



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

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SOME MORE SECRETS OF DEATH

FRRIENDS: The message that Theosophy has to bring to men is one which is not new. It is very, very old — as old as thinking humanity. When the student of life reads the various literatures, the old literatures, of the world, he finds in them many of the doctrines that the Theosophical Movement today teaches; and he realizes when he makes this study that Theosophy, in addition to being the Mother, the source or fountain-head, of all these great faiths of the past, explains them all clearly, simply, and easily, because it was their common mother.

We who live in this our own age, friends, who see what is tak-

!Stenographic report of the twenty-fifth 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 August 5, 1928, and broadcast, by remote control, over Station KFSD San Diego—680-440.9]

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ing place in the world around us: the great changes — some of them menacing the very stability of our civilization and others seemingly all for the good — I say that we cannot but see likewise how these latter changes which I have spoken of as being all for the good have been foreshadowed, prophesied, if you like, by the great Founder of the Theosophical Movement in modern times, H. P. Blavatsky, and by the teachings and work of her successors, William Q. Judge, and our beloved Katherine Tingley.

A new spirit is abroad among men in our days. Anyone can see it. He who runs may read it. It is broadcast over the pages of the newspapers; it is broadcast from mind to mind, from thinking man to thinking man. A new spirit is working in the souls of men and of women today, and the signs of that working are manifest everywhere.

Take, for instance, the much-discussed proposed international compact for the outlawing of war as a means for the prevention of and the composing of international disputes, which is supposed to have originated with our own Secretary Kellogg of the State Department at Washington. Why, this idea is an old dream of us Theosophists. We have been working for it for many years; and only a few years ago, here at our International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, we held in this very Temple of Peace, which then was given its present name in commemoration of it, a Theosophical Peace-Congress in which Katherine Tingley prophesied a near-forthcoming movement among men for the outlawing and abolition of war as a means of settling international disputes. She herself then spoke very strongly in favor of this idea, which was considered by many who heard her to be almost too radical a suggestion for international adoption; but those who believed in her wisdom and insight immediately fell into line behind her. Katherine Tingley also wrote leading articles at the time, which were published in our monthly magazine, *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, where you may now find them, in which this proposal was formally made and supported by broad-minded and logical argument. And now we have this idea widely discussed and as widely accepted by the different governments of the racial units of the world. This is a very significant sign of the new spirit at work among men.

For another manifestation of the same spirit, turn to what our modern scientists tell you, and see how they themselves are seeing

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

visions of truth and dreaming dreams of reality. The very latest scientific discoveries, the very last deductions of ultra-modern science based upon these discoveries, particularly in the realm of chemistry and of astronomy, corroborate the very same old, old, ancient, archaic teachings of Theosophy, or of what is today called Theosophy, which teachings we also have been publicly disseminating ever since the Theosophical Movement was founded some fifty years ago: to wit, the nature of the atom, its composite character, the fundamental identity of force and matter or of energy and substance, that there are inner and invisible worlds which our imperfect senses of report do not tell us of, the illusory nature of the physical universe, and a number of others. Many such things, now commonplaces of scientific thought, are old, old ideas with us, and very beautiful ideas are they.

I am going to ask you to accompany me this afternoon into some of the more recondite aspects of life and death or, equivalently, of energy and of matter, for in understanding the real nature of energy and of matter, we shall find the solution of the so-called 'riddle of death.'

I tell you again, as I have told you on other Sundays during the course of this series of lectures, that there is no death: it is but change. It is a fantastic idea that death is something absolute, existing by itself; and that life is something absolute, existing by itself, and that they are not one but two and diverse, and that there is no link of identity between them. We all know better. Death is change of life-energy; death is a phase of life, which is another word for vital energy; and to talk about 'dead men' is like talking about a flat sphere, or a triangle with four or five or six sides, or a square circle, which are all contradictions in definition and in terms. Yes, friends, I have set forth in other lectures of this course many things along this same line of thought that I cannot repeat today. It would take too much of the time that I have at my disposal this afternoon. Those of you who were here before or who 'listened in' of course know what was then said.

Now while I have entitled today's study 'Some More Secrets of Death,' I could as easily and as truthfully have called it 'Some More Secrets of Life,' for the reason just outlined. Life, not death, is the fundamental factor of the universe; and life is energy, movement, action.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Now, in accordance with a habit of mine, I have drawn up a list of items of Theosophical teaching which I am going to touch upon this afternoon implicitly or explicitly, directly or indirectly; and some of these items I have talked to you about before during the course of this series of lectures. The items that I shall discuss today I shall now read to you:

1. Man's constitution is a compounded thing, consisting of the following most important principles or elements: First, a Divine Entity, a Divine Flame; second, a spiritual entity, commonly called the Monad. It is the Ray, so to say, of the Divine Flame, which, even as does the sun in our heavens, pours forth its unceasing radiations, which are energy and substance at the same time. Third: a Higher Ego or Spiritual Soul, which is the real reincarnating entity — a ray of the preceding principle, the Monad, even as that Monad was a Ray of the Divine Flame. Next, a ray of the Higher Ego or Spiritual Soul, which Ray is the Human Ego or Personal Soul. Next, and a radiation from this last, an etheric or astral complex. Next, and built up from this last complex, the physical vehicle or body. Finally through all these runs a stream of life as a living cement uniting them and holding them all together. This vital current, this stream of life, unites during any one life-term on earth all these various factors or principles or elements of man's entire constitution.

2. The divine part, the Divine Flame, ranges in consciousness and function over and through the Universe, our Home-Universe, meaning by this all within the encircling zone of the Milky Way: not necessarily over and through the physical part alone, but more especially over and through the inner worlds, and particularly in its own sphere or plane, which is the highest or divine. From this divine plane or sphere do the spiritual, and the intellectual, and the etheric or astral, and the physical, all hang as pendants from a chain. This Divine Flame is unconditionally immortal for as long as our Home-Universe endures, at the termination of which Universe the Divine Flame goes to still higher realms of consciousness. Here it remains until the Universe reappears in manifestation, even as it is now in reappearance from preceding appearances — the fruitage or results of those former appearances in manifestation.

The Monad or second principle ranges in consciousness and function over and through our Solar System and endures as long as that System endures; and at that System's end, the Monad goes into

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

higher realms or into what we call *Paranirvâna*, where it remains until the Solar System in its turn reappears in manifestation.

The Higher Ego or Spiritual Soul ranges in consciousness and function over and throughout the seven globes of our Planetary Chain, as we Theosophists say; that is to say, the chain of our planet, Terra, of which this earth is the physical vehicle or body. This Higher Ego or Spiritual Soul lasts as long in function in matter as does our earth's planetary chain; and at the termination of this chain's life-period, this Higher Ego or Spiritual Soul goes into Nirvâna, until the chain reappears anew in another material manifestation.

The Human Ego or Soul endures as long as one incarnation of a man; and at the end of that life its nobler parts ascend, as we say, or go into what we call Devachan or the Heaven-World — its nobler parts, please understand — until the succeeding reincarnation on earth, that is to say, until the next reappearance of the man in a physical body.

You see how the same scheme of periods of manifestation succeeding each other throughout endless time interspersed with periods of withdrawal into the inner realms — you see, I say, how this same scheme runs throughout the entire Universe; for according to our all-inclusive Theosophical teachings, Universal Nature follows one general rule of action throughout every component part of itself; this should seem obvious to every thinking man, because what pervades the whole or sways the whole must obviously pervade and sway every part and portion of the whole.

As regards the etheric or astral complex or body, this endures only as long as one physical life, and when death or dissolution occurs, this complex also shortly thereafter disintegrates. It lasts in the astral or etheric sphere but a short time, relatively speaking, after the dissolution of the physical body.

3. When death comes, which is the dissolution or breaking up into its component parts of the physical body, its physical atoms are freed and drift whithersoever their magnetic attractions lead them — this magnetic character of attraction or repulsion having been given to these physical life-atoms, during the just ended physical life, by the tendencies and desires and impulses of the man who used that body. Next, the etheric life-atoms, or astral life-atoms proper, follow an identical course of action on their own plane, and from precisely the same general natural causes that govern the *post-mor-*

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

tem attractions or repulsions of the life-atoms of the physical body; and the life-atoms of the Human Soul or Ego also follow the same course of action in their turn.

4. The life-atoms of the physical body go into the soil, or into the plants, or into the bodies of beasts, or of men — through food, for instance, or by osmosis, or through and from the air we breathe; they are drawn magnetically into other bodies to which they have magnetic affinity. Those of the astral or etheric parts of the man that was, do precisely the same thing, but do it on their own astral plane, thus helping to build up the astral or etheric bodies of the three lower kingdoms and also of other members of the human kingdom. The life-atoms of the Human Soul or Ego follow the same rule exactly, and are drawn magnetically into the psycho-mental apparatus of other beings, thus helping to build those psycho-mental apparatuses.

5. The life-atoms of the three higher principles or elements of Man, that is to say, the Divine Flame, the Higher Ego or Spiritual Soul, and the Monad, also follow the same course of action; but only when the respective life-terms of each of these are ended. As these three life-terms are exceedingly long, measured in human years, the life-term of the lowest of these three — the Higher Ego or Spiritual Soul — being counted in billions of human years, and the life-terms of the other two comprising much greater periods, we may say conveniently therefore that these three highest principles of man's constitution are practically everlasting, and therefore are virtually immortal. The substantial reason for their longer life-periods is the fact that they are essentially pure energy, which is equivalent to saying almost purely homogeneous substance.

6. The physical body, the etheric or astral body, and the Human Ego or Soul, all decay or die very soon after physical death on earth; for they are all composite things. There is nothing divine or very noble about them. Examine yourselves and you will see why. The Higher Ego or Spiritual Soul is withdrawn or indrawn back into the Monad, its parent and source, at the instant of physical death, with the swiftness of a flash of lightning. But the merely Human Ego or Soul, before it decays, renders unto the Monad the last remnants of whatever was noble and fine and pure and lofty, and then dissolves rapidly into its own component life-atoms.

7. These 'last remnants' are the lowest part of the Higher Ego

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

or Spiritual Soul; and this part is not 'caught up,' to use the phrase of Paul of the Christians, into the Monad at the moment of death; for when it leaves the decaying Human Ego or Soul behind in the etheric realms, this better part, these last remnants, ascend to re-join the Higher Ego or Spiritual Soul, but ascend by passing through the three ascending sub-planets of our Terrene Planetary Chain. They cannot span the gap between earth-life and that of the inner planets without taking the necessary intermediate steps. You cannot go anywhere without taking the necessary steps to cover the distance or without using the necessary apparatus to carry you. Every inch must be covered over the earth or through the air: the principle is the same.

The Monad passes from planet to planet of our Solar System, but only to the Seven Sacred Planets of the ancients; and in each such planet proceeds to imbody rays issuing from itself in the manner outlined here on former Sundays, just as it did on this our earth; and we human beings are the result of that last activity of the Monad on this our earth.

8. Sex for human beings is a transitory evolutionary event; primal humanity was sexless, and humanity of the far future will be sexless also; but at present the reincarnating entity at any birth enters a male or female body by reason of psycho-mental causes engendered in the last few preceding births on earth. Sex is not a radical thing. Let us destroy that illusion in the interests of human happiness and peace. It is an effect of former thought-deposits, of emotional and psychical tendencies in preceding lives on earth; and its causes are rooted no deeper in man's constitution than the lower part of the Human Ego or Soul, therefore not at all in one of man's nobler or higher principles or elements of his constitution.

Usually one or the other sex continues through a few incarnations, and then incarnation in a body of opposite sex occurs for a certain number of times. Why and how? The predominating cause of sex-change in incarnation is strong attraction to the opposite sex during the few preceding lives on earth. This attraction, arising out of thought and emotional energy, feminizes the life-atoms, or masculinizes them, as the case may be; and the natural consequence is incarnation in a body of the sex to which such attraction leads.

But the most manly men, the most womanly women, are they who are attracted the least to the opposite sex. Think over this idea

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and you should understand. (I am not now talking of cases of sexual degeneracy, which Nature inevitably punishes as violations of one of her fundamental natural laws. I am talking of the norm, of the general rule.)

9. Strong affection of the higher kind, or strong antipathy as well, are both magnetic energies and are the converse each of the other. Consequently, where either persists over the gap of death, the karmic causes set up in either case — the natural operation of cause and effect in other words — join those who experience these feelings, and they inevitably meet again in other lives; and if either the one or the other feeling has been very strong, incarnation in the same family very often occurs. Cases of brothers and sisters who are antipathetic are perhaps as common as are cases of the noblest brotherly and sisterly friendship.

10. The different planes or spheres of the Kosmos (which, you will remember, is another name for the Universe) or indeed any two of the sub-planes or sub-spheres, have innumerable centers or points of intercommunication, centers or points where the energies and substances of one plane or sphere pass upwards or downwards into the next succeeding plane or sphere. These points or centers are called in Theosophy 'laya-centers,' *laya* being a Sanskrit word meaning 'dissolution.' Hence a laya-center or point is a 'dissolving point,' where matter has flowed into energy or burst into energy, and *vice versa*, where energy is concreted or crystallized into matter.

11. Every globe, every sun, every planet, every nebula, every comet, every human being, aye, every atom, has at its heart such a laya-center, which is its individual pathway of communication with the next succeeding plane or sphere in either direction, upwards or downwards.

12, and last. From above or the superior planes, through these laya-centers, the densest matter of that particular superior plane passes downwards into our inferior plane, and manifests itself on this our inferior plane as our most ethereal energy, which energy is equivalent to ethereal substance according to ultra-modern scientific teaching — and this teaching, as I have so often said, is likewise our teaching. Co-ordinately, our most ethereal energy or substance passes upwards through these laya-centers or laya-points into the next superior plane or sphere. Thus is the passage from plane to plane accomplished, not only after death but even during life —

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

what we humans call life when using ordinary human language. Through these laya-centers run the lanes or channels or pathways of the inner Circulations of the Universe, of which last I have several times before today spoken by hint and by allusion.

Many of the items which I have just read to you I have dealt with more or less completely in other lectures of this series; but they are here conjoined with new matter and in such way as to furnish you a new outlook, or new viewpoint, upon the general subject of our discourse. The doing this is further advantageous in that by force of repetition of ideas the main conceptions of the Theosophical teachings are firmly fixed in the mind of the hearer or reader.

An English paper, *The Daily News and Westminster Gazette*, has recently been conducting a symposium on the question, 'Where are the dead?', to which symposium some of the brightest minds in the British Isles have sent contributions. I have briefly referred to this symposium on other occasions, and I now repeat what I then said, that it is simply amazing to see the lack of something real and actual in the consciousness of these contributors as to what death is and what life is, which all these contributors tacitly take as being two inimical things. Equally puzzling is the ignorance as to any clear-cut idea as to the destiny of man after death, or, to phrase it more accurately, as to what happens to man after death, if anything, and if there are any men after death.

Some of these communications are exceedingly interesting — and some are not. A friend has sent some of them to me for my perusal, and I have read them with very mixed feelings. I will tell you frankly that the contributions to the *Westminster Gazette* which pleased me the most, were communications coming from the materialistic or partly materialistic scientists, because these men at least (and this is the reason why I was pleased most with their contributions) had something to say, whether true or not, and said it frankly and interestingly; they knew something at least of what they were talking about, which of course was the nature of the physical body. Contributions from various humorists were sometimes funny; and other articles contributed by religionists were interesting as studies in human psychology.

Turning to one of these English humorists, who is at the same time an extremely thoughtful man, the inimitable G. Bernard Shaw, I shall read to you an extract from what he wrote. I take this ex-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

tract from an article that was cabled to the *Times Magazine* of New York from London, and dated July 6th. Mr. Shaw says:

What I propose is that your next few contributors shall discuss not whether 'we' are immortal or whether the soul is immortal or whether the dead are still seeking lodgings in infinite space, but whether I, Bernard Shaw, am going to persist to all eternity in a universe utterly unable to get rid of me no matter how desperately tired it may become of the Shavianism or how intolerably bored I may be by myself. Can there never be enough of me? Never too much of me?

Also am I, myself, to have any say in the matter? Am I or am I not to be allowed to hand myself back to my Creator and say, "Will you be so kind as to pulp this worn-out article and remanufacture it if possible without any of the glaring defects which have made it so troublesome to myself and to others?"

Now this is really very funny and quite in the Shavian style; but I do not quote it because it is humorous only; I quote it because it gives utterance to the common idea that what is supposed to survive the dissolution of the physical body is the ordinary man, you and I — in other words, the Human Soul, a poor, often wretched, loving, hating, aspiring, sometimes degraded, thing, which is a complex of weaknesses and half-way goodnesses. Who on earth or in the seven heavens would want such a thing to continue throughout eternity? Why, I should be bored unendurably if I had to live through eternity as I now am. I tell you frankly that there is not enough, in my opinion, in my Human Soul — which is, nevertheless, a growing thing destined to have a grandiose future, when it shall have evolved to that spiritual stature — to give me any warrant or guarantee that the immortal gods think I should survive eternally. I simply don't want to.

On the other hand, consider the death of a little child. You may remember what Dr. Isaac Watts said when he once saw a dead infant:

If I so soon am done,
For what was I begun?

There is a lot of truth in that bit of doggerel. Things do not 'just happen.' Things come into being from and through causes, and are, therefore, effects. There is a Chain of Causation stretching through eternity; and the birth and death of a little child is as important and as much a proof of this Chain of Causation as are those of a man who lives to be eighty-five or ninety or even a hundred and twenty years old, perhaps.

No, no, friends; when you examine yourselves and realize how

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

much we live in these poor human egos or souls of ours, with all their weaknesses; and then in your better moments pause and realize that there is something else in us, that there come moments of glorious inspiration when the mind is stilled and quiet and the senses are at rest, when we receive glimpses of unspeakable glory, when our vision, as it were, can penetrate beyond the confines of matter, when we enter the causal realms and see somewhat of the realities that are beyond the veil — in other words, our Higher Nature, which is the link with and indeed an actual part of the Spiritual Flame from which the entire physical universe hangs as a pendant — we then feel that at such times we really see and know Truth! These are inspirations from something higher than that which never could produce them; and these inspirations are from the Spiritual Soul, the Higher Ego in us, which is a ray of the spiritual Monad. These insights and inspirations come more often to human beings than human beings averagely realize. We are frightfully thoughtless creatures. Few of us stop to think of examining ourselves, and the consequence is that we do not know what we really are. At death the energies within us which have manifested as intimations of these higher things, of inner energetic operations, do survive; they can do no otherwise, being manifestations of pure energy, which is deathless.

They have come down to us through these laya-centers of which I have spoken: the laya-center in the being of each one of us; and these laya-centers or laya-points even ultra-modern physical science is beginning to speak to you about. Think you that so spiritual and wonderful a thought could hardly be uttered by a modern scientist? Then let me read to you proof to the contrary, which will also show you that what was said at the beginning of our study this afternoon is true: that our greatest scientific thinkers, the greatest ones of our ultra-modern scientists, are reaching a point of understanding where they are, in some degree at least, actually beginning to teach portions of our majestic Theosophical philosophy, and do not know it, perhaps.

In a book just printed, written by a British author, Dr. J. H. Jeans, and called *Astronomy and Cosmogony*, Dr. Jeans writes as follows:

The type of conjecture which presents itself, somewhat insistently, is that the centers of the nebulae are of the nature of 'singular points,' at which matter is poured into our universe from some other, and entirely extraneous, spacial

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

dimension, so that, to a denizen of our universe, they appear as points at which matter is being continually created.

His 'singular points'— a remarkable phrase, for it suggests that these 'singular points' are our Theosophical laya-centers, which idea imbodyes a conception as ancient as thinking man — are those points where intercommunication between plane and plane and sphere and sphere takes place; and there is such a laya-center, or to use Dr. Jeans's phrase, 'singular point,' at the heart of every entity that is. Every atom contains one such general atomic laya-center; every corpuscle, every granule, every globe in space, every human being, every individualized aggregate anywhere, contains such a laya-center; every human ovum contains one such; and it is through the laya-center in that human generative particle that the incarnating entity comes into incarnation: as it were, sends its life and its energetic ray through it, thus furnishing the urge behind the entity and causing the growth of the unborn infant to birth, and then through infancy and childhood to adult manhood.

Yes, our scientists are dreaming dreams and seeing visions of truth. I read to you on last Sunday a quotation from a remarkable American scientist and engineer, whose name is M. Luckiesh, which quotation I took from his recent book, *Foundations of the Universe*, page 71. I am going to read it to you again this afternoon. This writer had been discussing the imperfections of our physical senses as instruments of report as to the outer physical world, and in the course of his remarks he wrote the following interesting paragraph:

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

A Theosophist might have written this, word for word, as likewise the extract which I have just read to you from Dr. Jeans, although a Theosophist in all probability would have used other words and rather more definite and clear-cut expressions as a means of conveying the same fundamental ideas. This world about us, so seeming-solid, is a composite entity, and is nevertheless composed mostly

RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

of spaces — a fact which I often repeat and reiterate in order to emphasize one of our main Theosophical truths. This physical world is composed mostly of vacancies, or apparently empty spaces, because built up ultimately of atoms, as you all must know; these atoms are composed of protons and electrons, positive and negative electric charges, which form, as it were, an atomic Solar System; and these electrons are relatively as widely separated from each other and from their central protonic aggregate or sun as are the planets and sun of our own Solar System. When you look up into the skies at night, into the beautiful dark violet dome over our heads, and see the planets as small scintillating sparks of light, you realize how distant they are from each other and from the sun; and if you know something of ultra-modern physical chemistry you realize also that just in the same manner is our physical earth-world builded — mostly of vast spaces within the atoms which make our world; and that the electric particles of a negative or positive charge, as the case may be, fill but a minute portion of the atomic volume, just as the sun and planets combined fill but a minute part of the spacial volume of the Solar System.

The entire physical world, including of course man's body, is an aggregate of electric charges; and, as I have so often said before, if we could look through a human body, which we might do if we had an electric sense or an electric eye, so to say; or if we had senses responding to others of the electro-magnetic series of radiations, then depending upon such senses we should see nothing but apparent vacancy, space apparently empty. Only occasionally should we notice a spark or electrical charge flashing across our field of vision. But really, friends, what are these apparently empty spaces or vacancies? Are they nothingness? How absurd! Our Theosophical teachings tell us that this seeming emptiness is filled full of energy, which is equivalent to saying filled full with a more subtil and ethereal matter than that of our physical world; in other words, filled full of life; for these empty spaces, as they seem to us to be, are all that our senses tell us of the fact that this 'emptiness' is the etheric world of the plane next superior to our physical plane, which we Theosophists call the astral world or plane.

All physical Nature is granular, and therefore composite; and each such granule or corpuscle is actually an individual enshrining a more or less progressed entity superior to itself. Thus it is that

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

everything helps everything else; everything helps to build up everything else. Kosmic existence, in its large sense, is the full co-operation of hosts or hierarchies of evolving beings, entities, things; and this reflexion points inescapably to our fundamental Theosophical doctrine of the universal coherence of everything with everything else, and that all work to one common end. We Theosophists call this doctrine by the brief but graphic expression, Universal Brotherhood. You see the moral aspect of these teachings, which even our physical scientists are beginning to point out to us as existent in the sphere of physical matter.

Friends, my time to close has almost come, and yet I have not finished what I desire to say to you this afternoon. However, I am going to read to you an extract from a book by another scientific writer, who is a remarkable man in his way and also a Christian; and I am glad to be able to quote him, because, for obvious reasons, I do not often quote Christian writers. This man is a really great scientist after his own fashion, one to whom high credit is due for having made himself great in his own line of work with apparently all circumstances of life against him. He came to this country years ago as an immigrant Serbian lad with little or no education. I refer to Dr. Michael Pupin of Columbia University, who, in his recent book, *The New Reformation*, the spirit of which is a sort of plea for modern Christianity, writes as follows on page 224; and what he says here is true, and therefore I quote it because it is true. It is also Theosophy because it is true:

The more one studies nature the more clearly does he see that everything has a granular structure. There are the granules of matter, the atoms and molecules. Then there are the granules of electricity, the positive and the negative electrons. Then, again, there are the granules of organic life, the cells and the millions and millions of their constituent parts. Finally there are the nations with their millions of human granules. Each granule has an individual and more or less autonomous existence.

Thus far Dr. Pupin; and thus far will the Theosophical scholar and student fully agree with him. But why did he not add, as a Theosophist would certainly have added, something still grander than this? He might have added, I say, to his list of granules, the kosmic granules of stellar and planetary spaces: the nebulae, comets, suns and planets; and last, but far from least, indeed the greatest of all, he should have mentioned the countless energetic Hosts or Hierarchies

MISCONCEPTIONS

of spiritual and intellectual and astral and etheric entities — who are the granules of the Kosmic consciousness!

I now take leave of you for this afternoon, friends. I am going to finish this course of lectures on next Sunday with one which will bear the following title: 'The Life and Adventures of a Human Atom,' by which I mean the Human Being — a Human Granule. In doing so, friends, I am going to try in the short space of time at my disposal — some forty-five minutes — to trace the life and adventures of the human entity from physical birth, across the so-called gap of death, through the planetary spheres, until its next incarnation occurs on this our present Mother, Earth.

MISCONCEPTIONS

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

AN ANSWER TO THE ARTICLE, 'REVOLUTION' BY 'ALEPH,' IN THE
*Revue du Mouvement Social*¹

Translated from the French Theosophical magazine, *Le Lotus*, I, 321-338,
(September, 1887) by C. J. RYAN, M. A.

A

FRANCE, why will you not understand us! European and American journalists, why not study true Theosophy before you criticize it?

Because the aristocracy of science is vain and struts about on stilts of its own fabrication; because modern philosophy is materialistic to the roots of its hair; because both, in their pride, forget that to understand and appreciate future evolution it is necessary to know that of the Past, must we therefore consider everything that this scientific aristocracy and this materialistic philosophy does not understand, is "mental aberration or pure jugglery"?

B

It is just on account of those "thinkers who, at the present time feel an indefinable uneasiness" in seeing every truth crumbling, that the "missionaries from the Himâlayas" offer their science and their light. A rather feeble light! but one whose rays proceed from the Sun of Truth, must be anyway better than the artificial illumination

1. See *Revue du Mouvement Social*, Nos. 10, 11, 12 (appearing in May); for sale at 41 Rue Baumier, Paris. 3 fr. per number.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

presented by the physiologists and the pathologists, unexpectedly promoted to the rank of psychologists. Can it be seriously thought that paralysing certain regions of the brain and exciting others is enough to fathom the mystery of the origin and the essence of the human soul? Before those thinkers who are dissatisfied with life, we wave the "symbolic *Lotus*" to flash a ray of hope their eyes can no longer see, tired as they are by the grimacing Chinese shadows manipulated by the pseudo-scientists who tell the public: "This is Science!"

The article *Revolution* gives a false conception of Theosophy — whether of Madras, London, Paris, or America. It is an alphabetical lamentation and a series of errors, from A to Z. Errors, I say, so far as it concerns the mission and the teachings of Theosophy — but an admirable summary of the present situation of Science, of the aspirations of the masses, and of reflexions on social conditions. In brief, *Revolution* is a syllogism whose premisses are false, but whose logical conclusions do honor to 'Aleph.' In fact, his only offense has been to judge the mission of the Theosophists of Madras from the caricature made of it by the journalists of every country. He has accepted that picture on faith and drawn his conclusions from it: the Theosophists ought to accept nothing on faith, they leave that method of action to the anthropomorphic religions and the blind worshippers of materialistic science.

C

The 'missionaries' of *Le Lotus* are ready to answer. There are some who have penetrated the laboratories of the chemists and have assisted them in producing the phenomena of *astral sounds*. Others have proved to physicists that all matter is animated, when one knows how to awaken the latent principle therein. The celebrated chemist was afraid to make known to his colleagues the phenomena *he himself had produced*. The physicists understood nothing at all. Under the necessity of explaining what they had seen, they replied: "Matter, *as we know it*, cannot act like that. As we do not believe in a Devil, we are compelled to believe that it is a trick. Theosophists are skilful jugglers." DIXIT!

So may it be! The Theosophical 'missionaries' may now sing:

Nous n'irons plus aux bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés.

MISCONCEPTIONS

The scientists have appropriated them all; they refuse to allow its own to ancient occult science. The Theosophical occultists are more generous; they do not unduly insist on their claims, but willingly add all the thistles that grow along the way to the laurel crowns that the scientists weave for themselves.

We do not come in the name of any *religion*. The *supernatural* does not exist in nature — One, Absolute, Infinite. We have never claimed that miracles were easy for us — a miracle being as impossible as a phenomenon due to combinations so far unknown to science is possible to those who can produce it at will. We even say that every ‘physical manifestation’ (Spiritualist vocabulary), whose nature escapes the perspicacity of the natural sciences, is a **PSYCHOLOGICAL TRICK**. (*Nota bene*. Do not confound such a trick with the jugglery of Robert Houdin, if you please.)

D

The truth of our doctrines rests on their philosophy and on *facts* in nature. To accuse us of claiming that our occult science surpasses that of Jesus or of Buddha is to slander us.

E

‘Asceticism’ has no place among the European Theosophists. It is a hereditary disease of the *Hatha Yogîs*, the Hindû prototypes of the Christians who flog themselves, who mortify the flesh until they become idiots, and converse with the Devil without converting him. Theosophists, even in India, protest against the *yogism* of the fakirs. A solitary ascetic is the symbol of the *most cowardly selfishness*; a hermit who deserts his brothers instead of helping them to carry the burden of life, or working for others, or putting his hand to the social wheel, is a coward who hides in the hour of battle and slumbers in the intoxication of opium. *Asceticism*, as understood by the exoteric religions, has created the ignorant madmen who throw themselves under the car of Juggernaut. If those unfortunates studied the esoteric philosophy they would know that under the dead letter of the dogmas taught by the Brâhmans — exploiters like all priests, inheritors of the property of their victims who are crazy with superstitious terror — a profound philosophic meaning is concealed. They would learn that their bodies, ground by their own act under the wheels of the car of *Jagan-Nâtha* (*Juggernaut* in popular language — signifying the Lord of the Universe, or *Anima Mundi*) are sym-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

bolic of the gross material passions that must be crushed by that 'car,' the divine and spiritual soul. And, knowing all this, they would no longer apply the moral and spiritual asceticism taught by Esotericism, to their bodies — the animal clothing of the god who lies latent within. The Indian Theosophists are working to destroy exoteric asceticism or the 'deification of suffering,' a veritable *Satanism* of superstition. 'Aleph' does not know the first word of our *Genesis*.

F

The prehistoric annals, preserved by the Masters of Wisdom from beyond the Himâlayas, contain the story, not of the 'Creation' but of the periodical *evolution* of the Universe, its explanation and philosophic *raison d'être*. The absence of the modern telescope proves nothing;² the ancients had better means than that. Moreover, one has merely to read *Indian and Oriental Astronomy* by Bailly, in order to find proofs that the ancient Hindûs knew as much as, and indeed far more than, our modern astronomers.

The *universal Esotericism*, preserved by certain cosmopolitan brotherhoods, and of which the Brâhmans in general lost the keys long ago, presents a cosmic and human genesis, logical, and based on the natural sciences as well as on pure transcendental philosophy. The Judæo-Christian exotericism presents nothing but an allegory based on the same esoteric truth, but so encumbered by the dead letter that nothing but fiction is visible. The Jewish Kabalists almost understood it. The Christians, having appropriated the property of others, could not expect to be enlightened with the truth by those they had despoiled; they have chosen to believe the fable, and have made a dogma of it. That is why the *Genesis* of the ancient Hindûs can be scientifically demonstrated, while the Biblical *Genesis* cannot.

There is no 'Brâhmo-Buddhist' paradise, nor any Brâhmo-Buddhism; the two agree as well as fire and water. They have an esoteric basis in common, but while the Brâhmans buried the scientific treasure and hid the beautiful statue of Truth under the mask of the

2. Everyone knows that a discovery has been made in the neighborhood of Mexico, on a pyramid anterior to the discovery of America, of a bas-relief representing a man looking at the stars through a long tube, strikingly analogous to our telescope. We do not refer here to the observations of the *Sûrya-Siddhânta* which go back, mathematically, 50,000 years. (Editor's note.)

MISCONCEPTIONS

hideous idols of exotericism, the Buddhists — following their great Master, Gautama, ‘the Light of Asia,’— labored for centuries to restore the beautiful statue to light. If the field of exoteric and official Buddhism, the northern and the southern Churches, those of Tibet and of Ceylon, is again covered with parasitical growths, it is precisely the Theosophists who are helping the high priest Suman-gala to weed them out.

G

No great religion, either Ethiopian or otherwise, preceded the religion of the first Vedists: the ancient ‘Budhism.’ Let us explain this. When we speak of esoteric Buddhism (with only one *d*) to the European public, which is so ignorant of Oriental matters, it is taken for Buddhism, or the religion of Gautama Buddha. ‘Buddha’ is the title of the Sages, and means ‘enlightened’; Budhism has for its root the word ‘Budha,’ (wisdom, knowledge) personified in the *Purânas*. He is the son of Soma (the masculine moon or Lunus) and of Târâ, the unfaithful spouse of Brihâspati (the planet Jupiter) the personification of the ceremonial cult of sacrifice and other exoteric mummeries. Târâ is the soul that aspires to truth, that turns with horror from human dogma, claiming to be divine, and throws herself into the arms of *Soma*, the god of the mystery, of occult nature, from whom Budha is born (the brilliant but veiled son) the personification of the *secret wisdom*, of the Esotericism of the occult sciences. That Budha is thousands of years older than 600 B. C. (or 300, according to certain Orientalists), the epoch assigned to the coming of Gautama Buddha, the Prince of Kapilavastu.

The Buddhist Esotericism has nothing to do, therefore, with the Buddhist religion, nor has the good and venerable Sumangala any connexion with Theosophy in India. He works only with his nine or ten “branches of the Theosophical Society” in Ceylon, which, with the help of the *Theosophical missionaries*, become year by year freer from the superstitions grafted upon pure Buddhism during the reigns of the Tamil kings. The aged and holy Sumangala labors only to restore the religion preached by his great master to its primitive purity — a religion that despises baubles and idols, and tends to become that philosophy whose sublime ethics eclipse that of all other faiths of the entire world. (See Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Professor Max Müller, etc., for the fact stated.)

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

H

Once Theosophy and its principles are known, it will be demonstrated that our philosophy is not only a "near relation to modern science," but its grandmother, in logic far surpassing it; that its metaphysic is greater, finer, more powerful than any other proceeding from dogmatic cults, for it is the metaphysic of Nature in its unveiled chastity, physical, moral, and spiritual, alone capable of explaining the seeming miracle by natural and psychical laws, of completing the purely physiological and pathological ideas of science, and of killing forever the anthropomorphic Gods and Devils of the dualistic religions. No one believes more firmly than the Theosophists in the Unity of the Eternal Law.

I

The Neo-Buddhism of the religion of Prince Siddhârtha will never be welcomed by Europe-America, for the simple reason that it will never be offered to the West. As to Neo-Budhism or 'Renewal of the Ancient Wisdom' of the Ante-Vedic Âryas, the present evolutionary period of the Western peoples will come to an end if they reject it. Neither the true Christianity of Jesus, the great social reformer and Adept, the divine man who has been made into an anthropomorphic god, nor the sciences (which, being found in their transitional period, are as Haeckel would say *protista* rather than fully developed sciences), nor the philosophies of the day, which seem to play at hide-and-seek with one another, breaking their noses mutually, will allow the West to reach its full efflorescence if they turn their backs on the ancient wisdom of bygone centuries. Happiness cannot exist where Truth is absent. Built on the shifting sands of human fictions and hypotheses, happiness is only a house of cards, falling at the first breath; it cannot really exist so long as Selfishness reigns supreme in civilized societies. While intellectual progress refuses to accept a position subordinate to moral progress and Selfishness will not give place to Altruism as preached by Gautama and the real historical Jesus (the Jesus of the pagan sanctuary, not the Christ of the Churches) happiness will remain a Utopia for all the members of humanity. As Theosophists are, till now, the only ones to preach this sublime altruism (even though two-thirds of the Theosophical Society were to fail in their duty), and though only a few among them, surrounded by a mocking and antagonistic crowd, have

MISCONCEPTIONS

sacrificed themselves body and soul, honors and property, willing to live scorned and misunderstood, if only they may help to sow the good grain they will never reap — those who are interested in the fate of the wretched and suffering should at least abstain from slandering them.

J and K

There is only one method of ever improving human life: that is, the love of our neighbor for his own sake and not for our personal gratification. The greatest Theosophist — that is to say, the one who loves divine Truth in all its forms — is he who labors for the poor and with the poor. In the wide world there is one man known to the whole of intellectual Europe-America, and who has perhaps never heard the name of the Theosophical Society pronounced: I refer to Count Leo N. Tolstoy, the author of *War and Peace*. That great writer is the true model for every aspirant to real Theosophy. He it is who was first in aristocratic Europe to solve the problem: "What can I do to make every poor man I shall meet happy?" Here is what he says:

I think it is the duty of each of us to work for whoever is in need of help; *to work with the hands*, mark well, a part of the day. It is more practical to labor with and for the poor than to give them a part of your intellectual work. In the first case you do not merely help those who need assistance but you set an example to the lazy and the beggar; you make them see that you do not consider their work prosaic or beneath your dignity, and in this way you inculcate the feeling of self-respect and self-esteem, and therefore of satisfaction with their lot. If, on the other hand, you persist in working solely in your high intellectual region, and if you give the poor the product of your labor as one gives alms to a beggar, you will only succeed in encouraging their laziness and feeling of inferiority. Thus you establish a social distinction of caste between yourself and those who accept your alms. You take away their esteem and confidence in you, and you suggest to them the desire to get away from the rude conditions of their existence, which consist of daily physical labor, and of associating themselves with your life which, to them, seems easier than theirs; of wearing your clothes which appear to them finer than theirs; and of gaining access to your social position which they consider superior to their own. That is not the way, thanks to *scientific and intellectual progress*, by which one can hope to succor the poor or to inculcate into mankind the idea of a real Brotherhood.

In India, the Theosophical 'missionaries' are working to drive out the spirit of caste and to reunite *all the castes* in their Brotherhood. And already, incredible and impossible until their arrival in

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the land of Sacred Cows and Bull-Gods, Brâhman and Pariah, Hindû and Buddhist, Pârsî and Mohammedan, are to be found seated at the same table. When we shall see, in Republican France, an aristocrat, a financier, associating with his laundryman, or a lady of high society, proud of her democratic sentiments, helping a peasant-woman plant her cabbages, as Count Tolstoy's daughter does, as the real Theosophists, Europeans, in Madras and elsewhere, do — then we shall say there is hope for the poor in Europe.

'Aleph' confounds the priests of the Public Temple with the Initiates of the Sanctuaries; the latter have never believed in an anthropomorphic God. The story he tells us of the evolution of Occult Sciences and Magnetic Power is a fantasy. His description reveals plenty of imagination, but very little knowledge of the methods used to acquire 'occult' powers.

Astrology is the mother of Astronomy, and Alchemy that of Chemistry, just as the plastic soul is the mother of the primordial physical man. But Astrology and Alchemy are equally the *soul* of the two modern sciences. And just so long as this fact is not recognised, Astronomy and Chemistry will continue to turn in a vicious circle and produce nothing but materialism.

To say that the Occult Sciences claim to command Nature arbitrarily is as if one said that the Sun commands the Day-star to shine. The Occult Sciences are Nature herself; the intimate knowledge of her secrets does not give Initiates the power to command her. The fact is that this knowledge teaches the Adepts the way to provide certain conditions for the production of phenomena, which are *always due to natural causes*, to combinations of forces analogous to those employed by scientists. The real difference between modern science and Occult Science is found in this: the first opposes a natural force by a more powerful natural force on the physical plane; the second opposes a physical force by a spiritual or psychic force, *i. e.*, the *soul of the same force*. Those who do not believe in the human soul or in the immortal Spirit, *a fortiori* cannot admit a vital and potential soul in each material atom. This soul, human, animal, vegetable or mineral, is but a ray lent by the Universal Soul to each manifested object, during the active cycle or period of the Kosmos. Those who reject this doctrine are either materialists, or sectarian bigots who dread the word 'Pantheism' more than the Devil of their unwholesome dreams.

MISCONCEPTIONS

L

The idea of the 'Great Work' being associated with that of God and the Devil, would make a chela of six months smile in pity. Theosophists believe in neither the one nor the other. They believe in the great ALL, in *SAT, i. e.*, in the Absolute and Infinite Existence, one and without equal — which is neither a *Being*, nor an anthropomorphic entity — which *is*, and which never can be non-existent. In the priest of no-matter-what religion Theosophists see one who is useless when he is not pernicious. They protest against every dogmatic and infallible religion and recognise no other divinity — —Dispenser of penalties and rewards — than Karman, the Divinity created by their own acts. The only God they worship is TRUTH; the only Devil they acknowledge and fight with desperation is the Satan of Selfishness and human passions.

It would be curious to learn where 'Aleph' dug out his knowledge of Hindû Occultism. I have an idea that he got it from the Brâhman romances of Louis Jacolliot. Ah! he does not know, to this very day, that the Brâhmans are as ignorant of the occult sciences as the Buddhists of Ceylon! Of the seven esoteric keys that open the Bluebeard's Chamber (Occultism) they possess only one — the physiological key or sexual (phallic) aspect of their symbols. Among the 150,000,000 Brâhmans of every degree, not 150 initiates, including their yogis and Paramahansas, would be found in India. Has 'Aleph,' then, never been told that their temples have become cemeteries where lie the corpses of their splendid symbols of old, and where superstition and exploitation reign supreme? If it were not so, why then should American Theosophists go to India? Why should thousands of Brâhmans join the Theosophical Society, eager to belong to a center where they may meet, from time to time, a real Mahâtman in flesh and blood, coming from beyond the 'Great Mountain'? Ah, 'Aleph' would do well to study the *secret doctrine* and learn that the red grandmother of vanished Atlantis (the *Atala* of the *Sûrya-Siddhânta* and of Asuramaya) had Vahi Saraswati for great grandmother on the Island of Śambhala, when Central Asia was nothing but an immense sea, in the locality where we now find Tibet and the desert of Shamo or Gobi.

M

'Aleph' recognises the necessity of keeping dangerous sciences

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

secret — chemistry, for example — of not handing out to the mob, even in civilized countries, the mystery of certain murderous compounds. Why then should he refuse to see wise action, necessitated by experience of the human heart, in the law of silence imposed upon the Adepts on the subject of occult revelations?

It is my opinion, however, that it is precisely the intelligent and wealthy classes who would use occult power for their own advantage and profit, far more than the ignorant and poor classes. The first law of the Sacred Science is never to use its knowledge for one's own interest, but to work for and with others. Now, how many people will you find in Europe-America, ready to sacrifice themselves for their neighbor? An Adept who is sick has no right to expend his magnetic force to reduce his personal suffering so long as he knows a single suffering creature whose mental or physical pain he can relieve, if not cure. This is the deification of one's own suffering for the benefit of the health and happiness of others. A Theosophist, if he aspires toward Adeptship, must not resent injuries. He must suffer in silence rather than excite evil passions in another or the desire to revenge in his turn. Non-resistance to evil, forgiveness and love, are the first rule of the novice.

Moreover, no one is obliged to become a Theosophist, and still less to become a candidate for Adeptship and Occult Initiation.

N

'Aleph' is right once more — in appearance: — the fierce activity of Europe-America would be a wild companion for Asiatic Quietism. Polarity alone, however, can produce the vital phenomenon, even as it produces the phenomena of gravitation, by the union of positive and negative forces. Two poles of the same nature mutually repel each other: for example, the *Entente cordiale*, the sweet brotherhood that reigns between the Western nations. If the fusion of countries does not come into effect, if the Englishman does not succeed in openly calling the Hindû his brother, and in acting as if he were, the European-American nations will end by mutually devouring one another, leaving nothing but their tails on the field of battle, like the Kilkenny cats.

O

'Aleph' speaks most admirably when he criticizes Brâhmanism,

MISCONCEPTIONS

but he ought to know that the Brâhmins, in Vedic times, recognised neither caste nor Malabar widows. His *réquisitoire* under the heading 'N,' absolutely convinces me that he has read Jacolliot, and that he judges India according to the twenty-one volumes of that writer, who is more prolific and charming than accurate as a narrator. The Brâhmanism of which he speaks did not exist in the times of the Rishis, and it has been perfectly demonstrated that the Brâhmins have embellished their Law of Manu, in the post-Mahâbhâratic period. During the Vedic age, widows remarried in perfect tranquillity, and castes were not invented till the Kali-Yuga age, for reasons as occult as they were just, from the point of view of the prosperity and health of the races.

But what is the use of all this? What have we Theosophists had to do with Brâhmanism, except to fight its abuses during the nine years the Theosophical Society has been established in India? Rangunath Rao, a Brâhman of the highest caste, who presided for three years over the Theosophical Society of Madras, and who is now Prime Minister (Dewan) at the court of Holkar, is the most determined reformer in India. Like so many other Theosophists, he attacks the law of widowhood, relying on the text of Manu and the Veda. He has already rescued several hundred young widows who were devoted to celibacy by the loss of their husbands in their childhood, and has found new partners for them, in spite of the cries and protestations of the orthodox Brâhmins. He laughs at caste, and the hundred and odd Theosophical Societies in India are helping him in this war to the death against superstition and clerical cruelty.

It is false to say that those institutions were established during the reign of Esotericism. It is the loss of the keys to the symbols and to the Laws of Manu that has brought about all the errors, all the abuses that have crept into Brâhmanism. But even though these allegations are true, what have we to do with orthodox Brâhmanism? The horrors described by Davendro Das, 'the Hindû Widow' in the *Nineteenth Century* and quoted against the Theosophists in the *Revue du Mouvement Social*, p. 333 (Jan. 1887) are perfectly true. Nevertheless, Davendro Das, having been a Theosophist since 1879, it should be understood, at last, that Theosophists fight against the Brâhmanism of the pagodas as well as against every superstition, every abuse and every injustice.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

P

In view of the principles of life and conduct of the *Budhist* Theosophists, servants of Wisdom and Truth, and the fact that they belong to no religion, to no sect, but that, on the contrary, they oppose the exoteric sects and the abuses that arise from them; and that, finally, they strive to be useful to mankind, the remarks of 'Aleph' are unjust. Now the present explanation should suffice to establish, conclusively, the truth about the 'missionaries' from the Himâlayas. It is just because Occult Science and Esoteric Philosophy have, as their "pivotal function the service of humanity"; it is because their devoted servants are trying to awaken the European and Asiatic peoples who sleep under the deadly shadow of clericalisms by reminding them of the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom — it is for these reasons that the aforesaid have come and offered themselves to Europe-America. Those who still doubt this explanation are asked to judge the Theosophical tree by its fruits; for in judging it by the fruits of the tree of the Brâhman, Buddhist, or Judaico-Christian religions they commit a plain injustice and hinder the efforts of Theosophists to be of service to their neighbors; above all, to the disinherited of the world.

Having already spoken of the good and venerable Sumangala, it is unnecessary to waste time in repudiating fellowship with Bonzes or Brâhmans. The latter — at least those who have remained ultra-orthodox and who fight against every beneficent reform — persecute and hate us like the Christian clergy and the missionaries. We break their idols; they try to shatter our reputations and smirch our honor; those who act in this manner are chiefly the servants of Christ, of Him who was the first to forbid praying to 'the Father' in temples, comparing the hypocrites to the Pharisees who perform their deeds of mercy in all the highways and resemble the sepulchers that are 'whited' outside and full of corruption within. However, the 'Bonzes,' the Buddhist priests, are, it must be said, the only ones who have really helped us in our reforms. Never has the voice of a priest of Gautama been raised against us. The Buddhists of Ceylon have always been true friends to the European and American Theosophists.

What is taking place in Tibet? One remarkable thing among others has struck the attention of the few missionaries who have entered that country: at noon, during the busiest time in the streets,

MISCONCEPTIONS

all the storekeepers, who leave their merchandise exposed outside, go to their homes while their goods are on the sidewalk and almost in the street itself; the customers examine the prices marked on the articles and take away what they need, leaving the cash on the counter; on their return the merchants collect the money for the purchase; *the remainder of the goods are untouched*. This is a state of things that can hardly be found in Europe-America; and it is merely the effect of the *exoteric* commandments of Gautama Buddha — who was only a Sage and has never been deified. Nor are there any beggars in Tibet, while persons dying of hunger, drunkenness, and crime are unknown — as is immorality, except among the Chinese, who are not ‘Buddhists’ in the true meaning of the word, any more than the Mormons are Christians. Ah, may Destiny preserve poor Tibet then, with its ignorant and honest population, from the advantages of civilization, and above all, from the missionaries!

Q

May it defend it still more from the ‘God Progress’ as he is manifest in Europe-America! They tell us that progress is *betterment*, “the social evolution that continuously improves the physical, intellectual, and moral conditions of the greatest number.” Where, then, has ‘Aleph’ seen all that? Is it in London with its four million inhabitants, one million of whom have only enough to eat once in three days? And again, is it in America, where progress forces the ejection of hundreds of thousands of Chinese laborers who are sent away to die of hunger; and the prompt expulsion of thousands of Irish emigrants and other paupers that England is trying to get rid of? A progress built on the exploitation of the poor and the laborer, is merely another Car of Juggernaut, plus a false nose. To the progress of the educated and wealthy classes who must tread on the bodies of thousands of the poor and ignorant, one has the right to prefer even a kindly death under the Manchineel tree. Are not the Chinese in California our brothers? Do the Irish, driven from their cabins and condemned, with their children, to die of hunger, prove the existence of social progress? No, a thousand times no! So long as the peoples, instead of fraternizing and mutually assisting each other, only demand the right to safeguard their national interests; so long as the rich man refuses to learn that in helping a poor foreigner he helps his poor brother in the future and shows a good example

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

to those of other countries; so long as the feeling of international altruism remains a vain expression in the air, progress will fulfil no other function than that of the Hangman of the Poor.

R

Let us understand each other, however: I am speaking of the progress of civilization on the physical plane, the progress that 'Aleph' extols to the skies, making himself its bard. Once material progress is applied to the path of ethics, the 'missionaries' of *Le Lotus* and of India will recognise you as their masters. But you do nothing of the kind. You have dried up, or sought to dry up, the only source of consolation for the poor, the belief in the Immortal Self, and you have given them nothing in exchange. Are three-quarters of the human race a bit happier for all the progress of science and its alliance with Industry, so gratifying to you? Has the invention of machinery done any good to the manual workers? No! nothing has come of it but one evil the more: the creation of a higher caste among the working classes, semi-intelligent and semi-educated; to the detriment of the less-favored masses, who have become still more wretched. You yourselves declare it:

The overproduction of articles and of laborers . . . creates encumbered conditions, plethora, penury, anaemia, *i. e.*, unemployment and misery.

Thousands of poor factory children, representing, in the future, long generations of cripples, rickety and unhappy creatures, are sacrificed in holocausts to your insatiable and ever-hungry Moloch, Progress. Yes, we do protest; we say that "today is worse than formerly," and we deny the benefits of a progress that looks only for the comfort of the rich. The 'happiness' you speak of will not come so long as moral progress slumbers inertly, paralysed as it is by the fierce selfishness of all, rich as well as poor. The Revolution of 1789 led to only one very obvious result: to that false Fraternity which said to its neighbor: "Think as I do, or I will hit you; be my brother or I will knock you down!"³

S

The Theosophical 'missionaries' also look for a social revolution.

3. It seems to us that Madame Blavatsky plainly exaggerates her idea on this point. It is a long time since she left the France she lived in at a period when things were not brilliant, and since then the journals that have supplied foreigners with information could give her only a sad idea of France because they were doing their utmost to sully our democracy. (F. K. G.)

MISCONCEPTIONS

But this is an entirely moral revolution; and when it is accomplished, when the disinherited masses have learned that happiness is in their own hands, that riches bring only worry, that happy is he who works for others because others work for him; when the rich feel that their felicity depends upon that of their brothers — whatever their race or religion may be — then only will the world see the Dawn of Happiness breaking.

‘Aleph’ asks why the universe is not eternal? Why the beings of its component hierarchy do not succeed one another like the individuals composing the species that people our own and other globes? Is not the concept of the generation of stars by stars, of universes by universes, in its analogy, more rational than that of Moses or even of Laplace? In this ‘Aleph’ is preaching pure Theosophy; he is then a Theosophist and a ‘Buddhist missionary’ without knowing it; we applaud him and receive him with open arms. *The Secret Doctrine* which will soon be published, demonstrates that at the beginning of the last *periodical evolution* of our globe, as in that of its living beings, the processes of generation will present changes hardly suspected in the laboratories. The co-operation of the male and female principle will constitute merely one of those processes *inaugurated by physical man alone.*

T

The ‘finality’ of the Kosmos has never been accepted by our ‘new religion,’ which is not a religion at all, but a philosophy. Neither Brâhmans nor Bonzes, in their most accentuated exoteric frenzy, have ever accepted the finality of the Kosmos. ‘Aleph’ has only to open the *Vedânta*, *Manu*, the *Purânas*, the *Buddhist Catechism*, etc., to find therein the affirmation of the eternity of the Kosmos, which is but the periodic and objective manifestation of Absolute Eternity itself, of the ever-unknown principle called *Parabrahman*, *Âdi-Budha*, the “*One and Eternal Wisdom.*”

It is the greatest nonsense to speak of a cruel God; it is to admit that God, the *great Absolute All*, can meddle with terrestrial or human affairs. The Infinite cannot be associated with the finite; the Unconditioned is not aware of the conditioned and the limited. The absolute ‘Wisdom-Intelligence’ cannot act in the restricted space of a small globe. It is omnipresent and latent in the Kosmos, infinite as itself; and we find the only really active manifestation of it in

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

humanity as a whole, composed of wandering sparks, limited in their objective duration, eternal in their essence, who have fallen from that beginningless and endless Source. So, then, the only God we should serve is Mankind, and our only religion is the love of our neighbor. In doing evil to that neighbor, we wound and give pain to God. When we repudiate our fraternal duties and refuse to look on a pagan as our brother as truly as a European, we deny that God. That is our religion and our doctrine.

U

Far from being unwilling to understand Europe, intellectual India, if not the Brâhmanical India of Jaccoliot, on the contrary, shows you are right.

This India has never cared to preach a God of misery, nor an *asceticism* such as 'Aleph' conceives. This is proved by the Law of Manu which ordains marriage to the *Grihastha* Brâhman, before he becomes an ascetic Brâhman. The worst misfortune for a Brâhman is to have no son, and marriage is obligatory except in those rare cases where a boy is intended to become a *Brahmacharya*, a celibate yogî, for occult reasons that cannot be mentioned here. Esotericism has never proscribed the sexual and marital functions, created by Nature herself. Esotericism works *in, with, and for* Nature, and only condemns *immorality*, abuse, and excess. Now, of all animals, man is the most animal in his excesses; the brute has its seasons, man has none at all.

'Aleph' probably has in mind the Christian ascetics, those who are immersed in exoteric asceticism, a blessed rosary in their hands and the dogmas of the Church in their heads. The Hindû does not become an ascetic until he has studied the occult sciences sufficiently to allow his spiritual nature to conquer his material nature. 'Aleph' unquestionably confounds the ascetics of India with the spirit-mediums of Europe-America. The latter, unfortunate sensitives and neuropaths, are ignorant of esoteric laws, and are those who end by creating the *incubi* and *succubi*—as is shown by the discarnate spouses of certain mediums, displayed to the knowledge of all Paris.

The comparison of the 'God of the Past' with the 'God of Science,' is neither fair nor happy, because the realms of those two Gods hardly differ at all. The poor are as unhappy today as they were a

MISCONCEPTIONS

thousand years ago, and even more so, for the disproportion has increased between the rich and the poor.

Progress has served only to provide the rich with pleasures unknown in barbarous ages.

V

The West is free to refuse the hand extended to it by the Orient. Still, it is not refusing it altogether, as can be proved by the numerous Theosophical Societies that are springing up like mushrooms, in Europe-America.

X

Jesus, quoted by 'Aleph,' upsets all his theories when he says that his "Kingdom is not of this world." Would our kindly critic have us admire the action of the Pharisees or offer their noble example to Europe-America? That would be trouble wasted, for the Christians of those two continents have long ago delivered Theosophy to the secular arm of the Praetorians of journalism. Up to the present time we have had as enemies the clergy, the missionaries (who preach brotherhood and carry only vice and drunkenness to the Pagan), the Salvation Army, the pious and hypocritical aristocracy, all the materialists, and even the Spiritualists who have given up considering us as their 'dear brothers.' The intelligent Socialists alone have understood us; will even they also turn against us?

Meanwhile 'Aleph' makes us listen to some profound truths. Yes, exoteric Brâhmanism must fall, but it will be replaced by esoteric Vedism, with the addition of all the noble and beautiful ideas progressive science has evolved in this latest century. But this revolution will not be accomplished by the conquerors; the fusion of the two Aryan races will be accomplished by fraternal love, but only when the English shall have ceased to look on the Brâhman — whose genealogical tree reckons three thousand years — as the representative of an inferior race. On his side, the Brâhman detests the English, to whose temporal government he is obliged to submit. Throughout all India, only in the Brotherhood of Theosophists can the haughty English be seen seated at the same table with the not less arrogant Brâhman, but softened and humanized by the example and teaching of the Theosophists who serve the Masters of the Ancient Wisdom, the descendants of those Rishis and Mahâtmans that Brâhmanism always honors, even after having ceased to understand them.

It follows then, from all that has preceded, that the 'priests of

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

India' are not the ones who are trying to bring back the West to the Ancient Wisdom, but rather some Westerners of Europe-America, who, led by their karman to the happiness of knowing certain Adepts of the secret Brotherhood of the Himâlayas, are endeavoring, under the inspiration of those Masters, to bring back the priests of India to the primitive and divine Esotericism.

Z

They have completely succeeded in India and Asia. Europe-America alone still kicks against the pricks in its failure to comprehend and to appreciate fully the simplicity of their aims. And, after all, it is only the majority that refuses to understand, that majority which has always bitten the hand that offered it help. Let us not despair then. And when the day so much desired comes, when universal and *intellectual* Brotherhood will be, if not proclaimed *de jure*, at least accepted *de facto*, then at last the gates of the sanctuary, closed for long centuries to orthodox Brâhmans as well as to the European skeptic, will be opened to the *Brothers* of every country. The 'Grandmother' will receive her Prodigal Sons, and her intellectual treasures will be their inheritance.

But in order that such a time may come, the objects of the 'missionaries from India' must be understood and their mission fully appreciated. Until now, the public has seen nothing but a grimacing image, distorted in the mirror of publicity. The object pursued by some mystical Theosophists has become, according to our ill-informed critics, that of the entire Brotherhood; and the *quid pro quo* has culminated at last in 'Aleph's' article, which preaches to us our own doctrines.

THE RELATION OF THEOSOPHY TO MODERN SCIENCE

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

SCIENCE in its general sense is synonymous with Theosophy, for it means systematized knowledge, and a method of attaining a knowledge of the laws of the universe by the study of facts, with a view to establishing general principles, and from these general principles arriving at other facts. Theosophy has been defined as a for-

THE RELATION OF THEOSOPHY TO MODERN SCIENCE

mulation of the structure, operations, character, origin, and destiny of the universe. Both of them are said to be the accumulated results of the endeavors of a continuous line of researchers.

But it is with that particular phase known as modern science that we must deal at present. This is a recent growth and arose in response to a desire for definite and exact knowledge, and as a reaction from vagueness and *a priori* dogmatism. Its declared method consists in the observation of facts, the induction of laws from these facts, and the discovery of further facts by the aid of these laws. The said laws are recognised as being only temporary and provisional, liable to correction and enlargement to fit additional facts. The method is therefore one of gradual approach to truth by a process of trial and error. Science, as thus understood, is in a state of growth.

The method will succeed on two conditions: that it starts with real facts, and that it reasons logically from those facts. When we examine the question as to facts we find that these are observations made by the physical senses. The scientists admitted that the physical senses are imperfect and fallible, but argued that the errors can be corrected by the patient exercise of reason. Such a process of correction is surely going on rapidly today.

It is claimed by Theosophists, on grounds which philosophers will admit, that the physical senses are not the sole instruments of direct perception, and that the mind has other gateways of knowledge. And it is further maintained that, unless these other faculties are used, science will not be able to obtain the necessary data (facts) upon which to base its deductions. A certain view of the universe will be obtained, but that view will be restricted, useful for certain practical purposes, serviceable in calculation, but by no means interpretative of life as a whole or reliable as a basis of conduct.

The artificial nature of the scientific universe was admitted by those who reflected on the subject; but, by a very natural human weakness, it came to be ignored, with the result that this artificial view of nature was obtruded upon us as a philosophy of life in general. Thus arose the conception of a mechanical universe, devoid of purpose, ruthless and unintelligent; a view which found its apogee in the attempt to represent man himself and all his faculties as merely a function of this mechanism. From this view, always repugnant

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

to reflective minds, as also to the common feelings of humanity, science is now rapidly emerging; forced, by the success of its own inductive method, to admit truths which previously, though evident, had been shirked.

THE ATOMO-MECHANICAL SYSTEM

The meaning of atom — that which is indivisible — had been altered by science to imply a minute unit of physical substance, not necessarily indivisible, but serving as bricks for building. Physics and chemistry were content to resolve matter into small portions of the same thing, which takes us nowhere as far as an explanation of the nature and origin of matter are concerned, but has served well, and still serves well, as a basis for dynamics, chemical theory, and the measurement of quantities. Truly scientific minds always admitted that these atoms were not realities, they had not been discovered by observation, they were not scientific facts; but they were convenient hypotheses — we use the word purposely in the plural, because the chemical atom was not the same thing as the physical atom. But, due to human weakness, mistakes were made in forgetting the provisional nature of these atoms, reasoning as though they were scientific facts, and attempting to explain other facts of life in accordance therewith. This is what is to be understood by scientific materialism.

The conception of dead matter is characteristic of science — of the science of an era that is departing. This necessitated the postulation of something energetic, force or energy, to explain the activities of the supposedly inert matter. Thus arose the scientific dualism — a universe composed of inert particles actuated by mysterious forces. (It should here be noted that the dynamical conception of a force is a *result* of motion in mass, and not a *cause* of motion in mass; and thus we find the word force used in two quite different senses — as that which sets matter in motion, and that which results when matter is set in motion. As to force in the former of these senses science gave us no idea.) These twain, matter and energy, were regarded as eternal, invariable in amount, and indestructible; a view which, however handy for calculating purposes, was deplorable as a world-view.

The science of today is not, as some seem to suppose, so much

THE RELATION OF THEOSOPHY TO MODERN SCIENCE

discovering new truths as being forced to admit truths previously known but shirked. But at least we are now able to please ourselves by saying that, for these truths, we now have scientific warrant.

It was always obvious that no explanation of the nature of physical matter can be given by simply dividing it into small particles of the same thing. If unwilling to admit that matter could be further analyzed, we were forced to the dogma that matter is eternal like God. Likewise, many of the properties of physical matter had been elaborately explained as functions of the atomic hypothesis; and therefore it would be idle, on logical grounds, to expect to find those same properties manifested in an immaterial and non-atomic substance, such as might be supposed to underlie physical matter. Yet, such is the momentum of habit, that physicists have long been trying to apply the laws of molar and molecular physics to rudiments which lie beyond that range; they have sought to import their mechanical framework into regions where logically it cannot apply. Their researches have but proved the futility of such a hope. An electron is not an atom; it was devised to explain an atom; it refuses to behave like an atom. No wonder. The dynamical formulae relating force to mass and velocity are found no longer to be true — not unexpectedly but inevitably.

WANTED — A NEW PHYSICAL FRAMEWORK

Discovery has conducted us into realms where the old dynamical laws do not prevail; and we are at sea, because, in order to formulate the operations of nature in these regions, we must devise a new set of constants — temporary of course, as the old ones were, but very needful. We have tried an ether. An ether is not a scientific fact but a scientific hypothesis; its nature varies according to the purpose for which it is invented. (If H. P. Blavatsky, in endeavoring to tell us something about Theosophy, uses the word ether, we presume that she is using it to denote something real and definite; but that is quite another matter.) It has been found by experiment (though some dispute the fact) that no evidence can be discovered that the earth and light are moving towards or away from each other through an extended ether. Some have sought to get out of this difficulty by tampering with our customary conceptions of the relation between time and space; others say that this is foolishness and that some better explanation will be found.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

What are we to take as the basis of the physical universe, now that this all too solid matter has melted away into mere tactile impressions and resistances. Some say electricity: the mass of an electron is simply its electric charge. But then what is electricity; what is charge? At all events it combines the two notions of mass and energy into one. Then there is light (using the word to include invisible radiations of the same order). Is it molar and atomic and particled? Or is it conveyed in the form of an undulation in some medium? The words 'neither' and 'both' seem most appropriate for an answer to this question. And the fact that we cannot explain light fully as either a hail of particles or an undulation — this fact should provoke joy rather than consternation, because we have *ex hypothesi* precluded the old notions of the atomo-mechanics, and are therefore merely finding what we set out to find.

Physics has been accustomed to relate phenomena to one another in a chain of cause and effect, for which purpose it is obviously necessary to assume a starting-point. This is done by the use of words like affinity and attraction. These influences, whatever they are, have hitherto seemed to follow a regular law; but now it is found that movements take place in the interatomic world, which physicists are now studying, of such a nature that they follow no known law and seem to be capricious. Some have therefore supposed volition to underlie these movements. What a great step is this towards verifying the Theosophical view that the universe is composed of living beings! And it matters little whether these seemingly arbitrary movements are caused by something which we have not yet discovered; for the chain of consecutive causes and effects must ultimately reach back to the domain of will and consciousness. On the other side we have the phenomena of consciousness, and it is natural to try to bridge over the supposed gap between these two. It is impossible to see how mind and matter, as these are defined, could ever be brought into relation with each other; and it is but a poor and temporary device to suppose an intermediate link in the shape of an ether. The more links you have in a chain, the greater is the number of gaps between the links. But why is it necessary to suppose that there is, or ever was, any gap between mind and matter, or between one part of the cosmos and another? Are we not perhaps wrestling with problems of our own making? If there is no gap, there is no need of a bridge.

THE RELATION OF THEOSOPHY TO MODERN SCIENCE
THAT 'FOURTH DIMENSION'

One of the aspects under which objects of physical sense present themselves is that of spatial extension, which it is convenient to regard as of the threefold nature, measurable by three rectilinear co-ordinates. By assuming that there can be modes of spatial extension with only two or one of these co-ordinates (dimensions), it has been inferred that there may be a kind of spatial extension with four. It is possible to agree that a magnitude may have four dimensions, without necessarily implying that such a magnitude would be of the nature of a spatial extension. Thus, a volume of gas may be said to have the three ordinary spatial dimensions, plus density; the three former increasing as the last lessens, and lessening as it increases. In the same way, other properties of matter, such as heat, might be regarded as an additional dimension; but these new dimensions are obviously not of the same kind as the other; not interchangeable with them. To try to imagine something which is related to a cube in a manner analogous to the relation of a cube to a square, is another matter. To take that unilinear, unidirectional magnitude which is expressed by the word 'time' in one of its numerous meanings; and to try to add this on to the three spatial dimensions, as though it were of the same kind and interchangeable with them — this again is another matter. We do not impute such confusion of thought to men of science when they speak of events in space-time. They mean that the true fact is not an *object* but an *event*; and its locus is not *space* but *space-time*. But that would seem to make two dimensions rather than four; major divisions should not be confounded with minor divisions.

While it suffices for ordinary purposes to define velocity, and other such compound scientific units, on the assumption that space and time are independent, it is now asserted that this assumption will not serve when we try to measure phenomena lying outside the usual limits. Words like velocity, acceleration, momentum, acquire different meanings under these circumstances. But this is quite similar to saying that plumb-lines, on the large scale, do not hang parallel, whatever the carpenter (who was building houses before you were born) may say. We cannot draw a map of the world on a sheet of paper, but we can draw a plan of our garden. Thus we need not be upset if the set of constants devised for measuring the world will not do for measuring interplanetary space. Surely it

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

would be much more strange if it should be found that the habits (physical or otherwise) pertaining to Terra were obligatory on every one of the countless orbs that adorn the night.

Besides living in a physical world with certain properties, we also live in an ideal world, having properties which are abstractions derived from sensory experience. Thus we imagine an abstract three-dimensional space. It is purely imaginary. No one ever saw a cube; all he has seen are cubical objects — never a pure cube. The geometrical solid is as abstract as the surface or the line. These imaginary forms we try to impose upon other things, thus departing from the inductive method of science and trying to fashion particulars in accordance with assumed generals. But Theosophy, we see, is particularly hard-headed and matter of fact, and may be of service in bringing the scientific imagination down to earth.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF MATTER

Or the basis of physical matter: the framework upon which material bodies are built, the protyle or basic substance, the *prima materia*. In search of this, we question the atom and the electron, and receive the answer: “We are such stuff as dreams are made on.” And what could be expected? All that the senses can perceive is the properties of matter, not the matter itself. The matter itself is what is left after all the sensible qualities have been taken away. What’s the use of looking for something which you know you cannot find? To avoid having to go into this profound question we prefer to quote the following from the *Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, pp. 328, 329.

There can be no manifestation of Consciousness, semi-consciousness, or even “unconscious purposiveness,” except through the vehicle of matter; that is to say, on this our plane, wherein human consciousness *in its normal state* cannot soar beyond what is known as transcendental metaphysics, it is only through some molecular aggregation or fabric that Spirit wells up in a stream of individual or subconscious subjectivity. And as Matter existing apart from perception is a mere abstraction, both of these aspects of the ABSOLUTE — Cosmic Substance and Cosmic Ideation — are mutually inter-dependent. In strict accuracy — to avoid confusion and misconception — the term “Matter” ought to be applied to the aggregate of objects of possible perception, and “Substance” to noumena; for inasmuch as the phenomena of *our* plane are the creation of the perceiving Ego — the modifications of its own subjectivity — all the “states of matter representing the aggregate of perceived objects” can have but a relative and purely phenomenal existence for the children of our plane. As the

THE RELATION OF THEOSOPHY TO MODERN SCIENCE

modern Idealists would say, the co-operation of Subject and Object results in the Sense-object or phenomenon. But this does not necessarily lead to the conclusion that it is the same on all other planes. . . .

IS THE UNIVERSE RUNNING DOWN?

Of late we have been hearing about entropy and the second law of thermodynamics. A definition of entropy may be found in a good dictionary, and we may leave the curious to wrestle with it. The idea is that the energy in a system tends ever to run down into unavailable forms, usually by conversion into heat, which sinks to lower temperatures. It is stated that heat cannot of itself pass from a colder to a hotter body,* and that there is constantly going on in every system, and in the universe as a whole, an irreversible process. The entropy of the universe is increasing. Things are settling down to an equilibrium. The analogy of geology occurs to the mind. Denudation and deposition, acting alone, would reduce the earth to a mud-flat. But the force of upheaval counteracts them, and the earth is not reduced to a mud-flat. The statement given in the above law, as to heat not passing from a cold to a hot body, is a negative statement, therefore not an inference from experiment, and is incapable of experimental proof. A writer in the *Science News Letter*, October 31, 1931, says:

The science of thermodynamics, which has been so powerful in explaining large classes of physical phenomena, is inadequate in that it does not include those fluctuations from the condition of balance that actually occur in the world.

Here we have an appeal made against a law, on the strength of new facts that fail to conform. This is of course quite in accord with the proper scientific method. But note — it means that the law is merely a generalization made to pin together (so to say) a given bundle of facts for the time being, and not a ruthless edict imposing terms upon the cosmos. The writer continues:

Thermodynamics tells us that a system of physical bodies isolated from others will steadily change towards a unique condition of balance or equilibrium. In point of fact the final condition is one in which the balance oscillates between

*Ganot defines temperature as follows: "The temperature of a body may be defined as being the greater or lesser extent to which it tends to impart sensible heat to other bodies;" which renders the law of thermo-dynamics, as stated above, a meaningless truism — true by definition.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

states near the true balance. These fluctuations from the theoretical balance are such that ordinary thermodynamics cannot inform us of them.

And he proceeds to formulate an amended law. As we gather, in the absence of details, things do not settle down to rest but only to a condition of wobbling; and we think of a regiment which, though temporarily halting, is expecting to advance again very soon; it is told to mark time, and moves its legs up and down, without gaining ground. The rain falls on the earth, but rises again. In nature there are many such cycles of renewal. There seems no reason why heat, having run down to the lowest temperatures, should not rise again, be wound up like a clock. All we need do is to keep our eyes open and get ready to rewrite that second law of thermodynamics.

All the same it is quite in accordance with Theosophical teaching that there should be alternate periods of activity and repose. Cycles of obscurity form an essential part of the cosmic scheme as viewed by Theosophy. Yet these come to an end.

NEW FORMS OF ENERGY

The dynamical balance-sheet of the universe was very satisfactorily balanced; when suddenly radio-activity was discovered, revealing vast new stores of energy and calling for a recasting of accounts. The age of the world had been calculated by finding how long it would take to cool down; but then we learned that the world contains large quantities of a mineral which is continually giving out heat — lending what it hasn't borrowed. Radium was able to furnish indefinite amounts of energy without getting any from any authorized source. What was to become of the "Doctrine of the Conservation of Energy"? It does not much signify: it is a harmless truism, which can always be rewritten up to date. It states that the quantity of energy in a closed system is constant; but it does not pretend to say what that quantity is. The law is as true as it ever was. It was pointed out by some man of science that you can fill a vessel quite full of apples, and still have room for a lot of small shot, and then a quantity of sand, and then some water; and finally you can give it an electric charge. This means that, however full a thing might be, it can always hold some more. The universe may still be running down, but it will take a vastly longer time to do so.

The confusion between matter and energy is illustrated by the

THE PROMETHEAN MYTH

quantum mechanics of Planck, who seeks thereby to reconcile in one explanation the rival claims of the undulatory and emission theories of light propagation. We shall not attempt to convey to the reader any notion of the highly nebulous conception of a quantum which exists in our own mind (the fault is ours, we admit, not Planck's). We feel that the reader might not be able to talk so glibly about it if he understood it better; we do not like to destroy a pleasing mystery. We have also seen statements, made on scientific authority, which seem to imply that energy can get from one place to another without passing over the intervening distance. The illustration given is as follows: it is as though you were to throw a plank into the sea, and almost immediately another plank, floating a mile off would be seen to leap into the air to a height equal to that from which the first plank was dropped. Perhaps the mystery would be cleared up if, instead of putting a plank into the sea, we were to put a C into the plank.

(To be continued)

THE PROMETHEAN MYTH A Theosophical Interpretation

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

PROBABLY no myth has so stirred the heart and stimulated the imagination as this one. About it hangs a charm, an inspiration, a mystery, whose attraction all down the ages has not weakened. Mme. Blavatsky says that "myth was the favorite and universal method of teaching in archaic times." It embodies not only religion, but history, and she has shown that this one has worthily held the interest it has awakened, for in it are bound up the deepest secrets of man's nature and origin, the most stupendous events that ever befell humankind. "The allegory of the fall of man and the fire of Prometheus is also another version of the myth of the rebellion of the proud Lucifer" (*Isis Unveiled*, I, 299).

Poet after poet has felt its mystic power without realizing its profound meaning, for the ancient lore is always buried during the dark cycles of human history, so that what was once common knowledge comes to be hidden even from the wise. For example, Shelley, though so sensitive to the charm and strength of this myth, has

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

not conceived its inner significance, for he says he has presumed to imitate a license which many of the Greek tragic writers allowed themselves. He confesses that he was averse to reconciling Prometheus, the champion, with Zeus, the oppressor of mankind. He felt that "the moral interest, which is so powerfully sustained by the sufferings and endurance of Prometheus, would be annihilated if we could conceive of him as unsaying his high language and quailing before his successful and perfidious adversary." Therefore he has departed from the story as given by Aeschylus.

But H. P. Blavatsky's revelation of the true interpretation of this myth shows that just this reconciliation was a philosophical necessity. She also says that the myth is as old as man himself and in no wise originated with Aeschylus. This latter fact is of course well known by modern commentators. Yet he must be our model, as the most authentic narrator accessible today. Moreover, he had the advantage of living before the ancient Schools of the Mysteries had died out in Greece. He was an initiate and undoubtedly held the key to its translation. Only those could be in a position to alter the myth who knew the actual facts it symbolizes, and if, under these circumstances, they discovered parts whose truth time and distance had blurred.

Another difficulty in interpretation has arisen from the fact that in other dramas of Aeschylus, the character of Zeus has been so differently portrayed. It has been therefore guessed that he may represent the reign of justice, and that undoubtedly in the third member of the trilogy, now lost, Prometheus was shown as having been chastened by his long trials, and as having discovered that real freedom consists in obedience to law. But the *Prometheus Unbound* could not have ended in that way. Between Zeus, the Abstract Deity of Grecian thought, and the Olympic Zeus, there was an abyss, says Blavatsky.

The story, as told by Aeschylus, is in rough outline as follows:

Prometheus, whose name signifies 'forethought' or 'foreknowledge,' is firmly bound by the order of Zeus. 'Strength' ridicules him for his stupidity in so sacrificing himself for 'creatures of a day,' and taunts him with being wrongly named; saying he will himself need the help of a Prometheus to free him from his chains. Prometheus, in soliloquy, bemoans his fate, but continues:*

*Extracts from Anna Swanwick's *The Dramas of Aeschylus*.

THE PROMETHEAN MYTH

Behold what I, a god, from gods endure. (line 92)
. clearly I foreknow
All that must happen; nor can woe betide
Stranger to me; the Destined it behoves,
As best I may, to bear, . . .
. for, bringing gifts to mortals.
Myself in these constraints hapless am yoked. (l. 101)

A chorus of Ocean Nymphs appear to offer sympathy. To them he answers that Zeus will yet have need of him; that he holds a secret concerning the prestige of Zeus which he will not divulge till he is released, and further:

That Zeus is stern full well I know, (l. 194)
And by his will doth measure right.
But, smitten by this destined blow,
Softened shall one day be his might.
Then curbing his harsh temper, he
Full eagerly will hither wend,
To join in league and amity with me,
Eager no less to welcome him as friend.

On being begged to explain the action of Zeus, he states that there was war among the gods, some wishing to hurl Kronos from his throne that Zeus his son might rule, others determined that Zeus should never rule. Finally he, Prometheus, was instrumental in placing Zeus upon the throne.

In this position of power, Zeus took no care of mortals, but on the contrary was planning to destroy the race and plant a new one. But Prometheus alone championed their cause, and for this is being punished. Then he tells that he has hindered mortals from foreseeing death, and has given them fire, from which they "full many arts will learn."

Think not that I through pride or stubbornness
Keep silence; nay, my brooding heart is gnawed
Seeing myself thus marred with contumely;
And yet what other but myself marked out
To these new gods their full prerogatives?
But I refrain; for, nought my tongue would tell
Save what ye know. But rather list the ills
Of mortal men, how being babes before,
I made them wise and masters of their wits.
This will I tell, not as in blame of men,
But showing how from kindness flow'd my gifts.
For they, at first, though seeing, saw in vain;

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Hearing they heard not, but like shapes in dreams.
Through the long time all things at random mixed;
Of brick-wove houses, sunward-turn'd, naught knew,
Nor joiner's craft, but burrowing they dwelt
Like puny ants, in cavern'd depths unsunned.
Neither of winter, nor of spring flower-strewn.
Nor fruitful summer, had they certain sign,
But without judgment everything they wrought,
Till I to them the risings of the stars
Discovered, and their settings hard to scan.
Nay, also Number, art supreme, for them
I found, and marshaling of written signs,
Handmaid to memory, mother of the Muse.
And I in traces first brute creatures yok'd,
Subject to harness, with vicarious strength
Bearing in mortals' stead their heaviest toils.
And 'neath the car rein-loving steeds I brought,
Chief ornament of wealth-abounding pomp.
And who but I the ocean-roaming wain
For mariners invented, canvas-winged?
Such cunning works for mortals I contrived,
Yet, hapless, for myself find no device
To free me from this present agony. (ll. 445-478)

Such were the boons I gave; and 'neath the earth
Those other helps to men, concealed which lie,
Brass, iron, silver, gold, who dares affirm
That before me he had discovered them?
No one, I know, but who would idly vaunt.
The sum of all learn thou in one brief word:
All arts to mortals from Prometheus came. (ll. 508-514)

The chorus urges him to try his strength with Zeus, but he answers:

Not yet nor thus is it ordained that fate
These things shall compass; but by myriad pangs
And tortures bent, so shall I 'scape these bonds; (ll. 519-521)

And again to the chorus, of Zeus he says:

E'en he the fore-ordain'd cannot escape. (l. 526)

When they ask him what is ordained for Zeus, he says: "No further may'st thou question."

Io appears upon the scene and begs an explanation of the plight of Prometheus. She recounts her sufferings, tells how she was driven from her father's home to wander, against his will and hers, but under instructions from the oracles. Zeus is enamored of her, and

THE PROMETHEAN MYTH

Hera, through jealousy, pursues her with wrath. She pleads with Prometheus to reveal to her what further woes await her. He hesitates through fear of paining, but finally declares in detail the long wanderings which lie before her. He traces her course toward the East through many places, quitting Europe by way of the Bosphorus to Asia, and adds:

Seems not the monarch of the gods to be
Ruthless alike in all? For he, a god,
Yearning to meet in love a mortal maid,
Upon her did impose these wanderings?
A bitter wooer hast thou found, O maid,
For wedlock bond; — for what thine ears have heard
Account not e'en the prelude to thy toils. (ll. 756-760)

Following her bitter complaints, he adds that her sufferings are nothing to his agonies, which he must endure until Zeus is hurled from sovereignty. Eagerly she asks if this will ever be, but Prometheus, though he will not tell all, declares that a child of hers shall free him.

Count ten descents, and after them a third. (l. 794)
Is there for him no refuge from this doom?
No, none; unless I be from bonds released. (ll. 788-9)

Prometheus then reveals to her many terrible ordeals yet to come; warns her against the three old women with one eye and one tooth between them; the Gorgons, upon whom mortals cannot look and live; the hounds of Zeus, etc. Finally she will be led to a three-cornered piece of land,

Encircled by the Nile, where 'tis ordained,
Io, for thee and for thy sons to found
A far-off colony; (ll. 833-4)

He explains lines of descent, which will result in a kingly race in Argos, out of which a hero shall arise, who will free him. He predicts again the fall of Zeus, which will fulfil the curse of his father Kronos and says that he alone can master Zeus, for "I know it and the way."

Such wrestler now, himself against himself,
He arms for battle; (l. 941)
. . . all is by me foreseen. (l. 956)

Hermes then appears on the scene, as an emissary from Zeus.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

. . . the Father bids thee tell
What nuptials these thou vauntest of, by which
Himself shall fall from sway; (l. 969)

Prometheus rises to the acme of defiance.

Seem I to thee before these upstart gods
To quail or cringe? Far from it, nay, no whit. (l. 981)

No torture is there, no device whereby
Zeus shall persuade me to reveal these things
Before these woe-inflicting bonds be loosed.
Let then his blazing lightnings hurtle down;
With white-winged snow and earth-born thunderings
Let him in ruin overwhelm and mingle all;
For none of these shall bend my will to tell
By whom from empery he needs must fall. (ll. 1010-17)

Of old my course was looked to and resolved. (l. 1019)

Unfortunately, only the second of the three trilogies of Aeschylus has survived. But in a fragment from the third and other sources, it is known that Herakles, who closes the line of earth-born heroes, was to be the liberator of Prometheus. Tradition has given us many stories of this hero. He is called the 'Only-Begotten One,' and the Savior; is said to have descended into Hades (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 515 and I, 299). He it is, by the way, who was chosen as a model by the Christian church-founders for the building up of many of their dogmas. The analogies are numerous and striking. "Through the release of Prometheus, and the erection of altars, we behold in him the mediator between the old and new faiths" (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 515). He is the Sun in its physical aspect, and is said to be 'self-born'—a significant phrase (*Isis Unveiled*, I, 131-2). The twelve labors which have been put into story-form in the legends, are the final initiations referred to in the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* (v. *Isis Unveiled*, II, 564).

The explanations of this myth have been various, and, for the most part, wide of the mark, depending upon the religious or philosophical bias of the interpreters. Some have put into certain phrases meanings directly opposite to each other. And this is not surprising, for the only explanation which could possibly fit is the real one, and this could never be guessed by any ignorant of the ancient knowledge which H. P. Blavatsky brought back into the world. The relation between Prometheus and Zeus, without this, is baffling. It

THE PROMETHEAN MYTH

is just this relation which is the crux of the whole solution, and it is on this point that the various commentators have split. Prometheus is inferentially of a higher order of being than Zeus; he was instrumental in placing him on the throne, yet in some mysterious way has come under his power: while Prometheus plainly foresees that they will be reconciled in the end, and likewise, Zeus will be deposed. But if the bonds are burst at once, Zeus will continue to reign.

According to the ancient wisdom, the whole story is a condensed, exact, enduring statement of the evolution of man. Myths do not fade out, but become rooted in the race-consciousness. Even though not understood, they touch the deeper strings of life and in some unknown way challenge attention. As age after age rolls by and succeeding races grow to an understanding of their message, there is unfolded to the mind's eye in the receding distance an endless succession of pilgrims who likewise have known the same truths. Real myths are sacred messages, whose echo never dies, winging their ways over eternity, bridled neither by time nor space, and linking all mankind in brotherhood.

It will make the interpretation more obvious, if in a few words man's early beginnings are given in large outline. The teaching is that the moon was the mother of this earth, and that the monads migrated from that planet to this. New life-energies mingled with the old; different hierarchies of beings, of which the chief were those symbolized and synthesized in Zeus, combined to evolve man as a physical being. After long eternities the human form was ready, but the mental and spiritual faculties were latent as in the animals today. Then it was, in the early part of the last third of the Third Root-Race, after humanity had separated into sexes (about eighteen million years ago) that much higher beings incarnated into these bodies voluntarily for the purpose of raising them beyond the animal stage up into that of manhood. These higher beings, the product of earlier evolution, gods compared with our present humanity, are those for whom Prometheus stands. The process is still going on and will not be completed until humanity is redeemed.

Io symbolizes the moon or the mother of *physical* humanity. At the same time she is the *Eve of a new race*. Io is the moon-goddess of generation — for she is Isis and she is Eve, the great mother. (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 415-416.) She is also the divine Androgyne (footnote, p. 416). To continue her evolution she must unite

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

with Zeus, who represents the principle of Desire. Through this, she is driven or spurred on from place to place, and her evolution is forced. His wish to destroy the then existing race, which Prometheus is represented as determined to save, refers to something which actually happened after earlier attempts to create a physical humanity — a course which Zeus evidently was tempted to imitate.

Prometheus is chained to the rock of matter, chained there until through his spiritual fire he can awaken the latent powers of nascent humanity. He has, of course, chained himself, and did so when he placed Zeus upon the throne through the incarnation. But inasmuch as it is the nature of Zeus which holds him, it is correct to say that Zeus chains him, and will continue to do so, until he alters that nature.

Now is born the mysterious human duality, the eternal struggle between spirit and matter. The lower elements of desire and brain-intelligence, arrogant, selfish, jealous, given to anger, and tyrannical, oppose the dauntless Titan who is heroic, all-enduring, capable of infinite self-sacrifice — the crucified Christ or Christos. Now also begins the rapid intellectual development. Note lines 445-478 and 508-514, closing with "All arts to mortals from Prometheus came." The ancient records show that the divine dynasties began at the close of the Third Race, and H. P. Blavatsky states that "Greek and Roman and even Egyptian civilizations are nothing compared to the civilizations that began with the Third Race" (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 429-430). Without this help the *Manas* or Higher Mind in humanity would still be latent, so to speak, as is the case with the Bushman, the Veddahs of Ceylon and some African tribes. They, owing to certain karmic conditions, have never had the 'Sacred Spark,' and will have to wait for future cycles (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 421, footnote).

Zeus, with the assistance of Prometheus, has dethroned his father Kronos (Time), for the orderly sequences of time have in his case been set aside. His evolution is forced by virtue of his union with the Higher Mind. And of course with the gift of Prometheus comes the curse of Kronos (lines 931-2), for now he bears the fruits of self-consciousness; the tortures of responsibility; the knowledge of good and evil; with, at the same time, all his lower tendencies dragging him toward matter. For every misstep he must suffer, and, as his knowledge grows, so are his punishments under the law of Karma intensified. There will be no peace either for Zeus or Prometheus

THE PROMETHEAN MYTH

until they are harmonized. During long ages Zeus seems the stronger, since he fights on his own territory, where physical energies rule, and where he is master of all the cosmic and lower Titanic forces. Prometheus is an exile from Heaven, therefore in the drama, though to the last defiant of Zeus's thunderbolts, he has to be shown physically conquered. Zeus has bound him.

This drama of the struggle of Prometheus with the Olympic tyrant and despot, sensual Zeus, one sees enacted daily within our actual mankind: the lower passions chain the higher aspirations to the rock of matter, to generate in many a case the vulture of sorrow, pain, and repentance.— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 422

But the indomitable Titan is ever the sovereign, long suffering, fore-knowing, assured of victory.

The only possibility of Zeus retaining his authority lies in his unloosing Prometheus's chains, which the latter frequently states. United with Prometheus, under the great law of growth, he must in the end yield — that is, when Prometheus shall have accomplished the purpose of his sacrifice; when he shall have redeemed the lower man, and brought him to the point of being "one with his father in heaven." Then he (line 200) "full eagerly will hither wend" to Prometheus, who will none the less eagerly welcome him. This reconciliation is the consummation of the human drama. To change this ending, as has been done, is to rob it of its wonderful meaning.

Very significant in connexion with the downfall of Zeus is the line (941) "himself against himself he arms for battle." What other interpretation could possibly fit it? The time comes as self-consciousness develops when the lower ego longs to place itself under the guidance of the higher. Nothing proceeds very rapidly until this begins, for the whole scheme of salvation rests upon the fact that each must through his own will accomplish his own delivery. Zeus could not develop if the work were delegated to the gods. But the manifold tendencies in him are at variance, and he has to arm "himself against himself." The stronger and purer one part of him grows, the more terrible will be the resistance of the other part, until finally Prometheus says: "Against this evil stumbling Zeus shall learn how wide apart are sway and servitude" (lines 947-8).

Criticisms have been made that Io's wanderings — which are given in considerable detail — are not consistent with our known geography; especially the lines referring to the river Aethiop, by

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

following which she is to reach the Nile. The translator of the *Prometheus Bound* thinks these directions were caused by mistaken geographical theories of the earliest Greeks, due partly to Alexander the Great having seen crocodiles in the Indus, thereby inferring this river to be the source of the Nile, an error echoed by Vergil. But H. P. Blavatsky says:

Both Alexander and Vergil may have erred . . . but the prophecy of Prometheus has not so sinned, in the least. . . . When a certain race is symbolized, and events pertaining to its history are rendered allegorically, no topographical accuracy ought to be expected in the itinerary traced for its personification. Yet it so happens, that the river 'Ethiops' is certainly the Indus, and it is also the *Nîl* or *Nîla*. It is the river born on the *Kailâsa* (heaven) mountain, the mansion of the gods.—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 417

The race of Io. . . . is then simply the first pioneer race of the Aethiopians brought by her from the Indus to the Nile (which received its name in memory of the mother river of the colonists from India).—II, 418

This explains the confusion as to topography. The whole is a description of

the journey and wandering from place to place of the *race* from which the 'tenth' or *Kalki-Avatâra*, so-called, is to issue. This he [Prometheus] calls the 'Kingly race born in *Argos*' (line 888). But *Argos* has no reference here to *Argos* in Greece. It . . . is the mystery name of that region which extends from *Kailâsa* mountain nearly to the Shamo Desert — from within which the *Kalki-Avatâra* is expected. . . . It is now said to have been situated between the Sea of Aral, Baltistân, and Little Tibet; but in olden times its area was far larger, as it was the birth-place of *physical* humanity, of which *Io* is the mother and symbol.

—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 416, footnote

From the point then at which she starts, traveling over the globe, undergoing trials which words try to depict in describing physical horrors and difficulties, she returns to the same spot, bringing a re-deemed humanity.

Zeus represents the lower side of human nature — what is known in Theosophical literature as *Kâma-Manas*. He is therefore

the intellectual tempter of man — which, nevertheless, begets in the course of cyclic evolution the 'Man-Savior,' the solar Bacchus or 'Dionysos,' *more than a man*.—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 419-20

The perfection of development is concentrated in the Deliverer, but such could only come to a humanity prepared. The liberator then refers to humanity as a whole, which has strengthened and purified

THE PROMETHEAN MYTH

itself through its infinite experiences. Of this Being, H. P. Blavatsky continues:

Dionysos is one with Osiris, with Krishna, and with Buddha (the heavenly wise), and with the coming (tenth) Avatâra, the glorified Spiritual *Christos*, who will deliver the suffering *Chrestos* (mankind, or Prometheus, on its trial). This, say Brâhmanical and Buddhistic legends, . . . will happen at the end of the *Kali-Yuga*. . . . Then will Brahmâ, the Hindû deity; Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd), the Zoroastrian; Zeus, the Greco-Olympian Don Juan; Jehovah, the jealous, repenting, cruel, tribal God of the Israelites, and all their likes in the universal Pantheon of human fancy — vanish and disappear in thin air. And along with these will vanish their shadows, *the dark aspects* of all those deities, ever represented as their 'twin brothers' and creatures, in exoteric legend — *their own reflexions* on earth — in esoteric philosophy. The Ahrimans and Typhons, the Samaels and Satans, must all be dethroned on that day, when every dark evil passion will be subdued.— *Ib.*, II, 420

We have yet 427,000 years of Kali-Yuga, our present age. When Io was driven from her father's home "as consecrate to heaven," by orders from Zeus, she says:

Forthwith my shape and mind distorted were. (*Prometheus Bound*, l. 691)

Humanity moves amidst the clouds, living in a world of illusion, unable to see anything as it actually is. As Io, in her karmic wanderings, comes in contact with Prometheus, these are for a brief interlude lifted; her intuitions are awakened; she breathes a clearer atmosphere as she demands help and knowledge from Prometheus, her own higher Ego. But as she leaves his presence to continue her destined course, she says:

Ah me! ah woe is me!
Brain-smiting madness once again
Inflames me, and convulsive pain.

. . . My tongue brooks not the rein,
And turbid words, at random cast,
'Gainst waves of hateful madness beat in vain. (l. 896)

Very suggestive then becomes the prophecy of Prometheus to Io, referring to the time of delivery:

At Neilos' very mouth and sand-bar,— there,
Zeus shall restore thy reason,— stroking thee
With touch alone of unalarming hand. (ll. 867-9)

The *Vishnu-Purâna* closes an ancient and, in the light of present

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

developments, astounding prophecy, with these words: "and the minds of these who live at the end of Kali-Yuga shall be awakened, and shall be as pellucid as crystal. The men who are thus changed, . . . shall be as the *seeds of human beings*, and shall give birth to a race who shall follow the laws of the Krita Age," or Age of Purity.

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE

OSCAR LJUNGSTRÖM

ARE you lovers of Nature — all of you? Children of the Great Mother you are, resting on her lap, playing in her gardens, strolling over her fields! Some of you may think you have strayed far from home. Oh no! that is but an empty dream; rub it out of your eyes! You have never left your home; you cannot leave it if you would. Indeed, you are very near the Mother's heart. With unseen arms she holds you close, wrapt in the mysteries of her magic spell.

She is a Queen, superb and radiant; mighty indeed. Her liegemen are the Galaxies, the starry Hierarchies, the Suns, and the sub-lunary Hosts of beings marching on from lowly rank to highest glory. I can give you but a glimpse of some of the treasures in her realms.

The central idea, which we must always remember in the presentation of Nature by Theosophy, is that the Universe is a living, conscious, and consciously organized whole. There are no separate existences in it, for streams of life unite, each with all, the children of the Universe — low or high, atoms or gods. Even more: in the very core of its being, every entity, every growing form, every transient object, is one with the whole, with the infinite, with the Divine. The outer, manifested existence of a thing at any particular moment is merely an event, a passing, feeble expression of an infinitesimal facet of the diamond core of its own being, the Divine. Objects are similar to waves rolling over the surface of the ocean. As the waves roll on, they are filled anew in every moment by the great water, and are never separated or cut off from the ocean. All are *one* water, majestic and calm in the depths. Try to grasp, or rather feel this truth, and what I am about to say will be clearer.

Look at any humble thing or being with the eye of your spirit, and behind it and within it you will behold an inexhaustible richness: treasures of beautiful forms, radiant with light and color; a

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE

surging ocean of breathing life, aspiring, exultant; spirits brooding among the stars in splendor of thought, inspiring the story of ages. And again: behind, within all this glory, there is the Vision Sublime of perfection unutterable: it is the veil of *That* — and about *That* all words are futile. *The Divine* is the term I will use as a substitute for *That*, or I will use it as a pointer only towards the unattainable foundation or fountain-head. Thus the Divine is behind everything, even a grain of sand. Every object or being is in itself, so to say, a pin-hole in the veil of perception, through which a trembling, uncertain ray from behind, from the Divine, penetrates and manifests in the cycles of time as a passing glimpse of a true wonderland.

The great Behind or Within is verily the Divine. I would rather say the *Within*; but in order to have convenient figures of speech — for mere figures of speech they are, all such words — I will hereafter speak also of the Higher, and say that the Divine is *above* everything, overshadowing everything. This because I am going to talk about evolution, and it is usual to speak about higher and lower grades thereof. Another reason for putting the Divine on high has always been that from our somber earth we look to the starry vault above to scan the boundless richness of Existence, through which our globe is hurled by a mysterious power, like a speck of no significance.

Having tried to suggest the idea of the fulness and richness of the Divine, manifesting in all, I want you next to consider the *Rhythmic Law* inherent in its manifestations. All that moves and changes — and everything moves and changes — does so by rhythmic steps and impulses, in quick *crescendo* sometimes. There is no such thing as a uniform motion, but always acceleration and retardation. Nothing endures and lives on for ever as it is. There is always rise and fall. Nature works in epochs, in new ages, in changing seasons and sprouting springtimes, in rising suns and dawning days. Nature operates by new births, by inhaled breaths, by the impact of her waves. She wakes up as by magic in dormant bodies and lets loose her vital spirits. A tiny seed is an audacious word spoken by Nature — but there stands the gigantic Redwood tree as the fulfilment! We know from experience what sudden impulse may burst from a thundercloud. In itself the humid cloud is a dark and silent threat. But the lightning-flash breaks forth from an invisible, hidden sea of flames, and a resonant voice comes out of its silence. There were

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

months of sailing clouds and tedious nights — and then came the thunderstorm.

With these illustrations I wish to impress you with the *Unexpected* and *New*, of a higher order, exhibited in the rhythmic manifestations of the Divine; because this aspect of the Law of Rhythm — the fresh intonation — gives the needed clue to the right understanding of evolution.

Take, for instance, the uncouth caterpillar pursuing for weeks and weeks its crawling, earthbound life. It seems to live only for eating. But there is the Great Behind and Above. In the strength thereof, one day the caterpillar becomes discontented with such a life, turns away from it, dies from it, withdraws into the peaceful reticence of the chrysalis. There in the silence it receives a new breath of life; and rises a butterfly — rises into the kingdom of the air, and nectar becomes its food.

The rhythmic stages of evolution are more like awakenings than anything else, constituting the descent of new divine impulses, the descent of spirit, of soul, into dormant or stagnant forms.

The term 'Kingdoms of Nature' carries, and rightly so, the idea of a ruling, regulating, and guiding power or principle within each of them. Each has a characteristic principle of its own, marking its boundaries; but these boundaries exhibit only the rhythmic procedure of Nature. According to Theosophy, the Ancient Wisdom, the Kingdoms of Nature are expressions of grand thoughts in the Divine, Universal Mind, with its hierarchies of cosmic spirits: the gods, the builders of worlds. Once such a thought, which is a grand wave of life, descends and finds full expression in a Kingdom of Nature, the objects and beings in that Kingdom exhibit, in their outward existence only, the ruling principle of that thought with its subordinate possibilities. It is the fundamental property of Matter to repeat, and repeat incessantly, the impulses given to it; and herein lies the stability we find in the different species, genera, and Kingdoms of Nature. Roses are not found on thistles, and a seed planted in the ground will not bring forth an animal.

There are however variations, rise and progress in each Kingdom, but they are limited. Even they take place by steps: Science calls it *mutation*. Therefore I wish also to impress you with the idea that a being or entity, if conceived only as a *concrete* and *limited* existence, and thus severed from the overbrooding Divine, would

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE

have no higher possibilities, no real evolution ahead of it; would not be able to progress. Therefore the current evolutionary theory in biology is false, for it assumes that creatures, as merely physical beings, left to themselves and to the influence of lower environments, can bring forth the higher type. The lower cannot by itself produce the higher. Evolution is always brought about by the *descent* from on high of a *new* impulse into a lower existence, able to raise it to a higher plane. In a simplified way it can be said that the evolutionary possibilities of an entity rest in its point of contact with the Divine.

When that inner center is brought into function, a crystal may begin to shine with a new luster, cast off its rigid shape, and brighten into a flower. A beast may begin to look around with an understanding eye, and raise itself into the world of thought, upright as a man. The man himself may grow in spirit as a divine lotus, above the sub-lunary waters into the cosmic spaces, and walk the earth as a god. Now I do not want you to take this too literally. In reality the evolutionary transition from one of Nature's Kingdoms to another starts from what might be designated as a *child-state*, and not from the fully confirmed and set type of the Lower Kingdom. For the Super-human Kingdom the Syrian Sage expressed the rule: "Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." We must cast off the camel's burden of our pronounced personality, before we can enter through the 'needle's eye.' We must do away with our very human, self-assertive mental equipment, and abandon our caterpillar-state of greedy lust, if we ever hope to soar into a higher world.

Before I present to you more particulars regarding the secrets of Nature's Kingdoms, I will again remind you, that everything in the Universe is alive and conscious, and that therefore all that moves in Nature is moved by will-power as an expression of a consciousness of some kind — consequently, being a manifestation of some *entity*, higher or lower. Thus, in all the phenomena that Science studies mechanically — from the simple movement of mechanical objects, to heat, chemical action, fire, electricity, magnetism, and light — in all these it is volitional entities of different kinds who are the actuating agents, and these phenomena are their work. The various kinds of entities in these realms are called *elementals* by Theosophy, because they are active in the 'elements' of Nature. They belong

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

first and foremost to realms invisible to us in our present state, although we are able to see many of the effects of their work. Some species of them, however, are imbodyed in physical form.

Science calls them *energies*, and the word 'energy' simply denotes a hidden reality, which in itself, up to date, is a complete mystery to the men of Science. When in our future evolution we shall be able to see all those elementals, some of them will at first probably appear as units of color and sound, clothed in an immense variation of shapes — huge as a solar system sometimes, and again small as sun-dust. Some will take on whatever shape is impressed upon them by thoughts. They are of very different kinds, and in fact the elementals form *three* separate Kingdoms in Nature according to Theosophical teachings. These three Kingdoms precede the Mineral. For convenience I will count them as only two.

The way I am now going to enumerate the Kingdoms of Nature is somewhat simplified in the beginning, causing the Human to become the sixth Kingdom, instead of the seventh, as is usual in the Theosophical numeration. Every new Kingdom contains all the fundamentals to be found in all the preceding Kingdoms and, added thereto and amalgamated therewith, something quite new: a descended new impulse having its origin in the Divine. This new impulse might be said to constitute the *evolutionary principle* of the respective Kingdoms. The following is my enumeration:

1. The first is *the Kingdom of Motion*, constituted by a substance or substances in undefined, pulsating motion in Space. *Motion*, pulsating motion, the breath of infinitude, is the first property of the manifested world, and it is maintained throughout all the succeeding Kingdoms. But let me first continue their enumeration, and I will afterwards discuss them more intimately.

2. *The Kingdom of Attraction*. The new descending impulse, bringing forth this Kingdom, awakens *centers* (monads they may be called), which influence the motion, so to say at right angles, turning it towards and around those centers, and thus causing an accumulation and accretion of substance there. Mere motion, left to itself, could never have accomplished this result, as every good mechanic will understand. But as motion is a breath, the new impulse, descended into it, implies also the symmetric counterpart to attraction: *repulsion*. Attraction or gravitation is the action of the *centripetal* energy; and repulsion is the action of the *centrifugal* energy,

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE

which latter rests in the mystic force of inertia — the inertia of material mass, as a mechanician will understand also. With Einstein, Science has begun, and rightly so, to look at gravitation and the centrifugal inertia as the polar manifestations of one and the same energy — both gravitation and inertia together standing today as the *grand* mystery of physical Science. This second Kingdom of Nature thus was lifted out of Chaos by the descent from the Divine of that great physical mystery. And it formed and clothed itself in *bodies* brought together by attraction. It can also be called the *Kingdom of Imbodiment*; and it contains the world-globes as well as the molecules and atoms.

3. *The Mineral or Crystal Kingdom.* It can also be called the Kingdom of Form proper. Specialized forms are here developed by the descent into the centers and bodies in the former lower Kingdom, of a geometric principle, a principle of proportion and number. In the lower Kingdom, the Kingdom of Attraction, there were growing bodies, growing by mere accretion; and in this higher Kingdom they also grow by accretion (crystals do), but their growth is guided and regulated by a wonderful new principle of planes, angles, symmetry and proportion, clothing the indwelling ideation in varied units of solid and brilliant, *individualized* shapes. Yet each individual crystal materializes and repeats in its growth only one single and fixed form. Matter proper excels here in its fundamental faculty, that of fixed, continuous, and exact repetition.

4. *The Vegetable Kingdom*, which can also be called the *Organic Kingdom*, because here an organizing principle has descended and taken under its sway the formative, geometric principle of the preceding Kingdom, is now producing *series* of differing forms combined into *organs*, united by purpose into what we call a living organism. The organic processes and combinations in this organism are ruled and led by *instinct*, the kind of consciousness characteristic of this Kingdom. It is the Kingdom of *growth* proper, growth from *within*, of *life* proper, and therefore even of *death*. (I will come back to this.) The crystals grow *outwardly* by accretion, and might be as lasting as the Kingdom itself — an image of the fully realized power of Matter: hard, unfeeling, conservative, unyielding, heavy, but splendid in its exactness.

The Vegetable Kingdom, on the other hand, has passed this deepest turning-point of inert matter, and its evolutionary principle car-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ries with it change, feeling, adaptation, metabolism, death and renewal, as means of expressing a nascent spiritual ideation. This Kingdom is the first-born child of rising Spirit — a child, cool and passionless — and therefore its flowers convey a divine message to one burdened and weighed down in matter. The Mineral Kingdom heaps its treasures in the dark chambers of earth, but the flowers are the children of the Sun. They feel day and night and seasons; they have sense of *Time*. But in Space they are fixtures.

5. *The Animal Kingdom*. What distinguishes this Kingdom from the previous, and what is quite new, is the faculty of *intentional movement*, free motion in space, stimulated by *desire*, and actuated by individual will rising out of desire. The warm flame of the pulse, the *Anima*, has descended and carries the organism on enterprises in space outside its encasement, thus marking a further step on the rising, luminous arc of evolution. The descended animal-soul opens the eye — the portal of Space, with its allurements of adventure, its incitements to *know*. It is all things of sensation. The flowers loved the sun; the animals learn to love also their young. This is principally the *Kingdom of Desire and Will*.

6. *The Human Kingdom*. By materialistic Science we humans have been tabulated next to the monkey in the order of *primates* in the Animal Kingdom. But according to Theosophy the rise from the animal to man is as high as, and even higher than, a step from a flower to a beast.

I allow you to compare me, standing here before you, with a gorilla or a donkey. Not exceedingly dissimilar, you might humorously say! But without being proud, I will tell you that gorillas and donkeys, left to the resources they have in themselves and all their outward surrounding influences, and changing in whatever possible manner by 'natural selection' or the 'struggle for existence,' would never in eternity become able to give you such a dissertation as I am now giving you. Simply because there is *thought* in it. Neither would they ever become able to understand me as you do, because you are *thinkers*.

In ages long, long past, a center of inner light descended into your sub-lunar being, a new flame was kindled in your animal-soul, or rather above it, and the divine impulse raised you from the ground erect, with your brow swept by the storm of Thought.

Whence come your thoughts? And in this case I mean the *real*

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE

thoughts, those which are filled with life and light — not the scheming and fretting ‘thoughts’ of the spider’s web, so often characteristic of an ‘every-day life.’ Those real thoughts with their light and impersonal logic seem to arise mysteriously in your brain by a kind of ‘remote control’ from a source you have not yet at all completely identified yourself with in your daily life.

Theosophy teaches that when humans became truly men, it was brought about by the descent from the Great Above of entities of Thought, the *Mânasaputras*, ‘trailing clouds of glory.’ The Sanskrit word *Mânasaputra* means a Son of the Divine Mind. In reality he is a god, and every one of you is a human being — you belong to the Human Kingdom — only by virtue of the presence in you of a ray of that god. Yet, because of the mystery of the oneness of all in the Divine, you are in your innermost both that ray and its source, the god.

The same thing happens in all Kingdoms: the raising, the uplifting of a lower existence to a higher plane by the power of a new and higher impulse; and our real life-work as humans is similar. We are aspiring, we should aspire, as humans to the super-human: towards the god within.

7. *The Kingdom of Gods*, called also by Jesus, the Syrian Sage, *The Kingdom of Heaven*. The gods are elevated cosmic spirits. This Kingdom is superhuman, but not supernatural. Nature, in all its divine grandeur and higher planes, is all-embracing, because the Divine dwelleth in it. The Kingdom of Gods is a Kingdom of Nature, and Jesus therefore intended its realization here on earth, not in a supernatural heaven.

It lies in the very nature of things that animals cannot realize what actually constitutes a thinking man — the realm of Thought is altogether above their heads. Likewise the ‘natural man’ cannot understand what belongs to the Kingdom of Heaven. But as the animals are able to recognise man as a perfected animal, as a superior being, by virtue of his greater power, so also can we recognise gods walking the earth, as being perfected men, as super-men. We recognise the outward signs, their superior power over Nature; we recognise their superior thought, the superior character, the perfected man. And History has shown us some such men, godlike men. They are the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion, spoken of in Theosophy.

Yet, in reality, we *know* very little about them, even though our

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

imagination — a good quality if rightly used — is allowed to work. Then it will soar aloft, guided by the divine ray in our inner world. What picture of human fantasy shall we then choose as an incentive? Perhaps Buddha, enthroned on the lotus, with the glory of radiant colors around his head. But the lotus is only a symbol of the mystic powers of Buddhahood, as well as of the whole Universe. Could we see the real guise of the Master, invisible to our imperfect sight, we might behold the transparent petals of that lotus spreading themselves as part of his being far and wide into Cosmos, touching the stars with their life-nerves and veins, and infolding in fragrance of love every object and creature on earth. The aureole around his head would be seen as a world of thought, calm and serene, but, in confabulation with the spirits of the spheres, inspiring an age. The man, raised to the Kingdom of Gods, actually lives and acts in a wider world even while walking among men. Could we see his *nirmânakâya*, his invisible body, we should behold something stupendous.

Here we stand on our step of the Ladder of Life — the Human Kingdom — and each Kingdom of Nature is such a step. We perceive dimly the next step, but the following one is lost in a blinding glory; and so of course my enumeration is at an end, although I believe that there is no end on that rising Ladder itself.

Yet I have a little more to say of the Stairs or Ladder of Life, those words being a very appropriate figure of speech for the method of evolution, because evolution proceeds by steps, not by a uniform ascent. Further, a stairway, once built, may be used by climbers in endless files — a procession of entities trailing behind the pioneers.

The main difference between the modern and the Theosophical evolutionary doctrine is, that *the former does not present any evolution at all*, while the latter, the Theosophical, does. What is it, please, that evolves in a series of disconnected bodies, of which each lives and dies and is done with? It is as if you put upon your table, first a clay pitcher, and threw it out of the window; thereafter a china jug, letting it go the same way; and finally a crystal vase. Is that the evolution of a clay pitcher into a crystal vase? But evolution in Theosophy is, if anything, the evolution of the lasting *inner entity* through a series of reïmbodiments or reincarnations. Here is continuity. The maker of the clay pitcher, the china jug, and the crystal vase, if the same artificer, has evolved.

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE

Once each different Kingdom is built up on our globe by the would-be-human pioneers, innumerable hosts and processions of entities come trailing behind in their wake, climbing the stairs and ladders of life. But you cannot understand the whole process of evolution without grasping firmly three fundamental ideas, partly set forth by me already. First: the truly evolving thing is the *inner* entity, not its occasional outward form. Second: each step on the Ladder of Life is manifested by a new, divine, inner-higher impulse. And third: there is a hierarchical *law of help* in Nature, manifesting even in parents' and teachers' care of children. For instance, a teacher—a 'pioneer' in knowledge—founds a school with its courses and classes and grades; and on this 'ladder of life' generation after generation of pupils climb to the highths of education.

Look now at the different races of men on earth. Do you think, for instance, that Bushmen and Veddahs, as races, are ever going to reach human perfection — even relative perfection? No. Yet those races are rungs in an evolutionary ladder of life, a ladder projected downwards from progressing humanity for the use of climbing, undeveloped egos. The reincarnating human egos will reach higher, but not the races as such. Do you think that the species of infusoria, jelly-fishes, tigers, or even apes, will ever — even by the keenest 'natural selection' and struggle for existence — develop humanhood? No. Those species, and all the species at present in the animal-world, are only ladders of life, projected from our human host of entities when it passed through the Animal Kingdom. These will never reach above the Animal Kingdom as species, but each climbing entity or spark of life will in time become human.

Here it is possible to give only hints. I must recommend to you to study the subject of evolution further in our Theosophical books.

But I have still a little more to say about the Kingdoms of Nature. In the Vegetable Kingdom the reascent towards Spirit began, as I said. Why then, did death proper appear just there? According to folk-lore elementals do not die, and crystals seem to last for ages. Deterioration is not death, although death follows it.

Death implies a transit, a rise to a more spiritual sphere of existence, and then reïmbodiment or a descent again into matter. It is an oscillation. Think of the Rhythmic Law, the Cyclic Law. Here is the Divine Impulse descending to lift the lower, the material,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

up towards Spirit. It takes on its load of inert, resistant matter. The two poles — Matter, Spirit — are at play, and an oscillation ensues. Matter falls back: death. But spirit carries its work forward by rebirth, reïmbodiment, renewed life. Were it not for the trick of death, spirit might be caught for ever in the grip of matter. And so it goes on in the same rhythmic manner through the Animal and the Human Kingdom, the way up the luminous arc of spiritual evolution to the Kingdom of Gods, where I suppose death is no more, although Rhythm continues to keep time.

Here are some other interesting features of our Kingdoms. I have already hinted that what existed as an evolutionary principle in a lower Kingdom is retained in the higher, where something new is added, namely, the special evolutionary principle of that higher Kingdom. For instance, motion and centered bodies are retained all through the Kingdoms after the second. A formative principle was added in the third, the Crystal Kingdom, and is retained in the succeeding higher. The same with the organic principle from the Vegetable Kingdom: it is retained in the Animal; and we know fairly well that the animal principle of *desire* is retained in the Human Kingdom. But what is especially interesting is, that the evolutionary principle is not *perfected* in the Kingdom where it arose, but in the next.

Attraction, for instance, is perfected into *cohesion* and *elasticity* in the next, the Crystal Kingdom. *Form* proper arose in the Crystal Kingdom, but is only perfected in the Vegetable or Flower Kingdom, which is the Kingdom of perfected form. *Instinct* is the evolutionary principle of the Vegetable Kingdom, guiding organic growth, and it is perfected first in the Animal, where it acts even outside the organism: think, for instance, of the bees.

The animal evolutionary principle, the *desire* of the animals, is held down by their instinct, but with us humans the power of desire has grown a thousandfold and dominates our every-day life and thoughts. The power even of *free motion*, belonging to the animal evolutionary principle, man has stretched, without limit yet, far outside his own body. Think, for instance, of telegraphy, the speed of an airplane, or of a bullet from a gun. It always needs the help of a higher principle to give full swing, so to say, to the lower; this is a law. And this is why, in the slavery of thought to desire, the latter performs stupendous and dire wonders. You will not find the

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE

perfect animal in the Animal Kingdom. *Man is the perfect animal.*

According to the same law — and here is the crux of my meaning — the perfect man, the ideal man, is not possible in the Human Kingdom. He can win Reality only in the Kingdom of Heaven, in the Kingdom of Gods.

Now an important thing more, and another Law: if we examine the different kingdoms closely, we shall find that certain things must be, and are, *conquered* before a higher Kingdom is able to manifest. They are brought over to the higher kingdom, then *subdued*. Now comes the difficult thing, and it needs your special attention to follow me: what is conquered or subdued for the bringing about of a new Kingdom, is not the evolutionary principle of the nearest preceding Kingdom, but the one that arose in the Kingdom one step further back, and which has been *perfected* in the nearest preceding Kingdom. To present it in other words: the new impulse, the evolutionary principle of a kingdom is, as said before, *perfected* in the next Kingdom, but in that which follows thereafter it is *conquered and subdued*.

For instance, regular, fixed *form* is the evolutionary principle of the Crystal Kingdom, and it is in the next Kingdom perfected in its flowers; but in the then following, the Animal Kingdom, form is broken and subdued to allow free motion. *Instinct* arose in the Vegetable Kingdom, became perfected in the animal, and is conquered in the Human by thought: alas, our desires are not regulated by instinct; this is weak in us. And here comes what is important to us: *Desire* arose in the Animal Kingdom, was perfected into conscious selfishness, into passion, a formidable power in the Human Kingdom. To enter the Kingdom of Heaven we must conquer and subdue the principle of desire, because such is the Law I have now exemplified.

The accomplished success, the final victory, is never found in the Human Kingdom, because it is only the new Divine impulse, the descent into our hearts of the inner god, the evolutionary principle of the Kingdom of Heaven, that is mighty enough to accomplish that work. Yet, on our present rung of the Ladder of Life we must make the start, if we are ever to rise to the next. “Repent ye; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.” The *reformation* must begin in the Human Kingdom.

And in the silence of meditation we shall receive the new Divine

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

impulse, the power to overcome. Meditation is the conversion from personality to the god within; it is to enter on the 'Straitened Way.' We may follow that Way, we may meditate diligently for years and years without being able to find and 'enter in by the narrow gate' that opens into the Kingdom of Heaven — but eventually the moment arrives. For Nature works in epochs.

And when the moment comes, we know it. When we love our enemies, we have begun.

THE JEWEL OF ATLANTIS

PAUL LANDOR

I

HOW like an insensible somnambulist is puny man, hovering, all unconscious, above what horrors of the psychic abyss! The thought passed like a dark refrain through the mind of Thor Inglesant as he sensed the cumulative despair of his friend's narrative.

The two men were sitting before a cheerful wood-fire in the living-room of Inglesant's New York apartment. The great explorer, a man still in the thirties, very tall, and handsome in a spare, rugged fashion, had just returned from a protracted trip into the hinterland of South America. And almost his first experience at home was this visit from his beloved young friend the novelist, Julian Vaughan, who had rushed in this evening in a state of nervous excitement very disquieting in one with his usual sanity of temperament.

Now, after an hour of confidential talk that had been mellowed by Inglesant's wise sympathy as well as the heartening influence of rare Brazilian mocha and cigars, the explorer said:

"You are right in thinking the situation very serious, Julian. Still, I believe we can cope with it. I shall certainly make it my one aim in life to scotch this thing — believe me! So comfort yourself, old fellow. But first there are a number of things I must be quite clear about. Where did you pick up this trinket?"

"In Lima, just after we separated there last year. In a dingy little shop near the Cathedral."

"Describe it for me again, but very accurately, please."

The palely alert face of the young novelist settled into yet grimmer lines.

THE JEWEL OF ATLANTIS

“Well,” he began, “it is flat and thick; about an inch and a half square, and carved from some transparent emerald-green mineral. It has an extraordinary vitality of feel and color. The first time I picked it up from the battered tray where it had been tossed with a lot of cheap trash I noticed after a moment the almost electric warmth it seemed to give off to my hand. It has been cut to a sort of portrait in relief, the head and chest of a singular being. I use the word ‘being,’ Thor, because it is too strange to be called a man, and too strangely human somehow to be regarded as a mere bit of mythological symbolism. And it is intensely individual for all its strangeness. The face is narrow and oblong, and although all the features but the deep-sunken eyes and the flaring nostrils have been worn away, there still lingers a look of specific power and intelligence. It was this quality that gave the jewel its peculiar interest and I believe decided me to buy it.”

“Was there anything carved on it — any symbol or design?” asked Inglesant anxiously.

“Yes, on the back a geometrical figure can still be faintly seen, a circle within a square; and at the center of this the ansated cross is deeply engraved. The head is crownèd with what looks like a circlet of flames. Here a small opening appears and through this I ran a platinum chain set with tiny emeralds.”

“But wasn’t it a strange gift for your sister? I’ve never met her of course, but I think you told me once that she is considerably younger than you are.”

“Yes, she’s just twenty. But Dariel is an uncommon girl. For instance, she is keenly interested in the new chemistry and dabbles in that, besides taking a vivid interest in psychic research, and a number of other things that most girls of today would regard as ridiculous. And she has a power of discriminating intelligence that is remarkable in such a young person. Another girl might have preferred a gift of something conventionally artistic or precious, but not Dariel. The gift immediately had a curious fascination for her. Here is a pocket-miniature she had painted for my last birthday.”

Inglesant looked long and with a heavy heart at the miniature of the beautiful girl — primitively beautiful, like an archaic goddess, he thought, strayed into the modern world. Thick tresses lay close about her classic head as if carven of massy gold. Long

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

violet eyes with curling lashes, and features full-molded yet chiselled delicately — all these gave her a look of still, golden power, very simple and pure.

Inglesant returned the painting to his friend with a sigh.

“And you say,” he went on with his questioning, “that from the time she began to wear this jewel curious changes began to develop in her character? If you don’t mind going into these a little more in detail it will help me to check up in a way I will explain later.”

The younger man appeared to brace himself for an ordeal while Inglesant gazed with impersonal aloofness at the delicate blue spirals from his cigar.

“Just at first,” Julian began finally, “they weren’t so noticeable. Then, gradually, from being rather shy and retiring and fond of studious pursuits as I told you, she developed a craze for the gayest of the younger set. And she became terribly selfish. Of course Dariel has always had the natural wilfulness of youth, but she was always easily enough guided by anyone she loved. But now there seemed no end to her extravagant demands. Our step-mother Helene adores her. Helene is enormously wealthy and very generous, but even she was put to it to keep pace with Dariel’s extravagant parties and her wild escapades. It was all so out of character. Helene and I were utterly bewildered by this sudden, unaccountable change.”

“I see. And what was her attitude towards you through all this? Did that alter?”

“Yes, that was one of the strangest symptoms. Dariel and I have always been very close, on account of being orphans I suppose. No brother and sister were ever better companions or more congenial than we had always been. But she suddenly turned a cold shoulder to me and seemed to drop me out of her life entirely. And then one day something terribly queer happened — it was the first thing that made me really suspect something abnormal. I caught her furtively looking at me. It was just a glance but it froze me with a dreadful fright. I can’t get away from it, Thor.”

Inglesant leaned forward, his face tense and suddenly a little pale.

“Describe that look to me — be as accurate as a camera!” he demanded.

“Oh, I don’t know,” and Julian shuddered slightly. “Something

THE JEWEL OF ATLANTIS

dark, fierce, incredibly ancient and menacing! Why, you know, Thor, it was just as if the face on the jewel had come to life and looked at me, secretly, out of Dariel's eyes." And he suddenly hid his face in his hands.

The explorer had dropped back in his chair and now nodded to himself while a line of stark satisfaction tightened his lips. Then he reached over and laid a firm hand on Julian's knee.

"Who was the Hebrew king, do you remember, who said to Elijah: 'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?' And the prophet replied: 'I have found thee, because thou hast sold thyself to work evil.' Julian, I have heard about this jewel! — how and when must be for later. But now tell me the rest so that I may begin to lay plans that will not fail."

Julian stirred restlessly in his chair as perforce he resumed his narrative.

"A little while later came another change, and it was the evidence of this that made me thank the gods when I saw by the headline in the paper this morning that you had returned to New York."

"This last change, I take it, was more in the nature of a physical alteration," suggested Inglesant.

"Why yes, but how did you guess? It was exactly that. Her voice altered. It has always had a very warm musical quality, soft and full. But now it became coarse and heavy and occasionally her words seem to run together, so that I can hardly understand her."

"Anything else?" as Julian hesitated.

"Indeed yes — the worst of all. For her very body is transforming. It has become thick and gross. Sanna even tells me that horrible dark patches, like the skin of an African negress have appeared about her waist. O, good God, Thor! what in Heaven's name —"

"Steady on, old man! It's going to be clear sailing after just a little while. And everything now depends upon your keeping a firm hold over yourself and the situation. So buck up! And now tell me, who is Sanna?"

"She is our old colored nurse, practically all the mother that poor Dariel has known."

Inglesant leaned forward eagerly.

"That's strange!" he ejaculated. "What type of negress is she? — out of the ordinary in any way?"

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

“Yes, she is, Thor. She’s a fine and faithful creature, perhaps because she is the direct descendant of African kings. We have among our family papers an attested document from the slaver who first offered her grandparents for sale. And in her character and bearing she has every mark of a true aristocrat.”

“This is certainly the hand of destiny, Julian. It is all exactly as it should be. Tell me, how has Sanna reacted to all this?”

“Oh, if I had only taken her advice in the very beginning, Thor! She burst in on me while I was shaving the morning after I had given the jewel to Dariel. She raved at me for giving it her — called it a ‘devil-face’ and demanded that I drown it in the sea or I’d regret it to the last day of my life. If only I had not been such a blind fool I would have saved all this misery and horror!”

“No!” snapped Inglesant. “*No!* It is the best kind of luck that you didn’t do that. It wouldn’t have helped in the long run. For this is no ordinary fetish. There’s probably never been anything quite like it on earth since the unholy days of Atlantis.”

“But Thor — for God’s sake, what is it — ”

“I won’t — I can’t tell you the story till later. Let’s get ahead — the only thing that counts now is time. So listen to me carefully, Julian, and get every one of my directions absolutely straight and clear. We are dealing with something — *something*, old man, so wily and powerful that if you don’t follow me to the letter I don’t believe it will be possible to save your sister.”

II

The June day had been perfect, a flawless drop spilled from the chalice of midsummer. Dariel and Julian with their guest, the famous traveler Thor Inglesant, sat at dinner in a sort of belvedere of white marble built out from Mrs. Vaughan’s Long Island palace to overhang the Sound. A lingering sunset glow suffused sky and water with tints of Paradise and their airy pavilion shimmered like a chamber of pearl.

Julian managed to carry off his part of genial and care-free host with admirable self-composure. For had not all his invisible and secret arrangements been successful, even to bringing about the absence of his matter-of-fact step-mother for a few days? And the dinner so far had gone well. Dariel had kept the conversational ball glittering in the air by her insatiable and ruthless curiosity as

THE JEWEL OF ATLANTIS

to Inglesant's travels and the many adventures in the realms of the occult which the newspapers ascribed to him.

Just before the last course Inglesant had remarked casually upon the curious gem which Miss Vaughan was wearing. Without a word Julian leaned over, snapped open the clasp that secured the chain, and before Dariel could speak the jewel lay in Inglesant's hand.

There followed a pause in which she displayed an almost uncontrollable uneasiness and even made as if she would snatch it from him. But Inglesant prevented this by closing the jewel lightly in his hand to get, as he said, "the feel of it." Then he continued, still holding it close:

"I wonder if you know that this jewel is unique? — a hoary relic from prehistoric times. It is a tradition among some of the remoter South American tribes. I happened to run across its story — perhaps you would like to hear it?"

At this point Caesar, the colored butler, appeared with a salver on which three tiny goblets holding a ruby liquid winked rosily. It exhaled a delightful fragrance as of some celestial attar.

"This," said Julian turning to Dariel, "is Thor's contribution to our party. It is a rare cordial, the secret of which he learned from a peculiar tribe in the Andes. It comes quite easily under the Volstead act, Dariel," he laughingly added, "so we can drink to our deeper friendship with a clear conscience."

To the intense relief of the two anxious conspirators Dariel sipped the rosy liquid with delight, and even took her brother's share which he had been warned not to more than touch with his lips. Its effect upon her soon became apparent. Her intense restlessness gradually abated. The boisterous animation which had given her talk a racy and repellent brilliance died down. Julian, as he watched her secretly, noted with joy the slow, beautiful change that came over her features. Her natural golden serenity and sweetness began to emerge, like the writing on an exquisite palimpsest, as the dark lineaments of the nameless evil slowly broke, and melted, and all but vanished. She sighed deeply and leaned back in her chair.

Then Inglesant told his story.

"I may not tell you very much about the Indians themselves because, while my discovery of them appeared to be accidental, my stay with them was under the strictest pledges of secrecy about all

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

their own concerns. It was the Chief Priest who told me about this fetish, which is known as 'The Jewel of Atlantis.' It seems that in the immemorial days of the Sorcerer-kings of Atlantis, one of the last and wickedest of them — a black magician who well knew that his days of power were numbered, and that as a lost soul he must in the ordinary course of death descend into eternal darkness — this ancient sorcerer fashioned with diabolical wizardry this jewel. At the heart of it he sealed a minute phial within which he had fixed a speck of the *liquor vitæ* of which Paracelsus speaks, his own individual, nervous essence. Not only that, but this gem cannot be destroyed except in one very peculiar manner."

Dariel was listening with dilated eyes. Inglesant, leaning towards her, offered his own glass of cordial.

"Drink it all," he said persuasively, as she raised it to her lips.

"This drop of *liquor vitæ*," he went on, "made a link which has connected, all down the ages, the magician of Atlantis with this earth-life. By means of it he was able to keep intact his wicked, psychological *eidolon*, or astral form, which otherwise would long ago have perished, wiped out by the processes of beneficent Nature. As soon as someone wore the jewel he could obtain possession of the personality of that hapless victim, and so live by proxy and satisfy his powerful and evil propensities."

Inglesant had been secretly watching Dariel who seemed strangely to listen with some inner sense while her body relaxed more and more.

"The High Priest," continued the narrator, "told me that his tribe has inherited the job of destroying this jewel and so cutting off all connexion between the sorcerer of Atlantis and any more living victims. This tribe of Indians, whose origins stretch back into the dawn of time, has been trying for ages to get hold of and destroy this baleful gem, which is a deadly menace to the souls of all over whom the still living astral-magician has obtained dominance. It is, I understand, not so much that the magic which protects it is of the most secret and powerful kind, for the wise men of the tribe have been intensively trained for the purpose of coping with that. The difficulty has been that those who have worn it heretofore have always been so evil themselves that to free them from its influence and destroy it has been impossible. But now for the first time it has fallen into the hands of purity and virtue —"

THE JEWEL OF ATLANTIS

He turned towards Dariel and, calling her name in a low voice, fixed his eyes with a deep impersonal benignity upon hers.

“Will you consent that I draw this influence from out your being, dear child, and break its power forever?”

Suddenly, as he asked the question, a strange green twilight like the shadow that sometimes goes before a tropical storm, enveloped the group. As it swelled over them Dariel struggled wildly to her feet.

“Yes — Yes! *Yes!* she shrieked in anguished extremity. “Save me from it! — save me — ”

Thor caught her gently as life itself seemed to desert her sinking form.

III

It was close upon midnight when Inglesant summoned his two helpers. A wide corridor ran across one end of the spacious solarium above Dariel's living-rooms. The trio now stood near the door of this apartment in a final, almost a ‘mouth to ear,’ consultation.

“You are absolutely certain, ”just breathed Inglesant, “that there isn't a servant in the house to spy upon us?”

“Nary a one,” whispered old Sanna. “Like I tole yo', dey is all clean gone on a week-end vacation, dem niggahs. An' ole but'l Caes' Tomlinson he on de watch outside de locked do' down stairs. We safe's we can be, nohow.”

“Fine! Now I want you both to bear in mind two things. First, I will save Dariel if nothing in this world opposes me. Second, you had both better know that I was given a mission to break this evil power — not only to save Dariel, but so to wipe out the psychic link by which this deadly creature fastens itself upon its victims that never again can it work its fatal will upon a human soul. Do you both get me? . . . All right. Now, having said this, have I your absolute trust?”

Both his hearers nodded emphatically.

“Good again! Now I must demand silence. At every moment we will be in danger of our lives, or worse. No matter what happens, trust me — and keep an unbroken silence. Do not speak — do not utter a sound! Do you understand? And are you certain you will obey me?”

Julian nodded again.

“So help me Gawd!” whispered Sanna.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Inglesant glanced at her and a ripple of uncertainty disturbed his expression.

“But come,” he then said, “we haven’t a moment to spare. Let’s get to work,” and opening the door, he entered the solarium and his companions followed him into the wide square room.

In a far corner a standard-lamp burned dimly beside an empty couch. Close to the center of the room, where a thick woolen blanket had been spread on the floor, Dariel’s still form lay like a recumbent statue. What feeble light there was seemed gathered into that prone loveliness of ivory and gold. Encircling her there had been traced on the marble floor a wide geometrical figure repeating the design on the back of the jewel, a circle within a square. At the exact center of the floor and close beside Dariel’s head had been painted in some phosphorescent green material a large ansated cross, which glimmered uncannily in the dimness. A small tripod above a spirit-lamp stood at the junction of the circle with the cross, and on the tripod rested a bronze bowl. Standing near was a large flower-pot filled with damp earth.

Inglesant motioned them within the figure. Then, taking what looked like a large pencil of yellow chalk from his pocket he traced around the outside of the square a six-pointed star, leaving one point unfinished. From this line traced by the stick there now rose a star-shaped veil of misty radiance like the gleam of light from dull virgin gold, broken only at one place, where the point of the star had been left open.

Sanna seated herself at Dariel’s feet and Julian stood on the other side of her tranced form. From an inner pocket Inglesant drew the jewel and detaching it from its chain laid it in the bronze bowl. Then he sat down close to Dariel’s head and fixed his eyes upon her.

A pall of silence fell over the watchers.

Two pairs of eyes fixed unwaveringly upon Inglesant saw that his lips moved and Julian divined that he repeated over and over again, with an ever-deepening fixity of will, some mantram or magic formula.

Minutes passed and nothing happened. Then, slowly, whisperingly, like the sibilance of a jungle-hidden python uncoiling from sleep, a bodiless presence drew out of the invisible cavities of the

THE JEWEL OF ATLANTIS

air. Julian sickened at the core of him with its icy menace; Sanna shook like a withered leaf, but neither moved a muscle.

Inglesant stirred, arousing Julian by a swift, pre-arranged gesture. After a second or two Julian forced his nerves to obedience. He stooped, and lifting Dariel in his arms bore her quickly out of the star-figure at the point where it had been left unfinished. At his heels came Inglesant who, instantly, when Julian had cleared the diagram, completed the sixth point of the star with his yellow stick, while Julian laid Dariel on the couch and seated himself before it.

There was now a complete six-pointed barrier of golden light shutting out Dariel and Julian, shutting Sanna and Inglesant into the magic figure. And there between them brooded a bodiless will, invisible, watchful, malignant.

Inglesant now beckoned to Sanna. She wavered to him and held her bony arm above the bronze bowl on the tripod. Inglesant with a tinder-spark set alight a violet flame underneath. Afterward with quick, skilful movements he drew from the faithful creature just enough blood to cover the jewel lying at the bottom of the bowl. This done, he quickly cared for the wound and helped Sanna to the blanket where Dariel had lain. Before turning away he gave her a phial which held a quantity of the ruby cordial. Sanna had just raised it to her lips when a shattering howl, bestial and desolate, tore the silence. The hot, thick air rocked and shuddered. Gradually, out of this monstrous travail, something of sinister portent came into dark visibility. From the bronze bowl there ascended a sickly vapor and the purr of boiling liquid, while above it hung a loathsome horror that writhed and palpitated.

Behind Inglesant, whose whole attention was concentrated upon this menace, Sanna half rose from the floor and stared with insane terror at the mortal throes of her enemy. Suddenly all movement ceased, as if with one desperate effort the Evil ingathered its waning energies. An instant, and it made a dark rush toward the point of the star beyond which Dariel lay. Sanna gave a smothered shriek and sprang to throw herself into its path, upsetting the tripod. The bronze bowl rolled over and from it there oozed a few drops of pale viscous fluid upon the marble floor.

Inglesant remained like a rock, eyes and will set upon the straining spectre beyond. Julian could see him there above the lambent glow, erect, pale, powerful, like an avenging archangel. This horrid

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

shape, chained by his will from the center and checked by the boundaries of its mystic prison, shuddered slowly, slowly downward and melted at last into the surrounding night.

Inglesant now turned to Sanna and kneeling beside her put his ear against her heart. Finally he gathered the poor shrunken form into his arms and replaced it reverently on the blanket. After that he threw the earth from the flower-pot over the stain on the floor, and rubbing the two substances well together, he scraped the floor, washed it, and put everything connected with the ceremonial — tripod, bowl, and water — into the big flower-pot, working them into the muddy soil.

And now the misty gold of the six-pointed star sank and died out. Inglesant spoke to Julian: "Better carry your sister down to her own room now and make her comfortable. She may sleep till evening. Then come back here."

Julian obeyed, and while he was gone Inglesant took the flower-pot down by an outside stairway into the garden. It was still dark but he knew exactly where to go. In a sort of dingle he found a deep hole prepared and here he buried the flower-pot with its contents and, filling the hole, stamped the immemorial Evil into oblivion.

When he re-entered the sun-room he found Julian bent above Sanna's form.

"Thor!" he cried, "she's dead. I thought she had only fainted."

"Yes, Julian. You remember I warned you both to be silent? A few moments sooner and the whole thing would have failed. I would never have brought Sanna into it, but her negro blood and her love and close psychic sympathy with Dariel were the nearest I could come to the only conditions under which this fetish could have been destroyed. I had arranged with her to take a good dose of the cordial and thus put her out of danger, but she took fright and spilled it. Even so, if she had only sprung at It nothing like this need have happened. But she cried out and through that It recognised her physical presence — see!"

He pointed to a spot on Sanna's neck as he said: "Don't grieve, dear boy — you may be sure that Sanna herself is satisfied. Greater love hath no man than this — grand old Sanna!"

Julian saw, through his tears, on the skin just below her ear a curious mark, like a brand. As he bent nearer he recognised it for a tiny, distinctly imprinted, ansated cross.

WE SHALL KNOW!

EDITH B. FELTON

HOW shall we know our loved ones when we meet
In that far distant time when once again we are reborn?
New countries and new climes, new nations and another age
will then be ours.
How shall we know?

Within the silent chambers of the Heart
Where all the beauty and the good of bygone lives is stored,
Where memory lies; where all that ever was or is or shall be
dwells within:
There we shall know.

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

Lucius Annaeus Seneca

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

TRANSLATION BY G. DE PURUCKER, D. LITT.

BOOK VII — XXVI

(1) "Through the stars," he says, "we do not discern what lies beyond, but our vision pierces through comets." In the first place, if this happens, it does not happen in that part where the orb itself is of a thick and condensed fire, but where a transparent brilliance pours forth and is scattered about like a mane: thou seest through the intervals of the fires, not through the fires themselves. "Stars," he says, "are all round; comets are lengthened; from which it appears that they are not stars." Now who concedes to thee the point that comets are long (*bodies*)? Indeed, their form, like that of the other orbs, is a sphere; further, radiant splendor is emitted (*from them*). Just as the sun sends forth its rays far and wide; and, further, its own form is one, and that of the light which flows from it is another: thus the body itself of comets is rounded, but its brilliance appears longer than that of other orbs.

XXVII

(1) "Why?" thou askest. Tell me first why the moon receives light most dissimilar to the sun though it receives (*it*) from the sun;

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

why sometimes it grows reddish and sometimes pales; why its color is livid and gloomy when it is shut off from direct vision of the sun.

(2) Tell me why all the stars, as among themselves, have to a certain degree a dissimilar appearance, exceedingly divergent (*from that*) of the sun. Just as nothing prevents these (*the stars*) from being orbs, although they are not similar, thus nothing prevents comets from being everlasting and having the same destiny as the other orbs, even if they have not a similar appearance.

(3) What more? The world itself, if thou considerest it, is it not built up out of diverse elements? Why is it that in Leo the sun is always hot and parches the earth with fervent heats, and in Aquarius makes the winter colder and locks up the streams by frost? Yet the latter and the former constellation are both of the same nature, though in effect and in quality they be dissimilar. Within a very short time Aries is risen, but Libra takes a very long time: and yet both the latter and the former are of the same nature, though the former ascends (*above the horizon*) within a small space of time, and the latter is raised in a longer time.

(4) Seest thou not how opposite the elements are as among themselves? They are heavy and light, cold and hot, moist and dry: all this harmony of the world is established out of discordant things. Dost thou deny that a comet is a star because its form answers not to pattern and that it is not similar to others (*stars*)? What! Is the (*star-planet*) that every thirtieth year is turned back to its (*former*) place very similar to this (*other*) that within a year returns to its seat?

(5) Nature does not execute its work by following one form, but delights in variety itself: some things she has made greater, some speedier, than others; some more powerful, some more calm; some things has she raised above the multitude, that they might, alone and conspicuously, pursue their path; and some has she sent to be a flock. He is ignorant of Nature's power, who thinks that she has no freedom of action at times, except what she has made most frequently.

(6) She does not often show forth comets; she has assigned to them another place and other times, and movements dissimilar to others; she has desired to adorn the immensity of her own work by them, whose appearance is too beautiful for thee to think it fortuitous — whether thou consider their magnitude, or their splendor

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

which is greater and more ardent than in others (*orbs*); indeed, their form possesses something extraordinary and matchless, not collected together and contracted within narrow bounds, but freely dispersed, and encompassing the field of many stars.

XXVIII

(1) *Aristotle says that comets signify calamity, and excess of winds and rains.* What! Dost thou judge that it is not an orb because it announces the future? It is not, indeed, a sign of calamity in the manner that coming rains (*are announced*)

when the oil flashes (in the lamp) and ill-smelling fungus forms in clusters, (Vergil. Georg., i. 392)

or in the manner that the prognostic of an angry sea (*is announced*)

if *sea-coots play on the dry sand, and the heron
Deserts the well-known swamps and soars above the lofty cloud;*
(Vergil, *Georg.*, i, 363-364)

but just as the equinox is (*a sign*) of the (*coming*) heat and cold of the turning year; just as are those things which Chaldaeans (*astrologers*) predict — what unfortunate or happy event a star may prepare for those in birth.

(2) That thou mayest know this to be so, a comet does not threaten immediate high winds and rains, as Aristotle says, but makes the entire year suspected; from which it appears that it would not cause the events that the constellations have drawn forth out of the last (*event*) to the next, but that it has (*its courses of action*) stored up and comprised in the laws of the world. The comet that appeared when Paterculus and Vopiscus were consuls, caused the things that were predicted by Aristotle and Theophrastus, for there were immense and continual calamities everywhere: indeed, in Achaia and Macedonia, cities were overthrown by an earthquake.

XXIX

(1) "Their slowness," he says, "is a proof that they are quite heavy, and have much earthy matter in them; moreover, their paths (*are another proof*), for generally they are driven to the (*four*) quarters." Both are false. I will first speak of the former. What? Are things which are borne along more slowly, heavy? Why so? Is the star of Saturn, which of all most lingeringly pursues its path, heavy?

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

But, in fact, it has proof of its lightness, because it is placed above the others.

(2) "But," thou sayest, "it circles around in a larger orbit, nor does it advance more slowly than the others, but for a greater distance." Let it occur to thee that thou canst say the same to me with respect to comets, even if their course be slower; but it is a falsehood that they advance more lingeringly, for the last one, (*in Nero's time, as mentioned before*) before the sixth month, had passed over half of the sky, and the former one (*the Claudian*) withdrew within a very few months.

(3) "But they are borne downwards more greatly because they are heavy." In the first place, that which is carried around circularly is not borne downwards; next, the last one (*that seen in Nero's reign*) began its movement out of the north, and passing through the western parts, reached the southern parts, and then elevating its course, vanished. But the other, the Claudian, first seen in the north, ceased not to be borne along a straight line constantly higher, until it departed. *These are the facts pertaining to comets which have influenced either others or myself*: whether they be true or not, the gods know, to whom belongs knowledge of truth: to us it is only allowed to investigate them, and to advance by conjecture into secret matters, without either an assurance of discovering (*the truth*) yet not without hope.

XXX

(1) Admirably does Aristotle say that never should we be more diffident than in matters concerning the gods. If we enter temples, (*we do so in a frame of mind*) composed; if we enter upon a sacrifice, we lower our faces, we draw together the toga; if in any argument, we are trained to moderation: how much more must we do this when we treat of the heavenly orbs, of their nature, of the stars, lest thoughtlessly, lest imprudently, being either ignorant we assert, or having knowledge we mislead?

(2) *Nor let us wonder that the things which lie so high above are explained so tardily.* Panaetius and those who desire that a comet be held to be not a real (ordinarium — *according to rule or nature*) orb but a false appearance of an orb, should be diligently discussed, whether equally every part of the year be sufficiently suitable for bringing comets forth; whether every region of the sky, in which they are produced, be fit (*for them*); whether they can be perceived

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

wheresoever they go; and other matters which are raised in a body when I say that they are not fortuitous fires but interwoven with the world, which the latter not frequently brings forth, but moves them in secret.

(3) How many things besides these (*fires — comets*) advance through secret places, and never arise to human eyes? Nor has god made all things for man. How large a part of such a great work is intrusted to us? He who manages these things, who has fashioned (*them*), who has founded all this and has placed it about himself — the greatest and the best part of his own work — escapes our eyes, but can be perceived in meditation.

(4) Moreover, many entities, kindred of the supreme divinity and allotted an allied power, are indistinctly (*seen*); or, perhaps — which thou mayest the more marvel at — they both infill our eyes and escape them, whether their subtilty is so great that human sight cannot comprehend it, or whether such majesty and its realm lie hid in holiest retirement: that is, it draws its own boundaries, and permits no access to itself except to the mind. What this (*divine ens*) may be, without which nothing is, we cannot know: and do we marvel if we know but slightly some small fires, when the greatest (*i. e., the most august*) part of the world — god — is hid? How many living things have we become acquainted with, for the first time, in this age! Verily, how many affairs in it (*have we known*) not! The people of the coming age will know many things unknown to us: many things are reserved even then for the ages to be, when the memory of us shall have passed away. An age is an insignificant thing, unless every other age have part in that which it seeks for. Not all at once are certain holy matters delivered: Eleusis keeps back, so that it may show to those who come more than once: the nature of things delivers not its holy matters all at one time; we believe ourselves initiates: we remain fixed in its fore-court: those arcane mysteries lie open neither in common nor to all: they are drawn within and are locked within the inner sanctuary; out of them this age will discern one thing, another thing the age that will come after ourselves.

XXXI

(1) When, then, will these matters be brought to our attention? Great things come to pass slowly, especially if exertion be deficient. That one thing which we pursue with all our mind we have not yet

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

completed — that we should become the worst (*of men*): up till now vices have been in development: luxury discovers (*always*) something new over which it may rave; shamelessness lights upon some new reproach to itself: the dissoluteness of delights, and decay, discover something still softer and more delicate by which they may perish.

(2) We have not yet sufficiently flung away all our vigor: whatever still remains of decent conduct (*in us*) we are extinguishing by levity and by the furbishing of (*our*) bodies; we excel the elegance of women: we assume the meretricious fashions with which matrons deck themselves out but which are unfit for a man; we check our pace with soft and mincing gait: we do not walk — we move with dainty steps; we decorate our fingers with rings — we put a gem at every knuckle.

(3) Daily we devise (*something*) that may damage our manhood, in order to degrade it, since it cannot be stripped off: this one cuts away his genitals; this other flees to the obscene part of play, and hired out, is equipped for an infamous death; even the indigent chooses that by which he may practise his own vice.

XXXII

(1) Dost thou marvel if *Wisdom has not yet completed its work? Profligacy has not as yet revealed itself fully.* As yet, it is in birth, and all of us bestow attention upon it: to it our eyes, our hands, are subject; who follows after wisdom? Who judges it to be worthy, except what he may know of it by the way? Who looks to philosophy or to any liberal study except when the games have been deferred, or when some rainy day intervenes which one is willing to lose?

(2) Hence, so many schools of the philosophers have failed, being without a successor: the Academies, both the old and the new, left no leader. Who is it who can hand on the precepts of Pyrrho? That Pythagoric school, invidious to the crowd, lighted upon no teacher. The new sect of Sextius (*an eclectic Pythagoric philosopher, contemporary with Iulius Caesar and greatly admired by Seneca*), of Roman vigor, though it attained great recognition at its beginning, is extinct.

(3) But what great solicitude is expended lest the name of some pantomime actor be lost! The schools of Pylades (*a renowned Cilian pantomime, under Augustus*) and of Bathyllus (*another panto-*

JULIAN THE APOSTLE

mimic of Alexandria, celebrated greatly, favorite of Maecenas, rival of Pylades) still stand firm through their successors: of these arts there are many disciples and many teachers: the private stages all over the city resound; on them men, on them women, caper about; husbands and wives contend between themselves which one of the two will give them intimacy; then, when their forehead has for some time been rubbed under the mask, it is transferred to the helmet: but for philosophy there is no solicitude.

(4) So that actually nothing at all is discovered of those matters which the ancients left insufficiently investigated, just as many things which had been found out are forgotten: and, by Hercules! if we were to pursue this thing (*philosophy*) with all our faculties; if sober youth were to devote itself to it; if the elders were to teach it and the younger were to learn it: scarcely would one come to the bottom where truth lies, which we now seek for on the surface and with trifling hand.

THE END

JULIAN THE APOSTLE A Fourth-Century History

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

XII

AFTERMATH

THE new Emperor, Jovian, reigned only seven months. After burying the body of Julian at Tarsus, he went on towards Constantinople, and soon died. The excellent Sallust was chosen Emperor to succeed him. But he, wise man, declared that he was too old for such a responsibility. His son, then? No, he was too young. Finally the army decided on Valentinian, a great soldier but illiterate. He accepted.

Within a month Valentinian made his brother Valens co-Emperor. Valens was given the Eastern Empire while Valentinian ruled Europe. In reality, Valens was hardly fitted for the position. He had not been brought up as a soldier or an organizer and was a far weaker character than his brother. But the strangest part of the combination was that Valentinian was an orthodox Athanasian Christian, while Valens was an Arian, parties always ready to cut each

other's throats figuratively when not actually. The Athanasian chroniclers are naturally severe in their condemnation of the cruelty of Valens towards the Athanasians — it is not easy to hew history to its due proportions when written by factionists — but probably there was something in their complaint. Both Athanasians and Arians were men of their time, cruel to each other when opportunity arose. But both were 'Christians' and thus both persecuted the adherents of the old gods when they thought it desirable.

There is a curious tale told. From the genuine oracles of the greater gods there were innumerable degrees of divination down to the merest catch-penny predictions with no gods back of them at all. The average chronicler had no means of knowing just what oracles were reliable and which were mere hocus-pocus. All he knew was that sometimes they were remarkable. As told by one who was neither a partisan nor too credulous, the tale runs that at Antioch there was an imperial notary named Theodorus, a man of reputation, birth, and education, but young. A band of designing men persuaded him that they were men of great learning and experts in divination and prediction. To ascertain who should succeed Valens in the Empire, they erected a tripod of divination which was to reveal in a secret manner what should happen in the future. The letters *Theod* soon appeared in the tripod and this was of course read to mean that Theodorus was to become Emperor after Valens. Theodorus became so involved in these follies that he continually ran after jugglers and sorcerers, consulting them as to the future. Finally he was denounced to the Emperor and duly punished.

Oddly enough, in 379, Theodosius became Emperor of the East after Valens, and as far as it went the oracle was amply justified.

But the incident, small in itself, led the way to a great oppression. Fortunatianus, the Emperor's Treasurer, ordered a soldier to be punished with the lash for practising sorcery. To save himself, the soldier accused others as his accomplices, whether they were so or not. Some of these were not subject to the Treasurer's jurisdiction and the case was taken before Moderatus, the Prefect of the Court. The Emperor was extremely incensed, suspecting all the most celebrated philosophers and men of learning, also some of the most distinguished men at court, of conspiracy against himself. Probably since Valentinian was illiterate, his brother Valens was also, and this anger may well have been partly due to jealousy

JULIAN THE APOSTLE

of more learned men than himself. Also, without doubt, there was sectarian fanaticism in it.

Being himself immune, the soldier accused people right and left, as did other informers. All the accused were imprisoned until the jailers declared that the cells would hold no more. The country roads were thronged with marching convoys of the accused until they resembled the congested streets of great cities. Their money, their property, their lives, were taken. The Christian Emperor's treasury grew fat on the proceeds. The wives, children, and dependents of the philosophers were left destitute.

The first philosopher of note who suffered was *Maximus*, the next was Hilarius of Phrygia, who had interpreted clearly some obscure oracles; after these, Simonides, Patricius the Lydian, and Andronicus of Caria, who were all men of extensive learning, and condemned more through envy than with any shadow of justice.

The bitterest accusation against Maximus was that he had been given monetary support by Julian.

A universal confusion was occasioned by these proceedings, which prevailed to such a degree that the informers, together with the rabble, would enter without control into the house of any person, pillage it of all they could find, and deliver the wretched proprietor to those who were appointed as executioners without suffering him to plead in his own justification. The leader of these wretches was a man named Festus, whom the Emperor, knowing his expertness in every species of cruelty, sent into Asia as Proconsul, that no person of learning might remain alive, and that his design might be accomplished. Festus therefore, leaving no place unsearched, killed all whom he found, without form of trial, and compelled the remainder to fly from their country.

Meanwhile the Age of the Fathers was fashioning and crystalizing and petrifying Western theology into the form which was to carry it down for the next fifteen centuries. Jerome, Augustine, Basil — the college friend of Julian — Gregory Nazianzen, Ambrose, John Chrysostom, to say nothing of Athanasius and even Cyril, all are names that write themselves large on the screen of ecclesiastical history of the half-century.

Of these only one interests us at the moment; Gregory of Nazianzus. We have met him as a young man at Athens University in the company of Basil and Julian. If the first characteristic of Basil was that he was a man of gentlemanly manners, Gregory's was that of a rather sour blusterer who often carried his point in

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

argument by his own prescription of 'words.' He even went so far as to make this a compliment to the second person of the Trinity who, as an abstraction, was called the 'Word.' But Gregory's words, though often convincing to his ignorant audiences on the spur of the moment, had no backbone, no heart, no base. He was very much the type of a park tub-thumper who convinces more by the torrent of his verbiage than by his reasoning.

"There is nothing so well calculated to deceive the people as verbiage," Gregory is said to have written to a friend. In another place he says, "It is well-fitting for us to return thanks to God in behalf of words."

After Julian's death, this Gregory thought it incumbent on him to attack the dead lion in a long wordy invective, which for centuries was regarded by partisans of one or the other as either seriously damaging, or a monument of reasoning, according to the point of view. In fact, it is neither; it is an excellent specimen, a hundred and twenty pages long, of the jugglery of words, full of sound and fury, meaning nothing. You can read diligently through the whole wilderness of words and find hardly half-a-dozen lines worthy of serious attention in the light of their avowed purpose, vilification of Julian. However, Gregory's harangue does give a few sidelights on the manner of man he himself was and, by inference, on the deep ignorance of his audience.

He appeals to the soul of the Great Constantius — a soul washed in the blood of most of his own family and a sprinkling of others' for good weight — though Gregory discreetly omits that. Gregory actually declares that Constantius ought to have murdered the baby Julian with the rest, and lest his audience should think he is only speaking rhetorically he repeats the pious sentiment more than once.

As a specimen of a preacher's argument of the day we can see how he speaks of the way in which Julian actually made some of the Christians restore what they had stolen from the destroyed temples. He talks of this as "submitting with joy to the robbery of their possessions" — this, fittingly enough, on the same page where he declares himself to be a master of words. The fact is, try as they might, neither Gregory nor Julian's bitterest enemies could find any accusation of evil or oppression against the latter. Gregory says so.

It is an interminable harangue, this *Invective against Julian*. But in the torrent of words Gregory manages to wrap up some very foul

JULIAN THE APOSTLE

calumnies in such a way as to convince his hearers and yet leave a loophole for his own escape, if challenged, by dragging in rumor and gossip. He goes so far as to say that Julian's oracles of the coming death of Constantius were not *foreknowledge* but *knowledge*, that Julian had arranged to poison Constantius on that date, through a trusty hand! Unfortunately for the argument the idea was not original. It was dangerous to Gregory's cause to suggest such a thing so soon after the death of Arius and the triumph of Athanasius; or was it the old trick of loudly accusing your enemy of doing what you yourself have done or are about to do? The Athanasians had not thought of producing an oracle previous to the death of Arius, in agony in the market-place of Constantinople — they had no oracles. But it would have been a good alibi if they had. Therefore when Julian does so, it is a proof of his cheating.

Gregory is positively dishonest in his political bias. He is obliged to mention the awful persecution of his own sect, the Athanasians, by Constantius, who favored the Arians. So he used the term "He *vexed us* a little"! A man who can so denature history is not to be trusted in anything said against a man he unreasonably hates. He even goes so far as to say that the Christian God was behind all the acts and deeds of Constantius!

Gregory's oratory carries him away into saying that Constantius had Julian caught in a net between his forces and then,

Alas for our wickedness! In the very middle of his march (Constantius) closes his mortal career, *after offering many excuses to God and man for his misplaced humanity* and having set an example to all Christians by his zeal of affection for the Faith!

This touching picture of Constantius praying for forgiveness for not having murdered the baby Julian with the rest did not seem to strike the congregation as peculiar in any way. C. W. King, the eminent translator of this sermon, says that in reality the dying Emperor, caring for nothing but his infant daughter and wife, publicly declared Julian his heir and successor, assured of their safety under his protection.

The Mithraic initiation is quoted against Julian as a terrible dealing with demons under the guidance of Maximus, who, by the way was quite as much of a saint as Gregory, and in the opinion of many, much more so. Julian is represented as quailing before the demons he challenged in the Mithraic cave and successfully making

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the sign of the cross to drive them away before facing them a second time. There is a curious suggestion in this garbled account of what was an inviolable secret. (How did Gregory know about it? His excuse of popular rumor will not hold water for the moment.) This is the Mithraic form of what was in another derived Mystery called the Temptation in the Wilderness, such as all *chrêsts* or neophytes had to pass through. And the talisman of the cross was used in the Mysteries thousands of years ago. Did Gregory know if this symbol was used in this particular connexion? The *Labarum* with its "In hoc signo vinces" — was it part of this ceremony, or only of others? Certainly the *Labarum* differs from the later adopted Roman cross, but so does the early Christian swastika-cross derived from India. There is extant a picture from a Roman catacomb showing a gravedigger who wears on his cloak the swastika as the Christian cross. This is one of the very earliest Christian representations of the cross.

Gregory either knows too much or too little. He describes Julian as being reborn in the Mysteries as a *magician* and therefore wicked, forgetting that his own ritual describes the physical birth of an Initiate as being honored by the holy magicians — or in the Latin form of the word, *magi*.

The pious trust of Gregory in the power of words — verbiage — leads him very far towards treating his audiences as possessing no intelligence whatever. He brings up Julian's greatest crime against the political Christians.

He will not make martyrs of them, thus depriving them of the greatest source of publicity! Let them suffer by being forbidden to speak, (Gregory himself would have burst if he had been muzzled for long!) but let them not have the *honor* of doing so. This was the wicked Julian's cruel device. Well, if Gregory could drag in no worse accusation than that, it seems regrettable that he should waste breath and ink in a hundred and twenty pages of pious vituperation!

Incidentally there was a very real grievance for some in Julian's refusing to make martyrs of certain of the worst of the anarchists. There were among them ignorant fanatics who really believed that if they could insult all law and authority and order, and behave in an impossible way against public interest, they had only to call themselves 'Christians' before being put out of the way to earn eternal

JULIAN THE APOSTLE

glory and a martyr's crown and the honors they could never attain on earth. Their courage was more admirable than their ignorance. To these insane seditionists it was a real hardship to find that they could in no way get themselves 'martyred'! We do not refer of course to the few real martyrs who did suffer for their genuine religious opinions at other times, but merely to these fanatics of the middle fourth century who could not have given the remotest definition of what Christianity was, to save their lives.

King remarks pertinently that this in itself is an admission that is quite

sufficient to disprove the existence of any persecution for *religion's* sake. Julian's grand offense in the preacher's eyes was the depriving the Christians of the power of persecuting others of different views, of which they had fully availed themselves during the twenty-four years of the reign of Constantius.

A curious accusation is that Julian in his tyranny "attacks our religion in a very rascally and ungenerous way, and introduces into his persecution the traps and snares concealed in *arguments!*" The plea is illuminating as showing that the ignorant did not so much mind martyrdom — it was a cheap way, as they themselves said, of earning eternal life and honor, and Julian, the brute, would not confer it on them! — but the rascally and ungenerous use of arguments was like a foul blow in a prize-fight, because, they held, *the Christians could not stand up against reason!*

When Julian became Emperor some of the vilest politicals were tried by a military court, and punished by the court as they deserved. Gregory is injudicious enough to complain that these brutes were executed because they were Christians. Why, some of them were the very ones who during the reign of Constantius had bitterly persecuted the Christians of Gregory's own party! And Julian had nothing to do with their condemnation. But so eager is Gregory against Julian that he forgets himself like this many times. The 'christians' were fortunate to be relieved of such court-pests — unless they were politicals of precisely the same kidney, which in truth some of them were.

While trying to blame Julian for dismissing Christians from office in the state, Gregory carelessly shows that Julian did nothing of the sort, not for religious reasons, in any case. To make an argument, Gregory declares that there were many Christians in office and high station whom Julian kept there in the hope of some day subtilly converting them to the gods!

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

The preacher sneers at Julian's marching on foot with his armies, his eating whatever food was available, his doing everything for himself, and in the same breath rhetorically calls upon him to admire the unwashed feet and general filthiness of the holy Christian ascetics. This was not meant to be a funny argument, but quite serious, and one wonders what the congregation who heard this wild discourse were like? Their general unwashedness is described as superiority to things below, a being above things human, the plea of many who disbelieve in soap. Gregory says nothing of it here, but actually there was a real 'philosophical' argument behind this aversion. The idea was that when Christians had undergone the ancient Jewish rite of baptism they were washed clean of all sin and everything else, and it was thereafter an insult to the Deity to wash their bodies or faces! So far was this carried that the greatest authority of the day, or a few years later, accounts for the shearing of nuns' tresses as being a convenience to enable them to scratch more easily, since they must not wash!

Gregory is quite indifferent to consistency when he can raise an argument. Glorifying words, he does not hesitate to claim it as a great virtue when he describes some of his party inventing sufferings for themselves and then keeping silent about them.

King notes a curious giving-away of his case when Gregory says:

That thing, however, was very bad and ill-natured in him when, not being able to persuade us openly, and being ashamed to *force us like a tyrant he . . . forced us with gentleness!*

According to the curious rhetorical custom of the time, Gregory never once actually *names* Julian.

(To be concluded)