



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

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

G. DE PURUCKER, EDITOR

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## THEOSOPHY, THE MOTHER OF RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

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**F**RRIENDS afar, and friends here in this our Temple of Peace: You have just listened to a very beautiful Invocation, the words of our beloved Theosophical Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley, and I think that these words will give the very spirit of the particular theme of our thinking together this afternoon — the Search for the Heart of Things.

Now you know that to most men and

women, especially of our Occidental world, this search for the Heart of Things is truly a searching for something which to the average man hardly exists, for he believes only with difficulty that the intuitions of his higher nature are more than fanciful imaginings; and yet, in the heart of all normal human beings, there is a whisper from the higher nature, an intimation, an intuition — call it what

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[Stenographic report of the eighth 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 March 4, 1928, and broadcast, by remote control, through Station KFSD San Diego — 680-440.9]

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you like — that there does dwell verily in the heart of every human being, at his core, in his inmost essence, this Divinity of which the Invocation this afternoon has told you — the Heart of Things. It works throughout the Cosmos, that is to say, the Universe, even as it of necessity therefore works in our own inner fora, for we are offsprings of that Universe itself, its children, inseparable parts of it; and therefore we have in us everything that exists in the boundless spaces of the Cosmos, those vast and illimitable, yea, frontierless fields of space — space inwards as well as the outer spaces that our physical senses, weak and imperfect as they are, yet do tell us somewhat of.

It is within ourself that lie all the secrets of life, and it is within ourself that also lie wisdom and knowledge and the proof of all these things. How do you prove anything? A common saying is that proof is established by a preponderance of evidence which so sways the mind, which so rules over the understanding, that the consciousness recognises its reality and says: *This is Truth.*

The great men who have developed this faculty within themselves of recognising Truth when it knocks at the doors of their inner fora, of the temple of the inner self, are what we Theosophists call Teachers, Masters. There does not exist on the face of the earth today a great world-religion which does not recognise some such great soul as having been its founder; and the same was true in all past times. You know their names as well as I, at least

the names of some of them; and I now mention a few of these names: the Buddha, Jesus the Syrian Sage, Lao-Tse, Confucius, Pythagoras, Empedocles, Apollonius of Tyana, Plato, and many more in different countries of the world. We might recite a long list of them. Their names are household words in every civilized country. Such men as these are the sages of whom I have been speaking — men who attain or have attained that inner faculty of seeing truth by direct vision, and who likewise have the power of drawing upon those realms where spiritual and intellectual forces and faculties lie.

All human beings have these powers within them; but in most of us they are lying absolutely or almost entirely latent, because we have not perfected the necessary inner vehicle through which these transcendent powers of the spirit of man manifest themselves on our plane. These other great men have these faculties and powers consciously, because they have so perfected the necessary vehicle of transmission. It is these Great Ones who are the true rulers of men, for it is they who have given soul-moving ideas to the world; and, as the divine Plato said, "It is ideas that rule the world and sway men's minds and hearts." Empires are made and unmade by ideas; governments are raised and overthrown for ill or for weal, as the case may be; and much more important than these things of the outer life, it is ideas, as we all know, it is intuitions, which make or mar the destiny

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of each one of us — a destiny for our individual weal or for our personal woe.

The wise old Mohammedan Khalif, Al Mâmûn, a younger son of Harûn-er-Reshîd of Bagdad, whom we all as children have read of in *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, said, regarding these Teachers of Wisdom:

Those men are the Elect of God. God's best and most useful workers, whose lives are given over to the evolution of their rational faculties; for the teachers of Wisdom are the real luminaries and law-makers of the world, which without their aid would relapse into ignorance and barbarism.

Khalif Al Mâmûn lived in the ninth century of the Christian Era and held the Mohammedan Khalifate from 813 to 833.

Now these great souls, these wise men or sages, saviors of men — call them what you will — have all taught us the same story of the spirit; they all give to us the same rules and principles of wisdom. They could and can teach wisdom, because they are and were wise. Why were they wise? Because they had become at one with the divinity in their own spiritual arcana. Their consciousness had lost so large a part of its own personal egoism that they could merge that consciousness in the Universal Self, retaining withal full individual selfhood as conscious entities; and in proportion as each one succeeded in this Great Labor, this Cosmic Work, which is both the method and the aim of evolution, just in that proportion was he great, or greater, or greater still.

What is this inner Divinity of which

we speak? What is this 'Heart of Things'? It is That which is the Source of everything. But this Source is no person, no individual in the ordinary sense at all. Call it the Universal Life, which it is. The ancients of Hindûsthân called it the Universal Consciousness, the Universal Self. Every conscious human being, yea, even every quasi-conscious entity, has the instinctive perception of a fundamental fact, which is the sheer understanding of pure consciousness: 'I am.' It is in all of us, and in all of us it is the same, the identic thing. It differs not in you from what it is in me, nor in us from what it is in all others; being the Universal Self, it is the same in all of us: and the recognition of it is in all of us, and in all quasi-conscious entities, the sheer consciousness of 'I am.'

But flowing from it, and beneath it in spiritual dignity, yet its child, as it were, by reflexion, there is another consciousness, a consciousness of limitation, which each one feels in himself, as saying: "I am *I*, not you." This latter is the ego — necessary, wonderful in its possibilities, destined to be a marvel of full-blown consciousness in future aeons when evolution shall have brought it to relative perfection, which is the same thing as saying when it shall have finally merged its egoity into universality, retaining withal its consciousness of individual selfhood.

This is one of the most wonderful mysteries in the Cosmos, how egoity can recognise its oneness with universality, and yet retain its individuality. But mark well the contrast between

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these two as they now exist in us; for, as I have just said, in proportion as the ego can merge its essential egoity into the universal, in that proportion does it become one of these sages or great men of whom I have spoken, and who exist in a hierarchy or ladder of degrees of increasing perfection.

When this lower consciousness, through evolutionary progress, finally links its consciousness, its egoic consciousness, with the universal consciousness, with the universal life: thereafter the Universal Life plays through that former limited egoic consciousness much as a stream of electricity, we may say, will play through the atmosphere of our earth.

Listen in this connexion to what one of the greatest of the ancient works of wisdom tells us. This quotation is quite Theosophical, and therefore I use it in illustration this afternoon. It is a beautiful passage which I quote to you from the *Katha-Upanishad*, one of the sacred works of the Brâhmanical religion of Hindûsthân. In chapter one, section 2, verses 18-23, there occurs in the original Sanskrit an exceedingly fine passage describing the Self as the Heart of Things, as likewise existent in the core or heart of the being of every thing or entity, and especially in man, because man, as you know, on this earth stands at the crown, at the apex, of the ladder of evolution, that is to say, as far as the human race has climbed in its developmental progress at the present time. This passage runs as follows:

The knowing Self is not born, nor does it

ever die; from no thing did it ever spring, for all things spring from it. This Ancient of Days is unhorn, eternal, everlasting; it never is killed, though the body is killed.

If the killer thinks that he kills, or if the killed imagine that he is killed, neither of the twain understands; for the one does not kill, nor is the other killed, in reality.

The Self, smaller than the smallest, greater than the greatest, is hid in the core of every creature. The man who is free from desires and free from sorrow, sees the majesty of the Self through the tranquillity of the mind and the senses.

Such a man though sitting still, yet goes far; though lying down, he travels everywhere he will. . . .

The Sage who knows the Self as bodiless within all bodies, and unchanging among changing things, as greatest of all, and omnipresent, does never grieve at all.

The Self cannot be gained by [mere study of] the sacred writings, nor by mere thought, nor by much learning. He whom the Self chooses as its own, by him the Self is known. The Self chooses him as its own.

Thus far the quotation: the idea being, friends, that the man who merges his own personal egoity, his limited self, in the Universal, is all this. He is conscious of what we call immortality, even while he lives, for he is in consciousness universal in nature.

In the second chapter of this same Upanishad, in the fifth section, there occurs the following, likewise a beautiful thing:

It, the Self, the Individual of individuals, who is fully awake while we sleep making one lovely vision after another, that indeed is the Light [the Self], that is Brahman, that only is called Immortal. All worlds are contained in It, and beyond it there is no beyond. It is the Invisible World.

You see the idea here is that this

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Self is not only the fountain of our being, our source, but the inmost of our own consciousness. From it we come; we are an inseparable part of it. It is impossible to divide us from it. As we grow through evolution greater, always we bring more largely into perfected operation the instrument through which this Self may manifest. This instrument we call our ego, the reflexion of the Self, as it were, in the fields of matter. When this egoity, this individual consciousness, passes into universality, then man becomes all of which I have just told you.

The question may be asked: "How is it possible, when we are surrounded by such dense material things, for consciousness to play through these things of matter? Where is the link between matter and spirit?" My friends, the sheer fact is that there is no link, for these two are one; spirit and matter are fundamentally one, and are differing degrees of density or ethereality of substance, and that is all the difference between them. Men talk about this gross physical matter in which we live; and indeed it is to our senses, our imperfect and deceptive senses, coarse and gross; and this very fact of common consciousness proves the existence of something more ethereal and spiritual, which senses the greater grossness and coarseness of matter, as contrasted with force: or, speaking more abstractly, of spirit or matter.

What is it that our modern scientists tell us as regards matter and force, and the essential nature of each — these scientists who are today dreaming won-

derful dreams and seeing true visions? I tell you that they are seeing many aspects of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion. Most of them perhaps know it not, yet we have every reason to believe that no small number of them do consciously recognise that their discoveries have been anticipated and more or less fully set forth in the Theosophical writings of the three Leaders of the Theosophical Movement up to the present time, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley. The pity is that those who know do not always give credit where it belongs, although no Theosophist craves to establish a mere priority of exposition of truth. That would be childish.

We who have studied Theosophy since the foundation of our Society some fifty years ago have marveled at the manner in which investigation and research into physical nature by our scientists have brought full corroboration of many Theosophical doctrines which we have taught openly to the world.

Indeed, our scientists today, even within the last decade of years, tell us that force and matter are one, that substance and energy are fundamentally one, and that there is no essential or fundamental difference between them; and this, which is now a scientific truth, is a basic Theosophical tenet.

Man, as an entity, is a bundle of forces, spiritual, psychological, and physical. He lives here in this his physical body, on this our physical plane. He sees with his physical optics; he

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hears with his physical ears; he touches with his physical skin; he smells and tastes in the same manner. But how imperfect are these senses! How little they tell us of the mysteries that lie behind the outer veil of the seeming. Yet, despite the little certainty that can be placed in the reports that our senses make to us, a vast amount of popular knowledge concerning man himself and the universe in which he lives, is based on these admittedly very valuable sources of information, the senses of the physical body. This means, of course, that our knowledge derived from such sources must in the nature of things be imperfect.

The entire course of our modern scientific studies and various deductions and theories derived therefrom are based upon what our senses report to us; and while of course there is undoubtedly some truth in these, nevertheless every thinking man realizes that knowledge itself is an inner faculty, and is arrived at by using our inner senses, so to say, our inner powers; in other words, harmonizing the often conflicting reports of the physical world as derived to us through our senses.

This is in no sense an attempt to decry the only means that we have of contacting the physical world; but it is an emphatic attempt to point out to you what many of you doubtless already realize, that the cogniser, the recogniser, is within, the understander is within, and that it is within us that lie the spiritual and intellectual alembic and test-tube by which we arrive

at the mental precipitate which knowledge is.

During the course of last summer, at Katherine Tingley's request, we gave a series of lectures on the general subject of 'Theosophy and Modern Science,' here in this our Temple of Peace, particularly treating of questions of chemistry and chemical physics on the one hand, and of biology and evolution on the other; and we attempted to show then how these have very recently approximated, in some cases with extraordinary closeness, to the Theosophical doctrines; and we used of course our own particular Theosophical phrases in these lectures in illustration of our theme, and also our own time-periods and methods of expression. Since the conclusion of that course of studies, a number of friends have called attention to the fact that certain scientists, who are very eminent in their own sphere, are now teaching practically the identical things that we then cited as basic Theosophical truths, and are, furthermore, using the identical illustrations that we then used, and even in some cases are now employing our Theosophical terminology where it is not too technical. This is really remarkable, though exceedingly gratifying to us; it likewise is exceedingly fine and we congratulate these scientific gentlemen very heartily indeed for their courage and clear vision.

You know, we then spoke of the fact that our physical world is mostly holes, so to say: yes, I mean just that: holes, spaces. This matter which surrounds

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us, and which seems so dense and solid to our physical senses, is built, as you know, of molecules; and these molecules in their turn are formed of atoms; and these atoms, in their turn, are formed of electrons, which are atomic planets circling around a central atomic sun, which atomic suns the modern scientists call protons; and the spaces that separate the electrons of the atom are relatively as great in the atomic systems as the spaces which separate the planets in our own solar system, which is in very fact, and without using a metaphor, a cosmic atom. How beautifully the modern discoveries of chemical physics illustrate one of our basic Theosophical teachings: I mean our teaching of analogy, that "as the small is, so is the great," and *vice versa*: that Nature follows a consistent and repetitive plan in all her frame-work, and in the operation of all her forces, which accounts for these repetitions in the great and in the small.

We look into the dark blue vault of night and see the planets which belong to our solar system. How far apart they seem from each other and from the sun; and as we figurate in our minds the picture of our solar system, we then realize that as that solar system with regard to its volume is mostly holes or spaces, thus also is the atom. We now know from scientific research that the molecules which compose our densest matter, which are the material of all the physical matter surrounding us, are formed of atoms, which are all of them mostly spaces, so

far as their volume goes, even as our solar system is; and yet our physical matter to our physical eyes seems so dense and hard! Our senses do not report the truth to us.

Yes, this dense physical matter is mostly holes. But there is matter much more dense than the physical matter which surrounds us, and which our senses apprise us of. Our senses apprise us of the particular physical matter which they can cognise, because they are builded within the limits of that particular material sphere, so to say; and had we other senses keener than those we now have, we undoubtedly would sense other worlds as well as the physical, which our physical senses tell us of. Nor do our physical senses tell us all of the world which they cognise so feebly; even in the world in which they themselves exist, we know that there are reaches and ranges of substance which those imperfect instruments of report tell us nothing of; and had we no minds to understand, and no inner faculties to comprehend, we should know nothing of them. Yes, there is matter much more dense than the physical matter which surrounds us.

An eminent English physicist, Sir J. J. Thompson, recently reached the conclusion, after long study and reflexion, that the density of the ether is "two thousand million times that of lead," one of the densest of our physical metals. Therefore lead to ether is mostly holes, though it is so heavy and dense to us; and the air which surrounds us, and through which we move,

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and which we breathe, and which seems so thin to us, is undoubtedly a very dense, heavy, and material substance to other forms of matter more ethereal than itself.

Everything is relative in this universe of illusion; and it is about time that we took cognisance of this fact more thoroughly than we do. This also is one of the basic teachings of Theosophy; and now that it is becoming a commonplace in physical science, we Theosophists expect to receive very valuable help from pure or speculative scientific thought along these lines.

But this space, these holes of which matter is mostly composed, are filled with something else, something still more fine and subtil; and another eminent British scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, in his *Ether of Space*, on page 95, says that the available energy, could man only harness it, lying in one cubic millimeter of etheric matter, which is a particle no larger than the head of an ordinary pin, contains energy enough to supply a million horsepower, working continuously for forty million years.

Force and matter are one, we repeat it. Energy and substance are likewise one fundamentally; spirit, we Theosophists say, and substance are likewise one: matter being, as it were, congealed or crystallized or equilibrated spirit. There is no link between consciousness and matter except these stages or states of differing grades or degrees of ethereal substance growing progressively more ethereal as what we call spirit is approached. We repeat that there is no link, there are no links,

for the simple reason that this presupposes a difference of kind, and this we emphatically deny, stating on the contrary that force and matter are one; energy and substance are one, but in various grades or degrees of ethereality or materiality; for either expression is correct enough.

I am going to read to you another quotation, a very remarkable one — and those of you who were here in our Temple last summer, will recognise in this quotation not only the phrases that we then used in our Theosophical lectures, but even more clearly will you see here repeated the deductions that we then drew from our Theosophical doctrines. We are glad, we are happy, that this recognition of Theosophical truth is taking place, whether it be by copying or otherwise; on account of the spiritual and intellectual and moral benefits that will accrue to our fellowmen from the popularization of these scientific teachings; because when a man is convinced of certain things his mind is then at peace, he is then happy; and is no longer torn by conflicting doubts and aching uncertainties. He has the assurance that what he believes is fact; and all this can come to men in the mass, on account of their more or less tacit acceptance of the idea that what scientific men finally enunciate is truth, for the power of modern scientific thought over the public mind is enormous.

The quotation that I shall therefore now make is from *The Observer*, a London newspaper, from its issue of February 5th of this year (1928), just a

month ago. I cite from an article called 'The Eternal Universe' by Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, an eminent English physicist and chemist with a French name:

But the lessons taught by radio-activity were as valuable on the atomic scale as they were on the scale of stars. They revealed every atom as a miniature solar system, with electrons, like so many planets, revolving around a central nucleus. In this miniature solar system the year would be represented by the time of one revolution round the central 'sun,' and as these revolutions take place at the rate of about a thousand million millions per second, it is clear that while we watch, even for a moment, untold ages and geological eras of atomic time are passing by. Yet we observe no perceptible change.

This may be more than a suggestive analogy. There are those who believe that it is the key to an essential truth. Why should not this starry Universe be eternal? Consider for a moment the alternative. If the Universe is not eternal, then it must have a beginning and an end. Let us be liberal, and put the beginning ten thousand million years ago, and the end equally far in the future. Now, time is a purely relative quantity, and to a being as much superior to us as we are above the atomic world the whole period of the existence of our visible universe, with its age-long evolution, would be begun and ended within about a millionth of a second, with nothing to precede it and nothing to follow — a meaningless and worthless momentary flash.

The mind recoils from such a view. It reduces the world to an absurdity. Human thought, with its ever-increasing range in space and time, will not be satisfied with any philosophy which does not confer upon the universe the highest dignity it is itself capable of conceiving.

This might have been taken bodily and as it stands, without change, from our lectures of eight or nine months

ago. Let me tell you, friends, that this quotation shows abundantly that the greater minds in the scientific ranks are becoming mystical — as mystical as any Theosophical seer could be, and not with the mysticism of mistiness, but the true vision which shows the actual workings of nature, inner and outer.

Let me add, before I read to you a second quotation from the same article, this: that while the statement of Dr. Fournier d'Albe reads exactly like the pronouncement of what we might call a Theosophical seer, because it is so truly Theosophical, yet, lest there be some misunderstanding with regard to usage of terms, we likewise now take occasion to say that the Universe, the Cosmos, is beginningless and endless, both in space and time; but in this case we use the word Universe, or its equivalent word Kosmos, in the sense of what we Theosophists call the Boundless; but if we should, on the other hand, use the word cosmos, or universe, in the sense of a space comprising all those quasi-innumerable bodies, estimated by modern science to number some thirty thousand billions of suns and all comprised in the encircling zone of the Milky Way, and speak also of what astronomers call the island-universes beyond our Milky Way: then we must say that this aggregate of suns, or any smaller aggregate of suns, in the far distant reaches of space, with their accompanying planets, are not eternal, for the simple reason that they are limited in extent, and therefore finite, however vast the space they may cover,

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or however incomprehensible to our weak minds their respective volumes or sizes may be.

They, as corporate entities, like everything else that there is, have a beginning: each one has a beginning, runs its individual course of evolution, its evolutionary development: then comes decrepitude, and following upon it final decay and death. But is this the end, the ultimate finality? Have they appeared in illimitable time and in the infinitudes of space to be what Fournier d'Albe calls "a meaningless and worthless momentary flash"? No, never! They have disappeared from this section or portion of the Cosmos which we can recognise, and have entered the inner worlds for their respective periods of rest, when such decay and death supervene. But when this period of repose is ended, then they are destined to reappear, to spring anew from their ashes, in each case like a new solar phoenix, to begin another course of evolution on higher planes, visible as well as invisible.

Thus then, distinguish, if you please, between the Boundless, which in our teachings means that which is beginningless, endless, without any frontiers whatsoever; in other words true, pure, sheer, boundless Infinite: distinguish, I say, between this which is eternal, and any particular universe, which is finite and therefore must have its life-period, however vast it may be. Then, understanding this, making such distinction, if you please, I read to you the second quotation I have spoken of, which also might have been taken, as

this first one which I have just read to you might have been taken, virtually bodily from our lectures of eight or nine months ago.

Science has found a source of energy capable of sustaining the perpetual outgoing stream [of energy] for unexpectedly long periods. That source belongs to the world of atoms. There may be further sources undiscovered as yet derived from worlds of a still lower order, an order of further infinitesimals.

I here interrupt a moment. Is this scientific visioner not right? He must be right, for where can even a logical human imagination place a limit, a boundary, a frontier, to space, and say: "This is the end?" The idea is logically repellent, and we feel that it is logically inadmissible. We do not know of such things. Endlessness we cannot even conceive of, it is quite true, because our minds are not infinite; but for all that we can form some adumbration, as it were, some intuition, some intellectual intimation, that the fact is unquestionably true.

I continue the quotation:

Such a series of sources would give a reasonable explanation of the eternity of the Universe, where stars are born, blossom forth to full glory, and then die, leaving the rest of the starry world to proceed on its shining way. And is not this like the life-process itself? All living beings, not excluding ourselves, begin life as microscopic specks on a molecular scale, and reach infancy by a rapid process of unfolding. Such a perpetual unfolding from within outwards, such an inexhaustible stream of energy and life, seems to be the solution of the riddle of the Universe.

Thus far Dr. Fournier d'Albe. Yes, unquestionably true, so far as the physical universe is concerned — *as the*

*physical universe is concerned.* I leave the thought with you, which I hope to develop at some future time — and pass on.

You will already have seen from what has been said, that the searching for the 'Heart of Things' is now ended. We know what we mean by that expression; we have discovered where to cast our thought in that search, and we have some intuition or some intimation of what the result of that searching will be. The great men, the great Seers, humans of titanic intellectual and spiritual grandeur, whose flashing vision has penetrated into the deepest arcana of matter and substance and energy and force, have been able to do this, because the faculties within them which allow them to do this are the same forces and powers which operate in the Universe itself; and in this sense they are but finding what they themselves essentially are, which is equivalent to saying finding what the Cosmos essentially is.

Yes, these men are combined in this manner with that All-Self of which I have already told you, and therefore were and are so great, because their consciousness has become relatively universal; such men no longer have laboriously to work and sift among millions of details, as the rest of men do who are not possessed of their sublime faculties of vision — which sifting usually creates only mental confusion in any attempt to formulate some more or less rational hypothesis by which they may steer their course in their studies of physical nature. Such

great men know truth instantly when they see it, for their consciousness is now universal in relative proportion to their development. Having raised themselves into conscious union in greater or less degree with the All-Self, they thereby become instantly conversant with and operate upon the fields where the All-Self operates, and this is every where.

To such men as these we may say that such things — and we speak with no will to offend, simply speaking because, like you, we love the truth — such things as miracles, I say, are rejected as vain imaginings, and as useless in any real corroboration and substantiation of what they know in their attempt to give their knowledge to the world. Truth, truth only, is what they seek.

We have never touched upon this question of miracles before, but today I want to talk to you a little on the subject of miracles. First, then, the Theosophist does not believe in miracles, and therefore does by no means accept them. He cannot conceive that there can be anything outside of Nature, either force or substance. By Nature he does not mean alone the physical sphere in which we live. By the word 'Nature,' the Theosophist means all the worlds, invisible and visible, inner and outer, and particularly and especially the inner and invisible, which are the sources whence spring into our physical universe — catapulting into them sometimes, as it were — those vast exudations of cosmic energy which produce the marvels

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which sometimes occur, and which have blinded men, good men perhaps, when such have taken place; and when through the instrumentation of one of these great men, these Masters of life and wisdom, some marvel has been worked, or some expression of their power over physical Nature, these have been called 'miracles' in the sense of an operation contrary to or above Nature; and this notion we emphatically and wholly reject, for it is false.

How can you prove anything by a miracle? Let me read to you some few notes in this connexion, remembering, please, that the Theosophist particularly rejects any such thing as the possibility of a miracle.

St. Augustine describes a miracle as being something "contra naturam quae nobis est nota": *against Nature as Nature is known to us*; but St. Thomas Aquinas, the great theologian of the Latin Church, goes to the limit of statement in his declaration that miracles are occurrences "praeter naturam," *beyond Nature*; and "supra et contra naturam," *above and against Nature*. The ideas of Christian theologians who still hold to the miracle-working theory have returned more or less in recent times to Augustine's views.

Scientists and other thinkers who reject miracles even as much as the Theosophists, but who yet hold to the conviction that Nature contains a vast field of as yet unexplained because unknown powers and forces — and Theosophy teaches this common-sense fact

also — hold differing views on the matter today. Some of the scientists and thinkers of a century or so ago sometimes held views which *in certain respects* approximate somewhat more closely to the Theosophical position. Such were the Swiss biologist Bonnet, the Swiss physiologist and botanist Haller, the mathematician Euler, also of Swiss nationality, and the German professor and theologian Schmid. Such as these supposed "miracles to be already existent, or implanted, in Nature itself. These germs of miracles always exist alongside of other germs of actions of Nature in a sort of sheath, like secret springs in a mechanism, and spring into view when conditions are proper." This idea is simply saying that 'miracles' are merely expressions of unknown forces or potencies or powers in Nature itself, and approximate closely to the views of mystics like Jérôme Cardan and Paracelsus, who taught an invisible world existing within this outer sphere: "beside or rather behind the visible world is an invisible world, which breaks through into ours in particular spots" when conditions are fit to do so.

An early Christian Church-Father, St. Chrysostom, taught that "miracles are fit for vulgar minds only, which are lazy; men of good sense have no occasion for them; and they often carry untoward suspicions along with them."

But a very interesting condemnation of the whole miracle-business is found among the Jews. In the *Talmud*, Treatise Bâbâ-Mezîahh, occurs an interesting story about miracle-

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working which though long is worth quoting, because of the intrinsic worth as showing the pure futility of miracle-mongering.

On that day, Rabbi Eli'ezer ben Orkanaz answered all the many questions put to him; but as his arguments were found to be inferior to his pretensions, the doctors of the Law who were present refused to admit his answers and condemned his conclusions. R. Eli'ezer then said to them: "My teaching is true; and this carob-tree here will show you how true my conclusions are." Obeying the command of R. Eli'ezer, the carob-tree arose out of the ground, and planted itself a hundred cubits away. But the Rabbis shook their heads, and said: "The carob-tree proves nothing at all." "What!" said R. Eli'ezer, "you resist so persuasive a testimony to my power? Then let this rivulet flow backwards, and thus attest the truth of my doctrine." Immediately the rivulet, obeying R. Eli'ezer's command, flowed backwards towards its spring. But the Rabbis continued to shake their heads, and said: "The rivulet proves nothing at all." "What," said R. Eli'ezer, "you fail to understand the power that I use, and yet you disbelieve the doctrine that I teach!" The Rabbis again shook their heads, and observed: "The Rabbis must understand before they believe." "Will you believe what I say?" R. Eli'ezer then said, "if the walls of this house of study fall down at my order?" Then the walls of the building, obeying him, began to fall. when Rabbi Joshua' exclaimed: "By what right do these walls interiere in our discussion?" The walls then stopped falling, in honor of Rabbi Joshua', yet did not recover their upright position in honor of Rabbi Eli'ezer.

The Talmud sarcastically observes that they are still leaning.

Then R. Eli'ezer, in a passion of anger, cried out: "Now in order to confound you, since you compel me to do this, let a voice out of heaven be heard!" At once the Bath-Qôl, the voice from heaven, was heard high

in the air, saying: "Although ye be so numerous, what are ye compared with R. Eli'ezer? What are your opinions all together worth, compared with his? When he has once spoken, his opinion ought to be accepted." Thereupon Rabbi Joshua' rose and said: "It is written: The Law is not in heaven (*Deut.* xxx, 12); it is in thy mouth and in thy heart (*Deut.* v, 16). It is likewise in your reason, for it is written: 'I have left you freedom to select between life and death and good and evil' (*Deut.* v, 15 and 19) and this is all in your conscience; for if ye love the Lord and obey his voice, that is the voice by which he speaks within you, ye will find happiness and truth. Why, then, does R. Eli'ezer bring into the argument a carob-tree, a rivulet, a wall, and a voice, to compose such differences and settle such questions? Further, what is the inevitable conclusion to draw from their actions, except that those who have studied the laws of Nature have mistaken the full reach of Nature's actions, which only means that henceforth we must admit that in certain given circumstances a carob-tree can uproot itself and transfer itself a hundred cubits away; that under certain conditions a rivulet can flow backwards towards its source; that in certain circumstances walls obey commands as the iron does the lodestone; and that in certain circumstances voices from heaven teach doctrines? Hence, what possible connexion is there between the facts of thusly observed natural history on the one hand, and the teachings of Rabbi Eli'ezer? What connexion, I say, is there between the roots of a carob-tree, a rivulet, stones of walls, voices from the air on the one hand, and logic on the other hand? Doubtless these marvels are extraordinary and have filled us with amazement; but to wonder at things is not answering questions; and what we require is true arguments, not mere phenomena. Therefore when Rabbi Eli'ezer shall have proved to us that carob-trees, rivulets, walls, and unknown voices, give to us arguments, by their strange movements, equaling in value that sublime reason which the Eternal puts within us in order to serve as our Guide in the

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

exercise of our free-will: then, and then alone, will we use such testimonies, and shall estimate the number of them and the value of their assertions. . . .

“No, Rabbi Eli'ezer, it is vain work for you to address your proof in such matters to our

physical senses; our senses may deceive us; and if they affirm what our reason denies, and what our conscience repudiates, we ought to reject the evidence of our deceptive and weak senses, and listen alone to reason illumined by our conscience.”

## WHAT ARE THE THEOSOPHISTS?

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

(From *The Theosophist*, October, 1879)

ARE they what they claim to be — students of natural law, of ancient and modern philosophy, and even of exact science? Are they Deists, Atheists, Socialists, Materialists, or Idealists; or are they but a schism of modern Spiritualism,— mere visionaries? Are they entitled to any consideration, as capable of discussing philosophy and promoting real science; or should they be treated with the compassionate toleration which one gives to ‘harmless enthusiasts’? The Theosophical Society has been variously charged with a belief in ‘miracles,’ and ‘miracle-working’; with a secret political object — like the Carbonari; with being spies of an autocratic Tsar; with preaching socialistic and nihilistic doctrines; and, *mirabile dictu*, with having a covert understanding with the French Jesuits, to disrupt modern Spiritualism for a pecuniary consideration! With equal violence they have been denounced as dreamers, by the American Positivists; as fetish-worshippers, by some of the New York press; as revivalists of ‘moldy superstitions,’ by the Spiritualists; as infidel emissaries of Satan, by the Christian

Church; as the very types of ‘*gobemouche*,’ by Professor W. B. Carpenter, F. R. S.; and, finally, and most absurdly, some Hindû opponents, with a view to lessening their influence, have flatly charged them with the employment of *demons* to perform certain phenomena. Out of all this pother of opinions, one fact stands conspicuous — the Society, its members, and their views, are deemed of enough importance to be discussed and denounced: *Men slander only those whom they hate — or fear.*

But, if the Society has had its enemies and traducers, it has also had its friends and advocates. For every word of censure, there has been a word of praise. Beginning with a party of about a dozen earnest men and women, a month later its numbers had so increased as to necessitate the hiring of a public hall for its meetings; within two years, it had working branches in European countries. Still later, it found itself in alliance with the Indian Arya Samaj, headed by the learned Pandit Dayanand Saraswati Swâmî, and the Ceylonese Buddhists, under the erudite H. Sumangala, High Priest

of Adam's Peak and President of the Widyodaya College, Colombo.

He who would seriously attempt to fathom the psychological sciences, must come to the sacred land of ancient Āryāvarta. None is older than she in esoteric wisdom and civilization, however fallen may be her poor shadow — modern India. Holding this country, as we do, for the fruitful hot-bed whence proceeded all subsequent philosophical systems, to this source of all psychology and philosophy a portion of our Society has come to learn its ancient wisdom and ask for the impartation of its weird secrets. Philology has made too much progress to require at this late day a demonstration of this fact of the primogenitive nationality of Āryāvart. The unproved and prejudiced hypothesis of modern Chronology is not worthy of a moment's thought, and it will vanish in time like so many other unproved hypotheses. The line of philosophical heredity, from Kapila through Epicurus to James Mill; from Patañjali through Plotinus to Jacob Böhme, can be traced like the course of a river through a landscape.

One of the objects of the Society's organization was to examine the too transcendent views of the Spiritualists in regard to the powers of disembodied spirits; and, having told them what, in our opinion at least, a portion of their phenomena are *not*, it will become incumbent upon us now to show what they are. So apparent is it that it is in the East, and especially in India, that the key to the alleged 'supernatural' phenomena of the Spiritualists must be

sought, that it has recently been conceded in the Allahabad *Pioneer* (Aug. 11, 1879), an Anglo-Indian daily journal which has not the reputation of saying what it does not mean. Blaming the men of science who, "intent upon physical discovery, for some generations have been too prone to neglect super-physical investigation," it mentions "the new wave of doubt" (spiritualism) which has "latterly disturbed this conviction." To a large number of persons, including many of high culture and intelligence, it adds,

the supernatural had again asserted itself as a fit subject of inquiry and research. And there are plausible hypotheses in favor of the idea that among the 'sages' of the East . . . there may be found in a higher degree than among the more modernized inhabitants of the West traces of those personal peculiarities, whatever they may be, which are required as a condition precedent to the occurrence of supernatural phenomena.

And then, unaware that the cause he pleads is one of the chief aims and objects of our Society, the editorial writer remarks that it is

the only direction in which, it seems to us, the efforts of the Theosophists in India might possibly be useful. The leading members of the Theosophical Society in India are known to be very advanced students of occult phenomena, already, and we cannot but hope that their professions of interest in Oriental philosophy . . . may cover a reserved intention of carrying out explorations of the kind we indicate.

While, as observed, one of our objects, it yet is but one of many; the most important of which is to revive the work of Ammonius Saccas, and make various nations remember that

they are the children 'of one mother.' As to the transcendental side of the ancient Theosophy, it is also high time that the Theosophical Society should explain. With how much, then, of this nature-searching, God-seeking science of the ancient Âryan and Greek mystics, and of the powers of modern spiritual mediumship, does the Society agree? Our answer is: with it all.

But if asked what it believes in, the reply will be: "*as a body — Nothing.*" The Society, as a body, has no creed, as creeds are but the shells around spiritual knowledge; and Theosophy in its fruition is spiritual knowledge itself — the very essence of philosophical and theistic inquiry. Visible representative of Universal Theosophy, it can be no more sectarian than a Geographical Society, which represents universal geographical exploration without caring whether the explorers be of one creed or another. The religion of the Society is an algebraical equation, in which so long as the sign = of equality is not omitted, each member is allowed to substitute quantities of his own, which better accord with climatic and other exigencies of his native land, with the idiosyncracies of his people, or even with his own. Having no accepted creed, our Society is very ready to give and take, to learn and teach, by practical experimentation, as opposed to mere passive and credulous acceptance of enforced dogma. It is willing to accept every result claimed by any of the foregoing schools or systems, that can be logically and experimentally demonstrated. Converse-

ly, it can take nothing on mere faith, no matter by whom the demand may be made.

But, when we come to consider ourselves individually, it is quite another thing. The Society's members represent the most varied nationalities and races, and were born and educated in the most dissimilar creeds and social conditions. Some of them believe in one thing, others in another. Some incline towards the ancient *magic*, or secret wisdom that was taught in the sanctuaries, which was the very opposite of supernaturalism or diabolism; others in modern spiritualism, or intercourse with the spirits of the dead; still others in mesmerism or animal magnetism, or only an occult dynamic force in nature. A certain number have scarcely yet acquired any definite belief, but are in a state of attentive expectancy; and there are even those who call themselves materialists, in a certain sense.

Of atheists and bigoted sectarians of any religion, there are none in the Society; for the very fact of a man's joining it proves that he is in search of the final truth as to the ultimate essence of things. If there be such a thing as a speculative atheist, which philosophers may deny, he would have to reject both cause and effect, whether in this world of matter, or in that of spirit. There may be members who, like the poet Shelley, have let their imagination soar from cause to prior cause *ad infinitum*, as each in its turn became logically transformed into a result necessitating a prior cause, until

they have thinned the Eternal into a mere mist. But even they are not atheistic, in the speculative sense, whether they identify the material forces of the universe with the functions with which the theists endow their God, or otherwise; for once that they cannot free themselves from the conception of the abstract ideal of power, cause, necessity, and effect, they can be considered as atheists only in respect to a personal God, and not to the Universal Soul of the Pantheist. On the other hand the bigoted sectarian, fenced in, as he is, with a creed upon every paling of which is written the warning 'No Thoroughfare,' can neither come out of his enclosure to join the Theosophical Society, nor, if he could, has it room for one whose very religion forbids examination. The very root idea of the Society is free and fearless investigation.

As a body, the Theosophical Society holds that all original thinkers and investigators of the hidden side of nature, whether materialists — those who find matter "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life," or spiritualists — that is, those who discover in spirit the source of all energy and of matter as well, were and are, properly, Theosophists. For to be one, one need not necessarily recognise the existence of any special God or deity. One need but worship the spirit of living nature, and try to identify oneself with it. To revere that *Presence*, the invisible Cause, which is yet ever manifesting itself in its incessant results; the intangible, omnipotent, and omnipresent

Proteus: indivisible in its Essence, and eluding form, yet appearing under all and every form; who is here and there, and everywhere and nowhere; is ALL, and NOTHING; ubiquitous yet one; the Essence filling, binding, bounding, containing everything; contained in all. It will, we think, be seen now, that whether classed as Theists, Pantheists, or Atheists, such men are near kinsmen to the rest. Be what he may, once that a student abandons the old and trodden highway of routine, and enters upon the solitary path of independent thought — Godward — he is a Theosophist; an original thinker, a seeker after the eternal truth with 'an inspiration of his own' to solve the universal problems.

With every man that is earnestly searching in his own way after a knowledge of the Divine Principle, of man's relations to it, and nature's manifestations of it, Theosophy is allied. It is likewise the ally of honest science, as distinguished from much that passes for *exact*, physical science, so long as the latter does not poach on the domains of psychology and metaphysics.

And it is also the ally of every honest religion,— to wit: a religion willing to be judged by the same tests as it applies to the others. Those books which contain the most self-evident truth, are to it inspired (not revealed). But all books it regards, on account of the human element contained in them, as inferior to the Book of Nature; to read which and comprehend it correctly, the innate powers of the soul must be highly developed. Ideal laws can be

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perceived by the intuitive faculty alone; they are beyond the domain of argument and dialectics, and no one can understand or rightly appreciate them through the explanations of another mind, though even this mind be claiming a direct revelation. And, as this Society which allows the widest sweep in the realms of the pure ideal, is no less firm in the sphere of facts, its deference to modern science and its just representatives is sincere. Despite all their lack of a higher spiritual intuition, the world's debt to the representatives of modern physical science is immense; hence, the Society endorses heartily the noble and indignant protest of that gifted and eloquent preacher, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, against those who try to undervalue the services of our great naturalists.

Talk of Science as being irreligious, atheistic.

he exclaimed in a recent lecture, delivered at New York,

Science is creating a new idea of God. It is due to Science that we have any conception at all of a *living* God. If we do not become atheists one of these days under the maddening effect of Protestantism, it will be due to Science, because it is disabusing us of hideous illusions that tease and embarrass us, and putting us in the way of knowing how to reason about the things we see. . . .

And it is also due to the unremitting labors of such Orientalists as Sir W. Jones, Max Müller, Burnouf, Colebrooke, Haug, Saint-Hilaire, and so many others that the Society, as a body, feels equal respect and veneration for Vedic, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, and

other old religions of the world; and a like brotherly feeling toward its Hindû, Sinhalese, Parsî, Jain, Hebrew, and Christian members as individual students of 'self,' of nature, and of the divine in nature.

Born in the United States of America, the Society was constituted on the model of its Mother Land. The latter, omitting the name of God from its constitution lest it should afford a pretext one day to make a state religion, gives absolute equality to all religions in its laws. All support and each is in turn protected by the State. The Society modeled upon this constitution, may fairly be termed a 'Republic of Conscience.'

We have now, we think, made clear why our members, as individuals, are free to stay outside or inside any creed they please, provided they do not pretend that none but themselves shall enjoy the privilege of conscience, and try to force their opinions upon the others. In this respect the Rules of the Society are very strict. It tries to act upon the wisdom of the old Buddhistic axiom, "Honor thine own faith, and do not slander that of others"; echoed back in our present century in the 'declaration of Principles' of the Brahmo Samaj, which so nobly states that: "no sect shall be vilified, ridiculed, or hated."

In Section VI of the Revised Rules of the Theosophical Society, recently adopted in General Council, at Bombay, is this mandate:

It is not lawful for any officer of the Parent-Society to express, by word or act,

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any hostility to, or preference for, any one section (sectarian division, or group within the Society) more than another. All must be regarded and treated as equally the objects of the Society's solicitude and exertions. All have an equal right to have the essential features of their religious belief laid before the tribunal of an impartial world.

In their individual capacity, members may, when attacked, occasionally break this Rule, but, nevertheless, as officers they are restrained, and the Rule is strictly enforced during the meetings. For, above all human sects stands Theosophy in its abstract sense; Theosophy, which is too wide for any of them to contain but which easily contains them.

In conclusion, we may state that, broader and far more universal in its views than any existing mere scientific Society, it has *plus* science its belief in every possibility, and determined will to penetrate into those unknown spiritual regions which exact science pretends that its votaries have no business to explore. And, it has one quality more than any religion in that it makes no difference between Gentile, Jew, or Christian. It is in this spirit that the Society has been established upon the footing of a Universal Brotherhood.

Unconcerned about politics; hostile to the insane dreams of Socialism and of Communism, which it abhors — as both are but disguised conspiracies of brutal force and sluggishness against honest labor; the Society cares but little about the outward human management of the material world. The whole of its aspirations are directed towards the occult truths of the visible

and invisible worlds. Whether the physical man be under the rule of an empire or a republic, concerns only the man of matter. His body may be enslaved; as to his Soul, he has the right to give to his rulers the proud answer of Socrates to his Judges. They have no sway over the *inner* man.

Such is, then, the Theosophical Society, and such its principles, its multifarious aims, and its objects. Need we wonder at the past misconceptions of the general public, and the easy hold the enemy has been able to find to lower it in the public estimation? The true student has ever been a recluse, a man of silence and meditation. With the busy world his habits and tastes are so little in common that, while he is studying, his enemies and slanderers have undisturbed opportunities. But time cures all and lies are but ephemera. Truth alone is eternal.

About a few of the Fellows of the Society who have made great scientific discoveries, and some others to whom the psychologist and the biologist are indebted for the new light thrown upon the darker problems of the inner man, we will speak later on. Our object now was but to prove to the reader that Theosophy is neither 'a new-fangled doctrine,' a political cabal, nor one of those societies of enthusiasts which are born today but to die tomorrow. That not all of its members can think alike, is proved by the Society having organized two great Divisions,— the Eastern and the Western — and the latter being divided into numerous sections, according to races and religious views.

One man's thought, infinitely various as are its manifestations, is not all-embracing. Denied ubiquity, it must necessarily speculate but in one direction; and once transcending the boundaries of exact human knowledge, it has to err and wander, for the ramifications of the one central and absolute Truth are infinite. Hence, we occasionally find even the greater philosophers losing themselves in the labyrinths of speculations, thereby provoking the criticism of posterity. But as all work for one and the same object, namely, the disenthralment of human thought, the elimination of superstitions, and the discovery of truth, all

are equally welcome. The attainment of these objects, all agree, can best be secured by convincing the reason and warming the enthusiasm of the generation of fresh young minds that are just ripening into maturity, and making ready to take the place of their prejudiced and conservative fathers. And, as each — the great ones as well as small — have trodden the royal road to knowledge, we listen to all, and take both small and great into our fellowship. For no honest searcher comes back empty-handed, and even he who has enjoyed the least share of popular favor can lay at least his mite upon the one altar of Truth.

## RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

### Lucius Annaeus Seneca

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

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

#### BOOK II — XXXV

(1) "*What then! Of what use are expiations and expiatory sacrifices, if Fate is immutable?*" Permit me to uphold that inflexible party of those who take exception to those things, and who think that they are nothing else than the consolations of an anxious mind.

(2) The fates work out their law irrevocably, nor are they moved by any prayer: they are changed neither by pity nor by favor do they decree aught: by a determined purpose events flow along an irrevocable course. In the same way as the water of rapid torrents neither returns upon itself nor

ever abides, for the following (*wave*) hurls the prior forward: thus the eternal series of things whirls forward the order of Fate, whose first law is to abide in what has been determined (*stare decreto*).

#### XXXVI

What then dost thou understand Fate to be? I think it to be the Necessity of all things and actions, which no power may break. If thou judgest that this (*Necessity*) can be moved by sacrifices or by the head of a snow-white ewe-lamb, thou hast no

knowledge of things divine. Ye deny that the judgment of a wise man can be altered: how much less that of deity! While the wise man knows what (*particular*) thing is best in things before him, to the divinity of deity every (*single*) thing is present.

XXXVII

(1) I now will take up the case of those who believe that thunderbolts can be averted by expiatory sacrifices, and who doubt not that expiations are useful at times in removing dangers, sometimes in mitigating them, sometimes in deferring them.

(2) What that may be which they (*thus*) follow, I will take up a little later: meanwhile, they have this in common with us, that we also believe that vows are advantageous, yet that the force and power of Fate is unaffected thereby. For in the same way that things which are left (*to our own will*) are so suspended by the immortal gods that they may turn to good, if prayers be addressed to the gods, if vows have been assumed; just so is this (*fact*) not contrary to Fate, if itself be (*a part*) of Fate.

(3) "Either that which is to be," he says, "is, or is not: if it is to be, it will occur, even if thou makest no vows; if it is not to be, even if thou wilt have made no vows, it will not occur." This syllogism is false, because thou omittest the intermediate condition: it is to be but only if vows shall have been assumed.

XXXVIII

(1) "This very thing," he says,

"must of necessity be included in Fate, that thou shalt either assume vows or not." See me giving thee my hand and confessing this also is included in Fate, that undoubtedly vows shall occur: hence, they will occur.

(2) It is Fate that a man may be learned, but only if he shall have learned letters; but it is comprised in the same Fate that he shall learn letters: for that reason he will be taught. This man will be rich, but only if he shall have navigated (*the seas in search of wealth*); but in this course of Fate, by which a great patrimony is promised to him, this also must at once be said, that he shall navigate: hence, he will navigate. I say the same to thee concerning expiations. He will escape perils, if he shall have expiated the threats foretold by divine providence; but this also is in Fate, that he shall expiate: for that reason he will expiate.

(3) These two things are customarily brought against us: that it be proved that nothing is left to our will, and that all authority (*power: jus*) is in Fate. As the discussion is concerning this matter, I will say in what manner Fate still remaining, there is somewhat of free will in man; now I have (*already*), in fact, explained, in connexion with this, how, if the order of Fate be certain, expiations and expiatory sacrifices may avert the perils of prodigies, because they are not in conflict with Fate but occur by the very law of Fate itself.

(4) "Of what use to me then," thou sayest, "is a diviner? For undoubtedly it is necessary for me to expiate,

even though he persuade me not." It has this use, that he is a minister of Fate. Thus, as health is due to Fate, it is also due to the physician, because this blessing of Fate comes to us through his hand.

XXXIX

(1) *The kinds of lightnings are three, says Caecinna: counseling, of authority, and of condition.* The counseling occurs before the act, but after thought concerning it, when those turning something over in the mind are either persuaded (*to proceed*) or dissuaded (*from proceeding*) by the stroke of the thunderbolt. Of authority, are those which happen after the act, and signify what the act is about to be for good or ill.

(2) Of condition, are those which, where things are at rest, and no one is acting or planning, some thunderbolt intervenes, and either menaces, or promises, or warns: this (*kind*) he (*Caecinna*) calls *monitory* (*warning*). But I know not why it is not the same as the counseling (*kind*), for he who warns, counsels.

(3) But it has a certain difference, and on account of this it is distinguished from the counseling, because the latter persuades and dissuades; the former contains only an avoiding of impending danger, as when we suspect (*the existence of*) fire, cheating by those near us, plots by slaves.

(4) Yet, further, I see this distinction: the counseling is that which happens to one planning; the monitory (*or warning*), is that (*which happens*) to

one not planning. Both the one and the other has each its peculiarity: the deliberating are persuaded, and moreover are warned.

XL

(1) First of all, they are not kinds of thunderbolts, but of prognostics: *for the kinds of thunderbolts are these: That which perforates; That which shatters; That which burns.* That which perforates is subtil and flamy, whose flight is through the narrowest (*places*) on account of the pure and unmixed tenuity of the flame.

(2) That which disrupts is conglobate (*pressed into a mass*), and contains an admixture of compacted and stormy spirit. Consequently this bolt turns back and escapes through the aperture by which it entered. Its force is widely scattered: it breaks what is stricken, and does not perforate it.

(3) The third kind, which burns, has much of the terrene, and is rather fire than flame. Consequently it leaves large marks of fire, which remain in what is stricken. Indeed, no bolt falls without fire, but nevertheless we properly call that fiery which leaves manifest traces of heat—which either burns or blackens.

(4) It burns in three manners: it scorches and damages only lightly, or it consumes, or it sets on fire. All the foregoing burn, but differ in the mode and in the manner. Whatever is consumed, undoubtedly is burned: but what is burned, is not necessarily consumed.

(5) In the same way, that which is

set on fire (*kindled*): this can have burned from the mere passage of the fire. Who does not know that some things can be burned yet not be in flames, but that nothing can be in flame which is not burned? I add this: a thing can be consumed yet not be inkindled; a thing can be inkindled yet not be consumed.

(6) I now pass to the kind of bolt by which things stricken are blackened: this kind either discolors or colors: I will explain the distinction. That is discolored whose color is injured, but not changed; that is colored whose appearance becomes other than what it was, just as blue (*may be turned*) either to black or to pallid.

## XLI

(1) *Thus far, the above are common both to Etruscans and to the philosophers. They disagree in this, that (the former) say that the thunderbolt is sent by Jupiter, and they give to it three species (manubias, lit., booties): the first, so they say, warns and is gentle, and is sent by the intention of Jupiter himself. The second, also, Jupiter sends, but (only) by the decision of a council: he convokes the twelve gods. This bolt at times produces some good thing, yet not otherwise than that it also does some harm: it is of benefit, but not apart from punishment.*

(2) The third species, Jupiter also sends, but with those gods attending the council whom they call Higher and Hid (*involutos — wrapped up, covered*), because it destroys what it falls

upon, and unquestionably changes both the private and public status (*of things*) which it finds; for there is nothing of fire (*in this*): such as it (*the state of things*) was, it suffers (*the destruction above mentioned*).

## XLII

(1) Antiquity errs, if thou wilt examine (*the matter*), as regards the first species. What can be more stupid than to believe that Jupiter sends thunderbolts from the clouds, aiming at columns, trees, sometimes even his own statues, so that for unpunished sacrileges, for stricken sheep, for burned altars, he may slay harmless cattle? And gods called to his council by Jupiter, just as if there were in himself too small a degree of counsel? That those thunderbolts which he by himself hurls forth are pleasing and gentle, and for hurling destructive ones a large crowd of divinities has assembled?

(2) If thou askest me what I myself feel, I do not believe that people so dull have existed as to believe that Jupiter is of a spiteful spirit, nor, assuredly, less equipped (*than others*). When he sent forth his fires with which he should strike unoffending bodies, did he pass over the guilty? Did he have no desire to hurl (*his bolts*) more justly, or did he not succeed in so doing?

(3) What, then, were they aiming at, when they said those things? For coercing (*governing*) the minds of the ignorant, (*certain*) very wise men decided upon (*using*) inescapable fear, in order that we should be in awe of

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something above us. It was useful to be in such audacity of villainies, against which no man seemed to himself to be sufficiently strong. Therefore for discouraging those in whom harmlessness finds no favor except from fear, they placed over our heads an avenger, and armed, at that.

### XLIII

(1) Why, then, is that bolt which Jupiter alone hurls forth, placable; and that one baleful concerning which he deliberated and which he hurled forth — the other gods being its authors also? Because it is necessary that Jupiter, that is to say the king, shall be a doer of good only, and shall not do harm, except it be approved by many (*others*).

(2) Let those learn, all who have arrived at great power among men, that no thunderbolt whatsoever is to be hurled forth without counsel; let them call (*others into their counsel*), let them consider the judgments of many; let them temper what will be harmful; let them remember this, when it is needful to strike, that not even to Jupiter is his own counsel sufficient.

### XLIV

(1) Nor were they so ignorant concerning another point also, that they could have thought Jupiter to change his weapons: that, is proper (*only*) by poetical license:

*There is another lighter bolt, to which the  
right hand of the Cyclopes  
Added less of fury and flame, less of rage:  
The gods called them second arms.*

(OVID, *Metam.*, iii, 305)

(2) In truth, this error had no hold over those greatest of men, that they should consider Jupiter as using now (*heavier, now*) lighter and sportive bolts; but they desired to admonish those (*kings and rulers*) by whom the sins of men are to be stricken at, that all things are not to be punished according to one mode: some things must be held in check, some eradicated and dissipated, some warned against.

### XLV

(1) Nor did they believe this either, that Jupiter, the one whom we worship in the Capitol and in other temples, hurls bolts from his hand, but they understand *the same one to be Jupiter that we also do, the governor and custodian of the universe, the mind and spirit of the world, the lord and author of this Work*, to whom every name is suitable.

(2) Dost thou desire to call him *Fate*? Thou wilt not err. He it is, from whom all things are suspended, the cause of causes. Dost thou desire to speak of him as *Providence*? Thou wilt say rightly, for he it is, by whose counsel the world is provided for, so that it may move along unhindered, and may unfold its own activities.

(3) Dost thou desire to call him *Nature*? Thou wilt not be in fault: he it is, from whom all things are born, by whose spirit we live. Dost thou desire to call him the *World*? Thou wilt not be wrong: for he himself is this whole that thou seest, dwelling in his own parts, and sustaining both himself and his own. The same thing seemed prop-

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er to the Etruscans also, and hence they said that thunderbolts were sent from Jupiter, because without him nothing is administered.

### XLVI

*“But why does Jupiter either pass over what should be stricken, or strike harmless things?”* Thou callest me here to a greater investigation, to which should be given its own day, its own place: meanwhile, I say this, that bolts are sent from Jupiter, but that all are so arranged that even those that are not produced from him, nonetheless do not happen without the reason that is his, for even if Jupiter does not now produce these, Jupiter has ordained that they should happen. He is not in individual things, but nevertheless he gave energy and cause and instrument (*manum — hand*) to all.

### XLVII

*To the following division by them I do not consent: they say that thunderbolts are either perpetual, or limited, or those admitting of delay.* The perpetual: whose signification pertains to the entire life, nor does it announce one single matter, but embraces the web of things to be, in regular series, for every age. These are the bolts which happen first, when a patrimony is accepted, or a new condition either of man or of a city (*is entered upon*). The limited belong to the day only. Prorogative (*admitting of delay*) are those whose menaces can be delayed, but cannot be avoided or removed.

### XLVIII

(1) *I will say why it is that I will*

*not consent to this division.* For what they call a perpetual thunderbolt is also limited, since such as these equally belong to the day; nor are these limited, because they signify many things; and that which is considered as prorogative, is also limited, for by their own acknowledgment it is ascertained for how long a time delay may be brought about: they deny that bolts affecting individuals can be deferred beyond the tenth year, and public beyond the thirtieth. In this way these also (*the prorogative*) are limited, because that which is not protracted beyond (*a certain point*) is limited. Consequently, a day is determined for all thunderbolts and for every occurrence. There cannot, then, be any bounding of the indefinite.

(2) *What things are to be examined in lightning,* they tell (*us*) here and there, and vaguely, since they can so divide (*the details*) — in the manner in which they were divided by the philosopher Attalus, who had given himself up to this study — that they examine Where it occurred, When, To whom, On what account, What was the kind, How great. If I were to desire to set these in their proper places, what shall I be able to do hereafter? I shall embark on an endless (*labor*).

### XLIX

(1) *I will now clearly distinguish between the names of the lightnings which are set forth by Caecinna; and I will also explain what I think about them.* He says that there are *Postulatory (required again)* by which sacri-

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fices which have been neglected or not performed according to the rites, are begun over again; *Monitory*, by which is set forth what is to be guarded against; *Baleful*, which foretell exile and death; *Deceptive*, which injure through having an appearance of some good: they instance the consulate, but resulting in evil to those holding it; and an inheritance, whose value is to be got only through great disadvantage.

(2) *Threatening*, which bring an appearance of peril, yet without peril; *Canceling*, by which are canceled the menaces of prior bolts; *Confirming*, which accord with former ones; *Terrone*, which occur in inclosed places; *Overwhelming*, by which things previously stricken and which have not been expiated, are killed; *Regal*, when the forum is hit or the place of assembly (comitium) or the principal spots of a free city: the signification of these (*bolts*) threatens a change over to royal government; *Infernal*, when fire has burst from the earth; *Hospitable*, which summon Jupiter to us, in sacrifices, and — that I may use the softer word of their own—invite (*him*). But he should not be summoned against his will: they affirm that in such case he comes with great peril to (*those*) insulting (*him*); *Auxiliary*, which are invoked, but come for the good of those who call.

### L

(1) How much simpler is the division employed by our Attalus, a remarkable man, who blended the studies of the Etruscans with the Greek subtilty: Of thunderbolts there are certain

ones which foreshow that which appertains to us; and certain others which foreshow nothing, or that whose signification does not appertain to us.

(2) Out of those which foreshow, certain ones are propitious, others adverse [certain others are mixed], others are neither adverse nor propitious. Of the adverse, the following are the species: either they portend inevitable evils, or those which can be escaped from, or those which can be minimized, or which can be deferred. The propitious foreshow what is to endure, or what is transitory.

(3) The mixed either have a part of good and a portion of evil, or change evil things into good or good things into evil. Those which are neither adverse nor propitious, are they which notify us of some action by which we should neither be terrified nor overjoyed, such as a journey in foreign parts wherein there is neither fear nor any hope (*of benefits*).

### LI

I return to those bolts which portend, indeed, something which yet does not pertain to us, as whether in the same year the same bolt will happen to a man which has already occurred. (*These*) bolts signify nothing, or that whose significance escapes us, such as those which are scattered over the immense sea or in desert solitudes, whose significance is nothing (*to us*), or is lost.

### LII

(1) *I will now add a few things in describing the force of the thunder-*

*bolts, which does not injure all matter in the same manner.* It most vigorously shatters things that are strongest, because they resist, but sometimes traverses without injury those which give way to it. It battles with stone, iron, and whatever things are hardest, because it has to seek a path through them by violence: hence, it forces (*a path*) through which it may escape. It spares things that are soft and diffuse, though they may seem appropriate for flames, because, a path through lying open, it meets less obstruction. Hence, boxes remaining intact, as I have said, money which is in them is found fused, because the exceedingly tenuous fire passes through them by hid apertures; but whatever it finds in timber to be solid and unyielding, it overpowers.

(2) It does not rage in one mode only, as I have remarked, but whatever thing any (*such*) force may have effected, thou knowest from the nature of the damage itself, and thou recognisest the bolt from its effect. Occasionally, the force of the same bolt produces many different (effects), as, for instance, in a tree, it burns what is very dry, it perforates and breaks what is most solid and is hardest, it destroys the outer bark, and breaks and splits the interior rind [in the inner bark of the tree], it traverses and shrivels the leaves, it congeals wine, and melts iron and brass.

## LIII

(1) It is a wonderful thing that wine which has been congealed by the bolt, upon its return to its former state,

when drunk, either kills or renders insane. Why this should happen, the following occurred to me on thinking about it: there is a baleful influence in the thunderbolt. It is very probable that some spirit of it (*the bolt*) remains in the liquid which it has thickened and congealed; yet it (*the spirit*) could not be so detained (*in the liquid*) except some bonding power were added to it.

(2) Besides, there is an offensive smell in oil and every unguent after a bolt. From which it appears that there is in the exceedingly subtil fire, which has been moved against its nature, some pestilential power, by which the stricken bodies do not so much deteriorate but are scorched (*adflata*). Besides, wherever the bolt falls, there for certain is an odor of sulphur, which, because it is oppressive, when frequently drunk, makes one mad.

(3) But we will return to this when at leisure. Perhaps it will be pleasing to show how all these things have come forth from philosophy, the parent of the arts: for it (*philosophy*) first sought out the causes of things and observed results, and,—what in an investigation of thunderbolts is by far the best thing — joined the effects of things to their beginnings.

## LIV

(1) *I now return to the opinion of Posidonius:* Out of the earth and all things terrene, the moist part is breathed forth, the dry and smoky [remains]: the latter are the aliment of thunderbolts, the former of rains.

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Whatever of the dry and smoky reaches the air, cannot endure to be inclosed [in clouds], but breaks the inclosing (*matter*): hence comes the sound that we call thunder.

(2) Likewise, in the air itself, something is rarefied at the same time that it is rendered dry and warm: this also, if it be inclosed, equally seeks flight and escapes with sound, and either erupts everywhere, thus thundering more vigorously, or it escapes in detail and throughout the parts.

(3) Hence, this spirit produces thunderings, either while breaking through the clouds or while flying through (*them*). The rolling about of the spirit locked up in a cloud is the most powerful kind of friction. Thunderings, in fact, are nothing else than the sounding of air set in motion, which (*sound*) cannot occur except while (*the air*) either is causing friction or is itself ruptured.

### LV

(1) "And if clouds are brought into collision between themselves," he says, "that stroke occurs, which thou art discussing." But not a universal (*stroke*): since neither do all (*clouds*) dash together upon all, but parts upon parts. Nor do the softer (*clouds*) resound, except they be dashed upon harder (*clouds*); in the same way the tide is

not heard, unless there be an impact (*upon the shore*).

(2) "Fire," he says, "which is plunged into water, resounds while it is being extinguished." Thou mayest think so; it favors my view; yet not even then does fire produce sound, but the spirit escaping through what is being extinguished. I grant to thee that fire occurs in a cloud and is extinguished, yet it is born from the spirit and the friction.

(3) "What then?" he says. "Cannot some one of these falling stars (*meteors*) fall into a cloud and be extinguished?" We think it possible that this also may occur occasionally: yet we are seeking the natural and constant cause, not that which is infrequent and fortuitous. Thou mayest take it that I confess to be true what thou sayest, that occasionally, after thunderings, fires spring forth similar to shooting and falling stars: yet thunderings are not produced on account of that, but even though this should happen thunderings are produced.

(4) *Clidemos* says that lightning is an empty appearance, not (*really*) fire: thus at night, a shining is seen by the movement of oars (*in water*), but the parallel is false: for there the shining appears in the water itself: but what happens in the atmosphere, breaks forth (*suddenly*) and vanishes.

(*To be continued*)



"WHAT a chimera is man! What a confused chaos, what a subject of contradictions! The glory and the scandal of the universe!"—PASCAL

# EINSTEIN AND SPACE

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

MANY notices and comments have been seen about the latest announcement of Professor Albert Einstein, in which he is reported to have said that Space "has in the past century swallowed up both ether and light, and is now about to swallow up the gravitational and electro-magnetic fields, and corpuscles too, so that it will be left as the sole theoretical representative of reality."

What the great mathematico-physicist is doing is to create a new idea of space, adequate to the explanation and calculation of all our physical knowledge, and without the need for such conceptions as ethers and electro-magnetic fields, which were introduced to eke out the deficiencies of the older idea of space.

This new space transcends our powers of conception, but can be dealt with mathematically by those sufficiently versed in the operations of the higher mathematics.

The old idea of space was an abstraction by which the properties of the geometrical points, lines, surfaces, and solids, were conceived as existing independently of any material substance, and as being extended indefinitely in all directions. Thus space was comparable to a large empty room without any bounding walls, but having a three-dimensional magnitude defined by the familiar three rectangular coordinates. Upon this ideal framework was built the Newtonian dynamics, a

system of bodies moving in space, which latter he defines as being without relation to anything outside, uniform and immobile. ("*Spatium Absolutum, natura sua sine relatione ad externum quodvis, semper manet simile et immobile.*") This however did not account for gravitation, which had to be assumed, though its laws could be studied; but it answered for light as long as the corpuscular theory of light was maintained. Later researches, however, demanded an undulatory theory for light, and thus it became necessary to fill this empty space with a medium or vehicle capable of transmitting those vibrations. Queer and apparently incompatible qualities had to be assigned to that ether, to satisfy various exigencies, so that it has figured as a weightless and enormously rigid jelly pervading all matter and the spaces between bodies.

It was natural after that, that attempts should be made to demonstrate the existence of relative motion between the ether, supposed to be stationary, and the earth, supposed to be sweeping along through it in axial and orbital motions. These experiments, culminating in the oft-quoted Michelson-Morley experiment, failed to show any such motion of the earth through the ether. In many other respects, too numerous to be entered into here, the conception of an ether failed to meet requirements. It is but necessary to mention the various phenomena of electromagnetism, gravitation, those

discoveries which have given rise to the quantum-theory of Planck, the researches into the structure of the physical atom.

The attempt is therefore made to obtain a new 'framework,' if we may use that convenient word, upon which to build explanations of all these phenomena, and able to meet all requirements. For this purpose there has been revived a four-dimensional space, measurable by means of a fourth coordinate added to the other three, and loosely described by that vague and much-abused word 'time.' Time means a number of different things, more in some languages than in others, so that controversies on the subject may assume the form of perfectly unconscious punning; but we must here conceive of time as a one-dimensional magnitude, which can be marked off into instants, the distances between which can be measured and define the intervals between events.

Thus the mutual independence of space and time has been abolished; and for these two separate and independent absolutes there has been substituted a new one, which is neither space nor time in the old senses of these words, but a something to which has been given the name of 'space-time.' It is not always, or even frequently, realized that this is not a mere addition of time to space, whereby each remains as before, but the formation of a new thing which is neither the one nor the other. Also, since time and space both enter into its composition, it cannot be either in time or in

space; it is nowhere and nowhen. Thus it clearly transcends our present normal conceptual ability.

While we think it probable that Professor Einstein considers himself a pure explorer into truth, and disapproves of attempts to label him as a metaphysician or a physicist or what-not; and while he doubtless objects to being called in as a witness by all and sundry in support of particular doctrines; still there seems sufficient justification for claiming that his results support the thesis that mind is the reality behind the physical world. This is a thesis which now finds eminent support in the scientific world. The words 'idealistic' and 'realistic' no longer serve to define their customary distinctions, so strongly do we realize today that all scientific speculation is built upon a most liberal use of the power of abstraction. If matter is an abstraction relatively to mind, so is mind itself an abstraction. The Universe is composed of living beings, like myself only different; the moment we move away from that, if only so far as to speak of 'mankind' or 'humanity,' we have created an abstraction. Yet abstraction is essential to the operations of the intellect.

What could be more abstract than pure mathematics? And pure mathematics can yield the key to the deepest mysteries of the Universe. The study of transcendental geometry of  $n$ -dimensions gives me formulas of relationships, of which I can form no visual picture, yet which may prove keys to unlock many doors.

# H. P. BLAVATSKY: THE MYSTERY

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

## PART TWO: PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC

### CHAPTER XVII—KARMAN

“We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making, and the riddles of life that *we will not solve*, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day, or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or in another life. . . .

“ . . . Karma-Nemesis is no more than the (spiritual) dynamical effect of causes produced and forces awakened into activity by our own actions.”

—H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I. p. 644

**T**HE subject of this chapter is Karman. This is a Sanskrit word, and as a word means Action. But when used in a philosophical sense, it has a technical meaning, and this technical meaning can best be translated into English by the word ‘consequence.’

The idea is that every movement of a living entity, be that movement spiritual, mental, psychological, physical, or other, is immediately or at a later date succeeded by a consequence or an effect closely akin to that movement, of which the movement is the cause; and that this consequence or effectual action is an *inevitable* result of the causative action which preceded it and gave it birth. Also that this linking together of action to action, and of cause to effect, or of consequence to its precedent movement, is a universal rule, and applies not only to man or to any other animate entity on earth, but to the Universe both in general and in particular.

It is not, by any means, what is known in the Occident as Fatalism, for

the karmic results or consequences flow forth only as effects from some one entity which originated them or gave them birth; and upon that entity these causal movements recoil sooner or later, as effects or consequences.

Fatalism, on the other hand, means the doctrine or tenet or belief of a rather restricted class of minds, that the Universe is governed by some transcendent personal or individualized power which impresses upon such Universe all precedent causes, and therefore all consequent effects, and that it is hopeless for the entities or beings or things composing such a supposititious Universe to try to escape from the over-ruling and over-powering energy or energies thus manifested.

Karman, therefore, is essentially, in the last analysis, a doctrine of Free Will, for naturally the entity which initiates a movement or action: spiritual, mental, psychological, or physical or other: is responsible thereafter in the shape of consequences and

effects, that flow therefrom, and sooner or later recoil upon the actor or mover.

Of course it is true to a certain extent, since everything is interlocked and interlinked and interblended with everything else, and that nothing and no being can live unto itself alone, that other entities are of necessity, in smaller or larger degree, affected by the causes or motions initiated by any individual entity; but such effects or consequences on entities other than the prime mover, are only indirectly a morally compelling power, in the true sense of the word, 'moral.'

An example of how one entity can affect another in the manner just spoken of, is given in what the Theosophist means when he speaks of 'family karman' as contrasted with one's own individual karman: that is to say, the network or web of circumstances and events which belong to the family of which he is a part. Or, again, national karman, the series of consequences pertaining to the nation of which he is an individual; or again, the racial karman pertaining to the race of which the individual is an integral member.

The reason for this secondary series of consequences is not different, however, when we go to the roots of things, from action initiated by the individual entity himself, because the doctrine of Karman also sets forth that the family or the nation or the race to which such individual entity belongs, is his family or nation or race on account of the karmic consequences or effects originally initiated by that individual entity,

which brought him into that *milieu* or set of circumstances. He himself builded for himself, in some past time, incarnation in that family or in that nation or race.

So, in a very real sense, therefore, the family or national or racial karman in which he finds himself involved, he is in his own particular minor degree himself responsible for. So really it all comes back to the same thing.

The series of observations which precede are not unimportant, because sometimes a criticism of the Theosophical doctrine of Karman is made by those who do not understand it, to the effect that it differs very little indeed from what is popularly called Fatalism; and these preceding observations of course show how totally unfounded this criticism is: it arises out of ignorance only.

Rooted as man's monadic essence is, or indeed the monadic essence of any other entity or thing, in the Boundless All, and furthermore in the highest and most spiritual aspects of the Boundless All, it is also seen at once that the *universal* karman of cosmic being is therefore the ultimate background of the karman of the individual, because the individual is inseparable from that universe.

Another thought that flows forth immediately from the principles which we have just laid before the reader, shows clearly that things are what they are because they compose a vast aggregate, indeed incomprehensible in its universal reaches, of co-operating energies and powers, of which every one is but

an expression of karmic consequences: and this is but another manner of saying that everything that is, collectively and distributively, in general and in particular, is but the consequence or consequences of actions or movements which have preceded the present state of things; and, furthermore, that the present state of things will be succeeded by another web or network of incoming and interlocking energies and forces and beings which will be the resultants or consequences in every sense of the word, of what exists at present, both in the universal and in the particular.

We may speak in ordinary language of Karman as the 'fundamental law of the universe,' if we so choose, and there is no particular objection to this phrase, except perhaps in the one word 'law.' Karman is *not* a 'law' in the ordinary human sense of an enactment or rule of action laid down by some supreme law-giver. Not at all. It is, as the Ancients would have said, existent in the very 'nature of things.' Beings and things act or move, and by the very nature of things produce consequences, and so on indefinitely; for the original movement or act is but the consequence or result of some other consequence or result which preceded it, and so on in both directions endlessly: endlessly back into the past, and extending endlessly forward into what human beings call the future. This is the Chain of Causation of which mention has been made elsewhere in this book.

Just as the root of universal nature:

just as the root of any individual entity or being or thing: is pure consciousness, which is equivalent to saying pure abstract substance, so likewise is Karman in the last analysis but the fundamental activity of such consciousness itself, whether manifesting in the universal or in the particular, whether in a universe or in and through an individual entity. To say just what Karman is in other words, would be extremely difficult. It is because it is the profound mystery of the operation of the essential being of consciousness itself.

Nature proceeds in cycles, because Nature is founded in and on consciousness; and it is the characteristic of consciousness to know, and it is the characteristic operation of knowledge to repeat what it knows, and this repetitive action of indwelling consciousness produces through the boundless ranges of the Universe the cyclical action or the cyclical movements which are apparent all around us.

It is these cyclical movements again, as we have shown in our chapters on Evolution, which bring forth the various evolutionary activities, for indeed cyclical movement and evolution are so much the same thing that it would require a good deal of imagination to see any profound distinction between them once that the doctrine of Karman is clearly understood.

As we look around us and observe not only the operations of the wonderful spheres in the dark violet dome over our heads, and notice the vast fields of differentiation in the smaller and minor things which compose the entities liv-

ing and dwelling in and on our earth, we are compelled to admit that it is just this vast number of interworking and co-operating agents of some deeply indwelling and over-ruling energy which perhaps attracts the thought and imagination of man more than anything else.

All men at some time must have asked themselves the question: Why is it that the universe is builded as it is, with such vast hosts of beings of all kinds and classes and in all degrees of advancement, and all apparently working towards some end, which, on the surface of things, seems beyond human understanding? We have already given the key for solving this apparent riddle — for it is only an apparent one — and that key is what has just been pointed out: that all these hosts of differentiated entities and things are the consequences or results, visible or invisible as the case may be — of the operations or actions of evolving consciousnesses impelled to follow their various paths of action by the karmic heritage inherent in each one of them.

Size or lack of size has nothing to do with the matter. The Universe being nothing really but hierarchies of im-bodied consciousnesses, each one with its own karmic load upon it — or heritage, if the word be preferred — of necessity that Universe is differentiated into all-various and bewildering multitudes of beings and things; and yet each one of these in its inmost of the inmost, is, as has before been described, a Monad working in the surrounding *milieu* made by itself and by

other similar Monads interlocking and interblending and interworking, and all evolving on their upward way.

Some are very far along the path, and we humans call these highly progressed ones, gods or cosmic spirits, or Dhyân-Chohans to use the Theosophical term; others are far in the rear of the vast hosts of evolving multitudes; and others, like us human beings, stand more or less at the middle point of this aggregate of developing consciousnesses.

If one were to say that Karman, whether in the large or in the small, whether universal or particular, is but the operations of the essential entities themselves — in other words, of the Monads — he would say truly. Really, that is just what Karman is. Whatever else it may be called, one thing is absolutely certain, and that is that Karman is nothing at all outside of or superior to or over-ruling the entity which manifests the Karman belonging to it, because native to it: flowing forth from its own heart of hearts, from the core of the core of the inmost of the inmost of itself. In other words, an entity's Karman is the self-expression of its individuality flowing forth in the form of evolutionary activity.

Universes, worlds, solar systems, nebulae, comets, planets, cosmic spirits, men, elementals, life-atoms, matter, and all the various planes and spheres of being: in fact everything: are not merely the resultants or consequences of each one's preceding and individual aggregate of karmic causes, but are each one for itself originating new kar-

mic causes constantly and from itself alone.

The question was once asked of one of the writers of this book: "If I understand your Theosophical teaching aright, Karman is but another name for your God. Is Karman therefore the supreme God?" It took some little time to explain to this inquirer the real nature of Karman, and it was not uninteresting to watch the effect that this explanation had upon his mind. An unbeliever himself in any kind of overruling divine power, he nevertheless, paradoxically enough, seemed disappointed that Karman was not an overruling god; and after the explanation, with some difficulty and labor of exegesis, had been laid before him, he said: "Why then, you don't believe in any god, you Theosophists; you are just sheer materialists!"

Another explanation was needed, in order to show that, on the contrary, the Theosophist teaches that the Universe is full of gods in the higher ranges and reaches of the cosmos, but that each such god is what it is on account of the evolutionary path of perfection, or evolutionary path tending towards a constantly increasing perfection, which it had itself trodden in the past.

Furthermore, it required some time and pains to enable him to see that there was no end of the evolutionary process, and likewise no beginning; and that he was leaping from one absurd extreme to another, in saying that because Theosophists do not believe in the teachings of Theism, therefore

Theosophists of necessity belong to the school of the materialists.

It was necessary also to explain to him that the Theosophist most positively is not, in any sense of the word, a materialist; for matter, in the Theosophical conception, is but the aggregate of the multitudes of spiritual essences or Monads which are passing through a particular and definite phase of their evolutionary journey *on this our own plane*, which Monads in this phase are in a dormant or sleeping state, so to speak, and that this aggregate of dormant Monads produces what our senses perceive as, and what our mind calls, 'matter.'

*Everything ultimately and fundamentally is consciousness*, or to speak more accurately, is numberless, incomputable, multitudes of consciousnesses or life-consciousness-centers, called Monads. Indeed, the teachings of Theosophy in this respect have been largely proved by the latest philosophical scientific speculation, as far as that speculation has gone, which states that energy and matter are fundamentally one, precisely as the Theosophist has always taught that spirit and substance, or equivalently consciousness and vehicle, are fundamentally one.

Theosophy, therefore, as the authors of this book have already before said, may be called an Objective Idealism: idealistic in principle, but not denying withal the relative objective reality of the so-called physical and other manifested worlds, which form what men popularly call matter or substance; and as this rule of things prevails over

the entire Universe, and lasts throughout eternity: because as one or another Universe leaves the ranges of matter and rebecomes spirit, other Universes equivalently pass downwards in their evolutionary journey through what is called matter: it is therefore seen that both matter and spirit, in the last analysis, are only two phases or 'events' in the modern philosophical or Einsteinian sense.

All such 'events' or stages of growth are transitory and relatively unreal, and therefore are explained by that other branch of the Theosophical philosophy which deals with what is called *mâyâ*, a Sanskrit word meaning 'illusion,' or the magical delusion worked by our imperfect human mentalities upon our understanding of Nature. In other words, things are not what they seem, for there is a Reality behind the seeming.

*Mâyâ* or 'illusion' does not mean that things and entities, the Universe and all the other cosmic aggregates, are unreal in the sense of non-existent *per se*; but it does mean that the perceiving and understanding entity, through its own innate imperfections or, in other words, because its understanding is not yet sufficiently evolved readily and correctly to grasp the reality behind, misunderstands the essences of things, and through this functioning of the mind clothes those essences with illusory garments. This is the real meaning of *mâyâ*.

Karman, therefore, is in no sense of the word Fatalism on the one hand, nor what is popularly known as

'Chance' on the other hand. It is essentially a course of action which the entity himself lays down for himself, and which his feet follow as a path of conduct. No one is responsible but himself for what he prepares for himself, and this, as said above, is Nature's fundamental law. There is great hope and comfort in this thought, for it means that "there is always another chance," as one of the authors of this book so frequently says.

We are the makers and carvers of our own destiny, and are at the present time traversing the destiny, or undergoing it, which we in past times in other lives have carved out for ourselves. Both in character and body we reap what we sow, as the New Testament of the Christians puts it, and this expresses very graphically and briefly the essential meaning of the doctrine of Karman.

H. P. Blavatsky alludes to the matter in her own inimitable style in Volume I of her *The Secret Doctrine*, on pages 642, 643, and 644 as follows:

KARMA-NEMESIS is the creator of nations and mortals, but once created, it is they who make of her either a fury or a rewarding Angel. . . . There is no return from the paths she cycles over; yet those paths are of our own making, for it is we, collectively or individually, who prepare them. Karma-Nemesis is the synonym of PROVIDENCE, minus *design*, goodness, and every other *finite* attribute and qualification, so unphilosophically attributed to the latter. An Occultist or a philosopher will not speak of the goodness or cruelty of Providence; but, identifying it with Karma-Nemesis, he will teach that nevertheless it guards the good and watches over them in this, as in future lives;

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and that it punishes the evil-doer — aye, even to his seventh rebirth. So long, in short, as the effect of his having thrown into perturbation even the smallest atom in the Infinite World of harmony, has not been finally readjusted. For the only decree of Karma — an eternal and immutable decree — is absolute Harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of Spirit. It is not, therefore, Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we, who reward or punish ourselves according to whether we work with, through and along with nature, abiding by the laws on which that Harmony depends, or — break them.

Nor would the ways of Karma be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony, instead of disunion and strife. For our ignorance of those ways — which one portion of mankind calls the ways of Providence, dark and intricate; while another sees in them the action of blind Fatalism; and a third, simple chance, with neither gods nor devils to guide them — would surely disappear, if we would but attribute all these to their correct cause. With right knowledge, or at any rate with a confident conviction that our neighbors will no more work to hurt us than we would think of harming them, the two-thirds of the World's evil would vanish into thin air. Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma-Nemesis would have neither cause to work for, nor weapons to act through. It is the constant presence in our midst of every element of strife and opposition, and the division of races, nations, tribes, societies and individuals into Cains and Abels, wolves and lambs, that is the chief cause of the 'ways of Providence.' We cut these numerous windings in our destinies daily with our own hands, while we imagine that we are pursuing a track on the royal high road of respectability and duty, and then complain of those ways being so intricate and so dark. We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making, and the riddles of life that *we will not* solve, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day, or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our

own doings in this or in another life. If one breaks the laws of Harmony, or, as a theosophical writer expresses it, "the laws of life," one must be prepared to fall into the chaos one has oneself produced. . . .

. . . Karma-Nemesis is no more than the (spiritual) dynamical effect of causes produced and forces awakened into activity by our own actions.

There is no religion, there is no philosophy worthy of the name, which does not contain this doctrine of Karma under one or another formulation, for the doctrine arises out of the very essence of any man's sense of justice, of retributive justice; and such action of retributive natural justice is but Nature's way of bringing about the rearrangement of natural harmony disturbed by the thoughts and acts, emotions and feelings, aspirations and desires, of some or of all living entities.

We are here on earth as human beings because we have made our Karma for this our present existence: because that Karma has governed the course of our Evolution. And after all, from one viewpoint, what is Evolution but what it has already hereinbefore been explained to be — the unfolding of just those elements of our individuality which are within us as capacities and powers; it is nothing else. The unfolding of these reacts upon all the vehicles in which the evolving Monad finds itself enshrined and inwrapped and thus slowly improves them. This is the progressive development of man's bodies.

As these powers pour forth from the Monadic essence during long courses

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of time, these vehicles grow progressively more perfected, and they do so of course only along the lines of action — karmic lines of action of course — that the inner individual, whether we call that inner individual Man or the evolving Monad, has brought forth, is bringing forth, and will bring forth, into manifestation.

The European scientists talk about the 'law of cause and effect,' for it is so obvious in Nature that although they cannot understand the origin and meaning of this dark and mysterious law, as it seems to them to be, nevertheless they cannot avoid, as just said, perceiving its existence in operation, not only in themselves, but in all things that surround us.

The most modern or ultra-modern notions regarding this 'law of cause and effect' are, however, undergoing a very curious change. The old physical determinism of the effete and moribund materialism of our fathers, is now practically gone, due to the new light that very recent scientific discovery and philosophical deduction therefrom has thrown upon the nature of the universe surrounding us.

Our scientists are bewildered, and in some cases proceed to curious logical or illogical explanations of the undoubted phenomena which so often occur, presenting proofs that entities and things are no longer governed by such a chain of fatalistic causation, recognising today that entities and things in a large part of their actions show a principle of free will, although our scientific thinkers refuse as yet openly to

admit that therein is the action of free will.

It is today popular to speak of a 'principle of indeterminacy,' when referring to certain actions of entities and things, which is simply an avoiding the usage of the older and more correct term 'free will.' Indeed, some quite eminent scientists today are so strongly averse to looking upon themselves and other entities as possessing free will, and so strongly cling to the haphazard and fortuitous action of Nature, as our forefathers supposed it to exist, that instead of calling this particular evolutionary action of entities and things by its proper name of free will, they call it 'chance' — quite forgetting that 'chance' means nothing at all, and is but a word which covers their ignorance of certain recondite aspects of Nature which they either do not understand or in some few cases perhaps wilfully refuse to understand.

Dr. D. W. Swann, Director of the Bartol Foundation of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, very recently in an address delivered before the American Chemical Society referred to this matter, and spoke of 'the laws of probability,' which is merely another name according to him for 'chance' or 'luck.'

We do not say that Dr. Swann, or those who think with him, are wilfully blind, and we are willing to credit them with all possible sincerity and honesty of mind; but it is incredible to us that thinking and reflective men can be satisfied with ticketing or labeling something that they do not understand, with a sounding phrase, and thinking

that thereby they have solved the problem.

I suppose that any one of these men, if asked whether he denied that Nature is ruled by law, and that effect succeeds cause, would indignantly deny the supposition. We are quite persuaded that such would be the case, and we therefore ask why they cheat themselves with using such words as 'luck' or 'chance,' which are meaningless in a Universe whose every operation proclaims the ineluctable chain of cause and effect, or of what we Theosophists call action followed by consequence, in other words, Karman.

In answer to the question that might possibly be asked why Theosophists use so many Sanskrit words — 'Karman' as an example — it should be said that such words are taken from the lofty religious philosophies or philosophical religions of Hindûsthân, wherein they have very definite philosophical and religious significances and meanings, and also because these significances and meanings are practically identical, in the last analysis, with what the Theosophist also intends when he uses the same words.

Nevertheless this should not be construed to mean that the Theosophist is either a Brâhmanist or a Buddhist, for he is neither; but he recognises the very profound and indeed, in some aspects, gloriously lofty principles of thought which these two faiths or rather systems of belief hold.

We use these Sanskrit words because they are convenient; because they have meanings already well de-

finied; because these well-defined meanings are practically identical with what Theosophy teaches on the same points: at least it is so in the last analysis; because it is easier to do this than to use words or phrases which would require more explanation than would single well-defined terms; and finally, because it is as easy and perhaps easier for the student to learn the meaning of one word than it is for him to learn the meaning of a phrase.

There is nothing in Nature, as we have already said, that is not under the sway of this deep, and for the average man, mysterious action of Nature, which we Theosophists call Karman. Everything is its product in the sense that we have already outlined: not its product as derived from an entity or a 'law' in the popular sense of the word 'law,' but its product because such is the method by which Nature works; and Nature here means not merely physical nature, but more particularly invisible Nature: the Nature of the invisible realms composed, as already set forth, of hosts of interblending hierarchies in all degrees of evolution, and extending from spirit to matter, and in either direction linking on to other hosts superior or inferior, as the case may be, to our own Universe.

In our chapters on Evolution, we have spoken of the various entities and things which infill, and which, in fact, compose Universal Being, as 'events,' to adopt the modern scientific philosophical, or perhaps rather Einsteinian, word. And so indeed they are. They

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are all 'events,' because they are all transitory, temporary; not one of them, no matter how great in evolutionary advancement, no matter what its magnitude in size, and no matter where we may class it in the frontierless range of Universal Being, is absolute — all are transitory, and each one of them, therefore, is also a passing phase or event of the cosmic life, of which it is an inseparable part.

There is nothing which is not transitory, nothing which is utterly permanent, changeless and living forever. How could that be? How can anything reach an ultimate beyond which there is no further possibility of growth and progress; for growth and progress mean change. How can such a thing as the 'changeless' exist? Such a conception would mean that the changeless, did it exist, could have had no past, and can have no future, for there would be no growth and progress in it, nothing but changeless immobility; and such a conception is as repulsive to our intuitions as it is repugnant to our reflective minds.

Some things are relatively more changing than others, but this is only to be expected. Things which live their life in wide and long cycles of time, appear to us men who live in a smaller and more restricted period of existence, to be more or less changeless, but this view arises out of the imperfection of our knowledge of things. Everything is changing because growing; there is nothing changeless, says our majestic philosophy, in the Boundless All, for that would be equivalent to utter,

eternal immobility, which is but a fiction of the fantasy, a figment of the imagination. Life, movement, progress, evolution, are everywhere, and the most thoughtless of men must see in this conception how wide are the fields of hope which Theosophy presents to our mind's eye. Always advance, always progress, always upwards during illimitable duration.

So far as men are concerned, or entities who occupy in other spheres of the celestial spaces a condition or status of being equivalent to that of humanity on this earth, what we Theosophists speak of as Reincarnation is the method by which karman works in and through us humans, because it is we ourselves who produce karman eventuating in reïmbodiment in bodies of flesh or their equivalent.

We act, and Nature reacts, and this reaction against our initiating movement, takes the form, in the present period of human evolution, of reincarnation. Reincarnation itself is a special instance of a more general natural process, which we Theosophists call Reïmbodiment; and this will be the subject of study of our next chapter; but Karman 'rules' it all.

Indeed, from one point of view it would be quite proper to say that the doctrine of Karman is but another way of expressing the multiform and all-various activities of existence — of the Universal Life: for the action of Karman is universal. Nor can we call Karman either conscious or unconscious. It is neither good nor bad, never had a beginning, never will have

an end. Its action in a sense is purely automatic, for, as we have pointed out in the beginning of this chapter, reduced to final principles, it is but the indirect functioning of the consciousness in the core of the core of every being.

*The Secret Doctrine*, Volume II, pages 304-6, refers to Karma-Nemesis again in the following very graphic and beautiful words:

. . . Karma-Nemesis, or the Law of Retribution. This Law — whether Conscious or Unconscious — predestines nothing and no one. It exists from and in Eternity, truly, for it is ETERNITY itself; and as such, since no act can be co-equal with eternity, it cannot be said to act, for it is ACTION itself. It is not the Wave which drowns a man, but the *personal* action of the wretch, who goes deliberately and places himself under the *im-personal* action of the laws that govern the Ocean's motion. Karma creates nothing, nor does it design. It is man who plans and creates causes, and Karmic law adjusts the effects; which adjustment is not an act, but universal harmony, tending ever to resume its original position, like a bough, which, bent down too forcibly, rebounds with corresponding vigor. If it happen to dislocate the arm that tried to bend it out of its natural position, shall we say that it is the bough which broke our arm, or that our own folly has brought us to grief? Karma . . . has not involved its decrees in darkness purposely to perplex man; nor shall it punish him who dares to scrutinize its mysteries. On the contrary, he who unveils through study and meditation its intricate paths, and throws light on those dark ways, in the windings of which so many men perish owing to their ignorance of the labyrinth of life, is working for the good of his fellow-men. KARMA is an Absolute and Eternal law in the World of manifestation; and . . . believers in Karma cannot be regarded as Atheists or materialists —

still less as fatalists: for Karma is one with the Unknowable, of which it is an aspect in its effects in the phenomenal world.

Intimately, or rather indissolubly, connected with Karma, then, is the law of re-birth, or of the re-incarnation of the same spiritual individuality in a long, almost interminable, series of personalities. The latter are like the various costumes and characters played by the same actor, with each of which that actor identifies himself and is identified by the public, for the space of a few hours. The *inner*, or real man, who personates those characters, knows the whole time that he is Hamlet for the brief space of a few acts, which represent, however, on the plane of human illusion the whole life of Hamlet. And he knows that he was, the night before, King Lear, the transformation in his turn of the Othello of a still earlier preceding night: but the outer, visible character is supposed to be ignorant of the fact. In actual life that ignorance is, unfortunately, but too real. Nevertheless, the *permanent* individuality is fully aware of the fact, though, through the atrophy of the 'spiritual' eye in the physical body, that knowledge is unable to impress itself on the consciousness of the false personality.

From the contents of the preceding paragraphs, in which we have endeavored to give the philosophical rationale of this wonderful Theosophical doctrine of Karman, it should be obvious enough that in principles it is a teaching very easily understood. As the Christian New Testament puts it, the main idea is simply this: the inherent consciousness of the actor, or the obscured consciousness, latent and dormant, so to say, of a thing, acts because it is its nature to act, and against this action surrounding Nature reacts, thus producing link by link the chain

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of endless causation; we 'reap what we sow' and nothing else.

It would have been very easy to have omitted in this present chapter, the philosophical aspect of the nature and meaning of the doctrine of Karman, and to have devoted the space occupied by our paragraphs to a very simple explanation of how Karman works in human and cosmic life; but this would have been a most inadequate presentation of the teaching.

Like the General Doctrine of Reimbursement, which in the special case called Reincarnation is so easily understood, so is the doctrine of Karman very easily understood in its principles. It stands to reason that what a man does or what he thinks, are actions or movements originating in his consciousness, and are the fruitage or consequences of his previous thoughts, emotions, aspirations, and actions of various kinds; and also that just as these previous motions of his consciousness have eventuated in the present, so will the moving energies set to work in his present character and life produce their necessary fruitage or consequences, inescapably destined immediately to appear, or to appear at a later date.

This, in brief and in principles, is really all there is to the doctrine of Karman, so far as its operation in human life is concerned. No logical mind, no reasonable man, would be inclined to doubt this teaching.

Karman has sometimes been called, following the phrase of a former rather popular writer on Theosophical sub-

jects, the "law of ethical causation," and in one aspect it can indeed be so called. But such a phrase deals with only one part of the operations of Nature, which we call Karman, and omits mention of the universal sway or sweep of karmic activity. Karman 'rules' the so-called 'inanimate' world fully as much as it does the hearts and minds of men, and of course when we say 'rules' we employ popular phraseology. Strictly speaking, Karman no more 'rules' or 'governs' or 'directs' than does the automatic action of the ocean the ebb and flow of the tides, for Karman is not an originating power exterior to the acting entity or thing. So far as individuals are concerned, it is the indwelling consciousness of the acting entity which originates and sets in motion the operation of Karman.

It is most important, however, not to conclude that karmic action is a mere automatic resultant of inert and lifeless matter, for in the Theosophical philosophy nothing is lifeless, but everything has a life of its own type and kind. The 'automatic action' of Karman here spoken of has a different sense, a different meaning, from what the words might seem to imply to one whose mentality is still more or less under the cloud of the old-fashioned materialism.

Nature is harmonious throughout, its heart, so to speak, is harmony itself; and an action by an entity in the hosts of animate beings which make Nature, is subject to the reaction of the surrounding weight of the Universe upon it, if we can so phrase the

matter, moving to restore the equilibrium disturbed by such action. And this combination of the action of an originating consciousness and a reaction upon it is Karman.

Karman, therefore, in another sense is Readjustment, the re-establishing of the natural harmony of Nature, which the action done, or left undone when it should have been done, has thrown into local and temporary disturbance.

Thus, therefore, there is nothing fatalistic about the doctrine of Karman, as has already been pointed out. It is action originating in the free will and consciousness of some entity which induces the reaction of Nature: this combination as already said, we call Karman.

There is one very important point about this subject which perhaps is clear enough in the outline of the Theosophical philosophy already made, but which it may be advantageous to speak of again here. It is this: the heart of Nature or the essence of Nature: Nature's fundamental activities — phrase the matter as you will — is, because it is Harmony, what the ancient Greek philosophers would have called Love.

As H. P. Blavatsky so beautifully puts it in her *The Voice of the Silence*, Compassion is Nature's fundamental law. The importance of this observation rests in the following: it is the bounden duty of every human being to help Nature and to work with her. As H. P. Blavatsky also says in her *The Voice of the Silence*:

Help Nature and work on with her; and

Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance.

Gentleness, kindness, pity, compassion, love, mercy: in fact, all the fine and ennobling attributes of the fully developed human being, belong distinctly in their action to this line of cooperation with Nature's fundamental essence and being. The man who would stand idly by when another is in trouble, listening with stony-hearted indifference to the cries of misery or to the wailings of pain without stirring a finger to assuage the suffering or to relieve the distress, is acting directly contrary to Nature's fundamental law, and is taking upon himself a heavy burden of karmic responsibility, which Nature in its re-establishment of harmony will visit upon him to the uttermost.

It is futile and an entire distortion of the sense of the doctrine of Karman, to think that because some human being is undergoing disaster or is in a situation of distress and suffering, therefore he should be left unhelped and uncomforted on the sole supposition that he is 'merely working out his karmic deserts.' This idea is simply monstrous, and runs directly counter to all the teachings of all the great Seers and Sages of all the ages.

In the same *The Voice of the Silence*, one of the most beautiful devotional works of any time, we find a very telling remark directed against this monstrous and mistaken conclusion, in the following words:

Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.

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The Great Ones of the earth, the great Seers and Sages, in their common message to mankind and by the examples of their own lofty lives, teach us what our duties are in the direction of mutual helpfulness and kindly consideration of others' failings and distress.

The Buddha, the Christ, and such other Great Ones have left behind them in no uncertain words the doctrine of our ethical responsibility to others, calling upon us to be up and doing in our duty towards others. Outside of other considerations, one must be exceedingly dense of understanding not to realize that there is no developing power in life which is so certain and so quick, as self-forgetful action in compassionate service to others. Such service teaches us how speedily to find the resources of our own hearts and to see the wondrous mysteries lying therein; it also teaches us how most quickly and surely to develop the finer parts of our intellectual faculty. Benevolence combined with beneficent action in service to others, may truly be described as the royal road of discipleship, and indeed only a strong-hearted man or woman can follow this path consistently, and with tact.

It is easy enough to go through life involved in one's own personal and purely selfish affairs; but the effects or consequences of such a course of living are bitter in the extreme, and turn to the ashes of death in the mouth. Such a course of life shrivels the character and bemean it, simply because the sphere of action is so restricted and localized; whereas benevolence even-

tuating in beneficent action, is the quickest cure for all the pettiness of mind and heart to which we as human beings are so sensitively alive when we see them in the characters of those who surround us.

There is one more point regarding the doctrine of **Karman**: the student of ancient literatures, particularly those of the Orient, has doubtless met with observations to the effect that when a man has reached the status or condition of **Mastership of life** — in other words, has become one of the great Sages and Seers, or indeed, perhaps has reached a still more lofty stature in spirituality — he is then 'above **Karman**,' above karmic action, and has passed beyond its sway.

But we have on several occasions pointed out that **Karman** is not only universal, but has neither beginning nor end, and that the highest god in highest heaven, so to speak, is as much subject to **Karman** as is the humblest ant climbing up a sand-hill, only to go tumbling down again.

Is there a contradiction in these two statements? There is not, although there may be a paradox. The following is the explanation of the apparent contradiction. A man or an entity, whatever its high state of evolutionary development may be, passes beyond the sway or sweep of the karmic action of the hierarchy to which he belongs when he has become at-one with the loftiest part or portion of such a hierarchy. For the time being, he has reached quasi-divinity, and as all the movements of his nature are then en-

tirely harmonious with the hierarchy in which he now stands at the summit thereof, it is obvious that being one with the nature of that hierarchy and 'working with Nature' in this respect, he is beyond the sway or 'rule' or 'control' of the general field of karmic action in that hierarchy. That hierarchical karmic man has no further sway over him, for he is therein a Master of Life.

But in the universal sense, and because hierarchies in the Boundless All are numberless, the hierarchy in which he now finds himself a Master of Life is but one of hosts of other hierarchies, some of them far lower, and others far higher. As compared with the Boundless All, in other words, the frontierless spaces of infinitude, his own hierarchy shrinks to the dimensions of a mere mathematical point, so to say, and becomes simply an aggregate hierarchical Atom in the fields of universal life.

All this simply means that as the evolution of such an entity progresses, he enters into still larger and sublimer spheres of action, wherein, at his entrance, he finds himself on the lowest rung of that new Ladder of Life, and immediately, as is obvious, falls under the sway or 'rule' or 'governance' of the Karman of this sublimer hierarchical sphere.

The explanation as above given is simple enough for anybody to understand if he give a little honest thought to it. We have given the rule; it is for those interested to make the proper applications.

In concluding this chapter, the authors of this book suggest very earnest-

ly to those who read it, that the real meaning of the doctrines of the wonderful Theosophical philosophy can best be understood when studied in connexion with the Theosophical devotional works, such as H. P. Blavatsky's *The Voice of the Silence*, above spoken of, and also the books written and published by Katherine Tingley at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

We must never forget that man is a composite entity: he has both heart and mind, and a due and proper understanding of Nature and of Nature's laws and operations can be obtained only by an employment of all man's faculties, omitting none. An over-accentuation of the human mentality is bound to lead the student astray, just as much as an over-accentuation in thought or action of his emotional parts is bound likewise to lead him astray.

But when heart and mind work together, and man realizes that they are but two aspects of the one indwelling consciousness, the Inner God, then ensues a harmonious development of all man's parts, and the true realization of what life means. One of H. P. Blavatsky's greatest achievements, we believe, in this connexion, was that she pointed out so clearly and proved so forcibly the natural truth that man's spiritual development depends first upon a harmonious adjustment of both mind and heart, and their final unification in the consciousness of the real existence of the continuous inspiration of the essential Divinity within.

# THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

REGINALD W. MACHELL and KENNETH MORRIS

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

OWEN GLYNDWR, King of Wales  
IDRIS GAM OF PLAS MORFRAN  
IEUAN AB GRUFFYDD, a Bard  
SION CENT, or JOHN OF KENTCHURCH,  
a Priest  
CADWGAN OF THE BATTLE-AXES } Chieftains  
RHYS GETHIN } on Glyn-  
dwr's side  
IFAN TÂN } Servants  
DAFYDD DDU LLANWRTYD } at  
MORGAN GLOFF } Plas Morfran  
AN ENGLISH CAPTAIN  
ENGLISH SOLDIERS  
SIMKIN SMALL, a Soldier  
SERVANTS  
GWENLLIAN DEG, an Immortal Princess,  
wife of Idris Gam  
ELONWY, their daughter  
MARGED, housekeeper at Plas Morfran  
CATRIN FERCH ELIN, a servant  
SIX SWAN MAIDENS  
FAIRIES  
THE PWCA, a fairy presaging good  
THE GWRACH Y RHIBYN, the fairy that  
forebodes evil

## INDUCTION: SCENE I

An upland waste in Wales, rising into the slope of a mountain. The dim light of late afternoon on the last day of October, 141-. The Gwrach y Rhibyn is discovered, a figure draped darkly, crouching. She rises with a long wailing cry.

*Gwrach*—Keen, Children of the Winds and Waters, keen! This night the Masters of the Mountains must drift away! (Exit.)

(The Fairies sing, from behind: Song—Air, *Y Galon Drom*)

Children of the Twilight, hearken!  
I have heard the night-wind sighing:

"In the vales the fires are dying,  
O'er the hills the dim stars darken!"  
Daughters of the fens and fountains,  
From these mountains  
Ere day dawn, the Gods are flying!  
And their secret splendor olden  
Nevermore by moor or shore  
Shall be beholden!

(A light dances across the scene. Enter Pwca, clad in silver, carrying a star.)

*Pwca*—Hosts of the Family of Beauty, mourn no more!

*Fairy Voices*—Who is it bids us mourn no more?

*Pwca*—The tale is told to the Lord Glyndwr!

*Voices*—I heard one cry on the dusk-gray moor  
That the tale was told to our Lord Glyndwr!

(The Fairies begin to appear.)

*Pwca*—And the Lord Glyndwr will win the Ring!

*Fairies*—The Ring of Arthur! The Ring!  
The Ring!

Our Lord Glyndwr will win the ring!  
Sing, Beautiful Family, sing!

## SONG:

The Lord Glyndwr will win the ring  
That Arthur sent from the Fairy Islands!  
Stars shall gleam in the glens and highlands,  
And Birds of Wonder a-wing, a-wing!  
There's no need in the world for sorrow;  
The Lords of the World shall not forsake us:  
The hills will be lovely again tomorrow,  
And lonely grief will never o'ertake us!  
For the Lord Glyndwr hath heard the tale  
Of the Ring that was sent from the Shining  
Islands;  
Weep not, sky! nor wild wind, wail!

THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

The Gods shall not go from their moors and highlands!

*Pwca* — Our Lord Glyndwr goes up this night

To the house of Idris, to win the ring  
That Arthur sent from the Isles of Light  
When the Swan-Queen sped o'er the seas on  
the wing!

*Voice of the Gwrach y Rhibyn* — Ah me,  
to that dark house by the sea!

To that house of hatred high on the moor!

*Pwca* — Arrow hath never been cut from  
the tree,  
Nor bow, that could harm our Lord Glyndwr!

*A Fairy* — I saw a flight of Swans in  
the air  
That sought Gwennllian the Swan-Queen there.

*Another* — But she shall not go till Glyndwr  
the king  
Hath won from her snow-white hands the  
ring!

*Another* — And she shall not leave this  
world in woe!

*Pwca* — Let laughter ring o'er the woods  
and vales;  
The Gods shall not go from their wild, white  
Wales!

*Voice of the Gwrach y Rhibyn* — A  
sound of wings in the wild air flying!

*Voices of the Swan-Sisters* (Above) —  
Sisters! Sisters!

*Voice of the Gwrach y Rhibyn* — 'Tis her  
sad Swan sisters, seeking her, crying!

*Fairies* — Ah! (They fade away.)

*First Swan-Sister* (above) — Is there  
news with you?

*Second Swan-Sister* (above) — I sought  
through Gwynedd and Powys, and found her  
not.

*Third Swan-Sister* (above) — I sought  
through the vale and the hills of Glamorgan,  
and found her not.

*Fourth Swan-Sister* (above) — I sought

through Ceri and Arwystli, and among the  
Beacons, and found her not.

*Fifth Swan-Sister* (above) — In green  
Dyfed I sought, but she dwells nowhere among  
the Dimetian valleys.

*Five Swan-Sisters* (above) — Oh, oh-o,  
oh-o! Ah, ah-ha! Oh, oh-o, oh-o; Ah, ah-ha!

*Sixth Swan-Sister* (above) — Sisters!  
sisters!

*Swan-Sisters* (above) — Ah, sister!

*Sixth Swan-Sister* (above) — I sought  
along the shores of Ceredigion, and I found  
our sister, Gwennllian the Queen at Plas Mor-  
fran, in the house of Idris Gam!

*Swan-Sisters* — To the shores of Ceredi-  
gion! To the House of Idris Gam! (Their  
call dying away) Oo, oo-o, oh-oo; ah, ah-ha!  
Oo, oh-oo, oh-oo; ah, ah-ha!

(Enter Cadwgan of the Battle-axes.)

*Cadwgan* — A flight of wild swans, cry-  
ing ominously through the evening. — Who  
is it?

(Enter Rhys Gethin.)

*Rhys* — Whet thy battle-axe!

*Cadwgan* — Rhys Gethin?

*Rhys* — Rhys Gethin. What news with  
you, Lord Cadwgan?

*Cadwgan* — Bad, you may call it. The  
King of France's army gone, and no castle  
left to Owen in the South. And with you?

*Rhys* — Worse. Harlech fallen, and  
Aberystwyth; burnt wastes where Sycharth  
and Glyndyfrdwy stood.

*Cadwgan* — Tidings, indeed, for him;  
woe is me!

*Rhys* — My grief, my grief! — Is he  
near?

*Cadwgan* — On the road. It will take  
himself to get the like of cheer out of this,  
I think.

*Rhys* — With another, one would say his

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sovereignty had gone down, and all lost and over.

*Cadwgan* — With him there is another sovereignty than this of crown and throne, senate and castles; and it will not go down during the age of ages.

*Rhys* — Ah! — Who is it?

(Enter Owen Glyndwr.)

*Glyndwr* — Rhys Gethin? Cadwgan of the Battle-axes?

*Rhys, Cadwgan* — Hail to you better, Lord King!

*Glyndwr* — I know your news. Have you men posted?

*Rhys* — A score down there in the valley.

*Cadwgan* — And to north and east, the remnant of your household.

*Glyndwr* — Well; for the land is alive with Saxons this night.

*Rhys* — Saxons!

*Glyndwr* — And they aware I am between the Teifi and the sea; and hard to break through the ring of them. And Sion Cent with them, by the rumor of it.

*Rhys* — Bad our news, but yours worse, if that fierce hater of bardism is in it.

*Glyndwr* — No; the best, when you shall have heard it; in spite of Sion Cent the Christian.

*Cadwgan* — The best?

*Glyndwr* — I never was within sight of victory till tonight!

*Cadwgan, Rhys* — Lord?

*Glyndwr* — In my deed, and in my deed. And now draw you the men in, and keep a strong guard about Plas Morfran, where I shall be —

*Rhys* — Plas Morfran? The house of Idris Gam?

*Glyndwr* — Even there; but remember

Castle Berclos, and have no fear. Go you now to your men, if it please you, and set them to guard Craig y Morfran from the sea to the sea.

*Rhys* — Well, prosper you, dear lord and king!

*Cadwgan* — The axe is whetted, lord!

(Exit Rhys Gethin.)

*Glyndwr* — Prosper you also. — Cadwgan!

*Cadwgan* (turning back) — Lord?

*Glyndwr* — It is the fate of the Cymry I shall bring out with me from Plas Morfran tonight; then you may lead me into the midst of all the hosts of Bolingbroke, and no harm shall come of it. — Oh, there are bright immortal beings would help and save this world, only the weakness of this one and that one hinders them, and the old, upheaped demerits of mankind. — There was that Ieuan Yonget, the son of the Chancellor —

*Cadwgan* — He you made a bard at Sycharth, the night of Calangauaf before the war —

*Glyndwr* — That one. Faithful and noble his nature; deep his insight, if it should have play. Yet but that he must needs fall in love, to cloud the eyes of his mind against those Immortals directing him, the work of tonight would have been done months since, I think, and there would be peace in the world now — a free Wales and a friendly, generous England.

*Cadwgan* — And it is such peace you will win tonight?

*Glyndwr* — Come; I will tell you as we are going.

(Exeunt. The Fairies reappear, singing)

SONG OF THE FAIRIES — Air: *Consêt Owen*

*Glyndwr*:

And the land shall not mourn,  
Bereavéd of the splendor  
Of her Gods, and forlorn.  
By mountain and moor

THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

Shall stand to defend her  
The Lord of Glyndwr.  
Bright Beauty shall be  
Enthroned here, and free; (Curtain)  
And hell and her legions  
Driven out to dark regions  
Afar o'er the sea.  
And by hollow and green hill,  
Rush-rimmed tarn and bright rill.  
The Kindred of the Immortals  
Shall reign in Wales still.

SCENE II: THE CHAPEL AT  
PLAS MORFRAN

(Sion Cent; Marged)

*Sion*—No, no! Nothing; indeed, nothing!

*Marged*—Dear, not a bite nor sup with you after your journey; and you the beacon and pillar of the Creed in Wales! Come now indeed, Sion Cent your reverence; all very well to kill oneself fasting and praying when one is in the prime of his strength and can endure it; but not so young you are now as you were once, and time for sense to be coming to you. Idris Plas Morfran will be in a fine fury with me, when he hears I am letting you go to your prayers in the cold chapel here, and not one drop of good hot metheglin in you first, to expel the bitterness of the air and the roughness of the roads out of your frame, as it were. Come you now; a drop, indeed—after you honoring and sanctifying the house with your coming!

*Sion Cent*—No, no, daughter Marged; no metheglin; nothing! Leave you me now, I beseech you, to commune with the saints of God; tell Idris Gam I am here; say I am at prayer before the altar; and of his courtesy, to let none come into the chapel unless to pray with me. Say you it is against his enemy and mine I offer supplication—against Owen Glyndwr—

*Marged*—Dear, mention that name to Idris!

*Sion Cent*—Against his enemy and

mine; for if the saints hear me and guide me, some splendid victory shall be won tonight for the Cross against the Dragon. Say I bring the benediction of Holy Church. Later I shall come into the hall; but intercession is needed first. And go you now, indeed; and bid the servants of the household, that are under you, prepare; for tomorrow I will hear their confession. —No; no metheglin; nothing; leave you me, my daughter, to my prayers.

*Marged*—Well, well; pray you nineteen to the dozen, if you must; and the saints desiring to collogue with you in heaven there, I suppose; since they will have you to perish of the cold and weariness here in poor Wales. I should have thought, for my part, a man would come to his prayers the better for warm liquor taken into him, to set the eloquence of his tongue moving. There's how it is with me, sure you; being by nature of few words, and halting of my speech, as they say. A simple *pader* I can manage fasting, and my beads in my fingers; but when I do have vengeance to pray against someone, or curses to pronounce, those deep things do call for inward preparation. But there you now! there is no accounting for the whims of the saints. I have no patience with David Waterdrinker, not I—if he *is* the great abbot and leader of the choirs of Paradise—and does begrudge to answer a bit of prayer with the warm rhetoric of good metheglin behind it. So there for you now! (Exit.)

*Sion Cent*—There must be some slight penance imposed tomorrow  
To check that. . . . (He sighs deeply)

I should have come  
To the altar-steps of intercession better,  
Prepared by silence. . . . The crying in my  
soul

That urged me hither is stilled, and maketh  
now

No revelation. . . . Lord, enlighten me!

(Paces up and down)

Yea, surely it was the truth I spake at a  
venture,

And 'twas for some great victory to win

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Or some huge peril to withstand, I came;  
 And lest this night should turn the tides of  
 time,  
 And to Glyndwr, God's enemy and mine,  
 Restore his greatness. Ever at Calangauaf  
 Shadowy druidic dynasties from of old  
 Prevail among these hills; and Owen Glyndwr,  
 Being in alliance with them, at one throw  
 Spiritual, may regain all he hath lost;  
 And 'twas to meet this menace I came here —  
 Was sent here. — Ay, but how? and where-  
 fore here?  
 Lord God, enlighten me!

How can it be?

He hath lost all. Our Holy Mother the  
 Church  
 Lifteth her head again; the usurping bards  
 Whose inspiration was from druidry  
 Not Christ, grow modest now — vaunt them  
 no longer;  
 And that occult and indeterminate lore  
 Druidic, which, coming down from the youth  
 of the world,  
 Hath sapped our Christianity at all times,  
 Is sung no more openly in high places,  
 As in the days he triumphed. Oh, he hath lost!  
 His kingship is gone down; his hosts are  
 wasted;  
 The Saxon hunts him through the hills. . . .  
 And yet  
 I would this night were over. 'Tis the time  
 For prayer. The very mountains and the  
 winds  
 Seem plotting paganism, and at one with hell  
 And Owen 'gainst the Church; and only I  
 To oppose them. 'Tis the time for supplica-  
 tion,  
 And to have clasped arms about the knees  
 of God. (He kneels at the altar)  
 O Mary, azure-mantled Queen of Heaven,  
 David and Teilo, and all ye saints of Wales,  
 Look down, look down and guide me!  
 Have I not fasted, prayed, and agonized  
 For the Church's sake? Have I at any time  
 Transgressed, to let my weakness intervene  
 Between her and her triumphs? Have I  
 not sought,  
 Yea, day and night, pitiless days and nights,

To bind this Wales with hoops of adamant  
 Fast to the flaming chariot-wheels of Rome?  
 Let me not see tomorrow dawn, unknowing  
 Mine enemy is ruined, and nevermore  
 To infect this land with dreams unhallowéd  
 Of man's divinity and native power  
 To achieve his freedom! Let the minds of  
 the Cymry  
 Be drawn, as the sea tides to the white moon,  
 To the sanctities of servitude, grown meek  
 To the yoke of the Church — fearing the  
 eternal flame  
 Kindled by her displeasure, and putting by  
 This arrogant self-confidence forever  
 That seeks to raise the uninstructed layman  
 To the level of the priest, and takes away  
 Our glory, who stand between God and the  
 world  
 Rulers and mediators!

(Curtain)

### ACT I

Scene: The Hall at Plas Morfran. Door at  
 middle back; another at right front.  
 Hearth at middle right. On left, pillars,  
 and a partition, behind which lies the  
 Penisaf, the lower end of the hall, the  
 servants' quarters. A window to left of  
 hearth.

Elonwy at spinningwheel, singing; Ieuan at  
 harp, accompanying her and joining in  
 the refrain.

SONG: Air — *Nos Galan*

Loud the winds upon the mountain,  
*Fja la la la la, la la la la!*  
 Dark the waves on Venus' Fountain,  
*Fja la la la la, la la la la!*  
 Gwin, alawon, llawen, cnaua'  
*Fja la la la la, la la la la!*  
 Ar y Noson Galangaua'  
*Fja la la la la, la la la la!*

*Elonwy* — Dear there's no more light  
 to spin by, nor heart in me for singing!  
*Gray* and sad is the world, I'm thinking,  
 Ieuan mine!

*Ieuan* — *Gray* and sad?

## THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

*Elonwy* — Gray and sad, in my deed. Grand fun we are having here at Plas Morfran on Calangauaf: with guests in the hall common as blackberries in April, and Gwenllian my mother with the wildness of the stormy skies on her, and Idris Gam my father uneasy at every gust of the wind. And now you yourself sad as old age, it seems to me, and dark as November.

*Ieuan* — Sad? I? No — but it is the bardic night of all the nights in the year.

*Elonwy* — And a need on you to be gloomy, because it is the bardic night?

*Ieuan* — For a bard, there will be thoughts of his bardism on Calangauaf.

*Elonwy* — Thinking I was, bardism was to make a man merry, and to banish away the dreary thoughts of him.

*Ieuan* — Thinking I was, bardism was to make a man —

*Elonwy* — Leave you the preaching to the priests; and tell me, what is on Calangauaf to make you gray of heart?

*Ieuan* — Gray of heart, no; but perhaps indeed thoughtful.

*Elonwy* — Well, thoughtful then. For what reason are you thoughtful, as you do call it?

*Ieuan* — With the grand, solemn night it is, I suppose; and the fame of it coming down from the ancients.

*Elonwy* — Tell me!

*Ieuan* — Well, you see, on Calangauaf the high happenings fell, in the Island of the Mighty of old. The Druid fires were lit upon the hills; the fires on the hearths of the Cymry were put out, after their burning undimmed for a year; and all the hearths were rekindled from the fires of the Druids.

*Elonwy* — Dear, is that all?

*Ieuan* — They say there were starry,

magical races, spirits robed in flame, going about this island in those days; and on Calangauaf they assembled at the fires on the sacred hills, to impart the secrets of bardism to men.

*Elonwy* — And you are thinking all that is true?

*Ieuan* — For what reason would it not be true?

*Elonwy* — Well, I will tell you this: true or not, it is not right to brood on them in your mind. When Lucius brought the Creed among the Cymry, those old pagan spirits were driven out of this world, and into hell.

*Ieuan* (with a little pride or veiled sarcasm) — Oh yes: so the priests say.

*Elonwy* — And it is more fitting for you to consider those that live and are about you, and the duty you owe to me. Be merry, boy; can't you?

*Ieuan* — Merry? . . .

Merry the Year on the Eve of May,

And glad of the white of the hawthorn bloom.

And the glitter and gleam of the wave-tossed spray,

And the blackbird's song in the woodland gloom.

“Through glory of gorse and gold of broom

I shall wander singing forever and aye!”

Sang the glad young Year on the Eve of May

When he was gay with the hawthorn bloom.

Full of his schemes for wealth and war

Was the full-grown Year at Lammas-tide;

In flaunting gold by the sunlit shore,

In purple girt on the mountainside.

In leafy glory and pomp and pride

He roamed the wilds and woodlands o'er,

Full of his schemes for wealth and war

In kingly summer and Lammas-tide.

Summer waned, and a dreamlit flame

Ran and rippled the wildwood through;

“Wise I am grown,” said the Year, as he came

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By the wan wet fern and the mists of  
blue.

"Naught is certainly fair and true  
Till the pride of life is abashed and tame.  
And summer's waned, and a wistful flame  
Of dreaming ripples the wildwood  
through."

Yellow and wan the leaves fell down.  
Yellow and wan, and waning gold;  
And the mountain slopes grew bleak and  
brown,  
And the old gray Year went bowed and  
cold.  
"Sad," said he, "to be worn and old,  
A king bereft of his pomp and crown,  
To roam where the dim dead leaves fall down  
Yellow and wan, and waning gold."

He gazeth down on the snow-deep vale,  
The wind-stript trees and the doors of  
Death;  
Pale he grows, and deathlike pale  
In cold October's withering breath.  
"All my glory is gone," he saith;  
"All my hope is an olden tale;  
Yon waits Death in the snow-deep vale;  
Moaning winds, and snows, and Death!"

*Elonwy* — Fine merriness, that! And  
what has it to do with Calangauaf?

*Ieuan* — It was at sacred Calangauaf,  
see you, that he stood on the ridge there —

*Elonwy* — Who?

*Ieuan* — The Year — the old Year, I am  
telling you. It was at Calangauaf the old  
Year stood looking down into the vale of win-  
ter, and noted not his being at a parting of  
roads. Only that one road to death he saw;  
but the way he saw not led into —

*Elonwy* — The Land of Illusion and  
Phantasy, I think. Dreaming you are, boy!

*Ieuan* — No; I am *not* dreaming; and it  
was *not* Illusion and Phantasy. I say it led  
into a druid and beautiful world, where move  
the august Immortals. They gaze down into  
this world of men out of eyes haughty with  
aloofness and all the glamor of dreaming, yet

tender with a deeper compassion than *ever*  
was dreamed among men. They gaze down  
from the Gates of Calangauaf; they stand at  
the gates, to call the wandering Year up to  
them into their haughty beauty and peace.  
But the Year sees them not; says he: "The  
white stars are falling; that is all"; and he  
hears them not; says he: "There is the like  
of faery voices on the wind; no more than  
that." He wraps his old outworn cloak about  
him, and goes down into death. But they are  
there; I know they are there; in their solemn  
joy and beauty they are waiting. Oh, and  
somewhere tonight the Gates of Calangauaf  
are open! somewhere they are open, and I —

*Elonwy* — You would go in and leave  
me! — O *Ieuan*, after all you have —

*Ieuan* — No, no; but you would come in  
with me! You would come in with me,  
*Elonwy*! Ah, I wonder could you!

*Elonwy* — Indeed yes, could I!

*Ieuan* — There is only one in Wales  
would know, I think.

*Elonwy* — Who then?

*Ieuan* — Will I tell you indeed? Dare  
you hear?

*Elonwy* — *Ieuan*! Dare you keep any-  
thing from me?

*Ieuan* — Well then, Owen Glyn —

*Elonwy* — *Who*?

*Ieuan* — The Master of Bardism, I am  
telling you; the Lord of the Gates of Calan-  
gauaf: Owen Glyndwr.

*Elonwy* — What mean you, in the Name  
of Heaven? That rebel — that traitor — that  
fearful wizard —

*Ieuan* — I will not hear those words  
spoken of the great hero of Wales.

*Elonwy* — It is that one, is it, that will  
take your heart and your love away from me?  
That one — the black, bitter foe of Plas Mor-

## THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

fran before he had made a stir against the Church or the King! Hero of Wales? — Rebel against Harri our lord! Chieftain of the black Vaughans of Glyndyfrdwy, against whom we have waited for revenge since the days of Llewelyn ab Gruffydd! — And he is to die there where you are standing now; shot through his heart with a shaft from Idris my father's bow! Oh it was foretold; it was in the stars; Virgil the Enchanter prophesied it: Idris Gam will summon him to come in here; and in here he will come, your Master of Bardism, and fall down dead as he enters! O my God, my God! — and it was all wizardry and idolatry you were telling me; the doctrine of the pit of hell to lure my soul; the gates of Calangauaf, as you call them, are the gates of terrible hell!

*Ieuan* — They have lied to you against him. I was in his house formerly —

*Elonwy* — Idris Gam lied to me — he that told me the tale when I left my childhood, and thereafter had me confess and receive the sacrament to purge my heart of peril! And you were in his house! Woe is me for your soul that is lost! Oh, what will I do? what will I do? Ieuan mine, I cannot give you up to the fiends of hell! Tell me in your deed you are not believing in him! Tell me in your little deed you are repenting, and holding fast in your heart to God that was crucified, and the Church our mother, and the holy Saints of Wales!

*Ieuan* — Dear heart, wild are your thoughts and your language! What knew I of that old enmity between your house and his? How has he harmed you? Oh, if you knew the grand magnanimous man he is, you too —

*Elonwy* — Dreadful are your words, by my confession! I am Idris Gam's daughter; I am Sion Cent's pupil, and you will dare to speak to me thus! And here in the chapel is that great Torch of Christianity now — were you knowing that? — And there with him is my place in this hour of my sorrow. He will have comfort for me; he will aid me to pray

to Mary and to David for your imperiled soul! (Exit.)

*Ieuan* — Ah, go you and pray, then! go you and pray! . . . Ah me! . . . To what a house I am come, in my deed! . . . And it was Owen my lord sent me here. . . . "Our brothers the Immortals," said he, "have a work for you to do at Plas Morfran: I myself without knowledge what it is." So he said. "Go you there," said he, "and keep the eyes of your heart clear, and They will show you what it is they need of you." . . . And my heart that has been heavy all the time since.

Ah me, not like this it was at Calangauaf of old; not like this the night he made me a bard, at Sycharth, among his disciples; when the darkness above the hills was filled with his music like a heart-beat; (faintly the tune *Consét Owen Glyndwr* begins to be heard outside; the scene goes darkening) and the world and the future were clear before me, with victory on shining victory out in front to be won, and the redeeming of the Cymry and the whole world the beautiful goal! All darkness and uncertainty now; and my true companions afar and silent; and in their place — Elonwy my love, that hates Owen, and for whose sake I was forgetting him; and Idris Gam — ah, there was a tale! All that skill in shooting that he may slay my chieftain. And Sion Cent here too; in the width of the world the chief enemy of Owen's druid Wisdom. — And the Lady Gwennlian: what is in her heart as to my lord, I wonder? Not hatred; not hatred it would be, had she but seen him, sure I am. For she is not as those others. She is as if all the wisdom and mystery of the Druids abode in her, and she knew it not: as if she were a Princess of the Divine Races from the Isles of Imperishable Beauty, and under some spell of oblivion to remember not her proud descent. She is to me like this land of Wales, beautiful, mysterious, enspelled, that Owen has striven to awaken to memory of its olden greatness. — But ah, indeed, it is the image and picture of Wales that is here: Gwennlian with the unawakened Druidry; and Idris Gam with the inheritance of hatred; and the Priest with the bitterness

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of his religion; and Elonwy, and Ieuan. . . . Only it lacks the Lord Owen himself, and the whole conflict in the riven Soul of Wales would be here at Plas Morfran!

(The music grows louder behind.)

O, Owen, Owen! Light of the Bards! Proud Dragon of these Mountains! What have I done — wherein am I unfaithful — that I am apart from you, and lightless, and no word from you comes to me?

(The scene is quite dark. A burst of the music. In a visionary light behind is seen the mountainside, as in the Prelude, Scene I; with Owen and Cadwgan standing where they stood at the end of that. Owen speaks) --

*Glyndwr* — Yet but that he must needs fall in love, to cloud the eyes of his mind against those Immortals directing him, the work of tonight. . . .

(Exeunt Owen and Cadwgan. Ieuan, who seems sleeping, groans. The Swan Sisters fly past, calling.)

*Swan Sisters* — Oh, oo-oo, oo-oo; ah, ah-ha! Oh, oo-oo, oo-oo; ah, ah-ha!

(The Fairies appear, singing)

### SONG:

*Fairies* — Yet the land shall not mourn  
Bereavéd of the splendor  
Of her Gods, and forlorn!  
By mountain and moor  
Shall stand to defend her  
The Lord of Glyndwr.

*Voice of the Gwrach yr Rhibyn* — 'Neath  
the gloom of the sky,  
I heard the winds sigh.  
O'er the dark miles of heather  
They cried out together:  
"This night shall he die!"

*Fairies* — Nay, by hollow and green hill,  
E'en though all things go ill,  
Though he sleep within the mountains,  
He shall bide in Wales still.

(The light dies; the song is heard out of the darkness.)

And the land shall not mourn  
Bereavéd forever

Of her Gods, and forlorn.

By mountain and moor,

Forsake her shall never

The Lord of Glyndwr.

Blow the wind, fall the rain;

Hell's hosts strive in vain;

There shall dawn a new bright time,

Overpassed once this night-time;

He shall come to her again.

And by hollow and green hill

He shall smite the hosts of ill;

He shall reign among the mountains;

He shall save white Wales still.

(No interval or curtain)

## ACT II

The Hall at Plas Morfran: Ieuan sleeping.  
Enter Marged with a light.

*Marged* — Dear, here's a night indeed!  
Bang and boom of the wind; roaring of the  
sea below there; there's no peace of mind to  
be had with it. Who is it is here chattering  
in the dark?

*Ieuan* — "Though he sleep within the  
mountains. . . ." — Ha, Marged? . . . Asleep  
I was, I think.

*Marged* — Sleep within the mountains,  
indeed! Sleep here by the hearth at Plas  
Morfran, and crying your dreams over the  
house! I might have known who it was, very  
well. And to let the fire die upon the hearth,  
this night of Calangauaf, with the storm  
raging through the darkness, and guests in  
the hall to be looked for by the thousand, for  
aught you know.

*Ieuan* — If it is dead, there will be re-  
kindling — as on Calangauaf of old, in the  
Druid Ages.

*Marged* — You and your bards' *clebur*  
of rekindling, and Calangauaf of old, and  
Druid Ages! Trust some to dream away their

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days while every fire in the thirteen shires is dying, till a need on us to go among the Saxons to beg our cooked meats. I have no patience with such ways, not I!

*Ienan* — Sorry am I —

*Marged* — Sorry are you! To come here from dear knows where; and to find favor with Idris Gam in his blindness, and with Gwenllian my lady; and to be to wed my own *Elonwy fach* my flower, and win her away from the hall of her fathers; and all with your odes and your *cywydds*, your *englynion* and your *pennillion*, your consonances and your assonances and your ancient tales! A pretty thing if —

*Icuan* — Well, well; bound I am to go now, whatever! (Exit)

*Marged* — Taking the word out of one's mouth! — Go you, and if it were forever, I would say nothing! The curse of Wales, with me, these loquacious bards! — *Catrin*! Ha, *Catrin* ferch *Elin*!

(Enter *Catrin*.)

*Catrin* — What now, if it please you, *Marged*?

*Marged* (pointing to spinning-wheel) — Put you this aside. — And now, go you to the cook-house; put speed into the doings there; hurry forward the roasting of the meats and the preparing of the broth. And first, bid you *Ifan Tân* bring in logs and kindling here.

*Catrin* — Yes, yes. *Marged*. (Exit)

*Marged* — Dear knows, guests may still be coming in here — though few enough of them, these wicked war-times — and no living in quiet with Idris Gam on a night of storm like this, if there is lack of blaze on the hearth when the guest enters, or delay with the setting forth of food.

(Enter *Ifan Tân* with logs, etc.)

Ha, *Ifan*; make you the fire here speedily, now!

*Ifan* — Yes, yes, *Marged*. (He busies

himself at the hearth.) Please you, what is on the Lady *Gwenllian* this night, if you are knowing?

*Marged* — On her? Dreaming her dreams she will be: wild in her mind with the storm and the lightning, and with more than the storm and the lightning. As she is ever on *Calangauaf*, when the wind booms about the headland, and the trees in the park are tossed and straining, and the sea its hundreds of feet below there fit to hurl up its foam against this very window. Full of her dreams about them that ride the storm above the oak-tops. Woe is me, not wholesome it is to serve in the house under such an one, by my confession to heaven!

*Ifan* — I declare to you, I cannot set eyes on her, with the wildness and glory of the dark skies on her face and on her form, without thanking the *Saints Sion* Priest is in the house here for our protection. Hear her singing I did, now just: a wild wail and burst of song from her, to float out upon the roaring of the tempest; as if *Gwyn the King of Fairies* and his hosts were trailing through the middle air and the unfathomable night.

*Marged* — Mention you not those *Riders of the Night Winds*, for fear! 'Tis enough that we do have one dwelling here, no one can say from what land or dominion she came; but that 'twas neither *Wales* nor *England*, neither *Scotland* nor *France*, nor *Ireland* nor *Rome* nor the *Kingdom of the Danes*.

*Ifan* (crossing himself) — Then not in this world at all it will be, I am thinking.

*Marged* — Nor does any crowned king reign there, of such as are born and baptized, and will die.

*Ifan* — Indeed now, upon your conscience and your confession, whence came she into this world and into *Plas Morfran*? Why, being the mother of grown men, is her hair without its grayness, and her face without its lines and its wrinkles, and the whole aspect of her the aspect of the young?

*Marged* — Were you hearing a sound

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of the Gwerddonau LLion ever, where the good ancients went when they died, before to Heaven-gates an opening with the Creed?

*Ifan* — Those Islands in the West where the Children of Don are, and the Children of Llyr; where Gafran ab Aeddan sailed, they are telling, and Myrddin Emrys in his ship of glass? From them was she coming, in your deed?

*Marged* — I say not 'in my deed,' not I; to risk having lies on me to confess. No one knows, 'in their deed,' where she was coming from; and I think she knows not herself. But well I know what the rumor and the tale was, was coming to me when a young girl I came here first. Married they were at that time, and Cynric and Idwal born, that now are with the Prince making war on Glyndwr. She did come from the sands of the sea: well known is that: Idris Gam, a man in his prime at that time, and late to marry, gave out that a ship was after its wrecking, and Gwenllian my lady saved by him, and snatched out of the foam. But the tale is of white swans of Fairyland blown in from beyond the wave; and of Idris coming upon them by stealth on the shore, and capturing the fairest of them to be his bride. On Calangauaf they said, he captured her; and sure you now, on Calangauaf the wildness of the world comes on her, and she as if half remembering the unhuman races of her kin.

*Ifan* — Dear, are you telling me, indeed! And that ring she does wear, hanging about her neck; and the light from the red gem in it shining out into the darkness — brought it with her, she did, I shouldn't wonder, out of the Islands of the Fairies!

*Marged* — Nor I should wonder, neither. Some wizard thing it is, whatever; and pity Idris Gam her husband is blind, or she should not carry with her the tokens of —

(Enter Idris Gam.)

*Idris* — Of what? — Ha, is the flame leaping on the hearth? Are the meat and the

drink after their preparing, that you do chat and gabble in the hall here as if the long duration of hell were between this and the need of viands on us? — Ifan Tân, is it? Set you my chair in its place by the hearth there!

*Marged* — Ifan Tân, go you to the cook-house, and see that no fuel be wanting for the fires about the oven.

(Exit Ifan.)

And sweeten you the sourness of your speech and your disposition, Uncle; it is mine to give orders to the underservants of the household, and mine to set the chair for you wheresoever you desire it to be. (She places the chair to the left of the hearth.)

*Idris* — So the chair be set, with you. — And now bring you to me the bow I am in its mending, and the arrows I am in their making. (She brings them to him.) And set you the chair for Aunt over against me on the hearth there. (She places a chair on the other side of the hearth.)

*Marged* — There you. And you will get the meat and the drink no later than the due time for their coming; and need and occasion neither for fuss nor for bitter speech with you. Chatting and gabbling, indeed!

*Idris* — If I should be mild with you, no chieftaincy would be left me in my own house. Now — tokens of what?

*Marged* — Tokens of *dear knows what*, with Aunt, if you *will* have it. When do you remember, on Calangauaf, that she took thought unreminded of the things of the household? When do you remember, but she was putting the fear of unseen worlds on the people of Plas Morfran, till there was none in the *penisaf* unafraid of her, only I — with her going up and down like a queen of the Fair Family in exile among mankind,—

*Idris* — Cease you with that, now!

*Marged* — And her seeing none that pass by her, and hearing none that speak to her, and her holding converse with none that can be seen or heard. Much I do wonder, I,

## THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

what is on her, that Calangauaf Night shall make her like no Christian woman in the world —

*Idris* — Bridle your tongue, woman —

*Marged* — But as if Gwyn ab Nudd, King of Fairies, and his night-riding hosts were calling to her out of the clouds and the flying winds to return to them in their invisible dominions.

*Idris* (rising) — Bridle your tongue at that, woman; if you desire to remain in house of mine!

*Marged* — Bridle my tongue, indeed! Remain in house of yours, dear help you better! Take up my abode in the sty with the pigs, will I? Dull you are, Idris Gam, by my *pader* and my confession! And I whose fourth ancestress was kinswoman in the fifth degree to the chieftain of Plas Morfran in her day; no upstart of unknown and faery lineage —

*Gwenllian* (is heard singing outside) — Heart of me! heart of me! loud, loud is the vast hollow of the night!

*Marged* — There!

*Idris* — Ha!

*Gwenllian* (enters, singing) — With the beating of solemn wings!

Troubled is the wild wave of the sea; gleam the skirts of the clouds, silvery bright, Giving ambush to the hosting of long-speared invisible kings.

Heart of me, heart of me! the darkness is in labor of the Wonder of wonders. . . .

*Marged* — Dear, as if the high angels of God were in their caroling! It is no place for sinful me, I think. (Exit)

*Gwenllian* — I do not see him; is he here in the hall?

*Idris* — Whom mean you, in the name of God?

*Gwenllian* — The One they call the great Dragon of Wales.

*Idris* — Awake, woman! Awake!

*Gwenllian* — Ah! — What is it is haunting the wildness of the night?

*Idris* — What is it is putting the like of this strangeness on you? What is calling this wildness of chanting from your throat? Not since you came first over the threshold of Plas Morfran, and I taught you speech, have I heard such singing with you, to daunt the servants of the household, and cause timorous whisperings and crossings in the *penisaf*.

*Gwenllian* — It is what you do not understand. Who am I?

*Idris* — Who are you? Everlasting God! My wife you are. What you have been these one and twenty years: Gwenllian the wife of Idris Gam, lord of Plas Morfran in Caer Weclros.

*Gwenllian* — It is Calangauaf; it is not a time when you might be telling me that. It is not your Christmas or your Easter.

*Idris* — Enough with that now! There is nothing on Calangauaf more than on another night. Sit you down in your place there, and quiet your soul with the spinning. There is nothing on Calangauaf, more than on any night in the year.

*Gwenllian* — There are voices half familiar crying to me out of the winds; there is a music I cannot forget between this and the flying clouds.

*Idris* — Oh, yes; the straining of Llwyn Derwen oaks in the storm; the waves lashing and bellowing in the caverns.

*Gwenllian* — Wait now! There were seven of us taking the night with proud wings; and the changes of the dark sea below us, and the changes of dark heaven above; and we gliding through the onrush and rejoicing of the violent wind —

*Idris* — The talk of Wales you will be; sure you, indeed you will! The world will be saying you are unwise in your mind. Gwenllian *fach*, remember —

*Gwenllian* — Oh, if I could! if I could!

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

There were palaces — and the look of pearl on them — and the look of the rainbow on the cloud of foam — out there beyond the waning of the flame of evening —

*Idris* — Remember you nothing, I charge you, but the dignity of the wife of a chieftain of the Cymry; and you shall have fewer lies to confess to Sion Cent tomorrow!

*Gwenllian* — Sion Cent! Sion Cent! — that dark one! Woe is me! He is not here?

*Idris* — In my deed is he here; in the chapel he is; and shall come to you now unless you quell this wildness of spirit. There; sit you down, and be peaceable!

*Gwenllian* — Only you tell me one thing, and I will not trouble you further. Who am I indeed? How did I come here?

*Idris* — I have told you a thousand times. Thrown up on the rim of the sea, where the waves were tossing you, you were; and I saving you from the hissing vehemence of the waves; and the hand of God laid on you in the shipwreck, to cause oblivion of all past things to fall on you.

*Gwenllian* — You will still keep it from me! I know that you came on me on the shore; but there was no ship and no shipwreck; and not out of the waves were you or any man drawing me. It was upon wings I went; and there was some great thing I was to do; and the whole fate of the Cymry depending on my doing it.

*Idris* — Possessed by the fiend you are! Well with me Sion Priest is in the house! He shall come to you; he shall pray over you; he shall find a spell with his Latin, to bring you to obedience to your lord. — Ha!

(Enter Sion Cent)

*Gwenllian* — Ah!

*Cent* — What trouble is on you? You were about to call for me.

*Idris* — Need of you, Sion Priest; and the good greeting of God and man to you! Need of your prayers and exorcisms, to ex-

pel a rebellious spirit from this woman.

*Cent* — Daughter, what troubles you? . . . Will you not answer me?

*Idris* — 'Tis a most stubborn spirit of unbelief,

To give the lie to her husband. 'Tis obsession: But for the virtue of your presence here She would be hearing demons call to her Out of the winds.

*Cent* — Be gentle with her!

There is nothing here but prayer may remedy. Upon this pagan feast of Calangauaf The spirits of the old and pagan dead, *In-drifting* from their limbos, haunt the hills And shores they paced of old time; and sometimes

It is given to them to rend the peace of souls, Crying out incantations and prophecies Upon the night winds.

But God hath set his Church up in the world, A mountain castle and a sanctuary That Satan and his angels may besiege But *never* come by entering.

*Idris* — Lo there, the truth!

Ay! you have wisdom; you have eloquence! Take you her, I beseech you, into the chapel Where there is safety from the shafts of hell; And, in your nearness to the Trinity, Before the altar, raise a spell of Latin To out-enchant the enchantments of the fiends.

I know you have the power, if you do choose.

*Cent* — Ay, come, dear daughter! You shall lay your burdens

At the feet of the Most High; David the Saint, Or Mary, the most gentle Queen of Heaven Shall stoop, and with cool fingers touch your heart

To peace and healing.

*Gwenllian* — I have no hurt they can heal.

*Idris* — Go; I command! I will not have my house Afflicted with devils.

*Cent* — Peace!

*Idris* — Nay, she shall go!

THE NIGHT OF CALANGAUAF

*Cry of the Swan-Sisters* (outside)—Oh,  
oo-oo, oo-oo; ah, ah-ha! Oh, oo-oo, oo-oo,  
ah, ah-ha!

*Gwenllian* — Ay; I will go.

(Exeunt *Sion Cent* and *Gwenllian*.)

*Idris* (crossing himself) — God and his  
Saints  
Defend this house! Well his being here —  
that priest —  
The wisest and the holiest in Wales!  
Heretofore she hath had her dreams; but  
now —  
Such things have been: chieftain or nobleman,  
Wedded to some white waif out of the unseen,  
Hath lost all suddenly — wife and good for-  
tune,  
Lands and good name, and left his progeny  
Tainted with — Ha! Thank God the priest  
is here!  
She never doubted erst the tale I made:  
The shipwreck, and the foreign royal birth  
Some day, maybe, to discover. 'Twas not  
much  
To know, or gather; since naught else could  
have been,  
Nor she have come there, that wild winter  
morn,  
But from some broken ship. *She* could not  
tell,  
Being without memory how I found her sing-  
ing  
That wild unhuman song, and took the robe  
She had thrown down on the rock, and held  
her captive  
By virtue of that — speechless, and knowing  
naught  
But that 'twas I had found her. It was the  
truth;  
All these years she hath deemed it truth,  
but now —  
What is the truth? What would the sequel be

If that were known? — were it to flash forth  
once

Out of these mysteries, and reveal to her  
What was before I found her on the shore?  
She is not of the daughters of this world,  
Nor hath descent from Eve; she was too fair,  
Too magically fair, there on the sands  
As I beheld her — a creature of illusion  
That, winged or drifting on the tides or winds  
Came out of fairy realms. — Ay, that may be;  
And that her spirit kinsmen haunt the world  
At Calangauaf, heartsick at her loss;  
Crying upon the winds of night to her —  
peering

Through open doors and windows — spying  
on me,  
And raising spells to rob me —

What am I dreaming?  
High God hath sent his champion to my house,  
Unwilling I should be put to scorn of the  
world

By things of faerie. Is she not mine  
In Catholic wedlock? Was it not Holy Church  
Gave her a human soul at baptism,  
And made her mine at the altar? Holy Church  
Hath sent her firmest champion to mine aid  
Now in my perilous hour, knowing that her-  
self

Would be affronted in any affront to me;  
And I may laugh secure in that protection.  
Yea, I may cry aloud to the Powers of the Air  
To pit their witcheries against the Church  
And try which is the mightier. — Send you  
hither,

You Fairy Princes out of Pagandom,  
For aught it is to me, to work your will,  
Your haughtiest chieftain from the Druid  
Isles —

Send him, I challenge ye! Let him come in—  
Bodily o'er the threshold, and confront me—

(Enter *Owen Glyndwr*.)

*Glyndwr* — Good be unto this house!

(*To be concluded*)

## NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. RYAN, M. A.

**E**VEN in the most orthodox scientific circles Theosophical ideas are spreading, not only in physics but in biology and in the great subject of man's place in nature. For instance, we have just received the following:

The German Zoologist, Dr. Herman Poppelbaum of Hamburg, who is about to give a couple of lectures in Copenhagen, declares that his researches have led him to the conclusion that humanity does not stand at the summit of creation because it is the final result of a long process of evolution, but, on the contrary, *because it is the root of the whole genealogy, or family tree.* In other words, the animals, and, taken as a whole, all living beings, are to be looked upon as collateral lines of Man which have developed — each according to its own idiosyncracies — and have specialized in various directions, while Man himself has gone straight ahead. *Man is the cause of all living beings,* and the animals are individually nothing but distorted images of Man. This is actually what Goethe divined, and what J. Jensen is unconsciously to himself finding out today.

And, we may add, precisely what H. P. Blavatsky brought from the East with a marvelous wealth of illustration from biology, palaeontology, etc., and a closely-reasoned philosophy of cosmical and terrestrial evolution in which the fact that Man is the storehouse of all forms finds a leading place. While Goethe may have divined the general principle, Science as a whole has taken the opposite position, contemptuously

rejecting as “theological twaddle” (Huxley) any teleological notion that Man is more than the most highly advanced animal, derived from lower types by simple physical descent under mechanical laws of ‘natural selection and survival of the fittest.’ As we mentioned in a recent article, protests are arising in many scientific quarters against the materialistic transformistic theory, one of the latest being quoted from an eminent biologist at Montpellier College, France.

Theosophy always places mind or consciousness in its proper place — before its manifestation in form and matter; the ideal before the material, just as the artist or the designer must have his idea before he can construct his visible work. The Universal Mind contains innumerable types which are precipitated into matter by evolutionary process. What is called in the occult teachings of the East ‘MAN’ — not physical man, but an archetypal, spiritual Adam — at a very remote period threw off basic types of ethereal substance which ultimately gave rise to the multitude of physical organisms, a general resemblance to the ground-plans being preserved. This may be a hard nut for our modern scientists to crack, but it is very logically explained in the Theosophical philosophy. Students who wish to learn the importance

— in fact the necessity — of such a principle as the only framework upon which a philosophical explanation of evolution can be based, should carefully study the pages of *The Secret Doctrine*. We cannot go into this at length here, but will give a quotation from that encyclopaedic work while recommending open-minded inquirers to refer to the original:

The fact is that, as previously stated, the human type is the repertory of all potential organic forms, and the central point from which these latter radiate. In this postulate we find a true 'Evolution' or 'unfolding'—a sense which cannot be said to belong to the mechanical theory of natural selection. . . . 'Evolution' has to deal with the progressive modifications which palaeontology shows to have affected the lower animal and vegetable kingdoms in the course of geological time. It does not, and from the nature of things cannot, touch on the subject of the pre-physical types which served as the basis for future differentiation. Tabulate the general laws controlling the development of physical organisms it certainly may, and to a certain extent it has acquitted itself ably of the task.

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 683-4

Referring to the problem of embryology and the presence of organs and types of lower animal life in the stages of foetal growth of the human embryo:

The diapason of type is run through in brief. . . . The potentiality of every organ useful to animal life is locked up in Man — the microcosm of the Macrocosm — and abnormal conditions may not unfrequently result in the strange phenomena which Darwinists regard as 'reversion to ancestral features.' Reversion, indeed, but scarcely in the sense contemplated by our present-day empiricists!— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 685

Dr. Poppelbaum's theory of 'Man'

being the cause of all living beings is absolutely correct, so far as it goes; but scientists have yet to learn that there are worlds within worlds, and the physical plane is only the lowest manifestation of forces and intelligences that must be understood before the real meaning and process of Evolution can be comprehended; and also that there are those who have penetrated into these arcane regions of Cause.

A FEW years ago, a Russian savant, Professor Struve, declared that the very ancient Egyptians were as advanced in mathematical knowledge as Europeans of the Middle Ages, and that their knowledge had simply been re-discovered by the latter, who naturally hailed it as a completely new acquisition, for they knew nothing of Egyptian science. In this regard, the following from an article in *Science* by Professor Louis Karpinski of the University of Michigan, is noteworthy, especially in view of the common and prejudiced opinion that there is nothing in the claim by the Greeks that they looked upon Egypt as far more advanced than themselves. He says:

Since the dawn of the twentieth century an amazing amount of new material has come to light to increase our knowledge of Egyptian, Babylonian, and Greek mathematics. . . . Touraëff in 1917 gave from the 'Moscow' papyrus the volume of the truncated pyramid as  $\frac{1}{3} h (a^2 + ab + b^2)$  and Struve adds an equally amazing formulation for the surface of a hemisphere as  $2\pi r^2$ . Heretofore no historian has suspected that the empirical

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knowledge of these formulas was not the undisputed achievement of Greece. . . .

In a recent article in a German mathematical magazine, Dr. Neugebauer makes the most significant and almost revolutionary announcement of the discovery among the early Babylonians of the numerical solution of a type of complete quadratic equation. . . .

The writer stated, twelve years ago, that the material then available indicated a high state of development of mathematical thought in Egypt and Babylon before the golden age of Greece. Today, even more than then, when the assertion represented a somewhat new point of view, it is certain that the indebtedness to Babylon and Egypt, often explicitly affirmed by Greek writers, is no figure of speech, no rhetorical gesture, but rather an assured fact.

THE *New York Times* is responsible for the statement that General C. G. Dawes, Ambassador to Great Britain, is financing the search in the Vatican Library for clues to the lost continent of Atlantis, by Professor C. U. Clark of Yale University. It is believed that the library contains manuscripts written by priests who visited Central America soon after Columbus's voyages which may contain keys to Mayan manuscripts. Already one interesting MS. written by an Aztec, within thirty years after the conquest of Mexico, has been found.

General Dawes supports the Atlantean hypothesis, and, as it seems highly probable that if the Mayans are the descendants of the people of the last remains of Atlantis, their writings may contain references to their ancestry, it is very desirable that we should learn

to decipher the Mayan script — a task that has hitherto defied the scholars.

RECENT discoveries in Mesopotamia have immensely increased our knowledge of the high state of civilization five or six thousand years ago, and give further support to the Theosophical teaching of the cyclic law in human life. Till lately it was thought that Abraham was a kind of nomadic sheik belonging to some very primitive tribe associated with an unimportant place called Ur. Now, chiefly by the work of the archaeological expedition directed by Professor C. L. Woolley and sent out by the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania, we know that Abraham was a citizen of a large and important city, highly civilized, and, in his day, as old as Paris or Rome are today! And when he started out on his migration to the West he did not settle in territories that were desolate and undeveloped, but quite the contrary.

Professor Woolley says Abraham must have been a trader in camels, and that he left Ur because war had cut off the principal trade-routes which provided his livelihood. Other writers suggest that he was horrified at the state of public opinion that tolerated such cruelties as the appalling human sacrifices associated with the burial of the Chaldaean monarchs. These have recently been revealed to us by the new discovery of the sepulchers of an unidentified king of Ur and his consort

## NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

Queen Shub-ad, who lived between five and six thousand years ago.

According to Biblical chronology Abraham set forth from Ur in the year 1921 B. C., many centuries later, and it is obvious that he himself was not free from the prevailing superstitious obsessions, for did he not attempt to offer his son Isaac as a human sacrifice on Mount Moriah and was he not prevented only by the supernatural intervention of an angel? This took place quite near the capital of the mysterious King Melchizedek a 'priest of the most high God,' of the same order as Christ according to the New Testament — a most extraordinary combination *if the Biblical story is taken literally*. But, as H. P. Blavatsky says, the Bible is a profoundly wise record *if taken allegorically*, and she shows that the story of Abraham cannot be looked upon as exact history, although it stood for the migration of the Hebrews from an Oriental country that took place several thousand years before even the time of Queen Shub-ad, and therefore long before the alleged date of Abraham. Readers who wish to study H. P. Blavatsky's teachings on this subject should consult *The Secret Doctrine*, Volume I, pages 312, 343, 376, 578; Volume II, pages 76-7, 139, 199, 200, and *Isis Unveiled*, Volume I, pages 566-7; Volume II, pages 216, 438, 493. The allegorical nature of the Abraham story is substantiated by Paul in *Galatians*, iv, 24.

The problems presented by the discoveries at Ur are difficult. Till lately the first dynasty of Ur was placed

at 3100 B. C., but the new royal tombs of Shub-ad and her husband are at a far lower level than tombs of that date and go back at least five hundred years earlier. At this remote period two and *four*-wheeled vehicles were in use; and a four-wheeled arrangement requires a swivel axle, an advance hitherto accredited to a far later age. Then, the true arch with voussoirs, corbel-vaulting, and the dome, were perfectly well known, and both brick and stone were used as materials. The Egyptians of about the same period knew the principle of the arch, though they hardly ever employed it, but how is it that we find no trace of wheeled vehicles in Egypt till perhaps fifteen hundred years after they were commonly used in Mesopotamia?

The jewelry found in Queen Shub-ad's tomb, and elsewhere at Ur, testifies to the extraordinary skill and taste of the artists, and Dr. Legrain, Curator of the Babylonian Department of the University of Pennsylvania Museum says he has often asked himself how the extremely hard semi-precious stones in the queen's necklace were bored with holes so fine that even a modern needle cannot pass through! Gold, carnelian, lapis lazuli, and agate are the principal materials from which the jewelry of Ur was made.

One of the most magnificent objects found in the tomb was a gold and silver harp with inlay of shell and stone. It was decorated with the head of a bull, an important symbol relating to the zodiacal sign dominant at that time. The panels representing ritual sacrifices

were inserted in the sounding box, some of them being humorous in treatment, animals taking the place of the priests.

One of the most remarkable finds was a statue of a ram 'caught in a thicket,' made of gold, silver, and lapis, an exquisite work of art. It is curiously significant of the story of Abraham's attempted sacrifice of Isaac. 'God' provided "a ram caught in a thicket" as a substitute for the human victim. (*Genesis*, xxii, 13) This discovery, made in Ur, although the statue dates from far earlier than the orthodox time of Abraham, points very clearly to an esoteric meaning in the whole story.

We shall return to the discoveries in Ur in more detail in a future article, and especially to consideration of the singular claim that the latest excavations at Ur reveal material evidence for the Sumerian Flood-legend which provided the model for the Babylonian, and, finally, for the Biblical, stories of a world-wide inundation.

IMPORTANT news confirming the antiquity of man in America comes from Dr. M. R. Harrington, Curator of the Museum of the Southwest, who has been exploring the 'Gypsum Cave,' east of Las Vegas, Nevada, near the site of the future Boulder Dam on the Colorado. On and near the surface of the floor of the cave he found numerous remains of the so-called Basket-Makers, the earliest positively-known race

in the United States about which there is no dispute even among the most conservative. These people may have lived two thousand years before the Christian Era, or even earlier. Below the Basket-Makers' artifacts there lay seven feet of undisturbed strata. Under this was a layer of manure deposited by the giant ground-sloth, an extinct animal contemporary with the saber-toothed tiger, the dire wolf, the mammoth, the giant-lion, and other terrible beasts of past ages. Many remains of the sloth were found in good preservation, and below this deposit there was found a layer of charcoal showing clear evidence that it was the remains of a fire built by human hands.

Dr. Harrington asks: Is this charcoal thirty thousand years old or more, as may be inferred from its relation with the extinct sloth, or are we to imagine the improbable explanation that the giant sloth lingered on in the West until a quite modern period? There is no reason to believe that the latter explanation has any value, especially in view of the other strong evidence that highly intelligent man was contemporary with the great extinct mammals of the last genealogical period, which is variously estimated as having terminated from thirty to one hundred thousand years ago. Evidence is continually increasing in favor of the Theosophical teaching that America has been the abode of man for enormous periods, incredible as such a thing used to seem.

# THEOSOPHIC LIGHT ON THE BIBLE

GRACE KNOCHE, M. A.

"The worship of the dead-letter in the Bible is but one form of idolatry, nothing better. . . . The Bible is *not* the 'Word of God,' but contains at best the words of fallible men and *imperfect* teachers. Yet read *esoterically*, it does contain, if not the *whole* truth, still, '*nothing but the truth,*' under whatever allegorical garb. Only: *Quot homines tot sententiae.* . . ."—H. P. BLAVATSKY in 'The Esoteric Character of the Gospels'

**K**NOWING the temper and trend of the age, one of H. P. Blavatsky's first efforts was to throw new light upon the Bible. *Isis Unveiled*, her first book, devotes half its bulk to Religion. *The Secret Doctrine*, her masterpiece, is a synthesis of religion, science, and philosophy, and the Bible is a frequent topic in her other writings. Whatever she wrote upon this subject, however, made unpleasantly noticeable the shadows of dogmatic misinterpretation, and those who did not desire these shadows to be dissipated were very much disturbed. Accusations of irreligion, even atheism, were soon abroad, flying like poisoned arrows over and across the sky, and the more absurd the charges the more they seemed to attract attention and credulous believers. As falsehoods "travel round the world while truth is laboring up-hill," some of these are being echoed yet, particularly the accusation that H. P. B. was "an atheist."

Yet nothing could be further from the fact, for she preached the existence of Divinity as one of the "three fundamental propositions" in the body of philosophic teaching which she gave

out in *The Secret Doctrine*: Deity, "the One Absolute Reality which antecedes all manifested, conditioned Being"; the "Infinite and Eternal Cause . . . the rootless root of 'all that was, is, or ever shall be'"; "an Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless and Immutable PRINCIPLE, on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human conception and can only be dwarfed by any human expression or similitude."<sup>\*</sup> Love and Justice are its supreme and constant expression; Compassion is its 'Law of Laws.'

H. P. Blavatsky offered the world a higher conception of Divinity than has been enunciated since Plato taught in one way and the Nazarene in another, and a nobler philosophy of life than that from any source accessible after Hypatia was murdered and the last of the Neo-Platonic Schools destroyed. The reflective mind wonders who the accusers of H. P. Blavatsky really were, and what could have been their motive. Could they have read her books? It is the classic experience, however, and the age is poor in in-

<sup>\*</sup>*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 14

genuity that cannot furnish a Meletus on occasion.

Equally, H. P. B. was accused of 'antagonizing Christianity.' She would have Christ's philosophy practised instead of being merely preached, and she protested against the opinion expressed by theology and commercialism both, that the *Sermon on the Mount*, if actually observed and followed, would "subvert the social order." All her writings bear this statement out. "No Theosophist," she wrote, "has ever spoken against the teachings of Christ."

But let us not be misunderstood. She held no brief for the 'jealous God' of theology, and in her writings, especially in *The Secret Doctrine*, she defends her Theosophical position in a way that profoundly impresses the reader by the daring and knowledge displayed. If 'new light on the Bible' has been the cry since the higher criticism began to be heard, *The Secret Doctrine* has more light to shed upon it, we may observe, than any book published in centuries, indeed since the ancient keys were lost. The book itself is its own best evidence and can always be freely examined.

Far from lessening one's respect for the Bible, however, (something that it must be admitted the higher criticism has done in many minds), the writings of H. P. Blavatsky increase it. *Genesis* is not only interpreted, but explained. Its contradictory first and second chapters are reconciled, and the old allegories are restored to a dignity and beauty they have not known in modern times. As for the *Book of Job*, recur-

rently the subject of comment by religious and other writers, she declares it to be a "pre-Mosaic work, and outside of Genesis the oldest of the Old Testament texts and a recognised treatise on Initiation." And she shows *Revelations* to be no fantastic rhapsody, but a definite statement of cosmic and human evolution in the form of allegory and symbol. *Isis Unveiled* places the cycles of experience recorded in these (to us) strange texts at the service, not of erudition merely, but the spiritual quality in life. Whatever else is accomplished by this Teacher in her commentary, particularly upon the *Book of Job* which she discusses at considerable length, she leaves the reader convinced of its utter truth.

More than all, perhaps best of all in one sense, Jesus the Avatâra is given a new dignity before the world. Not only did H. P. Blavatsky declare that it was possible for states to practise what he enjoined and yet live, but she showed Him to be of that sublime company of moral reformers who have appeared at cyclic intervals since the dawn of time — Saviors whose mission was distinctive but in every case the same: to clear away from existing religions the mildew of bigotry and opinion, and to revive the ancient teachings of the once universal Wisdom-Religion, the ancestral Theosophy of the world.

To revive teachings already existent *but long ignored* — that seems to have been what made the trouble. Had H. P. Blavatsky only been content to occupy herself with something a little

less disturbing! But she had found the truth herself, through curtains of fire and of steel, and she would give no imitation of it to others. She declared that Jesus made it his mission to revive the ancient Wisdom-teachings that were being ignored in his day, and she proved it by his own recorded words. In view of the 'editing' which the Gospel-texts have suffered, it is remarkable that we have left, not so little but so much to confirm those simple 'findings of fact' that loosed such a hurricane of persecution and abuse upon H. P. B.'s innocent head.

In that priceless but never completed writing, 'The Esoteric Character of the Gospels,' H. P. B. wrote:

Thus, what with several generations of the most active Church-Fathers ever working at the destruction of old documents and the preparation of new passages to be interpolated in those which happen to survive, there remains of the Gnostics — the legitimate offspring of the Archaic Wisdom-Religions — but a few unrecognisable shreds. But a particle of genuine gold will glitter forever; and, however garbled the account left by Tertullian and Epiphanius of the Doctrines of the 'Heretics,' an occultist can yet find even in them traces of those primeval truths which were once universally imparted during the mysteries of Initiation.

An epidemic of blindness must have been about when this ruthless 'editing' was afoot, for the Bible contains abundant testimony still as to the antiquity of religious truth, if one knows where to look. We read in *Ecclesiastes*

That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth what is past,

and *Deuteronomy* enjoins us to "Remember the former things of old."

Paul, "the great, the honest apostle," as H. P. Blavatsky describes him, and "the real founder of Christianity" as the Church itself declares, speaks of

the revelation of the mystery which was kept secret since the world began but is now made manifest.— *Rom.*, xvi, 25-6

That Paul was an Initiate and a Gnostic, and that the Christian canon, especially the *Gospels*, *Acts*, and the *Epistles*, was

made up of fragments of Gnostic wisdom, the ground-work of which is *pre-Christian* and built on the MYSTERIES of Initiation,

H. P. B. clearly sets forth. But while she declares Paul to have been the only disciple of Jesus "worthy the name," she also declares that

bent upon inaugurating a new and broad reform, one embracing the whole of humanity, he sincerely set his own doctrines far above the wisdom of the ages, above the ancient Mysteries, and final revelation to the epochs.

— *Isis Unveiled*, II, 574

Paul was not (as she reveals him) *Christos*, the Initiate, the Teacher, tested and triumphant, but *Chrêstos*: still a learner. The inquirer is referred to *Isis Unveiled* for much more light on this and allied themes.

In carrying out her stated purpose: "to rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions," H. P. Blavatsky necessarily throws new light on the Bible, parts of which, she declares, in spite of "cunningly devised dogmas and intentional misinterpretations by scholiasts,"

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

are nevertheless “mines of universal truths.”

Necessarily, in bringing out these truths she could not fail to pay tribute to the sublime Teacher of Judaea, Jesus the Avatâra, “the Adept we believe in,” to quote her words. Referring to the Eastern Teachers with whom she studied during some years of seclusion and preparation, she wrote:

The position THEY give to Jesus, as far as we know, is that of a great and pure man, a reformer who would fain have lived but had to die for that which he regarded as the greatest birthright of man — *absolute* Liberty of conscience: of an adept who preached a universal Religion, knowing of and having no other ‘temple of God’ but man himself; that of a noble Teacher of esoteric truths which he had no time given him to explain; that of an initiate who recognised no difference — save the moral one — between men; who rejected caste, and despised wealth; and who preferred death rather than to reveal the secrets of initiation. And who, finally, lived over a century before the year of our vulgar, so-called Christian era.

— *The Theosophist*, July, 1883

“Christ has given you one prayer,” she says pathetically,

of which you have made a lip-prayer and a boast, and which none but the *true* Occultist understands. In it you say, in your dead-letter meaning, “Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors” — which you never do.

— *The Key to Theosophy*, Sec. v

The results of the effort made by H. P. Blavatsky in respect to new light upon the Bible, are apparent to any who will compare the general status of religious opinion today with what it was in the seventies. If, as she so truly said,

the Spirit in Man — the direct ray of the Universal Spirit — has at last awakened, equally true is it that

The day of domineering over men with dogmas has reached its gloaming.

When this Teacher threw down the gauntlet to dogma in *Isis Unveiled*, and later in her English magazine *Lucifer*, religious thought was more or less quiescent. Then she threw into its crucible Theosophical teachings and ideas; new light on Antiquity, particularly the fact that where we today have hundreds of differing faiths, Antiquity knew but one. She reminded us of long-forgotten teachings as to the nature of man and the godhood that was his by divine right; she made statements powerful and succinct about the laws governing man’s life; she invested her pupils with a new optimism born of her knowledge of man’s spiritual possibilities and of the soul’s high destiny. She gave us facts, and premisses based on facts, and conclusions that were irresistible in their logic and their power to convince the open mind. In short, she poured in a mystic catalyst which stirred into ferment the whole hitherto dormant solution and — it is too soon yet to say what will be the result!

But the situation today invites a forecast. We find Theosophical doctrines permeating the higher general thought so completely that our literature, from the book of the novelist or scholar to the grist of the daily press, reflects them on every hand; for instance, Karman, the theme of several recent books and one opera; Reincar-

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nation, the now orthodox theme of up-to-date books and plays.

“Time the great devourer,” the ally of this spiritual catalyst, has made short work of many things once in safe solution but now precipitated or, risen like scum to the surface, waiting to be skimmed off. Certain pulpits that once joined the persecuting forces are now preaching the very doctrines for bringing forward which H. P. Blavatsky was pilloried; and in plain truth the liberal thinker in religion would find nowhere to lay his head, without them — the doctrine of the immanent, the mystic Christ; the Kingdom of Heaven within; the dual nature of man; man’s inherent Divinity; the needlessness of an ‘intercessor’ between man and that Deity — the Boundless, the Absolute — whose very child he is; Brotherhood not only as a fact in Nature but as the

solution, and the only possible one, for the pressing moral problems that beset us; Karma, the mighty law of cause and effect, or sowing and reaping, or, in the illuminating phrase of our present Teacher, Dr. de Purucker, “the Doctrine of Consequences”; the continuity of spiritual existence — even, in some cases, under its distinctively Theosophical autonym Reincarnation.

And so one might continue, were it the aim to set forth the whole argument here. But it is otherwise. To H. P. Blavatsky’s own great works it is more honest to refer the inquirer. They are as fascinating as they are profound. They throw new light not only on the Bible but new light on that strange twist in human nature which has kept us so long in dark windings and dimmed the pure Light that once shone over our path.

## ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACE

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

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

### VI

**I**N *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. Blavatsky gives a legend of a ‘Sacred Island’ which is quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*, Volume II, page 220. This island rested in a vast inland sea, which extended over Middle Asia, north of the proud Himâlayan range, where now are desolate barren wastes. The ancient isle had no rival in the world for beauty. Some thousands of years B. C., this lovely spot was the home of

the Sons of Wisdom — the Undying Race — who had escaped from the Great Deluge. In the legend it is known as the ‘Garden of Eden,’ of which, it is said, all subsequent Edens are but the reminiscence. There is a tradition that this island exists to the present day as an oasis, surrounded by the dreadful wildernesses of the great Gobi desert, whose sands no foot hath crossed in the memory of man.

There dwelt the 'Sons of Wisdom.'

As to Enoch, Thoth or Hermes, Orpheus and Kadmos, these are all generic names, branches and offshoots of the seven primordial sages (incarnated Dhyân-Chohans or Devas, in *illusive*, not mortal bodies), who taught Humanity all it knew, and whose earliest disciples assumed their master's names. This custom passed from the Fourth to the Fifth Race. Hence the sameness of the traditions about Hermes . . . Enoch, etc., they are all inventors of letters; none of them dies but still lives, and they are the first Initiators into, and Founders of the Mysteries.

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 267, footnote

Alone a handful of primitive men . . . remained the elect custodians of the Mysteries revealed to mankind by the divine Teachers. . . . These Elect were the germ of a Hierarchy which never died since that period. . . . *Though unseen they are ever present. When people say of one of them, 'He is dead': behold, he is alive and under another form. These are the Head, the Heart, the Soul, and the Seed of undying knowledge. . . . Thou shalt never speak, O Lanoo, of these great ones . . . before a multitude, mentioning them by their names. The wise alone will understand.* . . . — II, 281-2

The gradual evolution of man in the Secret Doctrine shows that all the later . . . Races have their *physical* origin in the early Fourth Race. But it is the sub-race, which preceded the one that separated sexually, that is to be regarded as the *spiritual* ancestors of our present generations, and especially of the Eastern Aryan Races.— II, 165, footnote

The Garden of Eden, then, as a locality, is no myth at all, but as said, there has been more than one of these.

It is really from the Euxine to Kashmir and beyond, that science has to search for the cradle — or rather one of the chief cradles — of mankind and the sons of Ad-ah; and especially in after times, when the Garden of

Ed-en on the Euphrates became the college of the astrologers and magi, the Aleim.

But this 'college' and this Eden belong to the Fifth Race, and are simply a faint reminiscence of the Âdi-varsha, of the primeval Third Race.— II, 203

In the long transition-period when the methods of procreation were changing, the animals separated into two sexes first. By degrees this transformation occurred in the human stage. And the mindless men, those who had received no 'spark,' the 'narrow-headed' spoken of in Chapter V, crossed with the animals — a possible thing in the very early steps of evolution. Stanza VIII, verse 32, of *The Book of Dzryan*, quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 184, reads:

And those which had no spark (*the 'narrow-brained'*) took huge she-animals unto them. They begat upon them dumb races. Dumb they were (*the 'narrow-brained'*) themselves. But their tongues untied. The tongues of their progeny remained still. Monsters they bred. A race of crooked, red-hair-covered monsters, going on all fours. A dumb race, to keep the shame untold.

This unnatural progeny, which cannot be compared to anything existing today, are the ancestors of the anthropoids, so puzzling to science. We are now at a place in the history where it is possible to understand the allusions made several times to exceptions to the rule that no Monads enter the human stage after the middle point on this globe, namely, during the Fourth Race. For this dumb race was partly human. The event was the first physical 'fall into matter' of the lower races, which, however, being mindless, were irre-

sponsible. The results of the mistake — for such it was — had to fall on the Sons of Wisdom, who had refused to incarnate earlier, and yet were responsible for the coming humanity. Stanza IX, reads as follows:

Seeing which (*the sin committed with the animals*), the Lhas (*the spirits, the 'Sons of Wisdom'*) who had not built men (*who had refused to create*), wept, saying:

"The Amâna (*the 'mindless'*) have defiled our future abodes. This is Karma. Let us dwell in the others. Let us teach them better, lest worse should happen." They did. . . .

Then all became endowed with Manas (*minds*). They saw the sin of the mindless.

— II, 191

#### By degrees the men themselves

realized the unfitness — we must not say sin — of what they had done, only when too late; after the angelic monads from higher spheres had incarnated in, and endowed them with understanding. To that day they had remained simply physical, like the animals generated from them. For what is the distinction? The doctrine teaches that the only difference between animate and inanimate objects on earth, between an animal and a human frame, is that in some the various 'fires' are latent, and in others they are active. The *vital fires* are in all things and not an atom is devoid of them. But no animal has the three higher principles awakened in him; they are simply potential, latent, and thus *non-existing*. And so would the animal frames of men be to this day, had they been left as they came out from the bodies of their Progenitors, whose *shadows* they were, to grow, unfolded only by the powers and forces immanent in matter.— II, 267

H. P. Blavatsky comments on the Stanzas to the effect that, though sinning unconsciously, this seventh degenerate race will have to bide its time for final development, but will find it-

self *on the last day*, on one of the seven Paths.

But the journey is fraught with difficulties for those Sons of Wisdom who thus deferred incarnation.

These had their first Karmic punishment prepared for them. They got bodies (physiologically) inferior to their astral models, because their *chhâyâs* had belonged to progenitors of an inferior degree in the seven classes. As to those 'Sons of Wisdom' who had 'deferred' their incarnation till the Fourth Race, which was already tainted (physiologically) with sin and impurity, they produced a terrible cause, the Karmic result of which weighs on them to this day. It was produced in themselves, and they became the carriers of that seed of iniquity for aeons to come, because the bodies they had to inform had become defiled through their own procrastination.— I, 228

This mistake, then, was the origin of the much discussed race of anthropoid apes, and the history of the event shows the fallacy of the so-called Darwinian doctrine. H. P. Blavatsky points out that

the embryo of man has no more of the ape in it than of any other mammal, but *contains in itself the totality of the kingdoms of nature*.— II, 259

#### Though —

It is not denied that in the preceding Round man *was* a gigantic ape-like creature; and when we say 'man' we ought perhaps to say, the rough mold that was developing for the use of man in this Round only.— II, 261

What we now see as apes are the much-changed descendants of that early animal-human progeny. They form the exception so often spoken of, and will become men of a lower order in the next or Fifth Round.

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It is interesting to note here that science is beginning to corroborate to a degree the ancient teachings on this subject. The puzzle and mystery of the simian races can, of course, never be unraveled by the methods of investigation at present used by scientists. Only a study of the archaic records can reveal the real facts. But the careful, patient, persevering, and truly remarkable researches of scholars working in this direction, are gradually undermining the Darwinian theory. In the highest quarters it is asserted that there is no evidence of its truth, but that inference can reach no further than to suspect man and ape as representing separate branches of the same original stock. Evidence has even been produced to prove man anterior to the ape — all of which opened the door for the acceptance of this ancient teaching, so simple and comprehensive. Dr. G. de Purucker's book, *Theosophy and Modern Science*, presents facts from the anatomical and biological standpoints which utterly annihilate the old Darwinian theory.

The mistakes of those early days did not end with the Mindless Race. The Third Race merged into the Fourth, growing more and more material; during which transition certain groups showed their loss of spirituality by becoming sensual and inflated with pride.

They took wives fair to look at. Wives from the 'mindless,' the narrow-headed. They bred monsters, wicked demons, male and female. . . . — Stanza X, verse 41, *The Book of Dzyan*

It is most important to remember that the *Egos* of the apes are entities compelled by their Karma to incarnate in the animal forms, which resulted from the bestiality of the *latest* Third and the earliest Fourth Race men. They are entities who had already reached the 'human stage' before this Round. Consequently, they form an exception to the general rule. The numberless traditions about Satyrs are no fables, but represent an extinct race of animal men.— II, 262

Nor did it yet end here.

As time rolled on, and the still semi-astral forms consolidated into the physical, the descendants of these creatures were modified by external conditions, until the breed, dwindling in size, culminated in the lower apes of the Miocene period. With these the later Atlanteans renewed the sin of the 'Mindless' — this time with full responsibility. The resultants of their crime were the species of apes now known as Anthropoid.— II, 689

Up to this time the forms were yet sufficiently mobile to make such union possible, but it is written that the Lords of Wisdom, seeing the terrible results, struck the races with sterility.

H. P. Blavatsky has recorded very fully in different parts of her work, the ancestry of the apes from different points of view. She has cited facts which would be of interest to the anthropologist, the zoologist, the embryologist, or the student of folk-lore. Even many allusions in the Bible are cleared up in this discussion. But it is enough for us here to outline the story as to their origin.

The separation of the sexes took place very gradually, as elsewhere stated. There was much unnatural cross-breeding, bringing about very low specimens of men, and slowly

many other changes, of course, took place. There had been eternal spring in the sinless, mindless, days of the race. But gradually, as season succeeded season, great cold in places forced men to seek methods of protection — clothing, shelter, etc., and after the formation of the men-animals, the natures of animals changed. They became ferocious. The old, happy, golden days passed. Âdi-varsha, the Eden of the first races, became a frozen white corpse.

Misery and suffering drove men to appeal to the superior Fathers. Then

*Divine Kings descended and taught men sciences and arts.*— II, 201

They formed the first Divine Dynasty, and in the course of time a glorious civilization arose.

There have been several Divine Dynasties — a series for every Root Race beginning with the Third, each series according and adapted to its Humanity.— II, 429

In the words of a Master:

“The Fourth Race had its periods of the highest civilization. Greek and Roman and even Egyptian civilizations are nothing compared to the civilizations that began with the Third Race”—after its separation.

— II 429-30

Their home, known as Lemuria, was on a gigantic continent, now buried beneath the Pacific Ocean, and stretched east and west as far as the two Americas. Australia was a portion of it, and the numerous islands dotted over the great ocean are the mountain-tops of the ancient land. Easter Island belongs to the earliest civilization of the

Third Race. Under the guidance of their divine rulers, they built large cities; cultivated arts and sciences; knew astronomy, architecture, and mathematics to perfection.

But this, of course, came about gradually. Between the final physical evolution and the first city built, many hundred thousands of years passed. In the sixth sub-race, the first rock-cities were built of stone and lava. One of these, entirely of lava, was built about thirty miles west of Easter Island.

The oldest remains of Cyclopean buildings were all the handiwork of the Lemurians of the last sub-races; and an occultist shows, therefore, no wonder on learning that the stone relics found on the small piece of land called Easter Island by Captain Cook, are “very much like the walls of the Temple of Pachacamac or the Ruins of Tia-Huanaco in Peru.” and that they are in the CYCLOPEAN STYLE. The first large cities, however, appeared on that region of the continent which is now known as the island of Madagascar. There were civilized people and savages in those days as there are now. Evolution achieved its work of perfection with the former, and Karma — its work of destruction on the latter. The Australians and their like are the descendants of those, who, instead of vivifying the spark dropped into them by the ‘Flames,’ extinguished it by long generations of bestiality. The Aryan nations could trace their descent through the Atlanteans from the more spiritual races of the Lemurians, in whom the ‘Sons of Wisdom’ had personally incarnated.— II, 317-8

Modern archaeologists, in trying to discover how the enormous stones of these ancient relics were transported, do not take into account the fact that the builders were giants.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

It must be understood that although every race had its special continent, there has never been a dividing line between each race and its successor. One blends into the other, their civilizations mingle over millions of years. Also, as might be inferred from all that has been quoted, there were striking contrasts in development. While some awakened to great knowledge, others were savages, hardly learning to build a fire. Again, a portion were leading the nomadic life.

It is to this period that we have to look for the first appearance of the Ancestors of those, who are termed by us the most ancient peoples of the world — now called respectively the Aryan Hindûs, the Egyptians, and the oldest Persians, on the one hand, and the Chaldees and Phoenicians on the other. These were governed by the DIVINE DYNASTIES, *i. e.*, kings and rulers who had of mortal man only his physical appearance *as it was then*, but who were Beings from spheres higher and

more celestial than our own sphere will be long Manvantaras hence.— II, 328

But —

even before the real advent of the Fourth or Atlantean race, the majority of mankind had fallen into iniquity and sin, save the hierarchy of the 'Elect,' the followers and disciples of the 'Sons of Will and Yoga'— called later the 'Sons of the Fire-Mist.'— II, 319

The hour had struck for the beginning of the destruction of the Third Race, and the entry of the Fourth, whose formation commenced from a nucleus of Northern Lemurian Third-Race Men, on the Atlantic portion of Lemuria, toward a point of land which is now, roughly speaking, in the mid-Atlantic.

Their continent was formed by the coalescence of many islands and peninsulas which were upheaved in the ordinary course of time *and became ultimately the true home of the great Race known as the Atlanteans.*— II, 334

*(To be continued)*

## THE PATH OF KNOWLEDGE

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

WHO does not desire real knowledge? None but the most inert or most self-satisfied. And how are we to attain it? By following the rules. Who made the rules? Nobody: they just *are*, like the rules of health or the laws of nature. How can we discover the rules? In two ways: by study and observation, and by the help of Teachers who have found out and are ready to tell anybody who wants to know.

The teachings of one such Teacher

are preserved in the Christian Gospels; but they are not often understood. He was eager to show people the Path and he gave them the rules. His chief rule was, "Love your enemies." This has become so stale that it is for many little more than a form of words, or at best a sentimental and pious injunction, not to be taken seriously. But the Teacher was not simply asking people to assume a pious and religious attitude; to repeat his words in church and then go forth to slander their neighbors. He

was striving to show them the Path of Wisdom. He was giving them the first great Rule: we call it Golden, which appears to mean that it is too precious for use(!)

Knowledge cannot enter the mind unless the mind is fit to receive it. We are kept in ignorance by our passions; and if we desire Knowledge, we must find a means of getting these out of the way. If you desire Wisdom, you must first get rid of all anger and resentment, said the Teacher; and he was simply stating a law of Nature.

Personal emotions prevent knowledge in two chief ways: by throwing the mind into turmoil; by contracting it. For the first we may use the simile of a ruffled lake which will not reflect clearly, or a blurred mirror. Tranquillity, serenity, clarity, are essentials for knowledge. Personal passions hold the mind to a narrow range, so that we walk with eyes on the ground, seeing not what is around us.

If you desire knowledge, you must set about attaining it; nobody wants to withhold it from you, nor can anyone give it to you, though he may help you to find it.

It is common for people to underrate their own powers (which however does not always prevent them from being quite opinionated). This is a fault which must be corrected by the one who wants to 'get a move on'; otherwise he will stay where he is. 'I can't' is sometimes equivalent to 'I won't.' There may be a selfish element in our make-up, which does not want to be

disturbed. It may hold us back by fear or indolence disguised as a becoming modesty. A fashionable name for this sort of thing is 'inferiority complex.' The path of knowledge is open to all, irrespective of their intellectual ability or their standing in other respects. Who is there that cannot follow this method of regulating his moods and passions and calming his mind, so that the light within may shine forth?

What can I do? you may say. First, get it into your head that man is essentially, at root, a divine being. If he is not, then what is he? What is your theory? Think it over. You will find that, in the last resort, you are thrown back on your own resources. Or would you lean upon somebody else? If you are to listen to the words of another, it is your own judgment you must use, in order to decide whether what he says is worthy of acceptance or not. So each of us must ultimately rely on the light within, by whatever name he may call that light.

The first thing is to know what man is. Theosophy offers for your approval certain teachings which illuminate this question. Perhaps you can find something there which your judgment approves.

Behind that mysterious and troublesome personality of yours there shines a light. That personality is a veil or fog which hides it. You must often have suspected this; you were right; you had an intuition of the truth. Follow it up. There is a greater 'I' behind the little 'I.'

## THE PHANTOM DOG\*

AN AUTHENTIC STORY BY A RUSSIAN OFFICER

(From *The Theosophist*, I, 73, Dec., 1879, H. P. Blavatsky, Editor)

**D**URING the last war in Turkey, a small but very mixed company were assembled, on a Christmas eve, in the apartments occupied by Colonel V— in one of the best hotels of Bucharest. Among others, there were present the correspondents of the *New-York Herald*, *London Times*, the *Golos*, and the *Berjevoi Vyedomosti*; Colonel N.; a Captain; and the President of the Society of the Red Cross, the well known P—f. The only lady was the wife of Colonel V—, our host, who was busy at the large round table, around which we were all seated, pouring out tea.

We had all become very merry and congenial. All felt in the best of humor, and each vied with the other in telling interesting stories. Alone poor MacGahan and Lytton, the correspondents respectively of the American

and English papers, did not seem to share in the general hilarity; a circumstance which attracted attention to them.

“What’s the matter with you, Lytton?” asked Colonel V. “Nothing,” answered the correspondent, thoughtfully, “I was thinking about home, and trying to see what they were doing now.”

“One may speculate with perfect security”—remarked MacGahan, “and say that the whole family is now assembled around the fire-place, drinking cider, speaking about far-away friends in India, or talking of ghosts.”

“You don’t mean to say that in England they believe now in ghosts?” inquired Mme. V.

“The majority do not,” replied Lytton, “but there are a good many who do, and a multitude who claim to have seen ghosts themselves. There are also such as have not themselves seen yet who believe all the same.”

We were all struck with Captain L.’s uneasy look and pallor, as he abruptly left the table.

“You may say what you like and laugh at such notions,” he remarked. “As for myself, I cannot deny the existence of ‘ghosts’—as you call them. I, myself, was but a few months ago, an eye-witness to a case which will never be obliterated from my memory.

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\*This narrative has just been published in the *Messenger of Odessa*. The old and brave officer who vouches for it and who was an eye-witness at two of the episodes of the strange occurrence, is too well known in the society-circles of Tiflis and Odessa for us to regard this as a cock-and-bull story. And moreover we have the names of all the participants in the tragic finale. Whatever else an incredulous public may think, Captain L. at least—a highly respected officer—gave the story at Bucharest as a fact, and we print it on account of its value as a contribution to the literature of Psychology.—Ed. [H. P. B.]

This upset all my previous theories.”

Yielding to our curiosity, though very unwillingly, the brave Captain told that which he wrote down himself for me a few days after, and which I now publish with his consent.

“During the war in the Caucasus, I was serving in one of the regiments sent against the mountaineers. At that time, a young officer from the Imperial guard, named Nedewitchef, was transferred into our regiment. The young man was remarkably handsome, with the figure of a Hercules, and would have soon become a general favorite were it not for his shyness and extraordinary misanthropy. Sulky and unsocial in disposition, his only affection seemed to be centered on an enormous black dog with a white star upon its forehead, which he called *Caro*. Once our regiment had to move against an *aoûl* (Circassian village) that was in full revolt. The Circassians defended their positions with desperate bravery, but as we had on our side the advantage of twice their numbers we disposed of them very easily.

“The soldiers, driven to blind frenzy by the stubborn defense of the enemy, killed every one they met, giving quarter neither to old men nor children. Nedewitchef commanded a company and was in front of everybody. Near a *sakly* (a mud hut) I happened to meet him face to face — and I felt thunderstruck! His handsome, magnificent face was all distorted by an expression of brutal cruelty, his eyes

were bloodshot and wandering like those of a maniac in a fit of fury. He was literally chopping an old man to pieces with his sword. I was excessively shocked at such a display of useless ferocity, and hurried forward to stop him. But, before I had reached him, the door of the hut flew open, and a woman, with a cry which made my blood run cold, rushed out of it, and flung herself upon the corpse of the old man. At this sight Nedewitchef sprang backward as if he had been shot himself, and trembled violently. I looked at the woman and could hardly suppress a cry of surprise. Heavens, what a gorgeous beauty was there! With her lovely face, pale as death itself, uplifted toward us, her magnificent black eyes, full of nameless terror and mortal hatred were phosphorescent, flaming like two burning coals as she fixed them upon us. Nedewitchef stared at her like one fascinated, and it was with an effort that, coming out of his stupor, he mechanically gave the orders to beat the *rappel* in order to put an end to useless bloodshed.

“I did not see Nedewitchef for several days after that accident; and only learned accidentally from his orderly that the same young woman, two days later, had come to his tent, had thrown herself at his feet, and pouring her whole soul into her tale, had confessed an ardent love for him. She declared that, according to the Circassian custom, his courage had made her his slave, and that she wanted to be his wife. — His envious friends had added much more detail which would be use-

less here. Remembering well her look of hatred, I did not at first believe, but had to yield at last to the evidence.

“After the submission of the rebellious *aoiûl*, the Commander-in-Chief encamped us at the foot of the mountain in its neighborhood, so that we should command the great Shemaha highway. We had to camp there quite a considerable length of time, and having nothing else to do we could easily occupy our days with picnics, rides, and hunting. One afternoon, calling my dog, I took a gun and went out for a stroll in the wild vineyards. I had no intention to hunt, but simply to take a walk and watch the splendid sunset from the top of Ali-Dag. My path ran through the most lovely scenery, along a thick double alley of mimosas, white acacia, and other trees, entwined with vines, hung thickly with bunches of grapes, and chestnut trees with their large crowns of leaves intermingled with fruit. The whole mountain-slope was covered with blooming bushes and flowers, which grew in rich profusion and spread themselves like a carpet.

“The air was balmy, heavy with scents, and still, excepting the incessant buzzing of the bees; not a breath of wind disturbed one single leaf, and Nature itself seemed slumbering. Not a human step, not even the sound of a faraway voice; so that I was finally overpowered by a hallucination which made me dream I was walking upon a deserted island.

“Having gone about two or three miles by a narrow path which wound up to the mountain top, I entered a

small thicket drowned in sunlight, and burning like a jewel set with gold, rubies, and diamonds. Under a group of tall trees lying lazily on a patch of green moss, I saw Nedewitchef; the black-eyed beauty was sitting near him, playing with his hair, and, asleep at the feet of his master, was the faithful dog. Unwilling to break their *tête-a-tête*, I passed unperceived by them and began climbing higher up. While crossing with difficulty a thick vineyard, I suddenly came upon three Circassians, who, perceiving me, rapidly disappeared, though not quickly enough to prevent my seeing that they were armed to the teeth. Supposing them to be runaways from the conquered *aoûls*, I passed on without paying them much attention.

“Charmed by the splendid evening I wandered about till night, and returned home very late and tired out. Passing through the camp towards my tent, I at once perceived that something unusual had happened. Armed horsemen belonging to the General’s escort rapidly brushed by me. The division-adjutant was furiously galloping in my direction. Near one of the officer’s tents a crowd of people with lanterns and torches had assembled, and the evening breeze was bringing the hum of animated voices. Curious to know what had happened, and surmounting my fatigue, I went straight to the crowd. I had hardly approached it when I saw that it was Nedewitchef’s tent, and a horrid presentiment, which soon became a fearful reality, got hold of me at once.

“The first object I saw was a mass of hacked and bleeding flesh, lying on the iron bedstead. It was Nedewitchef; he had been literally chopped to pieces with yatagans and daggers. At the foot of the bed Caro, also bleeding, was stretched, looking at his master’s remains with such a human expression of pity, despair, and affection mingled, that it brought a gush of hot tears to my eyes. Then it was that I learned the following: soon after sunset, Caro furiously barking, ran into the camp and attracted general attention. It was immediately remarked that his muzzle was bleeding. The intelligent dog getting hold of the soldiers’ coats, seemed to invite them to follow him; which was immediately understood, and a party of them sent with him up to the mountain. Caro ran all the time before the men, showing them the way, till he brought them at last to a group of trees where they found Nedewitchef’s mangled body. A pool of blood was found at quite a distance from the murdered man, for which no one could account, till pieces of coarse clothing disclosed the fact that Caro had had his battle also with one of the murderers, and had come out best in the fight; the latter accounting also for his bleeding muzzle. The black-eyed beauty had disappeared — she was revenged. On the following day Nedewitchef was buried with military honors, and little by little the sad event was forgotten.

“Several of the officers tried to have Caro; but he would live with none: he had got very much attached to the soldiers, who all doted upon him.

Several months after that I learned that the poor animal got killed in his turn by a mounted Circassian, who blew his brains out and,—disappeared. The soldiers buried the dog, and many there were among them who shed tears, but no one laughed at their emotion. After Shamy’s surrender, I left the regiment and returned to St. Petersburg.

“Eighteen years rolled away. The present war was declared, and I, as an old Caucasian officer, well acquainted with the seat of war, was ordered off to Armenia. I arrived there in August and was sent to join my old regiment. The Turks were in a minority and, evidently feeling afraid, remained idle. We also had to be inactive and, quietly waiting for further developments, encamped at Kizil-Tapa in front of the Aladgin heights on which the Turks had entrenched themselves. There was no very rigorous discipline observed as yet in the camp. Very often Mohammedans of the cavalry were sent to occupy positions on advanced posts and pickets; and sleeping sentries on duty were often reported to the chiefs. On the unfortunate day of August 13th we lost Kizil-Tapa. After this unsuccessful battle, rigor in discipline reached its climax; the most trifling neglect was often punished with death. Thus passed some time. After a while I heard people talking of the mysterious apparition of a dog named Caro, who was adored by all the old soldiers. Once as I went to see our Colonel on business, I heard an officer mentioning Caro, when Major T., addressing

an artillery man, sternly remarked:  
 "It must be some trick of the soldiers."

"What does this all mean?" I asked the Major, extremely interested.

"Is it possible that you should not have heard the foolish story told about a dog Caro?" he asked me, full of surprise. And upon receiving my assurance that I had not, explained as follows:

"Before our disastrous loss of Kizil-Tapa, the soldiers had been allowed many unpardonable liberties. Very often the officers on duty had seen the sentries and patrols asleep. But notwithstanding all their endeavors, it had hitherto proved impossible to catch any of them: hardly did an officer on duty appear going the rounds, than an enormous black dog, with a white star on its forehead, mysteriously appeared, no one knew whence, ran toward any careless sentry, and pulled him by his coat and legs to awaken him. Of course as soon as the man was fairly warned he would begin pacing up and down with an air of perfect innocence. The soldiers began circulating the most stupid stories about that dog. They affirm that it is no living dog, but the phantom of 'Caro,' a Newfoundland that had belonged to an officer of their regiment, who was treacherously killed by some Circassians many years ago, during the last Caucasian war with Shamyl."

"The last words of the Major brought back to my memory the pictures of the long forgotten past, and at the same time an uneasy feeling that I

could not well define. I could not pronounce a word, and remained silent.

"You heard, I suppose," said the Colonel addressing the Major, "that the Commander-in-Chief has just issued an order to shoot the first sentry found asleep on his post, as an example for others?"

"Yes — but I confess to a great desire to first try my hand at shooting the phantom-dog—or, *whoever represents it*. I am determined to expose the trick"; exclaimed the irascible Major, who was a sceptic.

"Well, there is a good opportunity for you" — put in the adjutant — "I am just going to make my rounds and examine the posts. Would you like to come with me? Perhaps we will discover something."

"All readily assented. Not wishing to part from good company, and being besides devoured with curiosity, I said I would go. Major T. carefully loaded his revolver, and — we started. It was a glorious night. A silvery velvet moonlight fantastically illuminated the heights of Aladgin, towering high above us, and of Kizil-Tapa. An unruffled stillness filled the air. In both hostile camps all was quiet. Here and there the faint tinkle of a *volynka* (a kind of primitive guitar), and nearer, the mournful cadence of a soldier's voice intoning a popular air, hardly broke the dead stillness of the night; and as we turned an angle in the mountain-path sounds and song abruptly ceased.

"We passed through a lonely gorge and began mounting a steep incline. We now distinctly saw the chain of sen-

tries on the picket-line. We kept to the bush, in the shadow to escape observation; and, in fact, we approached unobserved. Presently, it became too evident that a sentinel, seated upon a knoll, was asleep. We had come within a hundred paces of him, when suddenly from behind a bush darted a huge black dog, with a white star on its forehead. O, horror! *It was the Caro of Nedewitchef*; I positively recognised it. The dog rushed up to the sleeping sentry and tugged violently at his leg. I was following the scene with intense concentration of attention and a shuddering heart . . . when at my very ear there came the crack of a pistol-shot. . . I started at the unexpected explosion.

Major T— had fired at the dog; at the same instant the culprit soldier dropped to the ground in a heap. We all sprang toward him. The Major was the first to alight from his horse; but he had hardly begun to lift the body, when a heart-rending shriek burst from his lips, and he fell senseless upon the corpse.

“The truth became instantly known; a father had killed his own son. The boy had just joined the regiment as a volunteer, and had been sent out on picket-duty. Owing to a terrible mischance he had met his death by the hand of his own father.

“After this tragedy, *Caro* was seen no more.”

## PSEUDO-MYSTICISM IN MODERN MUSIC

MARTHA BLAKE

**A**N article, entitled ‘Dehumanized Music,’ which was reprinted some years ago in the Boston *Transcript* from *The Saturday Review* (London), is as pertinent today in many respects as if just published. With as good reason could its writer now inquire, as he did then: “Why are modern musicians most happy when they are setting to music metaphysics which they do not understand?” . . . “Why did Scriabine ‘theosophize’?” . . . “Why did Debussy bury his cathedral before writing about it?” — to all of which the reply-question might be asked: Why has it taken so long for someone to put his finger on the spot which marks the origin of much that is decadent in modern music?

The critic then went on to say — and his problem is still unsolved:

The explanation has yet to be found. . . . There is a parallel movement towards a new kind of mysticism today in science, art, religion, and philosophy, and music follows with the rest.

As all the arts are related, inasmuch as all find their essential inspiration in religion, it is not difficult to follow the critic in assuming that the movement towards “a new kind of mysticism” accounts, to a degree, for the characterizing quality of much of the music which has appeared in recent years; and so it might be worth while to inquire into the nature of this new tincture called ‘mysticism.’

As a brief preface, it may be noted

that one of the notable characters and writers of the last century, looking forward to the advent of the then coming century (the twentieth), claimed to foresee the beginning of "a new order of ages"; and the marvelously accelerated speed which has so emphasized the last twenty years, would certainly serve to mark one phase of such an era. Speed seems, in fact, to have been a dominant factor of the day, sometimes making for progress and sometimes not. So it has happened, while material and scientific progress has gone forward by leaps and bounds, that the arts too have felt the speed-mania, with resultant departures and changes that at times almost vie with Paris and New York fashions, both in frequency and—shall we say?—oddity; while the sublime art of music, alas, finding no exemption from the mad race of 'keeping up to date,' has been fairly dragged through a jumble of fads and 'isms.'

Now, high speed invariably affects clear vision, unavoidably blurring the evidence as to just what forces are contending for dominance in the launching, if you please, of this 'new order of ages'; and, among them all, none perhaps better justifies the calling for a slower tempo for purposes of due examination than do these new metaphysical and 'mystical' features.

It would not be even modest, because it would be so ridiculous, to disclaim personal illumination upon the subject of mysticism, inasmuch as any claim to its possession would be so extraordinarily fatuous for most of us. But we

can at least give some trust to our bumps of discrimination. So, without attempting to define mysticism, we will of course admit that there is such a thing and that here and there down through the ages there have been those who had some actual understanding of it. Such an one was Plato, who is said to have been an Initiate of the Mysteries and of whom Emerson said: "Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought." Emerson could never have said such a thing lightly; and H. P. Blavatsky has supplemented his words with the statement: "Although twenty-two and a quarter centuries have elapsed since the death of Plato, the great minds of the world are still occupied with his writings."

That Plato's teachings teem with wisdom is incontrovertible; and that out of them, either directly or indirectly, or in any other way, has or can come anything sordid or in any wise corruptive, is inconceivable. So, if we but allow the common-sense that we have to be hand-maiden to the higher mystical discrimination that we may hope to have, it will involve no brain-fag to see that Plato's inspiration, which bore fruit that still attracts the minds of 'men of thought' after twenty-two centuries, is somewhat different from this latter-day 'mysticism,' which is breeding but disorder in our arts and even in our religions. It certainly should be an easy thing to tell what mysticism is *not*. Our critic caustically says, in reciting some of the results of the pseudo-philosophy in the article re-

ferred to: "If pain had a smell, it would smell like some of our modern music," which "often smells worse than brimstone," — an odor not popularly supposed to emanate from realms ethereal.

While it is quite possible to agree with this critic regarding the offensiveness of much of modern music—which, thanks be! may impress one's sense of the evanescent as well as that of smell — it would hardly seem necessary to disclaim for real mysticism any responsibility for the deplorable condition into which modern music has been dragged, at the grave loss not only of the mental and moral, but even of the artistic viewpoint. And what a grave loss it is!

One of the largely responsible factors, while not real mysticism, is unquestionably an outgrowth of the unprecedented interest in all forms of transcendentalism, which constitutes such a prominent mark of the new era. The field it presents is indeed broad and contains so much that is rather repellent to a sane mind that one hesitates to delve in it at all deeply. Yet it may be a prompting of wisdom to know something about it, unwholesome as it is in spots, if for no other reason than to be able to discriminate between that which has value and that which has none. So when our critic inquires — and evidently with a shade of annoyance: "Why does Scriabine 'theosophize'?", would it not be advisable to inquire: "Why Scriabine? — and is he *actually* theosophizing?"

To be sure, the world has heard much about Theosophy during the past

quarter-century, and some weird things too. But maybe there are two brands, the same as of mysticism — something quite likely, since every worth-while real has its counterfeit.

But without attempting to determine whether Scriabine theosophizes or not, or on the right or wrong side, it is noticeable that certain tenets, both Theosophical and mystic,— such as Reincarnation and the superphysical with its supposed happenings, have, through their dramatic possibilities at least, presented quite a lure to certain writers and composers; though the outcome. it must be admitted, now and then suggests a modicum of terrestrial alloy in their 'inspiration,' not to mention a more gross ingredient. Imagination, indeed, would not seem to leap unduly, should it fancy some of these twentieth-century-seekers-after-novelty (and that is the obvious quest) as even being the reincarnations of those, who have formed an age-old habit of seizing upon anything, even the occult and sacred, for commercial exploitation — and, who incidentally, must have given cause all down the centuries for the withdrawal of the Real Mysteries, as both Plato and the New Testament affirm did occur long, long ago.

Such a habit is of course quite non-partisan. So, the avariciously-inclined, ready to note that mysticism was commanding attention, have simply created a 'mysticism' to order, as it were, in response to what they were quick to recognise as a market-demand; even as other opportunists, whose specialty (also for many incarnations perhaps)

has been the war-vogue, some few years ago saw fit to concentrate their *alleged* efforts upon 'making the world safe for democracy' — but likewise safe, quite safe, for commercial exploitation. Both can well be habits and tricks made facile through many repeated lives; but how appalling is the utter disregard shown for consequences, so vast-reaching and so wantonly destructive of human life and morals! Can't they think? — or don't they care?

It is easy to understand how a spurious mysticism can be inflicted upon the arts, particularly upon music, which, when judged by far too many of the stories given vehicle in program music, fairly reeks, not so much of the weird or even of 'brimstone,' as, to speak frankly, of eroticism, with the corruptive influence which is so alarmingly apparent in the extraordinary sophistication of our youth. How peremptory it is, then, that the subtlety of musical influence and the plasticity of the adolescent mind and nature be not lightly considered, since nothing can create more vivid mental and emotional pictures than music!

It is refreshing, in contrast with the more general attitude, to get the viewpoint of the keen-minded Romain Rolland on this subject, though he puts the words in the mouth of his *Jean Christophe*. He is discussing Maeterlinck's *Pelleas and Mélisande* with musical setting by Debussy. (By the way, was it not Debussy, while under the influence of Maeterlinckian mysticism, who started the present musico-

metaphysical ball a-rolling?) Rolland says, in part:

The Franco-Belgian sickliness was not much better, with its simpering parlor-tricks: 'the hair,' 'the little father,' 'the doves,' and the whole trick of mystery for the delectation of society women. The soul of the Parisienne (Debussy) was mirrored in the little piece, which, like a flattering picture, showed the languid fatalism, the boudoir Nirvâna, the soft, sweet melancholy. Nowhere a trace of will-power. No one knew what he wanted. No one knew what he was doing.

As mentioned earlier herein, our critic says: "The explanation has yet to be found"; yet his own words, which appear in the same article, seem to give the explanation very happily. This is what he says:

Where once we were content to receive Beethoven's 'Fifth Symphony' as a direct and universal utterance, the directness and universality of which would be destroyed by any attempt to translate it into words, today we are confronted with poems and programs which have to be read in close association with the music, which they limit and embarrass at every turn.

How clear! Yet those who make a point of following the vogue, rhapsodize over the Maeterlinck-Debussy brand of mysticism, which, in an effort to portray the soul's longing for Nirvâna, puts long hair and a gown on the puppet named Mélisande, which represents the soul; M. Maeterlinck, it seems, prefers puppets to flesh and blood characters for the reason that a soul is supposed to be ethereal, hence, physical bodies might mar illusion; he dresses two other puppets in trousers, or the equivalent; and, presto! the eternal triangle is staged. She marries

## THE POPOL VUH

one, and the other, his brother, does his appointed part. To put it briefly: we have before us the usual preliminary essentials to divorce-proceedings, when, lo and behold, it is proclaimed and accepted as 'mysticism'! Mysticism?

Lawrence Gilman, another eminent critic, very aptly has said in his 'The Music of Tomorrow':

The order of mysticism, which has crept into its being in our time, is not yet free from sensuousness; and it is overmuch preoccupied with the merely fantastic, the consciously bizarre —

two qualities that have intrigued exceptional craftsmanship and, like an artistic Parisian frock, may serve as adornment to either a saint or a sinner.

Huneker emphasized this same

truth in his *Overtones*, when he says:

The most profound truths, the most blasphemous things, the most terrible ideas, may be incorporated within the walls of a symphony, and the police be none the wiser.

On the other hand, we can well believe that Beethoven's abhorrence of sensuality, in life as well as in the divine art of music—it is said he could not forgive Mozart for having dishonored his genius by writing *Don Giovanni*, — is in no small measure accountable for the truly mystical and enduring spiritual quality of his music.

Maybe someone, someday, will find the vision and the courage to draw the curtain and convincingly display the proof that it is sensuality, and not 'mysticism,' which is the disturbing factor in much of our modern music.

## THE POPOL VUH

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

(Translated from the text of Brasseur de Bourbourg)

### PART II — CHAPTER XII

**H**ERE then is what memory has preserved of the death of Hunahpu and of Xbalanqué. Here we shall tell in its due turn the remembrance of their death.

After having been warned of all the things which they would endure and which they did endure, they did not die in the trials of Xibalba and were not at all conquered by all the attacks of the brutes that there were in Xibalba.

Next they called two divines who were like seers and whose names were Xulu and Pacam, wise men both.

If by chance anyone questions you for the king of Xibalba as to our death, which they now plot and meditate, asking why we are not yet dead or why we have not been conquered or overcome by their trials, you will tell them that it is because the animals have not entered into the conspiracy with them.\*

\*B. de B. says: The brutes, that is to say, the barbarians subject to the scepter of Xibalba, had apparently united with the rebels. The same idea is shown in the ancient documents of the Mexicans where Quauhitli-Ocelotl, Eagle and Tiger, Tlotti-Cuitlactli, Sparrow-hawk and Wolf, symbolize the people.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Behold then we have it in our thought that the sign of our death is a funeral pyre which must serve them to bring about our death. All Xibalba has now united. But in truth we shall not die. We are now going to tell you what you have to say.

If anyone comes on their behalf to ask you about our death when we are condemned, how will you reply, O Xulu and Pacam?\* If they say to you: We will throw their bones in the abyss; will that not be the right way? You will say: If you do that, they will come to life again.

If they say to you again: Would it be any good for us to hang them on trees? You will say: Indeed it is not good, for you will then see their faces again.

If finally they say to you again a third time: Should we do well to throw their bones into the river? — and the question is repeated to you by them, you will say to them:

It is indeed that which is needed to cause them to die. It will then be good that their bones should be ground on the rock as one grinds maize into flour, and that each one should be ground separately. Then you must throw them into the river at the place where the fountain (or the emerald) falls, so that their ashes should go to all the mountains great and small.

That is what you shall reply to them when they ask you about what we have

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\*Note by B. de B. *Xulu*, to divine, a seer. *Pacam*, possibly from *Pag*, a ball or a sort of tomato.

told you, said Xhunahpu† and Xbalanqué, taking leave of them because they knew that they were going to die.

Behold then they made a great funeral-pyre like a half-underground fireplace which those of Xibalba had caused to be raised, and there they put many boughs; then the officers came who were to accompany them, messengers of Hun-Camé and Vukub-Camé.

Let them come. Let us go, then, with the young men and let them see that we are going to burn them, says the king, O young men, it was said to them.

Very well, they replied.

They traveled quickly and arrived at the pyre. There they began to jest with them. Here are our two drinks: take them and let us run a race, one against the other, O young men, was said to them by Hun-Camé.

Cease to jest with us. Do you suppose that we do not know that death awaits us here, my lords? replied they. And they embraced one another. They folded their arms and went and laid themselves face downwards upon the pyre and there they died together.

Then all those of Xibalba were full of joy and they manifested their joy by shouts and confused murmurs.

At last we have really conquered but it has been a long time before they yielded, they said.

Then they called Xulu and Pacam, to whom the brothers had given their last words.

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†Here the name is modified. Instead of Hunahpu, there is Xhunahpu, the little, the young, or the second.

Just as they had said they would, those of Xibalba asked what should be done with their bones. And when they had finished their divination, Xibalba had their bones ground to powder and sent to have them thrown into the river. But these ashes did not go very far; they immediately sank to the bottom of the river where they were changed into fine young men; truly it was their features which manifested themselves anew.\*

## CHAPTER XIII

On the fifth day they appeared again and were seen in the water by the people. Like two man-fish† they showed themselves, and their faces were seen by those of Xibalba, and they were sought everywhere in the waters.

The next morning there appeared two poor men with old features and a miserable appearance who had only rags for clothes; there was nothing comely in their aspect. When they were perceived by those of Xibalba, they did very little, contenting themselves with dancing the dance of the Puhuy, the dance of the Cux, and of the Iboy, and they also danced the

\*B. de B. asks whether the story of the phoenix being reborn from its ashes might not have an American origin.

†*Vinak-car*, man-fish. It is the name of a kind of fish of the country, called in Mexican *tlacamichin*. The idea which still attaches to these two words is that of a sort of siren.  
— B. de B.

Is there any connexion with the fish-symbolism of the Orient and the fish-Avatâra? M.

Xtzul and the Chitic.‡ The numerous prodigies which they performed, burning houses as if they had really been burnt and immediately restoring them, made all Xibalba run up to see this spectacle.§

Then they sacrificed themselves, the one killing the other, and he who first let himself be killed lay dead. But they instantly came back to life together, and those of Xibalba looked at

‡Puhuy, in Nahuatl Mecatecolotl, a kind of owl with long ears; Puhuy is a name also given to certain short ears of maize in the hot country. The Cux is a kind of weasel called in Nahua *cuçatl* or *cuçamatl*. The Iboy is the armadillo or tatou, in Mexican *yaotochtli*. The Xtzul is a very venomous insect, the American centipede known in Mexico under the name of *petlaçol-cohuatl* or *centzon-maye*. Chitic is that which goes on stilts, perhaps a wading-bird. These names are those of certain picturesque diversions, now only mimicry, now mixed with dancing, dialog, and music. Most of them are still in use among the Indians today.

§We find in Sahagún a curious confirmation of this text; it is one which can in some degree serve as a paraphrase for it: "The Cuextecas," says he, in speaking of the populations of the Panuco slope, "returning to Panutla, took with them the chants which they used when they danced, as well as the ornaments which they used in their dance or comedy. These people loved to perform conjuring tricks with which they deceived everybody, giving to understand for true what was false, such as making houses [appear to] burn when they did nothing of the sort; making fountains appear with fish, when there was nothing but an illusion of the eyes; people who killed themselves by cutting themselves to pieces, and other things which were only apparent and not real."—Sahagún, *Hist. Gen. de las cosas de Nueva-España*, lib. x, cap. 20, sec. 12.

them with amazement whilst they did all this. For all these things were like the beginning of a new victory over Xibalba.

Then the news of their dances came to the ears of King Hun-Camé and King Vukub-Camé, and they said on hearing it: Who, then, are these poor men? Are they really so pleasing to see?

Yes, their dancing is truly admirable, as well as everything else they do, replied he who had carried the report of it to the kings. Flattered by what they had heard, they sent their messengers for them.

Let them come and do those things here, so that we may be able to see and admire them, and applaud them, said the kings. Tell them that, was said to the messengers.

When they came to the dancers, they told them the words of the kings.

We do not want to do so, they replied, because in truth we are ashamed. Should we not blush to appear before princes of that rank, seeing that our faces are so ugly, and not only that, but our eyes are so big,\* and we are poor? Besides, what have they to do with us, who are only dancers? What again will our companions in misery there say, those who desire to take part in our dance and to amuse themselves with us? Surely it is not in that fashion that we should act with the kings? So then we do not want to do it, O

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\*Usually the Indians have small eyes, but the Caribs have large ones, even pressing the heads of their children to make them stand out. — B. de B.

messengers, replied Hunahpu and Xbalanqué.†

By dint of the messengers' importunity, and showing in their faces the signs of their bad humor and their chagrin, they went reluctantly; but they refused to go quickly and the messengers brought them to the king, arguing and pressing them to go.

They arrived thus in the presence of the kings, and humiliating themselves in an affected way, they bent their heads as they presented themselves, bowing low and prostrating themselves with their miserable air and their worn garments. Thus on their arrival they showed themselves as being really poor men.

The kings asked them what were their mountains and their tribe. They also asked them who were their father and their mother. Where did you come from? they said to them.

Hardly a memory of it has remained to us, lord. We have not seen the face of our father and mother and we were little when they died, they said, without adding anything more.

Very well. Now do something to amaze us. Do everything you like and we will give you your reward, was said to them.

We desire nothing; truly we are full of fear, they replied to the king.

Do not be afraid and do not be timid. First dance and act the piece where you kill yourselves and burn my

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†Note by B. de B. This is the fourth generation of Hunahpu and Xbalanqué which appears in this story, counting those who were sacrificed in Xibalba as the first.

## THE POPOL VUH

house. Do everything that you know, so that we may enjoy your performance. That is all that our hearts desire. After that you may go, poor people, and we will give you your reward, was repeated to them.

Then they having commenced their song and their dance, all Xibalba came to sit around and see it all. They began by representing the Cux and the Puhuy and the Iboy.

And the king said to them: Kill my dog here and then bring him to life again.

It is well, they said, killing the dog. Then they resurrected it. And truly the dog was all joyous to be made alive again, and it wagged its tail in joy at having been resurrected.

Then the king said to them: Now burn my house.

So they immediately burnt the king's house, all the princes being seated near it without being burnt. And the instant afterwards they restored it, and the house of Hun-Camé had been lost for hardly a moment.

All the princes were astonished, and they likewise experienced great pleasure on seeing the dance.

Then it was said to them by the kings: Now kill a man. Sacrifice him, but not so that he really dies, they added.

Very well, they said. Then they seized a man and having cut open his breast, they took out his heart, holding it up and passing it before the eyes of the princes. Hun-Camé and Vukub-Camé were equally astonished. But a moment afterwards the man was

brought back to life by them and he showed that he was very pleased to be resuscitated.

The princes continued to be lost in amazement.

Now kill yourselves. That is what we want to see; that is truly what our hearts desire, that spectacle which is your special feat, said the princes again.

Very well, lord, they replied.

After that they began the immolation of the one by the other. It was Xhunahpu who was killed by Xbalanqué. His arms and his legs were cut off one after the other. His head was separated from the trunk and carried far from him, whilst his heart was torn out and exposed before all the kings of Xibalba who became frenzied with the spectacle.\*

They looked with stupefaction, seeing only one thing, the spectacle provided by Xbalanqué.

Rise! he said then, and Xhunahpu was restored to life. They both rejoiced very much.

The princes rejoiced likewise. In fact, what they did transported the heart of Hun-Camé and Vukub-Camé, and they felt as if they themselves had been the actors. Then an excess of desire and curiosity carried away the heart of the princes towards the spectacle which Xhunahpu and Xbalanqué had given them, and they let these words escape.

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\*B. de B. asks. was this a narcotic intoxication or the mere enthusiasm of astonishment? He quotes from Hernández a note as to the use of narcotics by the Mexicans.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Do the same with us; immolate us, said Hun-Camé and Vukub-Camé to Xhunahpu and Xbalanqué.

Very well. You will come to life again. Is it for you that death can exist? But we rejoice. It is your right, you, the kings of your servants and of your vassals, replied they to the princes.

And behold he whom they first sacrificed was the chief king. Hun-Camé was his name, the monarch of Xibalba. Hun-Camé being once dead, they seized Vukub-Camé, and they did not restore them to life.

Then all the princes of Xibalba fled, seeing the kings dead and the breast half-open. In a moment they were themselves sacrificed two by two, as a punishment which was due to them. Only an instant was needed to put the king to death, and they did not restore him to life.

But there was one of the princes who humiliated himself, presenting himself before the dancers. Up to that moment he had not been found nor taken.

Have pity on me! he said, when he found that he was recognised.

Their vassals all fled in a mass to a deep ravine filling the vast chasm as one mass. It was there that they were piled up when innumerable ants came and found them and rounded them up in the ravine.

So they were taken away along the road, and on arriving before the conquerors they humbly prostrated themselves and all surrendered, submitting without reserve.

It is thus that the kings of Xibalba were overcome, and that only by a prodigy. It was by their metamorphosis that Xhunahpu and Xbalanqué accomplished this victory.

*(To be continued)*