fitting, in the house of a *Cymro*, on *Calangauaf*, that there should be lack of feasting and pleasantness, good and enough.

Idris — Withdraw it you, *Marged*; anything, if we shall have peace. — Tomorrow *Sion Cent* shall pray over you; hear your confession he shall, and absolve you; tonight you shall have your metheglin, if there be no more fancies with you. Go now!

Marged — They shall have it, since you do say, *Uncle*; but there are some that deserve it not, I can tell you, with their *tyrannies* and their *villainess*. — And now come you back quietly to the penisaf, all of you; and peace and sanity be with you further, haddocks that you are!

(Exeunt *Servants*.)

Idris — Thanks be to God, and to him glory, there is quiet again!

Glyndwr — Terror will pass from one to another; there is no accounting for it.

Idris — What was on you, *Elonwy*, child, to be crying to the saints?

Elonwy — Indeed terror; I am not knowing, now.

Idris — Well, well; since it is over . . . and a worse storm I remember not. And strange at all times is the sound of the waves below there, when the wind is in the southwest. A hundred feet down sheer from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

that window is the high tide of the sea; yet I heard the sting and hiss of the upthrown foam on it.

Gwenllian — Not foam it was, but the brushing of wings.

Idris — Perhaps indeed; even the sea-birds would be in terror in such a storm.

Elonwy — Dreadful it was; the raging of it, and the loud fury.

Idris — Well, well; it is quiet now. Gwrda, of your courtesy, a song from you; to bring comfort and evenness of minds again, until Ieuan Bard shall return from the chapel, and Sion Cent with him. There are few in Wales, these days, who can sing to you as those two shall.

Gwenllian, Elonwy — Indeed, yes; a song from you, of your courtesy!

Glyndwr — I made a song to the Tune of David of the White Rock. It is coming into my mind now. Can you strike the harp to that, Lady Elonwy? Well with me to sing, with the white fingers of you over-traveling the strings.

Elonwy — The white fingers of me are filled with trembling; but I will make trial of it. (She goes to the harp and plays; Glyndwr sings):

SONG

“Bring you,” said David, “my harp to my breast,
Ere sunset’s crimson-rose wane in the west
Lilac and ash-gray, and cold on heaven’s rim,
And my soul speed forth where eve hath
grown dim.

“Bring you my harp to my breast, till I wake
One more proud tune for these proud mountains’ sake;
Just one Welsh tune ere my life-thread be riven;
Dear knows what tunes they’ll be raising in
heaven!”

Feebly his fingers o’er-wandered the string;
“Hush!” they said, “now while his bard-soul
takes wing!”

Little they dreamed how his ears were astrain
For a wild wandering music blown far o’er
the main!

“Primrose and foxglove light strewn o’er
the sea;

Wild tune, come floating, come wandering
to me!

Dear druid music adrift from the west,
You the souls sing in the Isles of the Blest!”

Ah, now the old fingers sweep o’er the strings!
Ah, now the old Welsh harp triumphing rings!
David made known, ere he died, the wild
strain,

Heaven’s own wild Welsh tune, the old *Gareg Wen!*

Idris — Good you, good you indeed!

Gwenllian — From whom came that music that drifted to David across the evening sea?

Glyndwr — From the heroes and great druids of old time, that are in the Islands of the Blessed in the west of the world. From the Emperor Arthur, it may be; it is there he has his palace, in the Isle of the Apple-trees. They do not forget the Cymry, in those foam-hidden, green-glimmering regions. There is a tale I was hearing —

Elonwy — Ah indeed, good with us now to hear a tale from of old! Years and years since there was telling of stories at Plas Morfran on Calanguaaf.

Idris — Ill with Ieuan to miss the story. Call you him, my daughter.

Elonwy — Let the holy priest keep him at his prayers, and it shall be the better for him.

Idris — Eh?

Elonwy — Oh, he shall have the story again, with me.

Idris — Well, well. Of your courtesy and your kindness, Gwrda!

Glyndwr — It is of news coming to the Islands of the Blessed at one time, that sore

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need would be on the Cymry, and on the man reborn from of old to be at the head of them, combatting the strength of the world and the Saxon on their behalf. —“What help can we send him?” said the Emperor Arthur. —“Lord Arthur,” said Taliesin Benbard, “there is the ring on your finger: well known among the bards and the druids the power of the ruby in that ring.” —“Recount you its peculiarities, Lord Radiant Forehead,” said Arthur. —“If it came to the hand of the rightful Chieftain of the Cymry,” said Taliesin, “success would be with him in all he might undertake; without warfare he would win to peace, and those who had been his foes would seek his friendship: he would be the prop and pillar of the Brython, defending them with sovereign defense, though never to his sword a stirring from its scabbard. Also he would bring to them instruction in art and learning and science; and he would establish colleges for them in the north and in the south; he and they would become a light to the western world, by reason of his instructing them in the Secret Doctrine of Bardism: evil would be rooted out, bards would triumph. Consider you a means, if it please you, for sending that ring to the Chieftain of the Cymry; you shall not lack sovereignty here, on account of the lack of the ring.”

“That is true,” said Arthur Mawr. “Whom shall we send with the ring?”

Then arose Gwennlian Dêg the Majestic Maiden: there was none like her in the Isles of the Blessed in those days, either for beauty, or for queenly wisdom, or for proud gentleness of demeanor. “Lord Arthur,” she said, “I have woven as it were a flying robe of swan’s plumage; I may cross the hoary sea in the guise of a white swan with my companions; give you me the ring to take to the King of Wales.”

Gwennlian — Very wonderful to me is the hearing and recalling of this.

Glyndwr — “Can you do that indeed?” said Arthur.

“I can,” said she; “behold now!” And therewith she put the robe upon her shoulders, and rose, and circled in the air a swan, and came again to Arthur. — “Give you me the ring, Lord Arthur,” she said.

Then Arthur took a fillet of golden thread, and tied the ring about her neck; and he appointed six maidens to travel the firmament with her, of such as had swan-ropes like her own. Then he said: “Not easy this mission: there will be permutations and commutations; and that which you are in the Isles of the Blest, that will you not be in the Island of the Mighty. But fate and destiny must be complied with,” said he. “On the morning of Calangauaf you will come into Wales; and seven, or twice seven, or even three times seven years you may abide there; but after the third seven you must return, and on the Night of Calangauaf your returning shall be. And while you are among the Cymry you shall have little memory of these islands, or who sent you forth, or why you were sent; only the ring will be with you, and this word for a memorial: *It is to the Dragon of Wales you are to give the Ring; it is to the Dragon of Wales you are to give the Ring!*”

Gwennlian — It was the word of Arthur Emperor: *It is to the Dragon of Wales you are to give the Ring!*

Glyndwr — Then said Arthur further: “If you find him not before the three seven years are out, an evil thing will it be —”

Gwennlian — If I found him not before the three seven years were out — Oh, go forward!

Idris — If you —

Glyndwr — “And sovereignty will depart from the Kindred of the Cymry, and they will light no grand fires of wisdom and bardism in the world till after ages of darkness and sorrow.”

“Fear you nothing as to that, Lord Arthur,” said she; “if it is not till the last night of it, I will find him.”

So she rose up in the air a swan again —

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Gwenllian — And the ring was tied about my neck —

Elonwy — Mother my darling —

Idris — What is this story you are telling?

Glyndwr (raising his voice and dominating them) — And the ring tied about her neck of a swan; and she flew with it as far as to the shores of Ceredigion, and her white Swan-sisters with her for an escort. On the morning of Calanguauf she came to the shore —

Idris — In God's name —

Glyndwr — And the first seven years passed, and the Dragon of Wales came not to her; and the second seven years passed, and the Dragon of Wales came not to her; and the third seven years passed, and on the Night of Calanguauf at the end of them a wanderer came to the hall of Idris Gam Plas Morfran, and beheld there one that had the likeness of Gwenllian Dêg the Majestic Maiden from the Green Spots of the Flood, and hanging about her neck on a fillet the Ring of Arthur Emperor —

Gwenllian (holding up the ring) — Yes, and the ruby in it burning and flashing — and the third seven years have passed —

Idris — My God, my God!

Glyndwr (discovering to her the Dragon upon the breast of his tunic) — And with that he disclosed to her the token, whereby she knew that he, verily, was the —

Cadwgan (outside) — The Lord Glyndwr is betrayed! The Saxons! The Saxons!

Idris — What! . . . (He rises; there is general confusion. Cadwgan of the Battle-axes rushes in.)

Cadwgan — Lord, the Saxons are upon you!

Glyndwr — Hold the door! (Cadwgan bolts it and draws sword.)

Idris — Who cries *Hold the door!* in Plas Morfran?

Captain (outside) — Open in the king's name!

Cadwgan — What king, name o' God? There is no king here but Owen King of Wales: whose word is, *Hold the door!* Dan Saxon.

(Battering at the door outside.)

Idris — Owen King of Wales —

Glyndwr (to Gwenllian) — Lady, I am that Owen — to whom you were sent.

Gwenllian (approaching him) — Owen — the Dragon of Wales —

Idris — My bow! Ha, my bow! Death and damnation! Men of Plas Morfran, to me!

Cadwgan (raising war-shout) — Whet thy battle-axe, Cadwgan! The Flaming Dragon has arisen; go forward!

(The door breaks open and soldiers press to enter. Cadwgan opposing them and shouting. Enter Sion Cent on left.)

Glyndwr (to Gwenllian) — Give you me the Ring of Arthur, that this people may be saved alive!

Sion Cent (thrusting himself between Glyndwr and Gwenllian, and holding up cross) — *Vade retro, Satanas!*

(Cadwgan is driven back. The servants rush in and crowd about Glyndwr.)

Cadwgan — Lord, save yourself!

Glyndwr — Cadwgan!

Cadwgan — Fear nothing for your battle-axe!

Glyndwr — Come, darkness!

(Complete darkness falls.)

Captain — There he stood; seize him!

Soldier — Where be a'?

Another — I zaw un here!

Glyndwr — Cadwgan!

Cadwgan — Nay, I am safe!

Soldier — Here a' be!

Another — Thee leave go of I, wizard!

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ACT V

Scene unchanged. Lights turned on again.

Two soldiers are struggling; three others are holding Cadwgan. Glyndwr is gone.

Captain — Witchcraft! Faugh! the place reeks of the pit! Seize and bind everyone in the house!

Sion Cent — Stay! there is no need, Dan Captain. 'Tis a loyal household, as any in Wales—or England. I vouch for my friends: Sion Cent I am, whom you call John of Kentchurch: a name not unknown.

Captain — Why, truly, I know you, good Father. . . . But — loyal, and gives refuge to the archrebel?

Idris — Ay, loyal, sir; contest it not. You would know me also, if you had been in my prince's service longer. I am Idris Gam of Plas Morfran: blind by the sternness of heaven, or my house would never have been defiled by the presence of the worst foe I have in the world.

Sion Cent — But now I came in from the chapel, and saw the rebel for the first time since he came here; or I think he would have fallen before this to the Lord Idris's bow.

Idris — By God he would have fallen!

Captain — I know your reputation, Dan Idris; Prince Harri loves you well. But in this house Glendower is or has been, and we must search.

Idris — Would there were seeing eyes in my head, that I might help you. All my house is at your command.

Captain — My thanks to you. But first — the prisoner here!

(Soldiers bring forward Cadwgan.)

Thy name, rebel?

Cadwgan — Didst speak, rebel?

Captain — Come; your name?

Cadwgan — Cadwgan ab Ithel ab Owen

ab Cynfard ab Cadwgan: called 'of the Battle-axes': of a more ancient line than thine.

Simkin Small — La! be this one man all they?

Captain — Peace! — Glendower's chief henchman, my men; 'tis a prize, if not the first prize. — Where is thy master, the traitor?

Cadwgan — You mistake. I never served the traitor Bolingbroke. My master is the King of Wales.

Captain — Where is Owen Glendower?

Cadwgan — In my wallet, perchance; or beneath my cloak. Wilt search?

Captain — Spears there! We'll make thee answer.

(Two soldiers present their spears at Cadwgan's breast.)

Now; where is Owen Glendower?

Cadwgan — I would I had thy knowledge of the Saxon speech!

Captain — Thou hast enough to save thy life.

Cadwgan — But not enough, I fear, to warn thy father Satan, when thou hast sent me to him, to make hell ready for two damned-er than himself.

Captain — What mean you?

Cadwgan — Thee and King Bolingbroke.

Captain — Ho there, a rope!

Cadwgan — It is not like he would understand my Welsh.

Sion Cent — Beseech you, Captain, on with the search! An ill thing if this man detained you, while his master escaped.

Captain — Ay — thou shalt hang presently; I give thee while we search for thy prayers. To him, Sir Priest —

Cadwgan — No!

Captain — I leave him, then, in your care,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Dan Idris; since he is bound. — You, Simkin Small, stand without the door there, and slay any that would pass.

Simkin — Be I to zlay women and childer too, Maäster Captain?

Captain — Slay — nay, stay — any man, woman or child that would go forth; ay, or beast or bird either; for none knows, with this wizard, what form he may take. Stay; hold; take captive — dost understand? The slaying, o' God's mercy, shall come hereafter.

Simkin — I do unnerztan' 'ee, Zir.

Captain — Come then, you others!

Sion Cent — Stay, let me lead — since this impenitent

Will have no ministration to his soul
Before he die. So shall the power of the
Church

Blast you a way against the wiles of hell.
This is a spiritual warfare, and involves
More than mere temporalities and crowns:
'Tis the Cross against the Dragon!

(Exeunt *Sion Cent*, *Captain*, *Soldiers* and
Servants.)

Elonwy — My father!

Idris — Old age has come upon me; I am become a fool and a laughing-stock; the serving-women shall titter in the penisaf when they speak of me. He came in, and I knew him not. I cried aloud to the demons to send their mightiest champion against me, and upon the challenge he entered, and I welcomed him kindly: I summoned him, and he came, and the bow was unstrung at my side. The stars fulfilled their promise, and I fulfilled not mine. It is because I tampered with unknown and unhallowed things. I have betrayed my fathers; I am become an enemy to my sons and my sons' sons; if they seek vengeance against me for this, how shall I deny them? Thou, Daughter of Magic, evil was the hour when thy beauty allured me, and I brought thee into Plas Morfran to be my bride!

Gwenllian — Ay, evil was the hour when
thou, a mortal,
Having no heart for more than mortal things,
Durst lay thine hands upon the affairs of the
Gods!

Elonwy — The affairs of Gods!

Gwenllian — When thou didst come,
And found me on the sea-beach and the sands,
And stole from me the robe wherein I had
flown
Across the sea, and stole the memory
That I had come from Arthur in the West
To give this Ring unto the Dragon of Wales,
Owen Glyndwr, whereby he should have come
To victory and peace!

Idris — Where got you this?
How know you that I took the robe from
you —
This thing you have not known through all
these years?

Gwenllian — I am remembering it. The
King of Wales,
My kinsman, of my own immortal clan,
Hath cleared my vision of a thousand mists
That cumbered it through all the years be-
tween.

This you have done: to keep me in your house,
Busied with housewife labors, while the land
For whose salvation I did leave my home,
Was hurrying down to ruin! This you have
done:
To take the purposes of destiny
And squander them on the ordering of your
house.
And now the Messenger of the Gods to Wales,
Who should have had the token which They
sent him,
Hath come unrecognised, and empty-handed
Gone, and it is too late; for the hour draws
near
When I must go.

Elonwy — When you must go!
What does it mean? Mother, you will not
die?

THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

Gwenllian — Not die; yet leave thee; I
was given no more
Than these thrice seven years to abide in
Wales;
And now I have heard my plummy-pinioned
sisters
Calling me, and must take the winds with
them.
But know, my darling, I shall come again
Beyond the ages; 'tis not for all time
The Immortal Clans are banished from this
world.
Or, seeing what part I have in thee, it may be
Thou too shalt find a path across the foam.
Nay, weep not, little heart!

Elonwy — Ah, Mother, Mother!

Gwenllian — Ah me! I have no time to
dry thy tears!
Thou understandest not now; the time will
come
When thou wilt understand
This high eternal warfare the Gods wage
To liberate mankind, and how hearts break,
Human, and are renewed again divine,
And sorrow laboreth unto valiant ends;
Ay; thou wilt understand. — Now, Idris Gam,
Give me the robe, that I may go to mine own!

Idris — There is no robe. Thy words
are as the winds
Buffetting meaningless about the skies.
Oh that plain sanity would return to my
house!

Simkin Small (outside) — Hey! I be got
thee! Nay, leave thou thy wriggling, Maäs-
ter Wizard! I be got thee captured, zhure!
— Hey, Captain! I be got thon wicked rebel,
zhure as thee be a living zoïll! (He enters in
triumph with a small dog in his arms.) A did
bite I, did Maäster Traitor; but I did get un
zaafe and zound vur all that! (Exit after
soldiers.)

Elonwy — Dwdi fach, my pet!

Gwenllian (to *Cadwgan*) — For the sake
of Wales and of thy lord! (She cuts his
bonds.)

Elonwy — Mother! Mother!

Cadwgan — My thanks to you, Princess
of Faerie! (Exit *Cadwgan*.)

Idris — What hast thou done? Seven
curses on this blindness that never has hurt
me till tonight!

(Re-enter *Simkin Small*, pursued by the
Captain.)

Captain — Out, oaf! Lout! Out, fool!

Simkin — Thee didst tell I thyzelf as
'twere *Glendower*!

Soldiers (outside, shouting) — Ha, what
be here? Let thee be, 'ull us? — The key,
quick! — I heerd un wi'in chest here! — Baint
no key; lock be broäken! — Braäk un
oäpen! — Vox be run to carth, Maäster Cap-
tain! — I heerd un, I tell 'ee!

Captain — Ha, what's that! (Exit.)

Idris — They have found him, ha! The
prophecy was true: I called him, and he
came; in my house he is taken, and here
shall he die —

Gwenllian — He shall not die!

Captain (outside) — No key? Drag it
out into the hall!

Idris — Bow and shafts, quick! They
will grant me that —

Gwenllian — The yew-tree is not grown,
whose wood shall harm him.

(Enter *Captain* and soldiers, dragging in
a chest; *Sion Cent* and the servants follow.)

Captain — Here he is — in this chest,
Dan *Idris*!

Idris — What chest is it?

Marged — The old black coffer, was in
the loft.

Idris — Impossible!

Captain — Nay; he is here; these fellows
heard the motions of him as they searched;
and after, I myself heard him cry out. You
shall see your enemy paid, trust me. He has
some catch inside, to hold the lid, it seems.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Sion Cent — His sin is witchcraft; it were well to cast the chest and all into the flame.

Captain — Priests' work that; we are soldiers. — To it, my lads, with your irons!

(Soldiers gather round chest and begin prising open the lid.)

Soldier — There a be agaiän, Dan Captain; I heerd un.

Another — Ay, by'r lady, 'twere thickey daamed rebel!

Sion Cent — Come forth, pagan; test the strength of thy demons against the power of the Church!

Captain — Quick, lads; and be prepared; you know his skill! — Come forth, knave wizard!

(They stand round the chest with lifted spears. The lid flies open. A moment's pause.)

Od's lid, 'tis empty!

Soldiers — Witchcraft! Tricks o' the viend.

(A gust of music outside: tune — *Con-sét Owen Glyndwr* — accompanied by sounds of laughter.)

Several — What's that?

Voice of Glyndwr (outside) — The Flaming Dragon has arisen; go forward!

Captain — The warshout of Owen Glendower!

Sion Cent — His own voice crying it!

Simkin Small — O lordy, Maäster Captain; thickey ar wizard be a escaäping down hill-zide!

Captain — Out men! To horse, and after him! (Exit with soldiers.)

Marged — And now, will you have the meat and the drink brought in, Uncle Idris; after all this tumult and botheration here?

Idris — God's curse upon the meat and the drink! God's curse upon all seeing eyes

in this house! Out, out, you of the penisaf! Not I will shelter the one of you under my roof, that saw him, and told me not. Out! Wander the hills in the night; beg or steal your bread!

Marged — For shame upon you with your wild words! — Come you; he will be wise again presently! (She ushers out the servants to the penisaf.)

Idris — They are gone; they let him escape: he alone here among the many of them.

Sion Cent — They may well take him yet.

Idris — Ha! God's curse on you, Sion Cent, priest that you are, and abiding quiet, and with no true enmity towards that pagan, that sorcerer, in your heart! . . .

Sion Cent — Son, put away from you this perilous mood
And trust in God and the Church. It still may be

That he who seemed here was not here at all,
But practising illusions from afar;
Satan hath many weapons in his armory
To lend him, and his sorceries of old
Have oftentimes exceeded this. But trust you,
Though he hath triumphed now, yet shall
he fall,
And the saints shall come by their own, and
you, dear son,
If God so will to use you, by your revenge.

Idris — Preach! preach! Are there no incantations, no exorcisms with you, to make my house clean again, after this witchcraft that has been done in it?

Sion Cent — There are — there shall be
— purifying prayers —
All that the great power of the Church can do,
So you will be patient. First, for this chest—
(Makes the sign of the cross over it)
In which it seems — Ah, what is here — a
robe? (Lifts out the swan-robe)

Gwenllian — Mine — my swan robe!

Sion Cent (giving it to her) — Yours, daughter. . . .

THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

Idris — What! there . . . yes! To me!
To me! In God's name, give it to me! (He
gropes forward, stretching out an arm
for the robe. *Gwenllian* puts it on. The
cry of the Swan Sisters is heard.)

Sion Cent — Peace, peace, my son! It
is a lady's garment.

Swan Sisters (outside) — Come, Swan-
Sister, come!

(The scene darkens. *Ieuan* and *Cadwgan*
rush in.)

Ieuan — Princess of the Immortals. 'tis
not too late!
I have heard all from the Lord *Cadwgan* here;
Give me the Ring for *Owen* the Dragon of
Wales!

Idris (groping) — Traitor! traitor! —
Give me the robe, priest, for the sake of
heaven!

Gwenllian — Where art thou, *Ieuan*?
My eyes grow dim to your world; I cannot
see you? Take you the Ring for *Owen*; it
is here!

(*Idris* snatches the ring.)

Ieuan — Where? Where?

Idris (triumphantly) — Ah, where, trait-
or? (He withdraws towards the window.)

Gwenllian (sings) — Oh, now is my
bondage gone by like a dream!

(Enter the Swan Sisters.)

Sion Cent — Back, phantoms of the sea-
foam and the wind!

(They brush past him, singing as they
circle about *Gwenllian*.)

Swan Sisters — Come, Swan Sister, come!
the dark paths of the sea
Are all bright 'neath the stars, and the wind
runneth free
And the wave runneth fair for the Green Isles
agleam
In the west of the world!

Elowwy — Oh, pray for us, Father *Sion*!
Pray for us!

Ieuan — The Ring! Princess of Faerie,
ere you go, the Ring!

Idris (at window, laughing) — Ha, ha, ha!

Sion Cent (chanting as a bass accompani-
ment to the song of *Gwenllian* and the Swan
Sisters) — *Mair ny hena, grasia plena,*
Sine pena, son heb poenau!

Gwenllian — Mine ears are grown deaf
to the voices of mortals;
I hear but a cry from the soft-shining portals
Of the halls of my home!

Sion Cent — *Qui vocaris, salutaris,*
Stella maris, 'sdalm o airau!

Swan Sisters — Come Swan Sister, come!
for the hour hath gone by
Thou mightest linger with these that are born
and must die:
Come winging, come singing, afar o'er the
foam!

Ieuan — Princess, before you go —

Sion Cent — *Imperatrix, consolatrix.*

Elowwy — *Miseratrix, moes ar otrau!*

Gwenllian — Dark shadows and dreams
from my vision are falling!

Swan Sisters — Come, Swan Sister, come!
The Green Islands are calling!

Elowwy — *● Maria, Virgo pia!*

Gwenllian — Ah, Sisters, my ears hear
sad voices far dying!

Ieuan — The Ring! The Ring!

Swan Sisters — Come, Swan Sister, come!
the wild moments are flying!
To wing, ah, to wing! (Exeunt Swan Sisters
and *Gwenllian*.)

Sion Cent, Elowwy — *Mam Grist Geli,*
Seren Heli,
Llana Seli, lan y Sulau;
Oportere nos habere,
Miserere, moes ar airau!

Idris — Cease whining, in God's name!
Someone with eyes

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Give news to me who am blind, what has
befallen.

Ieuan — There came six faery ladies
robed like swans.
And they have taken Gwennllian Dêg away.

Idris — 'Twas drift of the foam from un-
known, perilous seas;
Let none mourn here — my house goes on.
But you,
Ieuan, since you are here, there are quick
words
To speak 'twixt you and me. You saw him
here,
And knew his being Glyndwr, and said no
word.

Ieuan — Because my love and loyalty
are for Wales
Above thy daughter; and for Bardism
Before thine house; and he is Wales and
Bardism. (Glyndwr appears in the
doorway.)

Sion Cent — Avaunt, accursed!

Glyndwr — Peace!

Idris — My bow, my bow!
Flame of the bottomless pit, where is my bow?

Glyndwr — Not you can hurt me. Where
is Gwennllian Dêg?

Ieuan — Ah, lord, it is too late! She
is gone.

Glyndwr — She is gone!

Ieuan — Gone — on white wings beyond
the darkling sea,
And all the hope of Cymru gone with her.
Almost she left thee the ring —

Idris — Nay, quite she left it!
You, traitor, and you, Owen, fool of the world,
Behold your hope of Wales, your sovereignty!

(He holds up the ring, then throws it
through the window.)

(To Glyndwr) It was for you she brought
it; (to *Ieuan*) and to you
She would have given it; but it was *Idris Gam*.

Idris the blind, commissioned by the stars,
That stretched his hand forth, and that
grasped the ring!

And now, seek it at Craig y Morfran base
Where the waves roar, under the stinging
foam!

Who now lacks vengeance? Who is now be-
guiled?

Sion Cent (to Glyndwr) — Pagan, thy
wickedness is mocked of God!

Ieuan — Blind man, thy hate hath sped
its bitterest shaft.
And — 'tis the living spirit of these mountains
It hath smitten to death.

Glyndwr — No, not to death! I pass
To bide the drifting of the night of time.
There shall be a dawn, and I shall come again.
The ever-living and ever-beautiful Gods
Are stronger than blind fate, stronger than
malice;

And they shall triumph at last. Mine hour
will come,
And I shall save White Wales, even from
herself.

Cadwgan — Whither you go I know not,
but I know
You shall not go alone, nor lack mine arm
And battle-axe; I follow you.

Ieuan — And I —

Elonwy — *Ieuan*!

Sion Cent — Daughter!

Ieuan — The Gates of Calangauaf
Are opened, and I, the Bard of Owen Glyn-
dwr
Go proudly in with my lord.

(They go towards the door.)

Idris — I am avenged!
Go! I am avenged. — Marged! Bring in
the meats,
And let us to our feasting! I am avenged,
And Wales is free forever of Owen Glyndwr!

Ieuan — Fool! dost thou think he will
not come again?

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

Lucius Annaeus Seneca

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

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

BOOK II — LVI

HERACLITUS thinks lightning to be (*something*) like the effort of inkindling fires among us and its first uncertain flame, now dying away, now gathering strength: these, the ancients called *heat-lightning*. We say *thunderings*, speaking in the plural, but the ancients said *thunder* or *sounding* (tonum, *thundering*). This I find in Caecinna, an eloquent man, who would have had at one time a name for eloquence, had not the shade of Cicero ('s *genius*) overpowered him. Besides the ancients used that word (*tonitrum* for *tonitruum*) (*with a syllable*) diminished, which we use with the syllable lengthened: for instance, we say *splendēre* and *fulgēre*; but for signifying this eruption of sudden light out of the clouds, their custom was to speak with the middle syllable diminished, so that they said *fulgēre*.

LVII

(1) *Dost thou ask what I myself think? Up to the present, in fact, I have accommodated my hand to (describing) others' opinions: I will then speak. It lightens, when a sudden light springs widely forth. This happens when the air is changed to fire in thin clouds, nor finds energy by which it may dart farther on.*

(2) Thou wonderest not, I suppose, either that movement rarefies the air

or that rarefication inflames it: thus a glans (*an acorn-shaped missile of lead*) hurled from a sling, melts, and separates into drops from the friction of the air, just as by fire. Accordingly, thunderbolts are most numerous in the summer, because it is then hottest; fire comes forth more easily by the friction of hot bodies.

(3) In the same way happen both the lightning-flash, which shines so greatly, and the thunderbolt, which sets fire (*to things*). But the former has a lighter energy and less of aliment, and, to say briefly what I feel, the bolt is a flash extended (*intentum*). Therefore, where matter of a hot and fuming nature sent forth from the earth falls upon the clouds, and has been rolled about in their belly for a long time, it bursts forth finally, and, because it has no (*especial*) energy (*behind it*), is a dazzling light.

(4) But where those lightning-flashes have had more matter, and have burned with a greater onset, they do not merely appear, but fall. Some believe the thunderbolt undoubtedly to return, others that it subsides; where aliment has weighed it down, then, too, the bolt is carried below in a more languid stroke.

LVIII

(1) "But why does the thunderbolt

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

appear as a sudden thing, and its fire not last longer?" Because fire is rapid, everywhere moved at once, and both ruptures the clouds and sets the air afire. Further, the flame dies away with the ceasing of the movement; nor again, is the course of the spirit constant so that the fire can be prolonged, but as often as it inkindles itself more strongly in the very violence of its passage, it assumes the rush of a fleeing thing; finally, when it has escaped and has left the struggle, from the same cause (*as above*) it now is carried down to the earth, and now is dissolved before (*that happens*) if it be urged by less energy.

(2) "Why is it carried obliquely?" Because it accords with the spirit, for spirit is oblique and winding (*in its course*), and, because nature calls fire upward, and violence presses it downward, it (*fire — the bolt*) takes on itself an oblique course. At times neither energy yields to the other, and the fire labors to rise to the upper parts and is pressed downwards to the lower.

(3) "Why are the summits of mountains frequently stricken?" Because they are placed just under the clouds, and the (*bolts which*) fall from the sky, find a passage through them (*the summits*).

LIX

(1) I understand what thou desirest already for some time, what thou askest for so earnestly. "*I prefer,*" thou sayest, "*not to fear thunderbolts than to know (what they are):* therefore teach others how they are produced:

as for me, I desire to have my fear of them driven out, not that their nature be (*merely*) pointed out."

(2) *I will follow whither thou callest:* for to all things and to all addresses there should be added something comforting. When we travel through the occult (*parts*) of nature, when we treat of divine concerns, the mind must be delivered from its woes and continually strengthened, because this one thing is necessary both for the erudite and for men of affairs: not that we should flee from the stroke of destiny (*ictus rerum*), for everywhere its blows will be hurled upon us, but that we should endure with fortitude and constancy.

(3) We can be unconquered; avoid the blows we cannot, though the hope may spring up that we may be able to avoid them. "How?" thou askest. Despise death; and all things which lead to death become contemptible, whether they be wars, or shipwrecks, or the jaws of wild beasts, or the massive weights in the sudden giving way of falling ruins.

(4) For what more can they do than to separate the body from the mind? This no diligence can avoid, no felicitous condition can avert, no power can overcome. Such various things does fate grant to pleasure! yet death impartially recalls them all. Death awaits both the offended and the propitious gods.

(5) The mind is caught away from very hopelessness: even the most timid of animals, which nature formed for flight, when no escape is at hand,

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will turn and fight with their unwarlike bodies. No enemy is more dangerous than he whom extreme need makes audacious, and the struggle is always far more violently maintained from necessity than from courage: the great and determined mind will attempt even [greater] or certainly equal things.

(6) Let us reflect that, as far as death is concerned, we are without hope (*of escaping it*): let us then choose (*our course*). It is even so, Lucilius, we are all reserved for death. All these multitudes whom thou seest, all whom thou supposest to be anywhere else, nature will soon recall (*to herself*) and will lay them aside; nor is it a question about the thing itself, but only of the day.

(7) It must come to this, sooner or later. What! Does not he who, with great running to and fro, seeks for a delay of death, seem to thee to be the most timid and the most foolish of men? Wouldst thou not despise him, who, condemned among those who are to die, should entreat as a favor that he be the last to offer his neck (*to the sword*)? We do the same: we think it a great thing to die a little later.

(8) All are condemned to suffer death, and, verily, by a most just condemnation. On the other hand, great is usually the solace of those about to suffer the extreme (*penalty*) that their cause is the same, their fate the same! If it be our fate to be delivered over by judge or magistrate, we ought to yield obedience to our executioner: what difference is there whether we go to our death by order, or are born to it?

(9) Oh! thou demented man, forgetful of thy (*natural*) perishability, if thou fearest death when it thunders! Does not thy welfare turn upon this? Thou wilt live, if thou escapest the bolt? The sword will find thee out, the stone will seek thee, black bile will destroy thee: the thunderbolt is not the greatest of thy perils, but the most beautiful!

(10) How ill, forsooth, will it be done with thee, if infinite celerity shall prevent the anticipation of thy death! If thy death shall be managed for thee! If, verily, when thou expirest, thou art not a useless thing, but the sign of some great thing! How ill, forsooth, will it be done thee, if thou art laid aside with the bolt!

(11) But thou becomest alarmed at the din in the heavens and tremblest from fear of the cloudy void, and, as often as it flashes, thou expirest. What! Thinkest thou that it is more honorable to perish in swoon than by the thunderbolt? For that reason, therefore, arise but the more firmly against the menaces of the sky, and, even were the world everywhere to be inwrapped in flame, reflect that there is nothing in the universal death that can destroy thee.

(12) For if thou believest such confusion of the heavens to be prepared for thee, such discord of the elements; if on thy account the massed and swirling clouds do roar, and such ravaging of fires to be dashed forth for thy demise; yet, by way of comfort, reckon thy death to be a matter of such great consequence!

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

(13) But there will be no place for this reflexion: the emergency banishes fear; and among other things, this advantage likewise belongs to it, that it anticipates its expectation. No one ever has feared the thunderbolt, unless he has escaped it.

BOOK III — (PREFACE)

(1) It has not escaped me, Lucilius, best of men, how I, an old man, will lay down the fundamentals of great matters — who have determined to encompass the world and to dig out its causes and secrets, and to publish for others things that can be known. When may I follow up so many things? when, bring together things that are so widely separated? when, explore things so occult?

(2) Let age, then, press upon (*me*) and cast in my way the years consumed in profitless pursuits: by so much the more must we press forward; let labor repair the losses of a life unfortunately wasted; let night add to the day. Let preoccupations be less. Let care of a patrimony, lying far distant from its owner, be released. Let the mind be freed (*from other preoccupations*) unto itself, and let it look to a contemplation of itself, at least now at the end.

(3) It shall so do, and it will draw nigh unto itself, and daily it will measure out the shortness of time. Whatever has been overlooked, it will gather up by diligent use of the present life. The passing over to honorable things through penitence, is very sure. It is pleasing, therefore, to me to exclaim in that verse of an illustrious poet:

*We carry mighty minds, and the greatest of things,
In small time, do we accomplish:*

this I should say, if, as a boy or a youth, I were setting to work, for some time is short in such great things: but now, verily, we have approached a thing serious, weighty, immense, after the meridian years (*of life*).

(4) Let us do what is customary in travel: they who start out later (*than others*), make it good by speed. Let us hasten, let us undertake a work — I know not whether it be beyond our powers, but it certainly is great—without the plea of old age. The mind increases (*its powers*) — as often as it displays and reflects over the magnitudes of the undertaking — according to the object (*in view*), not according to its remaining span (*of life*).

(5) Some have exhausted themselves in composing the acts (*historics*) of foreign kings, and those things which nations have suffered or have dared in turn: how much more profitable it is to extinguish one's own ills than to pass on to posterity the ills of others! How much better it is to celebrate the works of the gods than the robberies of Philip or of Alexander or of others, who, famous by (*their*) ruin of peoples, were not less the bane of mortals than a flood by which all the level earth is covered, or than a conflagration in which a great part of living beings was extinguished.

(6) They write how Hannibal crossed over the Alps; how, elated by the disasters of Spain, he unexpectedly carried war into Italy, and when (*his*)

plans were broken and after Carthage, obstinate, he wandered from king to king, offering himself as a general, seeking an army; how, though an old man, he left not off seeking war in every corner: verily, he was able to endure being without a country, but he was unable (*to suffer*) without an enemy.

(7) How much better it is to seek for what is (*yet*) to be achieved than for what has been (*already*) accomplished, and to instruct those who have surrendered themselves to (*their good*) fortune that nothing enduring has (*ever*) been given by it, and that all its treasures flow rapidly away! It (*Fortune*) knows no rest; it rejoices to substitute things of sorrow for things of joy, at least to intermingle them. Accordingly, let no one confide in success; from what is adverse let no one revolt; the vicissitudes of things alternate.

(8) Why exultest thou? Those things by which thou art borne to the highths, thou knowest not when they will leave thee: they have their own, not thy, end (*in view*). Why liest thou (*supine*)? Thou hast been borne down to the depths: now is the moment for rising again: the adverse are changed for the better, the desired, for the worse.

(9) These fluctuations are to be conceived by the mind not only as matters of private concern, which some light cause sets in motion, but as (*matters of*) public (*concern*). Kingdoms, rising from the lowest depths have outlasted their conquerors; old empires in their flower have fallen. The num-

ber cannot be ascertained (*of those*) which have been broken off from others, so many are they; for verily, while the deity raised up some (*from their origins*), others he overthrows and in no gentle way, but ordains that from even their foundations no relics are to remain.

(10) We believe these things to be great (*matters*), because we ourselves are small: there is greatness in many things, not from their own nature, but verily from our own smallness. What superiority is there in human affairs? (*It is*) Not by filling the seas with ships; nor by planting standards on the shore of the Red Sea; nor, when our country lacks space, by wandering over the ocean seeking the unknown; but by seeing all things by the mind, and — there is no greater victory than this — subduing our vices. They who have held nations and cities in their sway, are innumerable: very few who (*have held sway over*) themselves.

(11) What is superiority? It is to elevate the mind above the threats and promises of fortune; to consider that the fortune thou hopest for has nothing of worth (*in it*): for what worthy thing has that thou longest for? Thou, who, as often as thou hast fallen away from intercourse with divine matters to human concerns, art blinded not otherwise than they whose eyes have turned from the brilliant sunlight to dense shadow.

(12) What is superiority? To be able with joyful heart to bear adversity. Whatever may happen, to bear it just

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

as if thou hadst willed it to thyself: for thou hadst been bound to will it, hadst thou known all things to happen by decree of the divinity. Weeping, lamenting, groaning, are revolt.

(13) What is superiority? A mind strong and obstinate against calamity; not so much averse to luxury as uneasy in it; neither eager for danger nor afraid of it; which knows how to make fortune, not merely to await it; and to advance against one and the other (*good fortune and ill*) intrepid and unconfused, nor to be overpowered by the tumults of the one or the brilliance of the other.

(14) What is superiority? Not to admit evil counsel into the mind; to raise pure hands to heaven; to seek for no good which, that it may pass to thee, someone must give or someone must lose; to wish for that which is wished for without envy—a good mind: other things held by mortals as of great worth, although some hap may have brought them (*to thy*) home, are to be looked upon just as if they were about to leave thee as they came.

(15) What is superiority? To carry the spirit high over fortuitous happenings; to be mindful of man, so that if thou art fortunate thou mayest know it will not long last; or, if thou art unfortunate, thou mayest know that it affects thee not, if thou believest it not.

(16) What is superiority? To have breath on the edge of the lips (*doubtless a proverbial saying, meaning: Be ready to die at any moment, thus reaching freedom*). This makes one free, not by the law of the Quirites, but by the law of nature. He is free who has escaped from his bondage, for the latter is constant and unavoidable and weighing upon one equally by day and night, without intermission, without furlough.

(17) Servitude to self is the heaviest bondage, which yet it is easy to break if thou wouldst cease asking many things for thyself, if thou wouldst cease giving thyself rewards, if thou wouldst keep before thy eyes both thy nature and thy age — though this be youth — and wouldst say to thyself: Why am I so senseless? What do I pant after? Why do I sweat? Why do I haunt the earth, the forum? Nor is it a task either difficult or long.

(18) For this, it will help us to examine the nature of things: at first we shall leave behind us whatever is vile; then the mind itself, concerning which the need is superlatively great, we shall turn away from the body. Finally, having exercised our wits in things hid, they will not be of poorer quality with regard to what is evident. For nothing is more clear than these salutary matters, which we condemn, yet lay not aside.



“DWELLING in darkness, wise in their own conceit, puffed up with vain knowledge, they go round and round, staggering to and fro like blind men led by the blind.”— From the *Mundaka-Upanishad*

H. P. BLAVATSKY: THE MYSTERY

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

PART TWO: PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC

CHAPTER XVIII—REINCARNATION AND THE GENERAL DOCTRINE OF REIMBODIMENT

"I know I am deathless.

I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass. . . .

And whether I come to my own today or in ten thousand or ten million years.

I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait. . . .

And as to you, Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths.

(No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before). . . .

Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years. . . .

Births have brought us richness and variety,

And other births have brought us richness and variety."

— WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass*

IN the preceding chapter on the subject of Karman, Reincarnation or the repeated reïmbodiment of the Reincarnating Ego in vehicles of human flesh, has been spoken of as a special case of the General Doctrine of Reïmbodiment. This General Doctrine of Reïmbodiment applies not solely to man, but to all centers of consciousness, or, in other words, to all Monads whatsoever, wheresoever they may be on the evolutionary Ladder of Life, and whatsoever may be their particular developmental grade thereon.

The meaning of this general doctrine is very simple indeed. It is as follows: Every life-consciousness-center, in other words, every Monad or monadic essence, reincorporates itself repeatedly in various vehicles or 'bodies,' to use the popular word. These bodies may be spiritual, or they may be physical, or they may be of a nature inter-

mediate between these two: in other words, ethereal.

This rule of Nature, which applies to all Monads without exception, takes place in all the different realms of the visible and invisible Universe, and on all its different planes, and in all its different worlds.

When a Monad is undergoing such a course of reïmbodiment on our earth, in the present stage of human evolution, such reïmbodiment takes place in human bodies, in bodies of flesh; and this is Reincarnation. But before this special phase of reïmbodiment began, in far past ages of the earth's history, the reïmbodiment of the human Monad was indeed the evolutionary course then followed, as it now is followed, but it did not then take place in bodies of human flesh.

It is the Theosophical teaching that when the present passing phase — for

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that is what it is — of Reincarnation has reached its end, then Reimbodiment as an evolutionary method will continue, but in bodies then not of human flesh, but composed of ethereal substance; and at a still later time the Monad will clothe itself in veils or garments or sheaths of matter still more ethereal, which we may perhaps actually speak of as being spiritual.

The process of Reincarnation is not difficult to understand, and the student or reader who cares to pursue the subject no farther, may gain all the knowledge that he desires from an attentive perusal of our Theosophical works; but for those who desire to go more deeply into the rationale of the General Doctrine of Reimbodiment, the facts and observations which this and the following chapter will contain, may be of assistance.

Before taking up more in detail our study of the general doctrine, it should be stated that there are seven words used in the Theosophical philosophy in connexion with Reimbodiment, which are not all synonymous, although some of these seven words have almost the same meaning.

They are:

1. Pre-existence
2. Rebirth
3. Reimbodiment
4. Metensomatosis
5. Metempsychosis
6. Transmigration
7. Reincarnation

Of these seven words, four only may be said to contain the four different

basic ideas of the general Doctrine of Reimbodiment, and these four are Pre-existence, Reimbodiment, Metempsychosis, and Transmigration.

Pre-existence is the most easily explained, and it simply means that the human soul-entity existed before birth. This is a doctrine by no means typically Theosophical, but belonged likewise to the early teachings of Christianity, as is evidenced in the writings that remain to us of Origen, the great Alexandrian Church-Father, and his School.

Reimbodiment, the second of these four words, in meaning goes much farther. It states not only that the soul-entity exists before birth, but also undergoes a series of reimbodiments before birth on earth, and during all its course of evolutionary progress through the invisible spheres.

The third of these four words, Metempsychosis, embodies ideas still more profound and fundamental, and signifies that the monadic essence or the life-consciousness-center, or Monad, not merely is pre-existent to physical birth — not merely that the soul-entity reimbodies itself — but also that the Monad, during the course of its aeonic pilgrimage through the spheres, clothes itself with, or makes unto itself for its own self-expression, various ego-souls, which flow forth from it: that they have each one its characteristic and individual life, which, when its life-period is completed is gathered back again into the bosom of the Monad for its period of rest, at the completion of it to reissue therefrom upon a new cyclical pilgrimage. This

last series of ideas has already been briefly spoken of in preceding chapters, in connexion with the Reincarnating Ego, one of these soul-egos, or ego-souls.

Transmigration, the fourth of these words, is a much abused term. In European and American countries it is commonly supposed to be synonymous with Reincarnation, but with the added idea that the human soul-entity, if its Karman after physical life be a heavy or evil one, then at death passes into the body of a beast. Let us say at once that this is not the Theosophical teaching. "Once a man always a man," is a very definite statement of the Ancient Wisdom, or Theosophy; and the references in Oriental and Greek and Latin literature to what is mistakenly called 'Transmigration' and 'Metempsychosis,' as signifying rebirth in bodies of beasts, contain an esoteric teaching concerning the life-atoms of the deceased entity. As construed by Europeans, these references are distorted into an entire misunderstanding of what the original significance and meaning of the Oriental and Greek and Latin doctrines were. Theosophy positively repudiates the idea that the human soul-entity ever, at any time, reincarnates in the body of a beast. This is against Nature's rigid laws, and never happens.

Transmigration as here used, and as correctly used by the Theosophists, merely means that the life-consciousness-center passes from one form of life to another form of life: migrates, as it were, from one realm to another

realm, but always pursuing its own upward course in evolution.

Transmigration contains, in fact, the combined meanings of Evolution and Karman, in other words, karmic evolution, as signifying the path followed by the Monad in migrating from sphere to sphere, from spirit to matter, and back again to spirit, and in the course of this pilgrimage entering into vehicle or body after vehicle or body.

Here then are the four main words, of the seven above spoken of, briefly explained. Of these four the most important is Metempsychosis, perhaps, although the ideas contained in all four must be kept clearly in the mind, if the student wishes to have a definite outline of the nature of the pilgrimage followed by the monadic essence.

That Reincarnation, quite outside of the doctrines of Pre-existence and Reimbodiment, was as familiar to many of the early Christian Church-Fathers and community, as it is today to Theosophists, may be proved from the writings of Origen, for instance. His two condemnations at the Constantinopolitan Councils mentioned in another chapter are a proof of this statement; and we shall give a number of citations from Origen in further proof, during the course of the succeeding chapter.

As regards the other three words of the list of seven hereinbefore given: Rebirth and Reimbodiment are very much the same, with the difference that Reimbodiment definitely sets forth the series or succession of bodies, and their nature, which the evolving entity takes

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unto itself, and in which it lives, and through which it works on this and other planes and in other worlds.

Metensomatosis is practically the same as Reimbodiment. It is of course a Greek word, and its signification is perhaps somewhat more limited than is Reimbodiment and really means merely the taking up of successive physical bodies on earth. It is, therefore, practically identical with rebirth.

In no case is the word Reincarnation identical with any of the other six words, though of course it has grounds of strong similarity with Pre-existence, because obviously the entity pre-exists before it reincarnates; and on the same grounds it is similar to Rebirth, Reimbodiment, and Metensomatosis. Such differences of meaning as exist are in a closely reasoned exposition of the General Doctrine; but the shades of meaning are of no particular value to the average reader.

Undertaking now a brief sketch of the meaning of the General Doctrine of Reimbodiment: as before said, the evolving entity, or more accurately and definitely the monadic essence, except during its intervals of cosmic rest which we may call pralayas, to use the Sanskrit word: during which periods it rests in its own pure and essential being in the bosom of the Cosmic Hierarchy: passes its entire existence in manifestation in a series of corporealizations succeeding one another regularly throughout any such cosmic period of manifestation.

Each one of such corporealizations or imbodiments, is a veil or garment or

sheath partly evolved by the monadic essence from its own inner energies and substances, and partly built up of life-atoms drawn from the reservoir of the sphere in which it is, or from the world in which it is, during such particular corporealization or imbodiment.

These imbodiments, as said, range from the spiritual to the material within the confines or frontiers of any one Hierarchy. This is really but another way of saying that the general course of reimbodiment is the general course of Evolution, for each one such imbodiment is the evolutionary child or successor of the one which preceded it, and is of course therefore likewise the karmic parent of the one which follows it.

The doctrine is that in the beginning of any cosmic Period of Manifestation, the Monad or monadic essence reissues forth from the bosom of the Cosmic Hierarchy or Cosmic Monad, and immediately clothes itself with garments of spiritual substance, which, for the sake of easy understanding, we may perhaps call garments of spiritual light — light, in Theosophy, being ethereal or spiritual substance.

It passes a certain period of existence in these garments, beginning to weave the web of destiny according to the karmic roots or seeds — whichever phrase may please the reader better—brought over by it from the preceding period of Cosmic Manifestation, and now beginning to become active.

The course of any such cosmic Period of Manifestation for the Universe involved, and for all the hosts of entities that it contains — which as before

pointed out, in-fill and actually make that Universe itself — passes from the divine or superspiritual through the spiritual into the ethereal, thence through the ethereal into the material, wherein the greatest degree of condensation of substance is reached.

Passing through these material phases of its evolutionary progression, the Universe as an entity, begins the reascent towards the superspiritual origin from which it in the beginning had set forth, and just as it had passed through various and increasing degrees of materiality on the downward arc, so now does it reascend towards that spiritual source through various and differing degrees of gradually etherealizing substances.

In each and every one of the various worlds, planes, and spheres contained in these different degrees or stages of the Ladder of Life which the evolving Universe is, every Monadic essence of the countless hosts of Monads infilling that Universe evolves forth from itself bodies corresponding and appropriate to such various worlds and planes and spheres; which bodies, as said, the monadic essence corporealizes itself in, and which are partly drawn from its own essence, and partly made up from the life-atoms of the corresponding sphere or spheres.

These life-atoms, however, are in no sense of the word foreign to the individual Monad or monadic essence, for they are in their turn living entities or evolving atoms, which the Monad in the previous period of Cosmic Manifestation had thrown forth from its

own essence, and which, on the return of the Monad, rejoin it through what we may call psycho-magnetic attraction.

The reader will remember what the authors of this book have set forth in preceding chapters, to the effect that every entity everywhere, forms a part: integral, inseparable in essence: of some entity still greater and still more evolved from which it originally came. Just so do these life-atoms, which the Monad reincorporates into its various imbodiments or vehicles or sheaths or veils or bodies, return to it when its spiritual-psycho-magnetic influence is felt by these life-atoms upon the entrance into their respective spheres of such monadic essence during the course of its pilgrimage.

This really wonderful series of Cosmic Adventures, both of Monad and of life-atom, furnishes a subject of study of the most fascinating character for our hours of quiet thought. The general principles of the Doctrine of Reimbodiment which we have thus briefly sketched, lie in the background of all the great world-religions and world-philosophies of the past, and indeed actually furnish in those religions and philosophies the esoteric or secret side of their doctrines.

These esoteric or secret sides of course were always taught "at low breath" and "with mouth to ear," as the sayings go. The Mysteries of Antiquity comprised an elucidation of these secret teachings given to the Epopts or fully initiated ones: and we may say in passing that the main reason for the

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great secrecy which surrounded the Ancient Mysteries was originally and very largely based on the impossibility of making them understood by the ordinary run of men without due and adequate preparation, or, in other words, a course of intellectual and moral training lasting through many years. Not all men were found fit to be the depositaries of this sacred knowledge; and the penalties following unauthorized divulgence of these mystic secrets were very heavy indeed.

The preceding few paragraphs set forth *in parvo* the main outline of the general Doctrine of Reimbodiment. However, in order to bring the matter more definitely to the mind's eye of the reader, let us turn for a while to the subject of Death, which is a dissolution, on one side, of bodies, and the preparation for a new state in the invisible realms, and trace the Adventures of a Spiritual Atom, in other words, of a Monad, as it leaves human incarnation preparatory to embarking on one of its journeys through the spheres.

It was said in another chapter, that Death is preceded by a period of preparatory phases or events initiated by the principles of man's inner constitution, which culminate in the dissolution of the lower Triad, as outlined in the second of the schematic diagrams given in chapter Sixteen. What men call old age, senility, and physical decay, are the physical resultants of this preparatory withdrawal of the monadic essence from conscious participation in the affairs of earth-life, and may be with a great deal of truth compared to

the period preceding the birth of a child.

The inner constitution: which here means the Reincarnating Ego and to a certain extent the Human Ego and of course the uppermost Duad, of the schematic diagram mentioned: prepares itself for a new birth — at least the monadic essence does; and a portion of this preparation consists in the gradual withdrawal of the Reincarnating Ego from conscious participation in earth-life, and an accompanying dulling of the faculties of the mortal Human Ego, its child.

The Lower Triad composed of the physical body, of its vital essence or electrical field (Prâna), and of the model-body, compose an aggregate which is, as an aggregate, unconditionally mortal, and therefore falls to pieces with the rupture of the 'golden thread of connexion' — in other words when the stream of consciousness from the monadic essence is broken, or rather withdrawn.

The life-atoms composing this prânic or 'electrical field' of vitality, as soon as the rupture of the golden thread of consciousness takes place, fly with the rapidity of lightning, each to its appropriate reservoir of the planet; but as these life-atoms, just as are the life-atoms of all the principles of man's constitution, are each one of them a living entity, an evolving and learning thing, they do not remain in a state of dormancy or in sleep until their parent monadic essence, after many ages, returns again to physical incarnation; but each one of them almost immedi-

ately begins a series of transmigrations into other bodies coming into physical existence, each such life-atom of this Lower Triad existing on these three planes: that is to say, the physical plane, the astral plane, and the prânic plane: entering into such bodies either at birth or indeed before birth, or after birth, in the shape of food or drink, or with the air we breathe, or in other manners, such as occurs in endosmosis. They are attracted to the bodies of those entities which are most akin to their own state of psycho-magnetic evolution, and these life-atoms themselves act according to the strongest impression left upon the fabric of their being by the man, just deceased, whose body they composed.

This is the real meaning of the ancient and Oriental doctrines which pass under the much misunderstood term 'transmigration.'

The two Duads which remain of the constitution of the man who was, follow the course already briefly described, to wit: the intermediate Duad breaks up into two parts: the upper part or Reincarnating Ego is withdrawn into the bosom of its parent Monad, its inner god, where it remains in Devachanic bliss and peace until its next incarnation on earth.

The other or lower part of the intermediate Duad, which is the dregs of the Human Ego that was, remains in the astral spheres as the kâma-rûpa or spook, which gradually, if left alone and not attracted by earthly magnetisms, fades out, as did the physical body which it had previously informed.

Its life-atoms follow precisely the same course, in a general way, that did the three classes of life-atoms of the Lower Triad, as above described. They transmigrate continuously from living entity to living entity, but remain on their own psycho-mental plane.

The Upper Duad has now become a Triad by the inclusion within its bosom of the Reincarnating Ego, and this, strictly speaking, is what is called in Theosophical terminology, the 'human Monad.' Really, however, the Monad is the Upper Duad alone, but the attributive adjective 'human' is now given to it on account of the Reincarnating Ego which it now contains within itself.

This portion of the doctrine we have no need to consider further — that is to say, as concerns the human Monad — for it will be sufficient to remember that the Reincarnating Ego sleeps in ineffable bliss and peace in its Devachanic state until the call to Reincarnation on earth comes again after a lapse of time which varies according to the spiritual or material characteristics of the man that was. If his nature had been highly evolved and spiritual, reincarnation does not take place before many centuries have passed. If his nature had been material, reincarnation takes place much sooner.

The Monad, which we may now look upon again as a Duad, follows its own path or pilgrimage, for it, on its own lofty plane or in its own lofty state or condition, is an evolving entity as much as is the humblest of the life-atoms previously existent in the lower substance-principles of the man that was.

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It passes from sphere to sphere, from world to world, from plane to plane, passing a certain time in each; in each evolving forth new sheaths and garments appropriate to such world or plane or sphere; and these sheaths and garments become the new intermediate portion or intermediate Duad of the child-entity now coming into conscious existence in such world or sphere: and these sheaths or garments are fit for these other worlds or planes or spheres. This is the the meaning of Metempsychosis.

The Monad ascends first through the three ascending spheres of our earth's Planetary Chain, in each of which it follows the same general course of action that it did on this our earth (the lowest sphere of our Planetary Chain), evolving forth therein imbodiments in which it manifests for a time.

Reaching the highest or the last of these three ascending planets of our Earth-Chain, it goes next to one of the Seven Sacred Planets of the ancients, and therein passes through an evolutionary course similar to what it did on our Earth-Chain.

Finishing with this Chain, it goes to the next of the Seven Sacred Planets, and on the Planetary Chain of this second, it follows the same general course. And thus, through all the seven planets, the seventh bringing it back nearest to earth where it again 'imbodies' itself in — or rather overshadows — the frame of a human child to be; and this is done through the attraction towards such imbodiment felt by the Reincarnating Ego within its

bosom, which thus, so to say, attracts the Monadic pilgrim to such reincarnation.

The Seven Sacred Planets of the ancients are the following: given here not in the order of the monadic pilgrimage, but in the order in which they are usually set forth in the ancient writings: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, Moon: and it should be said in passing that the sun and the moon are here substitutes for two secret planets.

A very important point of this entire subject is the following: Every one of the various and many imbodiments or vehicles in which the monadic essence manifests itself during the highly varied and picturesque course of its pilgrimage through the spheres, is composed of life-atoms of degrees and kind and ethereality or materiality appropriate to the respective planes or worlds or spheres in which the monadic essence at any period of time may find itself.

The question then arises perhaps in the mind of the reader: Is there then no abiding center in man? Is he nothing, reduced to the last analysis, but an agglomerate or aggregate of life-atoms on each one of the planes of his inner constitution? Are his seven substance-principles then built up of nothing but life-atoms? If so, where is the life-consciousness-center spoken of? Where is the center of individuality?

These questions are extremely pertinent, but the answer to them is a very simple one indeed. Through all these various imbodiments there runs the

stream of consciousness flowing forth from the monadic essence; and furthermore, in any one imbodiment, such as that of man on earth in any incarnation, this stream is colored by the child-stream of consciousness flowing forth from the Reincarnating Ego.

Now this stream of consciousness, this golden thread of individuality, on which all the substance-principles of man's constitution are threaded, so to say, like beads on a golden chain, is called the *Sûtrâtman*, a Sanskrit word meaning 'Thread-Self,' which is the stream of consciousness-life running through all the various substance-principles of the human entity — or indeed of any other entity.

It is this *Sûtrâtman*, this Thread-Self, this consciousness-stream, or rather stream of consciousness-life, which is the fundamental Selfhood in all beings, and which, reflected in and through the several intermediate vehicles or veils or sheaths or garments of the invisible constitution of man, or of any other being in which the Monad enshrouds itself as before explained, produces the egoic centers of self-conscious existence.

The *Sûtrâtman*, therefore, is rooted in the Monad, the monadic essence, but its stream is colored by the individuality of the Reincarnating Ego hitherto sleeping in the bosom of the Monad, which now after Reincarnation is awakened into self-conscious activity; and this 'colored stream' working through the appropriate vehicles of man's inner constitution, in other words, through his mind and through his emotions, his

aspirations, his intellect and so forth, produces the individual consciousness which man recognises in himself.

One of the profoundest teachings of the great Greek philosopher Plato, outlined for instance in his *Meno*, his *Phaedo*, his *Phaedrus*, his *Laws*, and others of his remarkable Socratic dialogues, is that regarding the origin of human consciousness when reflected in its instinctive and intuitive operations.

Plato taught, following the Pythagoreans, that this was due to previous re-embodiments of the egoic center which man is, and that, therefore, all consciousness in its various degrees of development, and consequently all knowledge and wisdom and faculty, are but reminiscences of former existences, which reminiscences each new life develops and increases and improves.

The great Greek philosopher called this body of reminiscences by the one word *Anamnesis*, or re-collection, meaning the gathering together again into a coherent unity of all the energetic consciousness-activities that the being in the preceding incarnation was. This in a sense is truly Recollection or memorization of the past: not indeed of details, but of the psychological resultants.

Any human being who cares to analyse his own consciousness must have some realization of the truth of Plato's statement, that the faculties and powers of consciousness which man shows forth could hardly have been developed in any one life-time, for they are a quite complete body of conscious

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energies which in their aggregate form a man's personalized individuality.

The old materialistic doctrine of our fathers and grandfathers, that man's consciousness is but the psychologically recognised reflexion of chemical changes taking place in the body, and particularly in the brain, is as inept and foolish as it is entirely inadequate to explain what the 'explanation' so called attempted.

Quite outside of the fact that every molecule of the human body is completely changed some half dozen or more times during an averagely long life: and quite outside of the fact that this constant flowing of the molecular constitution of man should, according to the molecular theory, make man's individuality change completely from day to day, there is the other still more conclusive argument, which every normal human being knows perfectly well, that his consciousness is the same from the first moments in childhood when the individual first is cognisant of it, to the day of his death.

The egoic stream is not merely unchanged, but increases in volume, as the body develops into its mature age; and how the older school of materialists worked their mental gymnastics in reconciling these irreconcilable contradictions, furnishes one of the most puzzling, if amusing, episodes in modern European philosophical thought.

The argument of course is childish. Plato was distinctly right. Not merely is consciousness reminiscence in the Platonic sense — that is, the coming anew into self-conscious recognition of

the energies precedently working—but the recognition of his individuality by man grows stronger as the years pass, and as the innate faculties and powers of that individuality come more fully into actual manifestation. It is obvious that in any one life-time no such individuality could possibly have been built up, with its wide fields of cognition and recognition and the functioning of consciousness varying so widely as they do in different human beings. How unconscious lifeless matter could give birth to self-conscious cognition of matter, offers a truly unsolvable problem.

All this shows that the stream of consciousness which man calls his egoic individuality, is something which preceded his birth; and so strongly has this obvious fact appealed to the greatest minds and loftiest spiritual intellects of the East, that all of them, without exception, have recognised the truth of, and taught the doctrine of, the repeated reïmbodiments of the human egoic center.

In view of what has been said in the preceding paragraphs of this chapter, it should be therefore very clear indeed that man, considered as an entity, is but an aggregate of life-atoms existing in various vehicles, from the physical, through the intermediate or ethereal, up to the spiritual; and any individual human entity, therefore, is in himself a copy of the Macrocosm or Great World. As the latter is a cosmic Hierarchy, so is man the Microcosm, its copy. He is therefore a Little World, and includes in himself, that is to say

in his entire constitution, both visible and invisible, hierarchies of the hosts of these life-atoms in all-various degrees of evolutionary development.

Through it all, however, as we have already pointed out, runs the stream of consciousness, which, adopting a word of the archaic Hindû philosophy, we have called the 'Thread-Self,' or Sû-trâtman.

We have traced the pilgrimage of the monadic essence from the beginning of the cosmic Period of Manifestation down into the most material portions of its evolutionary journey in any one Universe, such as our own, and we have briefly sketched its peregrinations through this most material portion, and have pointed to its rising along the ascending arc towards the completion of its evolutionary journey back to the Divinity from which it sprang in the beginning of the aeons of any such cosmic Period of Manifestation.

As Nature is repetitive in action throughout, for the reasons which we have set forth in other chapters: in other words, as Nature works wholly after a cyclical manner or pattern: thus also is Reincarnation, one of Nature's operations, in the small but a repetition of the general rule of the pilgrimage of the monadic essence in the Large or Great.

Reincarnation takes place according to the same general scheme of action, in the case of man, that the imbodyments and rebodyments of the Universe with its included Hierarchies of entities, take place in the Great. When, of course, the monadic essence, towards

the close of such a cosmic Period of Manifestation, finally re-enters the Divinity from which it originally sprang, it does so as a fully self-conscious god or divinity, and it rests in what we may call its Paranirvâna for long aeons of what human beings would call time: during the pralaya or dissolution of such a Universe: before it reissues forth for a new cosmic pilgrimage, but on planes and in worlds and in spheres superior to those in which such a monadic essence is now journeying.

As regards the matter of Reincarnation or the repeated rebodyments in flesh of the Reincarnating Ego, it should not be supposed that the Reincarnating Ego on any such return into earth-existence or, in other words, into a new incarnation in a body of flesh, enters into fleshly vehicles which are wholly alien or foreign to it, or with which it had previously had no connexion whatsoever.

That notion is entirely contrary to the real meaning of the doctrine of Reincarnation, and suggests a process altogether different from what actually takes place. It would be impossible for the Reincarnating Ego to take unto itself new bodies, whether visible or invisible, formed of life-atoms with which it had previously had no possible connexion, for there would be no psychomagnetic links between the Reincarnating Ego on the one hand, and these life-atoms on the other hand.

The truth, as just said, is altogether contrary to this. All the life-atoms building up, composing, making, the

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various bodies of flesh, and the various interior substance-principles which the Reincarnating Ego reassumes in any return to rebirth on earth, are, as has already been plainly said, life-atoms which originally issued forth from the bosom of the Monadic Essence in which such Reincarnating Ego itself is a child — one of such former life-atoms evolved into the stature of self-conscious humanhood.

As the Reincarnating Ego returns through the spheres earthwards, it takes up on each plane, on each world, or in each sphere, precisely those life-atoms which had builded the various vehicles both visible and invisible, inner and outer, which it had previously dropped as it ascended out of material existence, following the decease of its last physical body.

It takes them up again, we say, and it can do no otherwise, for both these life-atoms are attracted to it as it passes through the respective spheres: and it, the Reincarnating Ego, is equivalently attracted to these spheres by the psycho-magnetic pull of these its own former life-atoms awaiting it in such respective spheres.

These life-atoms, as we have already said, had, during the post-mortem rest of the Reincarnating Ego in the bosom of its Monad, undergone or followed their own respective transmigrations into the bodies of other beings, wherein they passed times proportionate to the strength of their karmic attractions thither.

The moment that the psycho-magnetic pull of the returning Reincarna-

ting Ego is felt by them, these hosts of life-atoms which formerly composed the various substance-principles of the former human entity's constitution in the former life and lives, are drawn to the returning Reincarnating Ego, and thus they build up for the returning Ego a series of six substance-principles, and therefore a physical body also, and this combination is in all *essential* respects, the personality of the man that was in his last life.

The meaning of all this is that the returning Reincarnating Ego gathers again unto itself the identical life-atoms which it had formerly used in its last incarnation or incarnations. It may be truly said, therefore, that the new physical body, indeed, the entire constitution of the new human being, is exactly the man that formerly was at the moment of death, but rejuvenated and renewed, although of course the various adventures of the life-atoms of the different substance-principles have modified and changed them more or less.

But the Reincarnating Ego itself has grown stronger in a psycho-spiritual sense, the resultant of its long rest and recuperation in the bosom of its parent Monadic Essence. Just so is a man refreshed and recuperated after a long night's sleep, and awakens to find his consciousness alert, active, in the body that he had when he laid himself down to rest.

Yet we must be careful here. The new man is essentially the old man rejuvenated and renewed, because the life-atoms are the same that he former-

ly had, which life-atoms compose his entire constitution; but in another sense, and a very true one, a very profound one, these life-atoms and therefore the new man, are the karmic *resultant* or *fruitage* or *consequence* of the man that was.

We cannot say that he is *exactly* the same man that he was before, because things have moved and changed for the better. Not only does the stream of consciousness run more strongly and more clear, but the life-atoms themselves have undergone all-various modifications which are the resultants of their peregrinations through the realms of matter.

It is somewhat like a tree which in its perennial life dies down in the autumn for a while and remains a skeleton of the bare trunk and branches; and yet when the warm rains come in the spring, under the sunshine it burgeons and shoots forth a new garment of leaf-life. Shall we say that the new verdure, the new leaves, covering the branches with the new glory of their appearance, are exactly the same old leaves that were? Hardly. And yet they are all derived from the same life-stock, and as our Theosophical philosophy tells us, even the life-atoms that composed the former leaves are re-embodied in the new leaves; and just so it is with man.

We dwell with some emphasis upon this matter because it is important. We cannot say, if we speak with precision and necessary exactness, that the new man is the identical man who was, because that statement is not quite true.

On the other hand, we cannot say that the new man is a different man from the old man that was, for that statement is not quite true.

It is in this very wonderful thought that lies the esoteric meaning of the old Buddhist doctrine that the human soul is mortal and dies even as the physical body dies, and that the fruitage or karmic consequence of the man that was is the new man that now is. The Buddhists are right in saying that the man is the same and yet not the same, because it is in all senses of the word the karmic consequence of the man that was, the life-atoms being the same, and as we Theosophists say, the stream of consciousness being the same; yet as all have changed from what they were before, we cannot say that the new man is *exactly* the man who was. And thank the immortal gods that this is so!

As we have pointed out in other chapters, were there a changeless consciousness remaining in crystallized immobility, which passes, according to the popular theory of the Occident, from earth to heaven, there would be no possibility whatsoever of the continuous and ever-enlarging evolutionary march towards a constantly expanding perfection, which is actually what takes place; but there would be, at the best, nothing more following the post-mortem state, were there such a changeless human soul, than a wearisome repetition of the old memories and the old thoughts with a possible series of psychological modifications brought about by the exercise of will-power.

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Such an outlook not only brings the philosophic mind to utter despair, but is actually repulsive when thoroughly understood. Nature works very differently from this. Her very name is Change: growth, expansion of faculty and power, in other words Evolution, the bringing out unceasingly, continu-

ously and endlessly, of the infinite possibilities lying in the Monadic Essence; and as this Monadic Essence itself is constantly evolving and growing, it becomes at once obvious that, like the karmic chain of causation — its twin operation of Nature — Evolution is both beginningless and endless.

OUR COMMON IDEALS

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

AT the present important epoch in the Theosophical movement, when the Leader, Dr. G. de Purucker, has issued his call to all Theosophists, whatever their affiliation, to unite their efforts in promotion of their common ideals; and when such a hearty response is being made to that call; it is of special importance that there should be a clear idea of what Theosophy is.

William Q. Judge described it as an ocean, shallow enough at its shores not to overwhelm the most modest tyro; but profound enough to give the greatest minds their fullest scope. It is probable that there are some members of the Theosophical movement who are not sufficiently aware of the vastness of this great and ancient knowledge which H. P. Blavatsky brought to the modern world, and who consequently do not know what they have been missing.

There is always the tendency, to be guarded against, that Theosophists may wander into narrow and profitless side-tracks, or forsake the ocean for some stagnant backwater. Again, there is the danger that the teachings may be

crystallized into a dogmatic and inflexible system.

It is consequently important to bear in mind that H. P. Blavatsky opened up a vast and illimitable field of inquiry. She came to liberate the human mind and to break up dogmas and molds of thought in every direction. Great as has been the scope of the teachings she gave out, she declared that they represent only a minute fraction of what had to be withheld; and she called upon students to use their own awakened faculties in following out the lines which she indicated.

One of the dangers against which she, and other teachers, have always warned their pupils is that of 'psychism.' It leads people away from the path of knowledge and strands them in a profitless backwater. It is like wandering in the wan and fitful moonlight instead of following the glorious light of the noonday sun. If we read H. P. Blavatsky's works, such as *The Voice of the Silence*, *Occultism and the Occult Arts*, and *Psychic and Noëtic Action*, we shall see that she warns the aspirant to knowledge against the subtil

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temptations of the lower psychic nature, with their appeal to vanity, lust, and ambition.

The name of Hall the second is the Hall of Learning. In it thy Soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled.

Theosophy does not deny the existence of psychic powers, nor their importance; it only warns people against the risks of ignorant tampering with them. These powers are neutral, just as dynamite and electricity are neutral; but, like dynamite and electricity, they are dangerous in the hands of an untrained person. Before they can be developed, it is necessary that the student should have gained full control over himself; he must be sure of the impersonality of his motives; and not only that, but he must possess the power to resist their allurements. Psychic powers must not be sought after, but allowed to develop naturally and normally, an event which will come unsought whenever the aspirant to knowledge is fit to use such powers safely and serviceably. There may be some people who feel so confident as to say that the gain from psychism is great enough to justify the risk. It is not. There is not enough gain to justify the smallest risk; as has been said, that pursuit leads the seeker for knowledge away from the path into a backwater.

What the world needs today is that man shall develop his *spiritual* powers; the powers of his higher and immortal nature, not the powers of his intermediate psycho-mental nature.

As regards The Theosophical So-

ciety and H. P. Blavatsky, its Founder, Dr. G. de Purucker, in his *Theosophy and Modern Science*, chapter I, says the following:

She was the chosen Messenger of a certain body of wise and spiritually-minded men, who chose her as their Messenger to the world in that century, on account of her great spiritual and intellectual gifts. She was to strike the keynote of certain age-old truths which had been forgotten during the passage of many ages; and the aggregate of the teachings of which she struck the keynote, and which she gave forth in outline in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, was intended to be the doctrinal foundation of a Society which should gather into its ranks high-thinking men and women, those whose whole intent and purpose in life was to live manly and to live womanly, and to do all in their power to fulfil the destiny which every man and woman should aspire properly to fulfil.

The above statement need not be taken on authority, for any sensible, self-reliant person is at liberty to go to sources and see for himself what H. P. Blavatsky has to say in justification of the above claims. We wish nothing better than that the inquirer should take this course.

The two fundamental hypostases of Theosophy are Love and Wisdom — both summed up in the word 'Heart-Doctrine.' These two cannot be separated; and the attempt to do so will land us either in cold intellectualism or sloppy sentimentalism. Man must cultivate all sides of his nature. This is the era for a renewed emphasis on the great philosophical teachings of Theosophy. Theosophy is at once religion, philosophy, science. It is the synthesis of possible knowledge. It furnishes the

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missing clues for science, religion, and philosophy, showing how all are related to one another as parts of a vast universal system. Theosophy is an interpretation of life and of experience.

The great ancient teaching that the whole universe is composed of animate beings, and of nothing else, is being brought to the fore; and men of science, by their discoveries, are illustrating the truth of this doctrine. It was H. P. Blavatsky who struck this keynote; and it is now being developed, along the lines which she laid out, by Dr. de Purucker in his lectures and in his book *Theosophy and Modern Science*. Herein we can study how to develop our powers on sane and wholesome lines. Theosophy makes no appeal to authority but relies on its power to convince the judgment. Within every man are the divine faculties of intuition, which enable him to recognise the truth when it is presented to him.

The pursuit of Theosophy is inseparable from the highest ethics; for these ethics are not man-made conventions or temporary and local fashions, but principles of conduct based on facts in human nature. Man has a certain constitution, and this implies that certain laws are necessary to his well-being, and that he cannot violate them with impunity. Moreover the whole purpose of Theosophy, the sole object of H. P. Blavatsky, is the promotion of human welfare, and not the personal gratification of individuals. Know-

ledge cannot be separated from conduct; for all knowledge that is not grounded in impersonal motive will go to feed the lower nature and thus prove an obstacle to real attainment.

It should be thoroughly understood that a getting back to the original teachings of Theosophy, as laid down by the Founder, does *not* imply stagnation or reaction or a conservative dogmatism. Quite the contrary: for those teachings are part of the eternal Wisdom-Religion, a shoreless and unfathomable ocean. Moreover it was H. P. Blavatsky who showed her pupils how to set their feet on the Path that leads to infinite attainment. On the other hand, the pursuit of objects other than those laid down by H. P. Blavatsky as included in Theosophy, *does* lead the aspirant into unprofitable side-tracks and stagnation. What we have to keep in mind is the age-old Path to knowledge and attainment, and the wise old saying that discipline is the first step to Wisdom.

As to Teachers—they are those who teach Theosophy. They are recognised by their fruits. Leaders are those who lead, whom men love and trust, who have shown themselves faithful to their mission. A Theosophical union must be based on mutual love, trust, and understanding, loyalty to a common purpose. Confidence in the purity of our own motives will give us the power of discernment; but if it is any personal advantage we are after, then we are sure to go astray.

TO KATHERINE TINGLEY — JULY 6, 1930

Kenneth Morris, D. Litt.

BELOVED and sacred, wheresoe'er you are —
Or mountain-throned, or Regent of the Sea,
Or wielding all-compassionate sovereignty
In Capricorn, or near the Polar Star:
So grand the Heart that led this nether war
Of the Sun's sons 'gainst darkness' empery,
We cannot doubt the Love that made us free
Still shines to light our hearts from near or far.

Ah dearer Heart than life or love is dear!
Most hallowed Heart, made one with loveliest Peace,
One with the Sun and every star that shines:
Be your high altar raised forever Here
Of souls you ennobled! Till these warfares cease
Be all our hearts your strongholds, hearths, and shrines!

THE POPULAR IDEA OF SOUL-SURVIVAL

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

(From *The Theosophist*, December, 1879)

AT what epoch the dawning intellect of man first accepted the idea of future life, none can tell. But we know that, from the very first, its roots struck so deeply, so entwined about human instincts, that the belief has endured through all generations, and is imbedded in the consciousness of every nation and tribe, civilized, semi-civilized or savage. The greatest minds have speculated upon it; and the rudest savages, though having no name for the Deity, have yet believed in the existence of spirits and worshiped them. If, in Christian Russia, Wallachia, Bulgaria and Greece, the Oriental Church

enjoins that upon All-Saints day offerings of rice and drink shall be placed upon the graves; and in 'heathen' India, the same propitiatory gifts of rice are made to the departed; so, likewise, the poor savage of New Caledonia makes his sacrifice of food to the skulls of his beloved dead.

According to Herbert Spencer, the worship of souls and relics is to be attributed to "the primitive idea that any property characterizing an aggregate, inheres in all parts of it. . . . The soul, present in the body of the dead man preserved entire, is also present in the preserved parts of his body. Hence,

the faith in relics." This definition, though in logic equally applicable to the gold-enshrined and bejewelled relic of the cultured Roman Catholic devotee, and to the dusty, time-worn skull of the fetish-worshiper, might yet be excepted to by the former, since he would say that he does not believe the soul to be present in either the whole cadaver, skeleton, or part, nor does he, strictly speaking, worship it. He but honors the relic as something which, having belonged to one whom he deems saintly, has by the contact acquired a sort of miraculous virtue. Mr. Spencer's definition, therefore, does not seem to cover the whole ground. So also Professor Max Müller, in his *Science of Religion*, after having shown to us, by citing numerous instances, that the human mind had from the beginning, a "vague hope of a future life," explains no more than Herbert Spencer whence or how came originally such a hope. But merely points to an inherent faculty in *uncultivated* nations of changing the forces of nature into gods and demons. He closes his lecture upon the Turanian legends and the universality of this belief in ghosts and spirits by simply remarking that the worship of the spirits of the departed is the most widely spread form of *superstition* all over the world.

Thus, whichever way we turn for a philosophical solution of the mystery; whether we expect an answer from theology which is itself bound to believe in miracles, and teach supernaturalism; or ask it from the now dominant schools of modern thought—the great-

est opponents of the miraculous in nature; or, again, turn for an explanation to that philosophy of extreme positivism which, from the days of Epicurus down to the modern school of James Mill, adopting for its device the glaring sciolism "*nihil in intellectu quod non ante fuerit in sensu*," makes intellect subservient to matter — we receive a satisfactory reply from none!

If this article were intended merely for a simple collation of facts, authenticated by travelers on the spot, and concerning but 'superstitions' born in the mind of the primitive man and now lingering only among the savage tribes of humanity, then the combined works of such philosophers as Herbert Spencer might solve our difficulties. We might remain content with his explanation that in the absence of hypotheses "foreign to thought in its earliest stage . . . primitive ideas, arising out of various experiences, derived from the inorganic world" — such as the actions of wind, the echo, and man's own shadow — proving to the uneducated mind that there was "an invisible form of existence which manifests power," were all sufficient to have created a like "inevitable belief" (see Spencer's *Genesis of Superstition*). But we are now concerned with something nearer to us, and higher than the primitive man of the Stone Age; the man who totally ignored "those conceptions of physical causation which have arisen only as experiences, and have been slowly organized during civilization." We are now dealing with the beliefs of twenty millions of modern Spiritualists; our own

fellow men, living in the full blaze of the enlightened 19th century. These men ignore none of the discoveries of modern science; nay, many among them are themselves ranked high among the highest of such scientific discoverers. Notwithstanding all this, are they any the less addicted to the same "form of superstition," if superstition it be, than the primitive man? At least their interpretations of the physical phenomena, whenever accompanied by those coincidences which carry to their minds the conviction of an intelligence behind the physical Force — are often precisely the same as those which presented themselves to the apprehension of the man of the early and undeveloped ages.

What is a shadow? asks Herbert Spencer. By a child and a savage "a shadow is thought of as an entity." Bastian says of the Benin negroes, that "they regard men's shadows as their souls" . . . thinking "that they. . . watch all their actions, and bear witness against them." According to Crantz, among the Greenlanders a man's shadow "is one of his two souls — the one which goes away from his body at night." By the Feejeeans, the shadow is called "the dark spirit, as distinguished from another which each man possesses." And the celebrated author of the *Principles of Psychology* explains that "the community of meaning, hereafter to be noted more fully, which various unallied languages betray between shade and spirit, shows us the same thing."

What all this shows us the most

clearly however, is that, wrong and contradicting as the conclusions may be, yet the premisses on which they are based are no fictions. A thing must be, before the human mind can think or conceive of it. The very capacity to imagine the existence of something usually invisible and intangible, is itself evidence that it must have manifested itself at some time. Sketching in his usual artistic way the gradual development of the soul-idea, and pointing out at the same time how "*mythology* not only pervades the sphere of religion . . . but infects more or less the whole realm of thought," Professor Müller in his turn tells us that, when man wished for the first time to express "a distinction between the body and something else within him distinct from the body . . . the name that suggested itself was *breath*, chosen to express at first the principle of life as distinguished from the decaying body, afterwards the incorporeal . . . immortal part of man — his soul, his mind, his self . . . when a person dies, we, too, say that he has given up the ghost, and ghost, too, meant originally spirit, and spirit meant breath."

As instances of this, narratives of various missionaries and travelers are quoted. Questioned by Father F. of Boabdilla, soon after the Spanish conquest, as to their ideas concerning death, the Indians of Nicaragua told him that "when men die, there comes forth from their mouth something which resembles a person and is called *Julio* (in Aztec yuli 'to live'—explains M. Müller). This being is like a per-

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son, but does not die and the corpse remains here. . . ." In one of his numerous works, Andrew Jackson Davis, whilom considered the greatest American clairvoyant and known as the 'Poughkeepsie Seer,' gives us what is a perfect illustration of the belief of the Nicaragua Indians. This book (*Death and the After Life*) contains an engraved frontispiece, representing the death-bed of an old woman. It is called the "Formation of the Spiritual Body." Out of the head of the defunct there issues a luminous appearance — her own rejuvenated form.*

*"Suppose a person is dying," says the Poughkeepsie Seer: "The clairvoyant sees right over the head what may be called a magnetic halo—an ethereal emanation, in appearance golden, and throbbing as though conscious. . . . The person has ceased to breathe, the pulse is still, and the emanation is elongated *and fashioned in the outline of the human form!* Beneath it, is connected the brain . . . owing to the brain's momentum. I have seen a dying person, even at the last feeble pulse-beat, rouse impulsively, and rise up in bed to converse, but the next instant he was gone—his brain being the last to yield up the life-principle. The golden emanation . . . is connected with the brain by a very fine life-thread. When it ascends, there appears something *white and shining* like a human head; next, a faint outline of the face *divine*; then the *fair* neck and *beautiful* shoulders; then, in rapid succession come all parts of the new body, down to the feet—a bright shining image, a little smaller than the physical body, but a perfect prototype . . . in all except its disfigurements. The fine life-thread continues attached to the old brain. The next thing is the withdrawal of the electric principle. When this thread snaps, the spiritual body is free (!) and prepared to accompany its guardian to the Summer-Land."

Among some Hindûs the spirit is supposed to remain for ten days seated on the eaves of the house where it parted from the body. That it may bathe and drink, two plantain leaf-cups are placed on the eaves, one full of milk and the other of water. "On the first day the dead is supposed to get his head; on the second day his ears, eyes, and nose; on the third, his hands, breast, and neck; on the fourth, his middle parts; on the fifth, his legs and feet; on the sixth, his vitals; on the seventh, his bones, marrow, veins and arteries; on the eighth, his nails, hair, and teeth; on the ninth, all the remaining limbs, organs, and manly strength; and, on the tenth, hunger and thirst for the renewed body." (*The Pâtâne Prabhus*, by Krishnanâth Raghunâthji; in the Government *Bombay Gazetteer*, 1879.)

Mr. Davis's theory is accepted by all the Spiritualists, and it is on this model that the clairvoyants now describe the separation of the "incorruptible from the corruptible." But here, Spiritualists and the Aztecs branch off into two paths; for, while the former maintain that the soul is in every case immortal and preserves its individuality throughout eternity, the Aztecs say that "when the deceased has lived well, the *julio* goes up on high with our gods; but when he has lived ill, the *julio* perishes with the body, and there is an end of it."

Some persons might perchance find the 'primitive' Aztecs more consistent in their logic than our modern Spiritualists. The Laponians and Finns also

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maintain that while the body decays, a *new* one is given to the dead, which the Shaman can alone see.

"Though breath, or spirit, or ghost," says further on Professor Müller, "are the most common names . . . we yet speak of the *shades* of the departed, which meant originally their shadows. . . . Those who first introduced this expression — and we find it in the most distant parts of the world — evidently took the shadow as the nearest approach to what they wished to express; something that should be incorporeal, yet closely connected with the body. The Greek *eidolon*, too, is not much more than the shadow . . . but the curious part is this . . . that people who speak of the life or soul as the shadow of the body, have brought themselves to believe that a dead body casts no shadow, because the shadow has departed from it; that it becomes in fact, a kind of Peter Schlemihl" (*The Science of Religion*).

Do the Amazulu and other tribes of South Africa only thus believe? By no means; it is a popular idea among Slavonian Christians. A corpse which is noticed to cast a shadow in the sun is deemed a sinful soul rejected by heaven itself. It is doomed henceforth to expiate its sins as an earth-bound spirit, till the Day of the Resurrection.

Both Lander and Catlin describe the savage Mandans as placing the skulls of their dead in a circle. Each wife knows the skull of her former husband or child, and there seldom passes a day that she does not visit it, with a dish of the best cooked food. . . . There is

scarcely an hour in a pleasant day but more or less of these women may be seen sitting or lying by the skulls of their children or husbands — talking to them in the most endearing language that they can use (as they were wont to do in former days) "*and seemingly getting an answer back.*" (Quoted by Herbert Spencer in *Fetish-Worship*.)

What these poor, savage Mandan mothers and wives do is performed daily by millions of civilized Spiritualists, and but the more proves the universality of the conviction that our dead hear and can answer us. From a Theosophical, magnetic — hence in a certain sense and a scientific — standpoint, the former have, moreover, far better reasons to offer than the latter. The skull of the departed person, so interrogated, has surely closer magnetical affinities and relations to the defunct, than a table through the tippings of which the dead ones answer the living; a table, in most cases, which the spirit while imbodyed had never seen nor touched. But the Spiritualists are not the only ones to vie with the Mandans. In every part of Russia, whether mourning over the yet fresh corpse or accompanying it to the burying-ground, or during the six weeks following the death, the peasant-women as well as those of the rich mercantile classes, go on the grave to shout, or in Biblical phraseology "to lift up their voices." Once there, they wail in rhythm, addressing the defunct by name, asking of him questions, pausing as if for an answer.

Not only the ancient and idolatrous

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Egyptian and Peruvian had the curious notion that the ghost or soul of the dead man was either present in the mummy or that the corpse was itself conscious, but there is a similar belief now among the orthodox Christians of the Greek and the Roman churches. We reproach the Egyptians with placing their embalmed dead at the table; and the heathen Peruvians with having carried around the fields the dried-up corpse of a parent, that it might see and judge of the state of the crops. But what of the Christian Mexican of today, who under the guidance of his priest, dresses his corpses in finery; bedecks them with flowers, and in case of the defunct happening to be a female — even paints its cheeks with rouge! Then seating the body in a chair placed on a large table, from which the ghastly carrion presides, as it were, over the mourners seated around the table, who eat and drink the whole night and play various games of cards and dice, [they] consult the defunct as to their chances.

On the other hand, in Russia, it is a universal custom to crown the deceased person's brow with a long slip of gilt and ornamented paper, called *Ventchik* (the crown), upon which a prayer is printed in gaudy letters. This prayer is a kind of letter of introduction with which the parish priest furnishes the corpse to his patron Saint, recommending the defunct to the Saint's protection.* The Roman

*It runs in this wise: "St. Nicholas (or St. Mary So-and-so), holy patron of — (follow defunct's full name and title) receive the soul

Catholic Basques write letters to their deceased friends and relatives, addressing them either to Paradise, Purgatory or — Hell, according to the instructions given by the Father confessor of the late addressees—and, placing them in the coffins of the newly departed, ask the latter to safely deliver them in the other world, promising as a fee to the messenger, more or less masses for the repose of his soul.

At a recent *séance*, held by a well-known medium in America (see *Banner of Light*, Boston, June 14, 1879),

Mercedes, late Queen of Spain, announced herself, and came forth in full bridal array — a magnificent profusion of lace and jewels, and spoke in several different tongues with a linguist present. Her sister, the Princess Christina, came also just after in much plainer costume, and with a timid school-girl air.

Thus, we see that not only can the dead people deliver letters, but, even returning from their celestial homes, bring back with them their 'lace and jewels.' As the ancient pagan Greek peopled his Olympian heaven with feasting and flirting deities; and the American Red Indian has his happy hunting-grounds where the spirits of brave chiefs bestride their ghostly steeds, and chase their phantom game; and the Hindû his many superior lokas, where their numerous gods live in golden palaces, surrounded with all manner of sensual delights; and the Christian his New Jerusalem with streets of "pure gold, as it were transparent glass," and the foundations of the

of God's servant, and intercede for remission of his (or her) sins."

wall of the city "garnished . . . with precious stones"; where bodiless chirping cherubs and the elect, with golden harps, sing praises to Jehovah; so the modern Spiritualist has his "Summer Land zone within the milky way,"* though somewhat higher than the celestial territories of other people.† There, amid cities and villages abounding in palaces, museums, villas, colleges and temples, an eternity is passed. The young are nurtured and taught, the undeveloped of the earth matured, the old rejuvenated, and every individual taste and desire gratified; spirits flirt, get married, and have families of children.‡

*See *Stellar Key to the Summer Land* by Andrew Jackson Davis.

†In the same author's work — *The Spiritual Congress*, Galen says through the clairvoyant seer: "Between the Spirit Home and the earth, there are, strewn along the intervening distance . . . more than *four hundred thousand* planets, and *fifteen thousand* solar bodies of lesser magnitude."

‡The latest intelligence from America is that of the marriage of a spirit-daughter of Colonel Eaton, of Leavenworth, Kansas, a prominent member of the National Democratic Committee. This daughter, who died at the age of three weeks, grew in some twenty-odd years in the Summer-Land, to be a fine young lady and now is wedded to the spirit-son of Franklin Pierce, late President of the U. S. The wedding, witnessed by a famous clairvoyant of New York, was gorgeous. The "spirit bride" was "arrayed in a dress of mild green." A wedding supper was spread by the spirit's order, with lights and bouquets, and plates placed for the happy couple. The guests assembled, and the wedded ghosts fully 'materialized' themselves and sat at table with them. — *New York Times*, June 29, 1879

Verily, verily, we can exclaim with Paul, "O death where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Belief in the survival of the ancestors is the oldest and most time-honored of all beliefs.

Travelers tell us that all the Mongolians, Tatar, Finnish, and Tungusic tribes, besides the spirits of nature, deify also their ancestral spirits. The Chinese historians, treating of the Turanians, the Huns and the *Tukui* — the forefathers of the modern Turks — show them as worshipping "the spirits of the sky, of the earth, and the spirits of the departed." Medhurst enumerates the various classes of the Chinese spirits thus: The principal are the celestial spirits (*tien shin*); the terrestrial (*ti-ki*); and the ancestral or wandering spirits (*jin kwei*). Among these, the spirits of the late Emperors, great philosophers, and sages, are revered the most. They are the public property of the whole nation, and are a part of the state religion, "while each family has, besides this, its own *manes*, which are treated with great regard; incense is burned before their relics, and many superstitious rites performed."

But if all nations equally believe in, and many worship, their dead, their views as to the desirability of a direct intercourse with these late citizens differ widely. In fact, among the educated, only the modern Spiritualists seek to communicate constantly with them. We will take a few instances from the most widely separated peoples. The Hindûs, as a rule, hold

that no pure spirit, of a man who died reconciled to his fate, will ever come back bodily to trouble mortals. They maintain that it is only the *bhûtas* — the souls of those who depart this life, unsatisfied, and having their terrestrial desires unquenched, in short, bad, sinful men and women — who become 'earth-bound.' Unable to ascend at once to Moksha, they have to linger upon earth until either their next transmigration or complete annihilation; and thus take every opportunity to obsess people, especially weak women. So undesirable is to them the return or apparition of such ghosts, that they use every means to prevent it. Even in the case of the most holy feeling — the mother's love for her infant — they adopt measures to prevent her return to it. There is a belief among some of them that whenever a woman dies in child-birth, she will return to see and watch over her child. Therefore, on their way back from the ghat, after the burning of the body, the mourners thickly strew mustard seeds along the road leading from the funeral pile to the defunct's home. For some inconceivable reason they think that the ghost will feel obliged to pick up, on its way back, every one of these seeds. And, as the labor is slow and tedious, the poor mother can never reach her home before the cock crows, when she is obliged — in accordance with the ghostly laws — to vanish till the following night, dropping back all her harvest.

Among the Tchuvases, a tribe inhabiting Russian domains (Castren's

Finaische Mythologie, p. 122), a son, whenever offering sacrifice to the spirit of his father, uses the following exorcism: "We honor thee with a feast; look, here is bread for thee, and various kinds of food; thou hast all thou canst desire: but do not trouble us, do not come back near us." Among the Lapps and Finns, those departed spirits, which make their presence visible and tangible, are supposed to be very mischievous and "the most mischievous are the spirits of the priests." Everything is done to keep them away from the living.

The agreement we find between this blind popular instinct and the wise conclusions of some of the greatest philosophers, and even modern specialists, is very remarkable. "Respect the spirits and — keep them at a distance" — said Confucius, six centuries B. C. Nine centuries later, Porphyry, the famous anti-theurgist, writing upon the nature of various spirits, expressed his opinion upon the spirits of the departed by saying that *he knew of no evil* which these pestilent demons would not be ready to do. And in our own century, a kabalist, the greatest magnetizer living: Baron Dupotet, in his *Magie Devoilée*, warns the spiritists not to trouble the rest of the dead. For "the evoked shadow can *fasten itself* upon, follow, and for ever afterwards influence you; and we can appease it but through a pact which will bind us to it — till death!"

But all this is a matter of individual opinion; what we are concerned with now is merely to learn how the basic

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fact of belief in soul-survival could have so engrafted itself upon every succeeding age,—despite the extravagances woven into it — if it be but a shadowy and unreal intellectual conception originating with ‘primitive man.’ Of all modern men of science, although he does his best in the body of the work to present the belief alluded to as a mere ‘superstition’ — the only satisfactory answer is given by Professor Max Müller, in his ‘Introduction’ to *The Science of Religion*. And by his solution we have to abide for want of a better one. He can only do it, however, by overstepping the boundaries of comparative philology and boldly invading the domain of pure metaphysics; by following, in short, a path forbidden by exact science. At one blow he cuts the Gordian knot which Herbert Spencer and his school have tied under the chariot of the ‘Unknowable.’ He shows us that: “there is a philosophical discipline which examines into the conditions of sensuous or intuitional knowledge,”

and “another philosophical discipline which examines into the conditions of rational or conceptual knowledge”; and then defines for us a third faculty “. . . the faculty of apprehending the Infinite, not only in religion but in all things; a power independent of sense and reason; a power in a certain sense contradicted by sense and reason, but yet a very real power, which has held its own from the beginning of the world, neither sense nor reason being able to overcome it, while it alone is able to overcome both reason and sense.”

The faculty of *Intuition* — that which lies entirely beyond the scope of our modern biologists — could hardly be better defined. And yet, when closing his lecture upon the superstitious rites of the Chinese, and their temples devoted to the worship of the departed ancestors, our great philologist remarks: “All this takes place by slow degrees; it begins with placing a flower on the tomb; it ends — with worshipping the Spirits. . . .”

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. RYAN, M. A.

THE GLOZEL DISCOVERIES

OUR readers will remember the extraordinary case of the alleged discoveries — at Glazel, near Vichy, France — of prehistoric remains of man indicating a very high civilization, with written inscriptions, statuary, carved bones, and other artifacts of a more advanced character than

anything yet admitted by science to have existed in the Neolithic Age. This is claimed by the discoverers and the eminent archaeologists who were convinced of the genuineness of the finds. We have taken care not to build too much upon the reports, although it is extremely probable that something of the kind will be found to prove that

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literate man existed far earlier than the civilization-limit yet accepted.

Almost every year new discoveries push back the age of civilization: for example, the marvelous results of the recent Anglo-American joint expeditions in Mesopotamia, which prove the existence of great cities with settled governments, well-built houses, temples, splendid works of art, four-wheeled vehicles, and other 'modern' conveniences, including writing, about six thousand years ago. Why should we be so surprised at the Glozel relics, which are not claimed to be more than perhaps ten thousand years old? Or when we remember the immensely more ancient paintings in caves and the carvings of animals on rocks done by the Old Stone Age men. And again, do not forget that science is finding out that the actual *intelligence* of early cave-man was probably as high as the average today. He had problems to solve in keeping himself alive, in the face of great climatic difficulties and the innumerable huge and ferocious beasts, that would puzzle the best of us.

The Glozel discoveries, however, have caused more discussion and actual quarreling among the French savants than any previous archaeological find, and the final outcome has been a lawsuit. The alleged discoverer of the relics is charged with having 'faked' them and tried to get honor and glory by the fraud — for if they are genuine they will upset many theories.

Not only the learned savants but the 'man in the street' in France is con-

vulsed with excitement about 'L'affaire Fradin,' and public as well as scientific opinion is still divided. The last report we have received from France shows that the case is not at all simple, and that the Glozel remains, or some of them, may lead to revelations not at all pleasing to the orthodox school.

The report made to the legal authorities by several experts states that according to the most delicate scientific tests of the articles seized in the museum of the alleged discoverer, Fradin, most of them cannot be old. Some of the clay tablets contain bits of grass with the chlorophyll still there; the bones are not in the condition invariably shown in those of really ancient periods. The carving on the bones or stones does not show the characteristics of genuine incision done with flint implements, but appears to be done by a steel tool. (The Neolithic and Palaeolithic races are supposed not to have discovered the use of iron, but at least one distinguished archaeologist thinks this may be an error.)

There is one item in the report which makes one 'furiously to think' as the French might say, and makes it clear that there may be something to say for the supporters of the Glozel finds (some of the most eminent archaeologists in Europe). This is that the experts have *suspended judgment* upon certain of the objects, and the general opinion is that their generally unfavorable report will not put an end to the controversy or render a final decision possible. It may be added that the most searching microscopic ex-

amination of the articles upon which steel tools are said to have been employed shows no trace at all of the minute particles of iron which would probably remain in some crevice in such case.

We shall watch for further developments with interest, but shall not be disappointed if nothing is decided, or even if the whole thing is a 'fake,' for the proofs of the immense antiquity of intelligent man, as taught by Theosophy, will appear in due time. It is likely that the scientific world is not yet ready to understand them but will have to be slowly 'educated,' so to speak, by gradual discoveries of older and older date. Already, a most singular object has been found, showing the great intelligence of man in Europe in the *Pliocene* Age — perhaps a million and a quarter years ago, perhaps much more — at the time when it was proper, till lately, to believe that our ancestors were anthropoid apes living in trees. This is a carefully shaped and incised 'sling-stone' such as is used today in New Caledonia. Mr. Reid Moir, the archaeologist who found it, writes:

There would seem to be no need to stress the importance of the discovery of this 'sling-stone' in a Pliocene deposit. It has suddenly illuminated, as it were, the human Pliocene stage, and shows us a picture of man's advancement hitherto regarded as impossible at that remote epoch. This 'sling-stone' is more than an ordinary artifact — it is a work of art — and its significance upon our whole outlook on the antiquity of the human race must be profound.

If no great advance had been made between the Pliocene 'primitive' man

of the sling-stone a *million or more* years ago, and the Neolithics of ten or twenty *thousand* years ago, what has mankind been doing in the interval? Why should such artifacts as those of Glazel (genuine or not) be regarded with amazement?

THE DELUGE LEGENDS

A GOOD deal has been said lately about the marvelous 'confirmation of the Bible-story of the Flood' discovered in Mesopotamia by the Field Museum-Oxford University Joint Expedition. As a matter of plain fact the discovery gives no such confirmation; it merely proves that a serious local inundation affected the neighborhood of the cities of Kish and Shuruppak, and probably entirely destroyed the latter, which is the scene of the Babylonian narrative of the building of a boat by Xisuthros in which he and his family escaped the Deluge. The Biblical story describes a world-wide destruction; and to claim that the discoveries at Kish 'reconcile the results of scientific research with the inspired Word of God' is to strain the confidence of the most credulous.

The discovery of the local inundation is a remarkable one and of great interest in itself. The catastrophe took place about 3200 B. C. or rather earlier, and all the archaeological material shows that the succeeding civilization was substantially different from that which existed before the inundation, which was evidently a very serious matter for the inhabitants of large parts of Mesopotamia. Below the

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inundation-deposits was found a stratum nineteen feet deep, with tombs, good copper, stone, precious-metal work, and seal-impressions in the Sumerian language. Under this lay about seven feet containing remains of an inferior civilization dated about 3900 to 3600 B. C. Still lower came a stratum of colored and red pottery belonging to the first great age of Sumerian culture. This is provisionally dated at no less than 4000 B. C. *Writing was known at this time.*

The Deluge of Noah, as described in the Bible, is found in many traditions with the principal characters hidden under different names. It is a blend of cosmic and terrestrial events, symbolized under the guise of some local flood in each different country. In the deepest meaning, known to the initiated priests of the temples, the Deluge symbolized chaotic primeval 'matter,' 'Chaos'; water being the cosmic feminine principle — the Great Deep, the Watery Abyss of the Primordial Principle of the Chaldaean Berosus, a priest of Bel who compiled the ancient traditional records for Alexander. The Ark, in one meaning, is the mystic spirit of Life which broods over Chaos, and finally vivifies it into material activity. The drunkenness of Noah when he leaves the Ark typifies the loss of spiritual knowledge after humanity became fully immersed in physical existence. The Ark is also an emblem of the germs of the natural creation, and of mankind, floating in the Waters of Space during the intervals between the man-

vantaras or cycles of manifestation.

The Deluge tradition in its wider aspect is mixed up in the legends with the more restricted meaning of the renewals of the Third and Fifth Great Races of terrestrial humanity. In the Hindû legend the Manu Vaivasvata saves a little Fish — the Avatâra of Vishnu — which, in gratitude, warns him that the deluge is coming and that he must build a vessel to save himself and family. Vaivasvata-Manu is called a 'Son of the Sun,' and his name is, of course, a generic term for evolving humanity. The Fish, now grown to immense size, tows the Ark to safety on the Himâlaya mountains, and the new cycle of life begins. Like the Biblical story, the Hindû legend is compounded of several evolutionary events, cosmic and terrestrial. It covers the destruction of the Third, the Lemurian Race, by water, as well as the escape of the present Fifth Race when the Atlantean Continent broke up, and, perhaps, the destruction of Plato's Atlantis, which seems to have referred chiefly to the sinking of the last Atlantean islands.

With Vaivasvata in his Ark were the Seven Rishis, just as with Noah were the seven of his family. These Seven were the Progenitors of the future orders of living forms. In many deluge-legends preserved in the mythologies or folk-lore of widely-separated races, the esoteric meaning as revealed in *The Secret Doctrine* is easily seen, once the key brought by H. P. Blavatsky is turned.

The symbols chosen by the great and illuminated intellects who devised

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the Purânic allegories under which cosmic and terrestrial events were veiled, are very significant in the light of modern science. They show how well the writers knew the course of evolution, and how foolish it is to speak of the profound thinkers of the archaic ages as if they lived in the 'childhood of the race'—a modern superstition born of ignorance. The real childhood of the race was passed through millions of years ago. Of the symbolic manifestations of Vishnu, the first is the Fish, then come in order the Tortoise, the Boar, the Man-Lion, the Dwarf, the Hero, and so on. The order of succession of animal-life on earth according to modern science is identical: the marine, the reptilian, the mammalian, the inferior human, and the intelligent man. The Ancient Wisdom carries man still farther, to the stature of physical and spiritual perfection, a god on earth, under other Avatâras of Vishnu, a possibility modern western thinkers, ignorantly neglectful of the fundamental principle of evolution—Reincarnation—hardly dare to envisage.

It should be clearly understood that

the ancient Purânic writers did not teach *Darwinian transformism*, but the evolution of the immortal Monad-Soul through all the kingdoms of life, the evolution of its innate powers and qualities.

The subject of the world-wide deluge legends and their meaning is treated at great length by H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, where she gives a large amount of information and interpretation of each. The Deluge-legend in the Bible is another testimony to the fact that the early part of *Genesis*, and a few other portions of the Old Testament, were never intended to be taken literally, but when read in the light of the Secret Doctrine of the Ages—the primeval Wisdom—are absolutely correct records of historical events hidden under an intentional veil that could and can be penetrated with ease by those who possess the key. This key was given to those who were fitted by intelligence and devotion to make proper use of it; the rest had to do the best they could with the exoteric teachings, and the moral lessons inculcated by the more advanced teachers.

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

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

VII

JUST as on the First Continent at the North Pole, the Pitris formed the First Race on seven zones, so was the Fourth formed in similar manner. According to Stanza X:

38. Thus two by two, on the seven zones, the Third (*Race*) gave birth to the Fourth (*Race men*). The gods became no-gods (*Sura became a-Sura*).

39. The First (*Race*) on every zone was moon-colored (*yellow-white*); the Second,

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yellow, like gold; the Third, red; the Fourth, brown, which became black with sin. The first seven (*human*) shoots were all of one complexion in the beginning. The next (*seven, the sub-races*) began mixing their colors.

— *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 227

These divisions were necessary to suit the Karman of the various reincarnating Monads, which were not all of equal purity in their last births in other worlds. All had a common origin, inasmuch as all the 'Creators' were Divine Beings, though of different classes or degrees of perfection in their Hierarchy. This accounts for the difference of races, the inferiority of savages and other human varieties.

The first change began in the region now known as Behring Straits and what there was of dry land in central Asia. In those days even the Arctic regions were semi-tropical. It was when the Third had reached only the middle point of its development that the Commentary says:

The axle of the Wheel tilted. The Sun and Moon shone no longer over the heads of that portion of the SWEAT BORN; people knew snow, ice, and frost, and men, plants, and animals were dwarfed in their growth. Those that did not perish REMAINED AS HALF-GROWN BABES IN SIZE AND INTELLECT. This was the third pralaya of the races.— II, 329

The teaching is that after every great period of activity or Manvantara, there follows a period of rest or Pralaya, brought about or preceded by what are commonly called terrible catastrophes. But these, being under the Law which acts in harmony with Karman — the Great Adjuster — cannot, in the larger view, be regarded as mis-

fortunes. They are cleansing processes. They purify and permit a fresh start, as does death for the individual. The Great Races had their hour of glory, and, at the appointed time, their destruction. They perish alternately by fire and by water. The Lemurians were consumed by fire of subterranean origin — volcanic eruptions. Easter Island, with its craters of lava, is a belated witness of this. The Atlanteans were swallowed up by floods; and we, the Aryan Fifth Race, will meet our death by fire, ages hence.

. . . since Vaivasvata's Humanity appeared on this Earth, there have already been four such axial disturbances; when the old continents — save the first one — were sucked in by the oceans, other lands appeared, and huge mountain chains arose where there had been none before. The face of the Globe was completely changed each time; the *survival of the fittest* nations and races was secured through timely help; and the unfit ones — the failures — were disposed of by being swept off the earth. Such sorting and shifting does not happen between sunset and sunrise, as one may think, but requires several thousands of years before the new house is set in order.— II, 330

The great numbers who always escape, led by their Karman to safe places, form the seed for the new race, and there must always be a long period of transition before the new type becomes established. We see a similar thing on a smaller scale taking place now on the American Continent, where a new sub-race, the Sixth, is being formed from a mingling of the older races.

. . . the Americans have become in only three centuries a 'primary race,' *pro tem.*,

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before becoming a race apart, and strongly separated from all other now existing races. They are, in short, the germs of the *Sixth* sub-race, and in some few hundred years more, will become most decidedly the pioneers of that race which must succeed to the present European or fifth sub-race, in all its new characteristics. After this, in about 25,000 years, they will launch into preparations for the *seventh* sub-race; until, in consequence of cataclysms — the first series of those which must one day destroy Europe, and still later the whole Aryan race (and thus affect both Americas), as also most of the lands directly connected with the confines of our continent and isles — the Sixth Root-Race will have appeared on the stage of our Round.— II, 444-5

Some portions for karmic reasons remain distinct for ages, as the egos forming them have not yet completed their necessary experience in the old forms. The Races overlap by hundreds of thousands of years. We have on the earth today descendants of the Third, as before stated, in some of the aborigines of Australia, now much changed in stature and intellectual capacity and rapidly dying out; while the majority of mankind now belongs to the seventh sub-race of the Fourth Root Race. (See Volume II, page 199, note.) The Chinese and others —

Malayans, Mongolians, Tibetans, Hungarians, Finns, and even the Esquimaux are all remnants of this last offshoot.— II, 178

. . . there is in the Malay race (a sub-race of the Fourth Root Race) a singular diversity of stature; the members of the Polynesian family (Tahitians, Samoans, and Tonga islanders) are of a *higher stature than the rest of mankind*; but the Indian tribes and the inhabitants of the Indo-Chinese countries are decidedly below the general average. This is easily explained. The Polynesians belong to the very earliest of the surviving sub-races,

the others to the very last and transitory stock. As the Tasmanians are now completely extinct, and the Australians rapidly dying out, so will the other old races soon follow.— II, 331-2

Stanza XI of the *Book of Dzryan* reads:

44. They (*the Atlanteans*) built great images, nine yatis high (*27 feet*) — the size of their bodies. Inner fires had destroyed the land of their fathers (*the Lemurians*). Water threatened the Fourth (*Race*).— II, 331

The Easter Island relics are eloquent memorials of the primeval giants and are, many of them, 27 feet high. They have the distinctly sensual type of some of the Atlanteans. Easter Island belongs to the Third-Race continent, the main part of which was sunk 4,242,352 years ago. (See Volume I, page 439, note.)

But some of the lands reappeared later, and were appropriated by the Atlanteans. Easter Island was taken possession of in this way by some of the Fourth Race, who built the statues now seen, but only to perish thereon when it was destroyed in one day by its volcanic fires and lava. When, much later, the final convulsion engulfed the last remains of this once mighty continent, Easter Island was submerged with the rest. But a sudden uplifting of the floor of the ocean raised this small relic of the Archaic ages, untouched with its volcano and statues, during the Champlain epoch of northern polar submersion, as a standing witness to the existence of Lemuria. Read in this connexion Volume II, pages 326-8.

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Quite different are the Bamian statues in central Asia, whose physiognomy portrays the 'Sons of Gods,' while the former are the brood of mighty sorcerers. See Volume II, page 224. Among the Bamian statues are five built by the Fourth Race, who sought refuge in this region to escape the general destruction. Here they recorded in stone what they knew would otherwise be lost to memory — the early types. The first statue represents the First Race and is 173 feet in height.

The second — 120 feet high — represents the sweat-born; and the third — measuring 60 feet — immortalizes the race that fell, and thereby inaugurated the first *physical* race, born of father and mother, the last descendants of which are represented in the Statues found on Easter Isle; but they were only from 20 to 25 feet in stature at the epoch when Lemuria was submerged, after it had been nearly destroyed by volcanic fires. The Fourth Race was still smaller, though gigantic in comparison with our present Fifth Race, and the series culminated finally in the latter.— II, 340

In the purity of the Third Race, in the early awakening of the human mind by the 'Sons of Wisdom,' and while the Third Eye was yet active, men had a consciousness of their oneness with the Great Spirit of the Universe. They had no religion as we understand it, for they were the imbodiment of religion itself. They were at one with all that lived and breathed. Love, reverence, trust, confidence, and joy radiated from them naturally.

It was the "Golden Age" in those days of old, the age when the "gods walked the earth, and mixed freely with mortals." Since then, the gods departed (*i. e.*, became invisible),

and later generations ended by worshiping their kingdoms — the Elements.— II, 273

But as men grew, and felt their power: as they tasted of the Tree of Wisdom, other feelings began to stir. The lower man, the animal, began to awaken also and claim a hearing. These forces were not equally balanced in all. By degrees some obtained mastery over their instincts and joined the 'Sons of Light'; others fell victims to them and became the slaves of matter. Then different masters came to claim them.

We have always to remember that life on this or any globe is the continuation of life from some other. Certain new forces are set in motion, but many come fully matured, ready under the proper conditions to swing into fierce activity. Thus it is recorded that the Lemuro-Atlanteans were the first who had a Dynasty of Spirit-Kings. But, strange as this may seem to one not grounded in the Wisdom-Religion, these Rulers were not all good. Some were perfected in evil, and formed a race of mighty sorcerers and magicians. When pupils were ready for them, they were at hand. We receive what we invite. King Thevetat was of this order, and it was under the influence of this King-Demon that the Atlantic Race became a nation of wicked magicians. Between these and those arrayed under the banner of Light, there was, of course, constant conflict which ended in that race in the submersion of the continent. But the war is still raging — in men individually and in the nations at large.

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The stories of the Babylonian and Mosaic floods are versions of this history. Legend and tradition bear out these facts, and distorted accounts are to be found in Biblical literature. See Volume II, page 222. The giants of *Genesis* are the historical Atlanteans of Lankâ and so were the Greek Titans. See Volume II, page 236.

One who has read and studied the Commentaries on the archaic doctrine, will easily recognise in some Atlanteans, the prototypes of the Nimrods, the Builders of the Tower of Babel, the Hamites, and all these *tutti quanti* of 'accursed memory,' as theological literature expresses it: of those, in short, who have furnished posterity with the orthodox types of Satan.— II, 272

Thus the first Atlantean Races, born on the Lemurian Continent, separated from their earliest tribes into the righteous and the unrighteous; those who worshiped the one unseen Spirit of Nature—or the Pantheists, and those who worshiped the Spirits of the Earth, the dark anthropomorphic Powers. Here, H. P. Blavatsky says, was the secret and mysterious origin of all the subsequent and modern religions, especially of the worship of the later Hebrews and their tribal God.

The Lemurians gravitated toward the North Pole or the Heaven of their Progenitors (the Hyperborean Continent); the Atlanteans, toward the Southern Pole, the *piti*, cosmically and terrestrially — whence breathe the hot passions blown into hurricanes by the cosmic Elementals, whose abode it is.

— II, 274

The human period, as we understand the word 'human,' may properly be said to begin with the Fourth Race.

Those who were hitherto semi-divine Be-

ings, self-imprisoned in bodies which were human only in appearance, became physiologically changed and took unto themselves wives who were entirely human and fair to look at, but in whom *lower, more material*, though sidereal, beings had incarnated. . . . (Lilith is the prototype of these in the Jewish traditions).— II, 284-5

After Lemuria went down, men decreased considerably in stature, and the duration of life diminished. Yet still they were giants. Physical beauty and strength reached their climax toward the middle of the Fourth Sub-race. See Volume II, page 319. By this time, too, they had lost their Inner Vision, which could become active only when artificially stimulated—a process known only to the old Sages. But the consolidation and perfection of the human frame caused it to disappear from the outward anatomy, leaving its witness—the pineal gland—in the brain. Psychically and spiritually, however, its mental and visual perception lasted till nearly the end of the Fourth Race, when, owing to the materiality and depraved condition of mankind, it died out altogether.

When the divine powers became the hand-maidens of the newly-awakened physiological and psychic passions of the physical man instead of the reverse, the Third Eye lost its power. Man's sin consisted not in using these newly-developed powers, but in *misusing* them; in making of the tabernacle, designed to contain a god, the fane of every spiritual iniquity. Should the reader feel perplexed at the use of the term 'spiritual' instead of 'physical' iniquity, he is reminded that there can

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be no physical iniquity. The body is simply the irresponsible organ, the tool of the psychic, if not of the Spiritual, Man. And in the case of the Atlanteans, it was precisely the Spiritual Being which sinned, the Spirit-Element being still the 'Master' Principle in man. Thus it is in those days that the heaviest Karman of the Fifth Race was generated by our Monads. Read

in this connexion, Volume II, pages 295, 299, 302, 306. As has often been said, this is also the point beyond which no new Monads have incarnated; and as many centuries elapse between incarnations of the same being, it is not difficult to grasp the teaching that many of us are working off the effects of evil karmic causes, generated in Atlantean bodies. See Volume II, p. 303.

(To be concluded)

THE POPOL VUH

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

(Translated from the text of Brasseur de Bourbourg)

PART II — CHAPTER XIV

THEN the dancers told their names and exalted themselves before all the subjects of Xibalba.

Hear our names, and we will also tell you the names of our fathers. Behold us, Xhunahpu and Xbalanqué — those are our names. And they whom you put to death, Hunhun-Ahpu and Vukub-Hunahpu, they are our fathers. Behold in us the avengers of the torments and the sufferings of our fathers! So it is we who take to ourselves all the evils that you have done them. Thus then we will destroy you all. We will put you to death without a single one of you being able to escape, it was declared to them.

Then all the subjects of Xibalba prostrated themselves, groaning.

Have pity on us, Hunahpu, Xbalanqué! In truth we have sinned against your fathers, they of whom you tell

us, and who are buried in the ash-pit, they replied.

Very well! Here then is the sentence we pronounce upon you. Listen, all of you, subjects of Xibalba! Since your glory and power are no more and there remains to you not even a claim to mercy, our blood will still dominate a little but your ball will not roll in the tennis-game.* You will only be useful to make pottery, dishes and pots, and to husk maize, and the little animals which live in the brushwood and in solitude will alone be your share.

All the happy vassals and civilized subjects cease to belong to you; the animals alone will continue to reproduce themselves for you. You then, perverse people, cruel and wretched men, miserable people who have com-

*B. de B. thinks there may be a play on words here; he does not understand it.

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mitted evil, weep for it. You will no more take men unawares as you used to do; but be attentive to what I say at this supreme moment of making you subject to us.

It is thus that they spoke to all the subjects of Xibalba.

Thus commenced their destruction and their ruin, as also the invocation which was addressed to them.* But in former times their glory was never very great. But they loved to make war on men. And truly in ancient times men ceased calling them gods. But their aspect inspired terror; they were wicked like the owls, inspiring evil and discord.

They were likewise of bad faith; at the same time white and black, hypocrites and tyrants, people said. Moreover, they painted their faces and smeared themselves with color. Thus their power was ruined and their domination ceased to grow. That is what was effected by Xhunahpu and Xbalanqué.

Yet their grandmother groaned and lamented before the canes which they had caused to be planted. These canes had sprouted; then again they dried up; but when they had been burned on a bonfire they turned green again.

After this their grandmother lighted the brazier and burned copal before the canes in memory of her grandsons. The heart of their grandmother rejoiced when the canes became green again for the second time. They then

*B. de B. points out that it is curious that people began to invoke them as gods when their power was overthrown.

received divine honors from their grandmother, who called them 'the center of the house'; and 'the center' they were called.

'Live Canes, Leveled Land,' became the name of the place, and the name 'Center of the House,' or 'Center,' was given to it, because they planted their canes in the middle of the hall of their house. And she called the place 'Leveled Land, Live Canes on the land leveled' to plant their canes. She called them the Live Canes because the canes became green again; and this name was given by Xmucané to these canes which Hunahpu and Xbalanqué left planted as a token of remembrance to their grandmother.*

Well, then, their forefathers who died in times of old were Hunhun-Ahpu and Vukub-Hunahpu; they saw also the faces of their fathers down there in Xibalba, and their fathers spoke with their descendants who conquered Xibalba.

Well, then, this is how their father received funeral honors from them; and it was Vukub-Hunahpu to whom they were given. They went to the ash-pit to solemnize them, and to do so, they required his image.† Therefore

*The locality where these things took place seems to have been Gumarcaah, the capital of the Quichés; this name means 'house or hut of old canes.' The Mexicans called this town Otlatlan, that is, among the bamboos. Xbalanqué left that place to go to the conquest of Xibalba. — Torquemada, *Monarqu. Ind.*, lib. vi, cap. 26

†Note says the ancient custom was to make a statue of the deceased to put in the tomb, with the ashes of the dead and ulli or liquid

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they there sought his name, his mouth, his nose, his bones, his face.*

They came first to his name; but they obtained very little more. All that he wished to say is there, not consenting to pronounce his name with that of the Hunahpu, and only what his mouth wished to say is there.†

Well, then, here is how they exalted the memory of their fathers whom they left thus in the ash-heap.

Be invoked henceforth, their son said to them, in order to comfort their souls. You will be the first to go out upon the vault of heaven; you will likewise be the first worshiped by civilized people. And your name will not be lost. So be it! they said to their fathers, to console their manes. We are the avengers of your death and your downfall, of the sufferings and the labors which they have made you undergo.

Such were their orders in speaking to all the people of Xibalba whom they had conquered. Then they went up this way to the midst of the light, and immediately their fathers went up to the heavens. To the lot of one of them there fell the sun and to the other the moon, which light the vault of heaven and the surface of the earth, and they dwelt in the sky.‡

gum elastic. They made a mask of the face, etc.

*B. de B. asks "was this name a sepulchral stone on which his name was engraved?"

†B. de B. says the text seems to say that they only found the ashes of Vukub-Hunahpu. Hunahpuil in the Tzendale and Maya has a collective sense meaning 'the total of Hunahpu.'

The four hundred young men who had been put to death by Zipacna likewise ascended. Well, they had been the companions of Hunhun-Ahpu and of Vukub-Hunahpu; so they became stars in the sky.

THIRD PART

CHAPTER I

WELL, this is when they commenced to think of man and to consider what had to enter into the flesh of man.§

Then spoke He who Engenders and He who gives Being, the Creator and the Fashioner, named Tepeu, Gucumatz.

Already the dawn is near. The work is finished. See how the sustainer and nourisher of the altar is ennobled, the son of the light, the son of civilization. Behold how honor has been done to man, to humanity on the earth, they said.

They came, they assembled in great numbers; they united their wise counsels in the dark, in the night. Then they searched and shaking their heads, consulted over what they should do.

In this manner went out the wise decisions of these enlightened men; they found and were made to see what entered into the flesh of man.

Well, then, it was not long before the sun, the moon, and the stars mani-

‡Compare the apotheosis of the Mexican traditions, that of Nanahuatl and Metzli, which took place at Teotihuacan, etc.

§B. de B. says this concerns the fourth creation, that of the noble and sacerdotal caste which is spoken of in the commentary.

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fested themselves above them, the Creator and the Fashioner.

In Paxil and in Cayala, as they call this place, there came ears of yellow maize and of white maize.*

Well, here are the names of the wild folk who went to seek for food, the Fox, the Jackal, the Parrakeet, the Raven. These four barbarians told them the news of the yellow ears of maize and of the ears of the white maize, which came up in Paxil and which showed them the way to Paxil.

It is there that they finally obtained the food which entered into the flesh of the man made, of the man who was fashioned. It is that which was his blood, which became the blood of man, this maize which entered into him through the action of Him who Engenders and of Him who gives Being.

They rejoiced at having arrived in this excellent country at last; it was full of savory things; it was a country where abounded the yellow maize and the white maize, also the pek, and cocoa, where it was impossible to count the sapote trees, the custard-apples, jocotes, nanzas, ahaches, and honey; all at last was filled with the best food in this town of Paxil, of Cayala; that was its name. There were foods of all sorts, small food and big. There were plants, small and big, the way to which had been shown them by the wild folk.

Then they commenced to grind the yellow maize and white maize, and

*Pan Paxil; Pan Cayala, the name of the place where maize was discovered. Ordóñez translates these words by the phrase 'Place where the waters divide when falling.'

Xmucané composed nine drinks, and this food, entering into the body, gave strength and vigor and formed the flesh and muscles in man. That is what He who Engenders and He who gives Being did—Tepeu, Gucumatz, as they are called.

Immediately they commenced to speak of making and forming our first mother and our first father; only the yellow maize and the white maize entered into their flesh and were the sole food that entered into the making of the legs and arms of men. They were our forefathers, the four men who were fashioned and into whom this food had entered to make their flesh.

CHAPTER II

These are the names of the first men that were created and fashioned. This is the first man: Balam-Quitze. The second is Balam-Agab. The third is Mahucutah and the fourth Iqi-Balam. And these are the names of our first mothers and fathers.

They called them simply 'beings fashioned and formed.' They had neither mother nor father, and we call them simply 'men.' Women did not give birth to them, nor were they engendered by the Builder and the Fashioner, by Him who Engenders and by Him who gives Being. But this was a prodigy, a veritable magic, their creation and their fashioning by the Creator and the Fashioner, by Him who Engenders and by Him who gives Being, Tepeu and Gucumatz. In appearing like men, men they were. They

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spoke and they reasoned, they saw and they heard, they walked, they touched — men perfect and beautiful, whose figure was the figure of a man.

Thought was and existed in them. They saw; and immediately they looked up; their sight embraced all things. They knew the whole world, and when they contemplated it, it was but the work of an instant for their sight to turn from the vault of heaven to regard again the surface of the earth.

Once upon a time they saw all the most hidden things at will, and when after that they likewise cast their sight on this world, they saw all that it encloses.

Great was their wisdom. Their genius extended over the forests, over the rocks, on the lakes and seas and over the mountains and valleys. Truly they were men worthy of admiration, Balam-Quitzé, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqi-Balam.

Then they were interrogated by the Builder and the Fashioner. What then do you think of your being? Do you not see, do you not hear, and is not your speech good and your hearing? Look then and see under the heavens if the mountains and the plains appear. Try to see them now, was said to them.

Then they saw the whole of what is under heaven and they rendered thanks to the Creator and the Fashioner, saying: Truly we render every kind of gratitude! We have received our existence, we have received a mouth, and a face; we speak, we hear, we think, we walk. We feel and we know equal-

ly well what is far and what is near. We see all things great and small, in heaven and on earth. Thanks then to you for our creation, O Builder, O Fashioner! We are, O our Grandmother, O our Grandfather, they said, giving thanks for their existence and their fashioning.

And they made an end of measuring and seeing all that was at the four corners and at the four angles in the heavens and on the earth.

But the Builder and the Fashioner did not hear these things with pleasure. It is not well what our creatures say. They know all things, great and small, they say.

That is why counsel was taken anew by Him who Engenders and Him who gives Being. What shall we do with them now? Let their sight be curtailed and let them content themselves with seeing only a little of the surface of the earth, they said. It is not well what they say. Would they not be better if they were only simple created beings? But they will be so many gods if they do not procreate sufficiently and do not develop at the time of seed-sowing, when the day comes, and if they do not multiply. So be it!

We will only disturb our work a little, so that we may leave them lacking in something; it is not good what we see. Would they make themselves equal to us who fashioned them, us whose wisdom extends afar and knows all?

Such were the words of the Heart of Heaven, Hurakan, the Lightning-flash, the Thunderbolt which strikes,

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Tepeu, Gucumatz, He who Engenders and He who gives Being, Xpiyacoc, Xmucané, the Builder and Fashioner. It is thus that they spoke as they worked anew on the nature of their creature and the one whom they had fashioned.

Then a cloud was blown upon the pupil of their eyes by the Heart of Heaven and it was veiled like the face of a mirror which is covered with vapor. The ball of their eyes was obscured. They only saw what was quite close and that alone remained clearly visible to them.

Thus the wisdom of the four men was destroyed and all their knowledge, its base and foundation. Thus our first ancestors and fathers were formed and created by the Heart of Heaven, the Heart of the Earth.

Then also their wives came into being and their women were made. The God took counsel. Thus then during their sleep they received women who were really very beautiful and these women found themselves with Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqi-Balam.

Their women were there when they awoke. Immediately their hearts were filled with joy because of their wives.

CHAPTER III

Well, here are the names of their wives. Caha-Paluna was the name of the wife of Balam-Quitze; Chomiha was the name of the wife of Balam-Agab; Tzununiha was the name of the wife of Mahucutah, and Cakixaha was

the name of the wife of Iqi-Balam.* These are the names of their wives and they were princesses.

These were the parents of men, small tribes and great; and these were the founders of our families, of us the Quiché nation. At the same time the sacrificers were numerous. They were more than four; but the mothers or chiefs of our nation were only four.

The names of those who were born down there in the East, there where the sun rises, are different, and their names have become those of the nations of Tepeu, Oloman, Cohah, Quenech, Ahau, as those men were called down there in the East where they multiplied.

Likewise the origin of those of Tamub and of those of Ilocab is known. They came together from the countries of the East.

Balam-Quitze is the ancestor and the father of the nine great houses of Cavek; Balam-Agab is the ancestor and father of the nine great houses of Nimhaib; Mahucutah is the ancestor and the father of the four great houses of Ahau-Quiché. They lived as three divisions of families who had not forgotten the names of their ancestor and their father, and these divisions were propagated and developed in the East.

Thus came Tamub and Ilocab with thirteen fractions of tribes: the thir-

*Caha-Paluna, 'falling water, remaining upright water,' *i. e.*, water falling vertically; Chomi-ha or Chomih-a, 'beautiful house or beautiful water'; Tzununi-ha, 'water or house of humming-birds'; Cakixa-ha, 'water or house of macaws.'

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teen of Tecpan,* then those of Rabinah, the Cakchiquels, those of Tziquinaha; next, those of Zacaha; then after that, those of Lamak, of Cumatz, of Tuhalha, of Uchabaha; those of Chumilaha, then those of Quibaha; those of Batenab, of Acul-Vinak, of Balamiha, of Canchahel and of Balam-Colob.†

And these are only the principal tribes, the main branches, as we give them, referring only to the principal ones. There are yet many others who have gone forth from the outskirts of each quarter of the city. We have not recorded their names, but only note that they spread to the countries where the sun rises.

A great number of men were made, and it was during the darkness that they multiplied. Civilization did not yet exist when they multiplied. But they all lived together, and great was their existence and their renown there in the countries of the east.

At that time they did not serve and maintain the altars of the gods. But they turned their faces towards heaven, and they did not know what they had come so far to do. There then in joyous happiness lived black men and white men. The aspect of these people was gentle; gentle was their language, and they were very intelligent.

*Tamub and Ilocab are the names of the two most ancient races known in the Quiché country, from whom the house of Cavek seems to have wrested the scepter about the end of the thirteenth century.

†B. de B. gives a note on the geographical position of some of these.

There are generations under heaven and there are countries and people of whom one does not see the face. They have no houses and they roam about the mountains small and great, like senseless people, they said, insulting the country of the people there.*

Thus said the people of the country down there who saw the sun rise. Well, all of them had only one single language. They did not yet invoke either wood or stone, and they only remembered the word of the Creator and the Fashioner of the Heart of Heaven and the Heart of the Earth.

And they spoke while meditating on what hid the rising of the day. Filled with the sacred word, full of love, of obedience and fear, they made their prayers. Then raising their eyes to heaven, they prayed for girls and boys.

Hail, O Creator! O Fashioner! Thou who seest and hearest us! Do not abandon us, do not leave us! O God who art in Heaven and on Earth, O Heart of Heaven, O Heart of the Earth! Give us descendants and posterity as long as the sun and the dawn continue to exist in the world. Let there be seed-time as well as light. Give us to walk always in the open ways and paths where no snares or dangers are. May we be always tranquil and at peace with those who belong to us. May our lives be happy. Give us lives and existence free from all reproach.‡ O Hurakan, Flash of Light-

*B. de B. says the happy and peaceful people insulted the nomads.

‡Lit.: Numerous be the green roads, the green highways that thou givest us; peaceful,

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ning, O Thunderbolt which strikes, O Chipi-Nanauac, Paxa-Nanauac, Voc, Hunahpu.* Tepeu, Gucumatz; O thou who Engenderest and who givest Being, Xpiyacoc, Xmucané. Grandmother of the Sun, Ancestress of the Light, let there be seed-time and let there be light!

It is thus that they spoke whilst they were in repose, invoking the return of the light, and while waiting for the sun they contemplated the star of the morning, that great luminary, precursor of the sun, which illuminates the vault of heaven and the surface of the earth, wherever human creatures move.

CHAPTER IV

Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqi-Balam said: Let us yet await the rising of the sun. Thus spoke these great sages, these men instructed in the sciences, these men filled with respect and obedience, as they were called.

And yet they had neither wood nor stone to guard our first mothers and fathers. But their hearts were weary of awaiting the sun, all the tribes being already very numerous, as well as the nation of the Yaquis, the sacrificers. Let us depart then, let us see, at any light-peaceful be the tribe; good, light-good be the tribe; good life, existence, give us, O Hurakan!

*These are new names given to the creative demigods not yet mentioned. . . . In another document Voc is the name of a marvelous chief under whose orders the ancient migrations cross the sea coming from the East. *Título territorial de los señores de Sacapulas*, MS.

rate, if there is anything to guard our symbols.* Let us try to find what shall be a light before us. For, numerous as we are, we have no one to watch over us. Thus spoke Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqi-Balam.

Well then, a single city heard what they said and they departed.

Here is the name of the place where Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqi-Balam went with Tamub and Ilocab: Tulan-Zuiva, the seven grottoes, the seven valleys, that is the name of the city where they went to receive the gods.

And they all arrived there at Tulan. It was impossible to count the number of people who arrived. All of them entered marching in good order.

They gave them their gods and the first were those of Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqi-Balam. They were full of joy. Behold at last we have found the object of our quest! they said.

Here then is the first who went forth: Tohil. And it is the name of the god. They suspended his ark or coffer, which was carried by Balam-Quitze.†

*What follows shows that what they wanted was an ark or coffer to enclose these *signs wrapped up* in a parcel. It is a mystery made visible, however, by the envelop and the ark or box which the ahqixb and ahqahb carry. The Yahqui or Yaqui seems to be suggested by B. de B. as specially indicated by the *Popol Vuh* as the tribe of sacrificers, the ahqixb and ahqahb. See above note.

†Arche or ark in which was carried the god, cok, is a sort of cage or hotte, or basket, carried on the back, etc. B. de B. has a long note on this.

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Next went Avilix, the name of the god which Balam-Agab carried forth. Then came Hacavitz, the name of the god which Mahucutah received; and Nicatagah, the name of the god which Iqi-Balam received.*

And those of Tamub also received their gods in the same way as the Quiché nation. And Tohil is likewise the name of the god of Tamub, whom the ancestor and father of the princes of Tamub, who are still known today, took.

Finally the name of the third tribe is Ilocab. Tohil is also the name of its god which its ancestors and its fathers received; and its princes are still known today.†

Such are the names of the three Quiché families. They did not separate, for the name of their god was one name, Tohil, the god of the Quiché and of

*Note by B. de B. Neither Avilix nor Hacavitz give any clear sense in Quiché. Nicatagah means 'the center of the plain or the valley.'

†Note by B. de B. That is to say, fifteen or twenty years after the conquest of Guatemala, the date when the author appears to have edited this book.

Tamub and Ilocab, the god having only a single name, and these three Quiché families did not separate at all.

Truly these three were very great, Tohil, Avilix, and Hacavitz.

Then likewise arrived all the tribes, the Rabinaliens, the Cakchiquels, and those of Tziquinaha, with those of the Yaqui nation, as they call them today.

Well, then, it is there that the language of the tribes was changed. There it was that the diversity of tongues came about. They no longer clearly understood one another when they came to Tulan.

It is there that they separated. Some of them went east and many of them came this way.

The skins of animals were their only raiment. They had not this abundance of good cloth in which to clothe themselves, the skins of animals being their only adornment. They were poor, possessing nothing, but they were prodigious men by nature.

When they arrived there in Tulan-Zuiva, at the seven grottoes, the seven ravines, it is said in the old histories that their march to Tulan had been a long, long journey.

(To be continued)

A SPECTER GUIDE

V. P. JELIHOVSKY*

(From *The Theosophist*, I, 245, July, 1880, H. P. Blavatsky, Editor)

AT the end of November, 1879, occurred in our town of Tiflis (Russian Caucasus), an event so extraordinary and incomprehensible, as

to persuade more than one hitherto skeptical person that there must be some truth in the belief of the spiritualists. It is in the police and criminal

records now, and can be verified at any day. I was a witness to it myself, and the chief personages of the tragedy live but a few steps from my own family residence in the Nicolaefskaya Street, which adjoins the Ovtchalsk Street, where stands the house of the Kaazmin family. The event is thus summed up in the police records:

"The discovery of the crime is due to the apparition of the murdered man himself, in full daylight and before a number of witnesses."

In the *Molokan* quarter, on the outskirts of Tiflis, between the garden of Moushtaid and the railroad, lives a widow, whose only son, Alexander, a lad of about eighteen, left free after his father's death to do as he pleased in the house and with himself, soon fell into bad company and took uncontrollably to drink. The mother was in despair; she preached and begged and threatened, but all in vain. Alexander Kaazmin went on, and with every day matters became worse with him.

Once, before sunset, he left the house after quarreling with his mother. She had insisted upon his remaining at home, for she well knew he would return drunk. Though he had deceived her more than once, and usually broke his promises, yet this time as he had solemnly pledged his word to come home earlier, the mother, having put the youngest girls to bed, sat at her work to await the return of her prodigal son.

Thus she sat quietly sewing, eagerly catching every sound, in the hope of hearing the creak of the opening gate

and the familiar footsteps; but she listened in vain. Hours passed on, and midnight struck at last. The silence was profound around her, and no sound was heard but the chirp of the cricket behind the fire-place, and the monotonous ticking of the clock. . . . Of late, her Sashka† had been more than once absent on drunken sprees for days together, but the poor widow had never awaited him with such an anxiety as on that memorable night, and never longed so despairingly to see him back. Several times she had gone outside the gate to watch for his return. The night was frosty and as light as day, the November moon being at the full.

Two o'clock: then three in the morning! . . . The sad mother went once more into the street, and seeing no one, with a heavy sigh concluded to wait no longer and after shutting and firmly bolting the gate, went to her bedroom. But hardly had she crossed the threshold, when the iron latch of the gate was lifted, and the familiar footsteps of her son sounded heavily upon the frozen ground. She heard them cross the yard, then pass under the windows toward the hall, but no one entered. Thinking that in her anxiety she had inadvertently fastened the hall door with the hook, she returned to open it for him.

*Written for *The Theosophist* by a near relative of ours, as the truthful narrative of an occurrence which set the whole town and the police of Tiflis aghast. [Footnote by H. P. Blavatsky, Editor of *The Theosophist*. The 'near relative' was her sister.—ED.]

†Diminutive for Alexander.

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Neither in the hall, nor in the yard was there any one; but the watch-dog, which had growled at first, was now howling and moaning piteously, and the gate which she had bolted stood wide open . . .

The heart of the mother was struck with terror. She ran out into the street again, looking to the right and left,—but not a soul was there to be seen at that late hour. With a heavy presentiment of something evil, she returned to her work, for she could sleep no more. There she sat — according to her own simple narrative — thinking how two years before, just before her husband's death, that same gate, do what they might, would *not* keep shut. It was useless to bolt it, however firmly, for as soon as shut, it would be flung open, as though some invisible hand had unbolted it. And this went on until the master's death. After they had buried him, the gate opened no longer. . . .

While brooding over the past, and overcome by her sad thoughts, the widow suddenly fell asleep over the table. It was but for a moment, for she suddenly awoke, trembling from head to foot and covered with the cold sweat-terror; in vision she had seen her only son, calling her pitifully to his help, and she *knew* that he himself could come no more. She could hardly wait for day-break, and at early dawn sallied forth to search for her boy in all the neighboring taverns and gin-shops. But Alexander Kaazmin could not be found, nor had any one seen him on the night before. The old woman had thus visited many drinking places, and was

already returning home *a few minutes before noon*, tired out, and in both mental and physical agony.

Everywhere the quest was fruitless, and the load grew heavier on her heart at every disappointment. The passers-by looked wonderingly into her grief-stricken face, and some who knew would have stopped to ask the cause of her trouble and offer their help. But she saw no one, heard no one; one image alone occupied her thoughts, and her eyes wandered from face to face only to see if it were his, whom she sought, but finding it was not, looked no longer. The direful sense of impending disaster grew stronger every moment, and though she ceased not to look in every direction, despair possessed her soul more and more. Now she found herself in a crowd which had been gathered by some temporary obstruction of the footway, but she kept on, and the people, as though moved by the subtil influence of her sorrow, parted to the right and left for her that she might pass through. She had reached a street-corner and was about to cross when at the opposite side the figure of a young man whose back was towards her, arrested her attention. The mother's quick glance recognised it instantly as her Alexander's, and with a cry of joy she darted forward to catch hold of him. The man turned at the sound of her voice . . . yes, it was he, but how pallid! His face was bloodless as that of a corpse, and there was no life in the eyes that looked into her own, but a far-away look and an expression of pain that sent a thrill

through her every fibre. "Sashka!" she screamed, "Sashka!" Some would have held her, thinking her ill, but she broke from them and ran to the place where she had seen him last. He was gone, she knew not whither, but she hurried away in the direction in which he had been proceeding — the pale despairing face seeming to bid her follow. Again, but this time far away down the street she saw him, and pressed forward, determined this time not to lose sight of him. He had no hat on, and the November sun shone on his light hair so as to make it to her indulgent fancy, almost like a mass of golden thread. Once he seemed about to stop until she should come up, but he only raised his arm and beckoned to her, at the same moment turning the corner of a street which led towards her own quarter. Fear lent speed to her weary feet, and she ran as though she were a young girl again instead of a matron full of years. She reached the corner, turned it, but he was not in sight, though she could see farther than he could possibly have gone in the few seconds that had elapsed. She could not repress the groan that burst from her lips. And yet up to this moment, strangely enough, the idea had not occurred to her that she had not been seeing her own living son in flesh and blood. Truth to say, what with her night-long vigil, her anxiety, and the excitement of the day's adventures, she was in no mood to reflect. But now a superstitious horror came over her all at once. The death-like face, the vacant eye, the dumb appeal for her to fol-

low, the disappearance and reappearance, and now the final vanishing of the substantial figure into thin air, rushed to her consciousness in one crushing thought that her guide was but the specter of her son. For a moment she tottered and everything swam before her eyes, she felt that she was about to swoon; but some new strength seemed suddenly given her, and she darted forward down the street.

She had ransacked, as she thought, every place of dissipation where Alexander would be likely to have passed his night of riot. Seeing the apparition no more she was perplexed which way to turn; but, just when her confusion of mind was greatest, an inner voice seemed to tell her to inquire in an inn situated close to her own house. It was not precisely a gin-shop, but a kind of eating-house and beer-drinking saloon combined, which her son was not in the habit of visiting. As it was Sunday the inn was full and customers plentiful at the bar. To the mother's questions, they all manifested sympathy for her, and answered kindly, but no one had seen her son.

Then Mrs. Kaazmin prepared to leave the place. The saloon door opened into a yard, in which an *exterior* wooden staircase led to the upper part of a building, a kind of loft where hay was stored. The poor mother, now convinced of her son's death, came out into the yard, followed by all the visitors of the beer-house and even by the proprietor of the place himself—an Armenian, all loudly expressing their sympathy for her despair and trying to give her

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hopes. Suddenly as she turned to leave, her eye caught sight of the staircase of the hay-loft, and on the platform at the bottom, whom did she see but her son, Alexander, standing right before the middle one of three doors, the one of the staircase leading to the hay-loft. This at any rate could be no ghost, for there he was as solid and substantial as any one of the men about her! In a gush of joy she exclaimed — “Sashka! . . . Thank God! . . . What are you doing there? Here am I worrying myself to death in search of you, and you . . . there! Sleeping over the wine-fumes, no doubt? . . . Come here, you good-for-nothing vagabond! . . . What are you beckoning me for?” But suddenly, her face became deadly pale, and she staggered. The remembrance had flashed upon her that now *in full sunlight, and at noon*, her son was repeating the same gesture of mute entreaty he had used in her vision of him, the night before, and his eyes had the very same awful look she had noticed in the street just now.

Then a wild terror seized hold of the woman. To use the words of her own testimony in the police-court—she felt that something dragged her irresistibly there, towards her son; and, forgetting her fatigue and everything else, she rushed towards the staircase, and shouting to him to wait for her and not to go away again — for she now was convinced that she saw her *living* son — she flew up the steps taking two at a time. The witnesses to her conversation with *empty space*, and her strange actions testified, at the coroner’s in-

quest, and also in court, that they had verily believed her for one moment utterly insane.

Though her Alexander had again disappeared, and did not wait for his mother on the platform, she nevertheless *felt*, as she says, *the same mysterious force dragging her across the yard*, and compelling her to select out of the three doors before her the right one. Upon entering the hay-loft, the mother began loudly calling her son, but there was no answer. He was not there.

“I cannot describe, what then possessed me,” she testified. “I neither felt astonished at the new disappearance, nor did I think of anything, or desire for aught. I only *felt*, though I neither saw nor found him anywhere, that my son was *there*, near me! . . . There was a large bundle of hay lying on the floor . . . And I heard as if it were a voice whispering within me: search it, search it . . . turn it over! . . . and I rushed to do so. I immediately found a pair of legs encased in boots, which I recognised; and before uncovering the rest of the body, I remember well . . . I pushed and shook the legs, as one does to awake a sleeping man, repeating loudly, ‘Come, get up! you have had enough sleep there! Come out!’ And then, seeing that he heeded me not, I uncovered his head and face. . . It was only then, that I saw he was indeed cold and dead! . . . But even then I did not feel surprised, I neither shouted nor screamed, but only turned round to call upon the witnesses, to see *what* I had discovered. . . .”

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The amazed bystanders had, of course, followed her immediately into the hay-loft and had witnessed the strange scene. But, as soon as the legs had been found, some quick-witted men among them took upon themselves to secure the landlord. Livid and struck with superstitious terror, the *doakhantchik* (inn-keeper), as soon as he had seen *whither* the mother was rushing to look for her son, Alexander, *who had appeared to her alone*—waited neither for police nor coroner, but falling upon his knees confessed before all the people that young Kaazmin had been killed.

The inquest now showed that neither the *doakhantchik* nor his two accomplices were murderers by premeditation, but only intended to gratify their baser instincts at his expense. Having plied the boy with drinks till he had become insensible, they wanted to have some 'fun,' they said, and dragging him to the hay-loft, piled upon him heaps of hay and pillows to stifle his cries.

But they had miscalculated, it seems, the strength of the liquor and were very much astonished upon finding at the end of the 'trick' that the victim had become quite stiff and lay before them—a corpse! Young Kaazmin had died of either apoplexy or suffocation!* Then, the playful brutes decided in their piety that such was the Will of God . . . and having covered the body with hay, waited for the following night to come to dispose of it in some ditch. They felt sure, they said, that the young man being known for a drunkard, his death would be attributed to apoplexy resulting from drink, and buried without any further inquiry.

So had the murderers decided, but not so the miserable Alexander Kaazmin, or his *perisprit* as the French spiritists would say. The wraith of the dead man had itself led the search for his sinful body.

*The Coroner's inquest brought out this fact.