



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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THEOSOPHY, THE MOTHER OF RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

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FRRIENDS near, and those who are listening by radio this afternoon at a distance:

My general subject is entitled 'Theosophy, the Mother of Religions and Philosophies'; and under this general head we have been discussing several different subsidiary subjects of Theosophical thought, showing how, as far as we have gone, the various deeply interesting and profound doctrines of the great world-religions and world-philosophies find their only complete and satisfactory explanation in the illuminating and interpreting Theosophical teachings. I have likewise taken occasion in each case to point out to you that all the great religions and philosophies, in their essentials, derive from

[Stenographic report of the thirteenth 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 May 6, 1928, and broadcast, by remote control, through Station KFSD San Diego — 680-440.9]

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one common source or fountain-head — however much each derivative may have differed in the manner of its presentation and formulation to the world of its time — and that this common source or original is indeed the aggregate of doctrines which today pass under the modern name, Theosophy.

It is indeed so. A common teaching of ours is that all the world's great religions and philosophies sprang originally from one common root, one common source; and we prove that this original source is what is today called Theosophy. Hence the title of the general subject of this series of lectures: 'Theosophy, the Mother of Religions and Philosophies.' Being the Mother of them all, it explains them all; it elucidates the dark points, the difficult problems, and shows how back of all these world-religions and world-philosophies there did in fact exist — and does still exist — this primordial and sublime Truth. For obvious reasons, this is indeed a very comforting idea for thoughtful and conscientious people.

This Mother-Source shows us that, in strong contrast with the prevailing notion that the world runs more or less helter-skelter and haphazard as regards man's fundamental reasonings concerning natural and inherent laws and principles, there does exist a logically formulated system based wholly on intrinsic natural principles. This system was copied by great Sages of the past who formulated and systematized those principles and laws of Nature into a fully consistent and all-embracing aggregate, the basic idea of which is that all Nature is a vast organism, every part interlinked and interbound with every other part whatsoever; and that every such subordinate part or portion is in its turn a copy in miniature of the vast Whole — which subordinate parts we Theosophists call individual hierarchies or microcosms; and further, that man, being an inseparable part — as is obvious — of the Whole, is one such subordinate part and is therefore a Microcosm, therefore reflecting in himself and having in himself as his own subordinate composites, both in his invisible as well as in his physical and visible natures, all the powers, faculties, forces, energies, and qualities — everything, in short, that exists in the great Universe in which we all move and live and have our being as living entities.

Deduction: If we can penetrate, therefore, sufficiently far into our own nature, each one of us, every normal man and woman, can find a solution of all the riddles of Being, because they are all within

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ourselves. Wonderful thought! It is a principle which is in the background of all the great world-religions and world-philosophies, but which has been lost sight of in Occidental religion for nigh upon two thousand years last past. Yes; look within! Know yourselves! Know yourselves, as the Oracle of Golden Apollo at Delphi in ancient Greece formerly proclaimed — an injunction which was inscribed in characters of gold over the portico of the Temple there: Γνωθι σεαυτόν: “*Gnothi seauton!*”

What, indeed, is this Universe in which we live? Pause a moment in deep thought over this most pertinent question: this Universe of which we, as just said, are inseparable parts and therefore co-operating agencies in the Great Kosmic Labor. We cannot separate ourselves from the ALL, for we are parts of IT. What are we then in our inmost being? An answer to this latter question obviously answers the former query. We are what we Theosophists call Monads: eternal, unitary, individual, life-centers, consciousness-centers, deathless, ageless, unborn, undying. Therefore each one such — and their number is infinite, since the Universe is infinite, since the Kosmos both invisible and visible is without any limits or boundaries whatsoever, extending in all directions limitlessly, everywhere, inwards and outwards — therefore, I say, that each one such unitary center or fundamental life-atom is the center of that Universe, whether such center be one of us humans or an inhabitant of some far-distant sidereal body, a living entity or ‘life’ on one of the immensely distant so-called ‘Island-Universes’ that our modern scientists describe to us as existing outside the encircling zone of our Milky Way — each one such center is the center of the ALL, for the simple reason that, as an old teaching of ours has it, the Divine or the ALL — the invisible or divine-spiritual side of Nature — is THAT which has its center everywhere, and its circumference or limiting boundary nowhere.

Ah, yes! This sublime conception alone furnishes food for reflexion for a lifetime; because it shows why each one such spiritual center or each one such Monad — and, as just said, each of us is essentially such a Monad — is in its inmost the center of the Boundless All, having its center everywhere. Furthermore, such reflexion shows us that there is a Path leading into the inmost of the Boundless All, to Its very Heart, so to say; and this Path is each one of us, each one of you, and of all other entities of course. Every center everywhere, every Monad, every living entity in the inmost of its in-

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most, is that Path himself or itself; and this is precisely what Jesus the Syrian Sage had in mind when he uttered his 'dark saying,' "I am the Way (Path) and the Life!" So is every human being likewise this Path leading inwards to the Heart of the Universe, for the reasons just stated.

This sublime idea that the Divine — and necessarily therefore what we call Infinite Nature — has its center everywhere and a limiting boundary or circumference nowhere, while a purely Theosophical idea, is nevertheless a very ancient one. It was, for instance, taught by the Pythagorean philosophers in ancient Greece. It was and still is taught by all the schools, by all the thinkers — and magnificent thinkers some of them were — of all the schools of the ancient Hindû philosophies and religions. It was in the background of the teaching of all the Sages of all the ages; and in more modern times, it has reached us also as the splendid speculation of certain great men.

Let me read to you a passage that I found the other day in a book that I used to read in my boyhood. I refer to a work written by a Frenchman, Blaise Pascal, born in 1623, who died in 1662. He says in his *Pensées*, or 'Thoughts,' chapter xxii:

Let man not stop in contemplation of simply the objects which surround him. Let him contemplate Universal Nature in its high and full majesty. Let him consider that dazzling luminary, situated like an eternal lamp, in order to illuminate the universe. Let the earth seem to him to be a mere point by comparison with the vast circle that this star describes; and let him stand amazed in reflecting that this vast circle itself is but a point, very small with regard to that which the stars that sweep around the firmament embrace. But should our vision stop there, then let our imagination pass beyond it. Imagination, again, sooner grows weary than Nature does in furnishing still larger bounds. All that we see of the world is but an imperceptible spot within the ample bosom of Nature. No idea can approach the sweep of its spaces. We may expand our conceptions to our utmost: and we give birth to atoms in size only. Nature is an infinite sphere, of which the Center is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. . . .

And it is thus that Pascal attempts to describe — Infinity!

Two hundred and more years before Pascal, there lived a very interesting man, born as Nikolaus Krebs, at Kues, near Trier, Germany, who later was made a cardinal of the Church of Rome, and called, from the town of his birth, Cardinal de Cusa. He was born in 1401 and died in 1464. The son of a poor boatman was this remarkable human being. His extraordinary genius in investigation, and in broad-minded and courageous exploration of the mysteries of

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the Nature surrounding him and of his own inner nature, brought upon him charges of heresy and pantheism; and it is likely that only the personal friendship of three Popes, who stood in reverential awe of the genius of this great man, saved him from a painful and terrible death.

He wrote a book, *De Docta Ignorantia*, 'On Learned Ignorance,' in which is found the following passage, whence Pascal perhaps drew the fine figure that I have just read to you; but before quoting this passage, I may perhaps say that Cardinal de Cusa has often been called a 'Reformer before the Reformation.' He anticipated in all its essentials the later discovery of Kopernik — Copernicus — in astronomy as regards the sphericity of the earth as a planetary body and its orbital path around the sun; and he also did no small work in popularizing much ancient Greek learning as it then existed in the medium of Latin translations of olden dates. He said:

The world may not be, possibly, absolutely boundless, yet no one is able to figure it as finite, because human reason refuses to give it limits. . . . Just as our earth cannot be in the center of the Universe, as is supposed, no more can the sphere of the fixed stars be that center. . . . Therefore the World is like an immense machine, having its center everywhere, and its circumference nowhere. . . . Hence, because the earth is not at the center, it cannot be motionless . . . and although it is much smaller than the sun, it should not be concluded from this that it is more vile. . . . We cannot see whether its inhabitants are superior to those who dwell nearer to the sun, or in the other stars, for sidereal space cannot be destitute of inhabitants. . . . The earth is, most probably, one of the smallest globes, yet it is the cradle of intelligent beings, noble and perfect in a sense.

Now this is a very remarkable statement for a Roman Cardinal to make; and I have sometimes wondered if there were not in the inner life of this great medieval thinker a guiding Genius who led him on and directed his thoughts in such directions that the inner doors of his own being were opened, so that he could see more deeply into Nature's arcana. In a period of European history when the earth was thought to be flat and immovable and the center and only center of the Universe, and when the sun and moon and stars were supposed to whirl around it, he taught the sphericity and rotation of our earth. He taught that this earth was not the only globe in sidereal space to give birth to intelligent beings, and many other things now accepted as common knowledge. His knowledge of natural truths most probably first came to him from reading what remained in literature of the

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works of the ancient Pythagorean thinkers and scientists. One may ask oneself, whether this man ever held — albeit privately — the ancient Pythagorean doctrine of the metempsychosis of the soul.

But, friends, when we ask ourselves what, after all, can be the fundamental philosophy which has so charmed the genius of the greatest minds of the ages that they all collaborated and joined forces in teaching the doctrine of Reimbodiment or Reincarnation — which is our own theme of study for this afternoon — may we not assume from the historic facts before us that it was the roots of their respective thinking which gave life and form to that which they brought forth as their systems of philosophy or religion; and that these roots of their respective thinking, the inner and motivating power and impulses of their souls, were these same majestic ideas and thoughts about man as an inseparable part of the Boundless ALL, and that therefore each one, of necessity, is a center of Kosmic Space — as indeed every entity is of necessity in his or its Monad: that is, the deathless, ageless, immortal, undying, incorruptible center of him or of it? The conclusion in affirmation seems to be logically inescapable, when all factors are considered and properly weighed.

Let us ask ourselves at this point whether the Monad is the part of a man which reincarnates. No, friends. Man is compact of more than a divine-spiritual Monad and a physical body — the two extremes of his being as an individual. There are intermediate planes of being, and these intermediate planes have, each one of them, its own particular quality, faculties, and powers; and each such intermediate plane is the field of manifestation, if I may so express it, of one of man's consciousness-centers or 'principles.' Man is a spiritual-divine Monad in his inmost essence and a physical body in his outermost form or vehicle: and between these two there are the intermediate powers, forces, energies, qualities, which manifest themselves as thought, intuition, inspiration, emotions, loves and hates, pride, selfish impulses, desires, and many more, differing among themselves as noble or ignoble according as they are high or low, or rather, according as they spring forth from the spiritual or the astral-physical and intermediate principles.

Now it is a certain part of this intermediate nature, itself compound, which we may briefly call the psychological nature — intermediate between the Monad and man's physical body — which reincarnates or reimbodies itself in human flesh in life after life; for it

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is the fountain whence springs into self-conscious functioning what is popularly called the personal entity, which takes up again in the new physical body the threads of its destiny on this earth which were dropped at the death of the preceding physical frame in the past life.

I am going to speak more plainly, friends, this afternoon, than many Theosophical writers and lecturers before me have done, perhaps; but I do this with the consent of Katherine Tingley, the Head of our Esoteric School, for whom I am lecturing to you this afternoon, and only because without some rather more explicit and plain statement of facts than has heretofore been given out publicly, it would hardly be possible to give you a really comprehensive outline of what we mean by the general doctrine of Reimbodiment. We shall touch, however delicately and lightly, upon certain teachings which we do not as a rule permit ourselves even to refer to when speaking in public, and this for reasons which I have fully explained in another lecture of this series. Our inner or esoteric or secret doctrines actually furnish the keys to an understanding of the doctrines which we have already publicly disseminated. Obviously, I cannot go into the former in any particular detail, as you will readily understand; but I will say enough to give an outline, comprehensive enough for its purpose, of the teaching now in study here with you in this Temple of Peace.

Now, in reading religious and philosophical literatures — encyclopaedias, learned books of various kinds, and our own Theosophical works — as well as in consulting dictionaries and lexicons on the subject of Reincarnation, etc., you will find in all these a number of words used as if they actually were synonymous: that is to say, as words all having the same sense, more or less. This custom has been a convenience both to writer and reader and there is no especial objection to it for vague and general writing, provided it be understood that there are specific meanings behind each one of these words: that is to say, that each such word, when accurately used, has its own particular or specific meaning and reach, even though when speaking in a general and broad way we may use them for the general idea that living entities, so far as their intermediate nature is concerned, come back again into manifested life after death has given them a more or less prolonged period of rest and unutterable peace and joy in the *post-mortem* condition or state.

Certain of such words that I have in mind are:

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1. Pre-existence
2. Reimbodiment
3. Rebirth
4. Palingenesis
5. Transmigration, about which I must enter a *caveat* when I come to consider it;
6. Metempsychosis
7. Reincarnation
8. Metensomatosis

this last being, as it were, an appendix to the other seven.

The general doctrine of Reimbodiment or Rebirth — call it for the moment what you will — is one of the most widely-spread and one of the most ancient doctrines that the human soul has ever formulated into systematic shape. It has been taught in every age and in every race of men; and invariably it has been the greatest minds who have been drawn to and who have taught this wonderful doctrine as the core of their own respective systems.

In our other lectures, we have gone over this latter ground, and of course this afternoon we can but recapitulate in very brief form what has already been said. The Jews, for instance — a people whom you would perhaps not suspect of teaching the doctrine of Reimbodiment or Reincarnation in one or other of its various forms — taught it through the media of the doctrines which the Pharisees of ancient Judaea held, and it is taught as a main pillar of thought in the Jewish Qabbâlâh, the Theosophy of the Jews. The Christian *New Testament* is on the whole unjust to the ancient Jewish Pharisees in the various strictures which it makes against them, so that the modern reader of the Christian *New Testament* has an actually distorted and wrong idea as to who and what the Pharisees were. There were noble men, great and good men, among them; they were not all hypocrites by any means, nor were they merely lazy sectarians living upon a trusting populace that followed their lead blindly.

Josephus, one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, of the Jewish historians, himself was a Pharisee; and he tells us in his work *On the Antiquities of the Jews*, and also in his work *On the Jewish War*, Bk. II, ch. viii, and Bk. III, ch. viii, that in his day, in the first century of the Christian Era, the Jews had three classes of religionists, or three sects, which he enumerates as follows: first, the Pharisees, the most numerous, the most powerful, perhaps the most learned on the

whole, and the most widely held in public estimation and respect. This body of Jews believed in and taught a certain form of the general doctrine of Reimbodiment; second, the Essenes, a very mystical body but of limited number, who followed a course of life that in modern times would be called monastic; and third, the Sadducees, who were a body of people of limited number, not so much a sect as a corporation of thinkers of free-thinking tendency, as it were, who opposed and denied much of what was taught by the Pharisees, and who apparently proclaimed themselves as being the true depositaries of ancient Jewish thought.

I have before referred to the ancient Greeks, the Druids, the Romans, the Egyptians, the Persians, Chaldaeans and Babylonians, the various peoples of Far Oriental Lands, such as the Hindûs, the ancient Teutonic and Celtic races generally, doubtless to most of the ancient American races; but let me turn for the moment to the earliest Christians, whose belief in some form of the general doctrine of Reimbodiment I have often before referred to in non-particular terms.

The earliest Christians taught some form of metempsychosal reincarnation, although it is, on the other hand, quite true that no such doctrine is today taught in any Christian Church officially — albeit many divines now do believe in it and perhaps teach it in some more or less diluted manner which they think fitted to the mental and spiritual capacities of their congregations. We have the testimony of a certain number of the early Christian Fathers that such a doctrine was taught, such witnesses being, for instance, two of the most eminent Fathers, of the earliest, and of the noblest, too: Origen of Alexandria, and Clement of Alexandria, both highly respected and consulted theologians in all ages since their day. Jerome also, though of a much later date, though refusing to believe in the doctrine himself and throwing much mud at those who did, yet records the fact of certain Christian sects' teaching it. But the most striking proof, perhaps, that some form of metempsychosal reincarnation was taught by early Christians, that this teaching lasted for centuries, and that it was widespread and popular and held in high estimation by eminent men in the Christian world until so late in time, is found in the fact that the doctrine of Pre-existence and apparently some form of metempsychosal reincarnation was officially condemned and anathematized at the Oecumenical Council held at Constantinople following the

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issuance of an Imperial Rescript by the Emperor Justinian convoking it, about the year 540 of the Christian Era.

This shows plainly that even in the sixth century of that Era the teaching was so popular and so widespread that the 'orthodox' party found it necessary to check it forcibly; which was successfully done at that Council.

Let me now turn to consider the eight words that I have recited to you. I take up, first, Pre-existence. The idea imbodyed in this word is very easily explained. It simply means that the human soul did not come into being or existence with this birth: in other words, that it existed before it was born on earth anew. This is all of the specific meaning that this word holds.

Let me read to you what two Christian Fathers had to teach about this doctrine of Pre-existence, for it will be doubtless interesting to you. I have already mentioned the names of these two Christian Fathers and theologians: Clement of Alexandria, first, and Origen of the same place, second. The former says in his *Exhortation to the Greeks*, chapter 1 — and please understand, friends, that whenever possible I make my own translations from the original tongues, for I do not by any means trust the accuracy of the accepted translations, which are usually made following some preconceived theological or other bias of mind or teaching — Clement, I repeat, wrote:

Man, who is an entity composite of body and soul, a universe in miniature.

Let me interrupt here for a moment, please. These words of Clement, a duly canonized saint of the Christian Church, imbody a typical Theosophical teaching. If man is, as I have today pointed out once again, a center of Nature, a center of the Universe — that is to say his Monad; if every entity everywhere is such a center, and if any such center — a man, for instance — is an inseparable part of the ALL as the actual fact, as already explained to you: then he or it must have in him or in itself everything that the Boundless All has, but in miniature, such entity, in fact, as I have already said, being a microcosm of the Macrocosm, the ALL. The acorn has in it all the future oak, every part of it in fact, but not yet developed or 'manifest' as the saying is. I now continue with my quotation from Clement:

But before the foundation of the World we were, and pre-existed in the being of God before we became a part of the [manifest] Logos [or Word]: we are the rational beings of the Logos of God in whom we date from the beginning.

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for "in the beginning was the Logos" [or word], because the Logos was from the first. The Logos was and is the divine source of all things — this Logos, the cause of our being from the first.

I now pass to the other great Church-Father, Origen of Alexandria, who wrote in his work on 'First Principles':

Every one of those who incarnate on earth is, according to his deserts, or according to his present state, destined to be born in this world in a different country or among a different nation or in a different situation in life, or afflicted with infirmities of different kinds, or to be born from religious parents or from irreligious: so that it may happen that sometimes an Israelite is born among the Scythians, or an Egyptian is born in Judaea.

And in many other places in his writings, Origen affirms and reaffirms this doctrine, ringing the changes in many manners in developing the doctrine of early Christian metempsychosal reincarnation.

In order to make this question of the unity of our inmost nature with the Divine more clear, let me read to you also two beautiful quotations from a Persian Sûfî mystic. The Sûfîs, as you probably know, are the Theosophists of Persia — we may perhaps give them that high title — that is to say, they are the adherents of what may be called the Theosophy of Persian Mohammedanism. They wrote in very graphic figure, in highly figurative language, which might even offend by its apparent grossness were the meaning not abundantly clear. Their favorite symbols were the 'wine-cup' and the 'tavern,' and the 'loved one.' The wine-cup symbolized in general the 'Grace of God,' as Christians might say, the influences and workings of the spiritual powers infilling the Universe.

The Persian Mystic whom I shall cite, was called Abû Yazîd. He lived in the ninth century. He wrote:

I am the wine I drink, and the cup-bearer of it.

He said also:

I went from god to god until they cried from me, in me. "O! Thou, I!"

What graphic language is this! It is as though the soul of the poet were attempting to wash itself clean of all personality, and striving to say that his own inmost was the inmost of the All, which is the exact truth.

What said a great Englishman in his own day, with regard to Pre-existence of the soul? Let me quote to you a little poem written by Henry More, who lived in the seventeenth century, and who was an

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English Neoplatonist. This is found in his philosophical poems, in his *Psychozoia*:

I would sing the pre-existency
Of human souls and live once o'er again
By recollection and quick memory
All that is passed since first we all began.
But all too shallow be my wits to scan
So deep a point, and mind too dull to climb
So dark a matter. But thou, O more than man!
Aread, thou sacred soul of Plotin dear,
Tell me what mortals are! Tell what of old we were!

Henry More here makes Plotinus, the great Neoplatonic teacher whom he quite properly calls Plotin, answer after this manner:

A spark or ray of the Divinity,
Clouded with earthly fogs, and clad in clay:
A precious drop sunk from eternity
Spilt on the ground, or rather slunk away.
For then we fell when we first 'gan t'essay
By stealth of our own selves something to be
Uncentering ourselves from our one great stay,
Which rapture we new liberty did ween,
And from that prank right jolly wits ourselves did deem.

The next word for me to consider, is Reimbodiment, and this is likewise easy to explain. It simply means that the living entity takes upon itself a new body at some time after death. It teaches something more than that the soul merely pre-exists, the idea being that the soul takes unto itself a new body. But this particular aspect or branch of the general doctrine tells us not what kind of body the soul newly assumes, nor whether that body be taken here on earth or elsewhere: that is to say, whether the new body is to be a visible body or an invisible one in the invisible realms of Nature. It simply says that the life-center reimbodies itself; and this is the essence of the specific meaning of this word.

The third aspect or branch of the general doctrine we Theosophists call Rebirth, meaning thereby that the particular form of Reimbodiment for the human soul is in this sense in fleshly bodies such as the human race has at the present time. The likeness between this idea and that belonging to Reincarnation is very close, yet distinct, as will be seen when we come to the latter word.

The fourth aspect or branch of the general doctrine is given by the word Palingenesis, a Greek compound which means 'coming

again into being.' Very wide and general in its application is the specific meaning lying in this word, and it may be illustrated, as is found in the philosophical literature of the ancients who lived around the Mediterranean Sea, by the example of the oak which produces its seed, the acorn, the acorn in its turn producing a new oak containing the same life that was passed on to it from the mother-oak — or the father-oak. This transmission of an identical life is the specific meaning of the word Palingenesis, in which you may easily see that the thought is different from the respective ideas contained in the other words.

The fifth word is Transmigration: a word which is grossly misunderstood in the modern Occident, as also, by the way, is the next word, Metempsychosis, both of which are modernly supposed to mean, through the common misunderstanding of the ancient literatures, that the human soul at some time after death migrates into the beast-realm and is reborn on earth in a beast-body. The real meaning of this statement in ancient literature refers to the destiny of what we Theosophists call the life-atoms, but it has absolutely no reference to the destiny of the *human* soul, as an entity.

Let me say immediately that this is positively not what the Theosophical teaching is. The Theosophical teaching accepts all aspects of the ancient teaching, but explains and interprets them throughout and in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. Our doctrine is, 'once a man, always a man.' The human soul can no more migrate over and incarnate in a beast-body than can the psychical apparatus of a beast incarnate in human flesh. Why? Because in the former case, the beast-vehicle offers the human soul no opening at all for the expression of the human powers and faculties and tendencies which make a man human. Nor can the soul of the beast enter into a human body because the impassable gulf, of a psychical and intellectual nature, which separates the two kingdoms, prevents any such passage from the one up into another so much its superior in all respects. In the former case, there is no attraction for the man beastwards; and in the latter case there is the impossibility of the imperfectly developed beast-mind and beast-soul finding a proper lodgment in what to it is truly a godlike sphere which it cannot enter.

Transmigration, however, has a specific meaning as follows, when the word is applied to the human soul: the living entity migrates or passes over from one condition to another condition or state or plane,

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as the case may happen to be, whether these latter be in the invisible realms of Nature or in the visible realms, and whether the state or condition be high or low. The specific meaning of this word, therefore, implies nothing more than a change of state or of condition or of plane: a migrating of the living entity from one to the other. In its application to the life-atoms, to which sense is to be referred the observations of the ancients with regard to the lower realms of Nature, it means, briefly, that the life-atoms which in their aggregate compose man's lower principles, at and following the change that men call death, migrate or pass into other bodies to which these life-atoms are attracted, be these attractions high or low — and they are usually low, because their own evolutionary development is as a rule far from being advanced. Nevertheless, it should be remembered that these life-atoms compose man's inner — and outer — vehicles or bodies, and that in consequence there are various grades or classes of these life-atoms, from the physical upwards — or inwards if you please — to the astral, purely vital, emotional, mental, and psychical.

This is in general terms the meaning of Transmigration. The word means no more than the specific senses just outlined, and stops there.

But the teaching concerning the destiny of the entity is continued and developed in the next word, Metempsychosis — a word more difficult to understand and therefore to explain than the preceding word; and, as you will very readily understand, I cannot go into forbidden details on these matters: first, for lack of time; and, secondly, for other reasons which I have made quite clear, I hope, in former lectures. Metempsychosis contains the specific meaning that the soul of an entity, human or other, moves not merely from condition to condition, migrates not merely from state to state, as formerly explained, or from body to body; but also that it is one indivisible psychic entity in its essence, which is pursuing a course along its own particular path as an individual or 'soul'; and it is the adventures which befall the soul, if I may put it in this manner, which in their aggregate are grouped together under this word Metempsychosis, a Greek compound vocable which I may here perchance render as 'insouling after insouling.'

I would that I might have the time and opportunity this afternoon to explain to you more in detail and more clearly the real meaning of these words, and particularly the meaning of the word Metempsy-

chosis. The doctrines included under these terms are wonderful beyond ordinary human supposition or imagination; and the more you study and know of them, the more you see the marvel of them, and the more do their beauty and coherency appeal to you. It is like climbing a high mountain, when, on reaching its summit, you see the valleys below which you have passed; and still higher, mountains touched with the rays of the sun beyond, on the rim of the world, as it were.

Next comes Reincarnation — a word now familiar to the public from its frequent employment by Theosophical writers and lecturers, which, as a branch or aspect of the general doctrine is explained easily enough. It means simply that the human soul incarnates in a human fleshly body on this earth after a more or less prolonged period of *post-mortem* repose, rest, and bliss, to take up in the new body the links of physical life on this earth and the individual earthly destiny which were dropped here at the ending of the soul's last physical incarnation. It differs generally from Rebirth in this, that the latter word simply means rebirth in human bodies of flesh on this earth; while the former term also contains the implication, tacit if not expressed, of possible incarnations in flesh by entities which have finished their earthly pilgrimage or evolution, but who can and sometimes do return to this earth in order to incarnate for the purpose of aiding their less evolved brothers. More I cannot say now.

Then, eighth and last, is the word Metempsychosis, which is also a compound Greek word of which the significance may perhaps be rendered thus: 'changing body after body' — not necessarily always using human bodies of flesh, but bodies of appropriate but different physical material concordant with the evolutionary stage which the human race may have reached at any time. This is very difficult to explain or even to hint at in a few words; but I may perhaps make it more clear by the following observation. In far past ages the human race had bodies, but not bodies of flesh; and in far distant ages of the future, the human race will likewise have bodies, but not necessarily bodies of flesh. Actually our teaching in this respect is that in those far-distant periods of the future, human bodies of that time will be compact of ether, or, what comes to much the same thing, of luminous matter which may very properly be called light.

In closing our lecture for this afternoon, let me state, friends, that no Theosophist ever teaches his philosophy dogmatically. He does

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not say to you: This is the teaching of Theosophy and therefore you must believe it, because we believe it to be the truth; and if you do not believe it you will be damned, or you will suffer greatly from not believing it, or you will lose the best chance of your life if you do not accept it. He simply tells you that here is the Ancient Wisdom of the ages, which you can prove for yourselves by honest study and reflection; and that it will well repay you for its study, and your reward will be great in it.

There is among us no attempt at forcible conversion of minds or emotions. We say: Here is the teaching of the ages — a statement which you may prove for yourselves by looking into our literature and investigating also the literatures of the entire world, if you so choose. Test what we tell you, yourselves: try it with the touchstone of your own spirit; and then honestly abide by the results of your study and the convictions which you will gain from that study: by the conclusions which you will necessarily draw from the studies that you yourselves shall have pursued to your own satisfaction. This attitude of mind, as is obvious, is the perfect antithesis of dogmatic asseverations of truth unsupported by either testimony or evidence in general, or by appeal to Nature — which latter appeal we certainly do make at every step that we take in our ever expanding studies.

THE ARCHDRUID

KENNETH MORRIS, D. LITT.

SCENE: The kitchen at Cree Laumbagh Farm. A hearth on one side; a door into the inner or sleeping-room on the other. At the back, a door that looks outward to Cree Laumbagh Mountainside, up towards the top. The Blindwoman is seated by the hearth; Cloonagh, the wife of her son Owen, stands at the door looking out.

Blindwoman — Tell me —

Cloonagh — It is what it always is. I wish Owen would come. No peace with me while he is down there in the valley, these days.

Blindwoman — Fear you nothing for Owen my son.

Cloonagh — They say there's burning and murdering up and down the world, with those men of the Black Banner from beyond the sea.

Blindwoman — Yes, they say; they say! They say a many things, my daughter. But it will always be peace here on the Mountain of the Gods.

Cloonagh — Yes; they will not come here, those strangers. Cree Laumbagh

THE ARCHDRUID

is as safe as the Land of the Living. None could find a way up, and not born on the mountain. This sixteen years no one has come.

Blindwoman — This forty years no one has come.

Cloonagh — And maybe not beyond the forest Owen has gone. Oh, well, breaking my heart I am, thinking of it! Where is Abaris Archdruid. I wonder? I thought the kings were obeying him, and the world under his wand and wondering at his grandeur, and the Gods ruling the wide Earth through him: it is what I used to hear below there, before I married Owen. And Abaris holding back the winter cold, and the great heat of summer, and never a harvest but rich because of him, they said; and now —

Blindwoman — It is the talk that has no meaning, all of it. There is one that will keep the Gods' peace here and in the world; but —

Cloonagh — Indeed, Abaris —

Blindwoman — Take your eyes away from that Abaris! Not for that man's sake was any harvest good that was good; he made no day beautiful, of all the days of these thirty years. He lightened no frost in this island, and there was never a breeze from the sea in summer because of him.

Cloonagh (shocked) — Dear, what is this you are saying? It is our religion—

Blindwoman — Dear heart, look you out upon the mountain, and tell me what you see.

Cloonagh — Well, well; no day but you must hear it. It is the evil rumors Owen is bringing here: hard to keep my mind my own because of them. But now I will tell you. There is the great slope of the mountain, and the glow of the evening falling along it, and the little breeze of evening rippling where the glow ripens on the grass and the fern. And I am counting three hares before the slope is steep; and another up there, and another.

Blindwoman — Yes, there would be hares. Cree Laumbagh is the mountain-home of them — the gray fur on their backs, and the silver on their bellies; they say there are none like them on another mountain in the world.

Cloonagh — And the quicken-tree there; and above it, the gray rock jutting out; and the three little rocks like the backs of sheep grazing; and the green bright place where the runlet rises.

Blindwoman — All this can I see; I wonder would I forget it, if you never told me.

Cloonagh — But you were saying it was not Abaris Archdruid —

Blindwoman — Come you to the holy place, my daughter; tell me what you see there on the mountain-top.

Cloonagh — The sun is resting there in his going down; fiery and glowing behind the pines on the tump. . . . And there is Bran the hound, bounding down from the cell there.

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Blindwoman — And you are sure indeed that it was the richest milk from the herd, and the best loaf from the girdlestone, that you put in the basket?

Cloonagh — I am sure indeed. It is always the best that goes up to the one in the cell. — But indeed, we are bound to believe that it is always the Archdruid is the man between us and the Gods, to keep prosperity in the world.

Blindwoman — Yes, it is always the Archdruid. — The sun is resting there in his going down . . . ?

Cloonagh — The rim of him is sunk now. . . .

Blindwoman — And the sky flamey behind, with the dark pines against the flamey sky; and the seven trunks like seven wondrous dragons upleaping, writhing in their strange strength and pride.

Cloonagh — Yes, yes. — But Mother, if it was not Abaris Archdruid —

Blindwoman — What was not Abaris?

Cloonagh — The one that was keeping peace in the world. . . .

Blindwoman — You that live on this very mountain, and that look up daily to the holy place, and that tell me daily what you see, and that send him the food with Bran: and you to be asking, who it is keeps peace in the world!

Cloonagh (Aside) — Is it old age has come on her? — The one up there? I am not understanding, indeed. Never had I news from you who that one is. . . . Well, well, the mountain is still there, little mother; it is not changed since your own eyes looked on it; although never a foot of man has climbed it since. And here is Bran coming down now: I will go and take the empty basket from him. (Exit)

Blindwoman — It is the way the world has been these thirty years, I suppose: bothering with that Abaris. And only I knowing, and Owen my son since he is a man — that it is Omand —

(Enter Eynon, son of Owen and Cloonagh: a boy of fifteen.)

Eynon — Granny! who is Omand?

Blindwoman — Ah, it is you, Eynon boy!

Eynon — Who is Omand, Granny? Tell me.

Blindwoman — Omand. . . . Omand. . . . Were you seeing those lights on the mountain, these nights at all?

Eynon — Last night, indeed, and the night before. No chance have I had to tell you, until now.

Blindwoman — Were you telling your father, or your mother?

Eynon — Only you. They would think it wonderful, and be troubling. Why is it only you and I have the sight?

Blindwoman — Because I am blind, my dear; and because you—I don't know.

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Eynon — Is it the time now when you will say what those beautiful lights are, and why they are shining on Cree Laumbagh Mountaintop?

Blindwoman — Were you hearing about the Gods ever, down there at the school?

Eynon — Cynan Druid was telling us about them many times. No one can see them except the great Archdruid that is at Dynrefyl; and it is wicked to think another could see them, he says. Religion he is teaching us; and wicked not to believe it. And he was saying the Gods were speaking at all times with Abaris Archdruid, and telling him what to do; and he was saying even Cadivor the king would be obeying Abaris; and it is because of Abaris we are the greatest people in the world, and braver and better than the foreigners.

Blindwoman — Listen you to me: Lift your hand now, and give your word to the mountain, and to the Sun beyond the mountain, that you will remember this when you are grown a man, and when old age has come on you. Lift your hand now, and promise.

Eynon (with hand up towards the mountain) — I give my word to the mountain, and to the holy Sun, that I will remember what my granny will tell me.

Blindwoman — It was when I was young; there was a holy man in this island. And thinking he was, day and night, how he should do good to this one and that; and the whole world had good from him. And day and night the great Gods came to him, and told him what he should do, and he did it.

Eynon — Was he the Archdruid, granny?

Blindwoman — Yes, he was the Archdruid; it is always the Archdruid who sees the Gods. And the people loved the Gods, because they loved the Archdruid; and they were happy and at peace. Omand his name was: Omand the Wise, and Omand the Holy. And then some rose up that said: "See what a great people we are; we could conquer the world, if there were war." But war there would never be, in Omand's time; and nothing would please them. And then there was talk about Abaris: he was a druid under Omand, and great with the world, and making a grand stir, this way and that. And the ones that were for war were putting his name above Omand's. And it was said: "When Omand dies, Abaris will be the Archdruid"; and then there were many wishing that Omand would die. And then it was told about that he was sick; and many were praying to the Gods for him; but many were hoping against him. And then came the news that this Abaris was the Archdruid.

Eynon — And Omand wasn't dead?

Blindwoman — Omand was —

(Enter Cloonagh.)

Cloonagh — Run you out to feed the hens, Eynon.

Eynon — Yes, mother. (He goes.)

Cloonagh — It is time now for you to tell me who he is.

Blindwoman — Who he is?

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Cloonagh — The one in the cell up there. Bran has brought back the basket unopened.

Blindwoman (rising) — Put my cloak about me, and the staff in my hand; and put the leash on Bran and bring him to me.

Cloonagh — What are you for doing?

Blindwoman — I will go up to the holy place; to Omand the Holy, the Archdruid.

Cloonagh — What dream is on you?

Blindwoman — Bring me what I ask, my daughter; hinder not you the service of the Gods.

Cloonagh — Rest quiet, dear, for now; rest quiet! Wait you for Owen to come; he will guide you.

Blindwoman — Is it the cloak and the staff and the hound; or will I be crawling as I may by the path I knew when I was young?

Cloonagh — You will not be venturing on the Gods' mountainside, dear!

Blindwoman — Is it you will be obeying me now, or is it the Gods you will force to come down and guide me?

Cloonagh — But what will I be telling Owen?

Blindwoman — That I have lived many years, and know what I must do. Call the hound to me; and I will take the basket, with the food.

Cloonagh — There never was disobeying you in this house, I know. (She goes to the door and calls): Bran! Bran! (He comes, and she ties the basket to his neck.) — But, you will let me go with you, mother. I am not afraid. Owen —

Blindwoman — No; alone will I go. Owen has known I would be going when the time came. (She goes out, following the dog.)

Cloonagh — Dear Gods keep us! . . . There is no restraining the old, when they grow fractious with age, and self-willed. . . . And what she was saying — *Omand Archdruid*. . . . And she not one to wander in her mind, before this. Omand Archdruid — I have heard a sound of that, sometime. It was the one that was before Abaris the Great, I think. . . . It is old age is on her, poor thing! And now, out with her on the Gods' lonely mountain, and never a human being to guard her but Bran the hound. . . . (She stands looking out at the mountain.) Dear, I am frightened of the old mountain, where no one comes. Sixteen years now since I heard another voice than Owen's, and herself's, and the child's. Unknown to the world, and forgotten, is the place; and there is no coming by pleasant talk with neighbors, nor friendly voices by the well in the evening. It is too near to Them, to be living on the mountain of the Gods.

(Enter Owen.)

Owen — Cloonagh!

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Cloonagh — At last you are come. And there is the news of all your lifetime to be telling you, Owen.

Owen — There is the heavy news of all the lifetime of the world to be telling you, little heart. What food is in the house?

Cloonagh — What is it, Owen? There is plenty of food. What is the heavy news with you?

Owen — Many will be supping here tonight. Make you ready the oatmeal and the broth for them. There is trouble in the world.

Cloonagh — Is it the Black Strangers?

Owen — Yes; a rumor of them down in the valley.

Cloonagh — My sorrow!

Owen — But you know they cannot come here. I was in the village; it was emptying of people: the young men are at the fighting; the women and children and the old were fleeing or fled into the forest.

Cloonagh — Indeed, where are the armies of the king, to let the world be harried like this?

Owen — They say there are no armies; they say the king is killed.

Cloonagh — Ah, Owen!

Owen — Listen, little heart: there is no time for keening now. Those who were not yet fled, I brought up here with me: they must have the farm-roof over them tonight, and food, and the warmth of the fire. I came on to tell you, so you would have the kindly welcome ready on your lips for them, and no shadow of surprise. And now I must go back and bring them.

Cloonagh — Go you. Indeed, I am glad we can help them. (He goes out; she begins to busy herself getting food. After a minute or two): There will be mothers that may have lost their sons in the fighting. (Goes to the door and calls): Eynon! Eynon!

Eynon (outside) — I am here, mother! (He enters. She has cut bread, and poured out a bowl of milk for him.)

Cloonagh — Here is your bite and your sup, my little one; and to please me you will go in yonder and take it; and then to sleep quickly: and you not listening or wondering, if there are strange voices in here.

Eynon — It is what you are telling me, and what I will do, dear. — Where is granny?

Cloonagh — She is — Ah, go now, and ask me nothing. (He kisses her and takes food into the inner room.) And I did not tell Owen about Herself: not a word, not a word. It is so much happening at once. . . . There's lucky, today I was baking for the week: and it will be baking again tomorrow, it may be. And

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there are my cheeses, and my butter that was for the fair tomorrow. . . . And ah me, there will be no fairs in Inniscarron again! (She weeps.) Hush now, hush with that, Cloonagh Cree Laumbagh! It is the Holy Mountain, and they will be safe here, poor things, and the Gods protecting them. Ah! (She pauses, hearing voices outside, at first indistinguishable; then scraps of conversation are heard.)

Voices (outside) — . . . Thousands upon thousands of them. . . . So they say, indeed. . . . Dear help us! . . . It is here you live then, Owen Cree Laumbagh!

Owen (outside) — It is here. Come you, not cold or hungry shall you be, long!

(He enters, followed by a dozen or more peasants; of whom Forgil would be over seventy, white-bearded: a rather fine type; Keth, black-haired and bearded, lean and keen-eyed: towards sixty; Eyrog, wild, fierce-eyed, red-haired: about fifty; Mard, towards fifty also, and portly: evidently well-to-do, and likely to be the druidic equivalent for a churchwarden. Of the women, Nest is oldish, motherly, with large clear gray eyes; Macha, lean, dark, and viragoish.)

Cloonagh — Ah, people dear, a hundred kindly welcomes to you, and the best that is in Cree Laumbagh Farm against your affliction!

Nest — Peace on the house indeed, dear soul; and on you two with the kindly hearts.

Several — Yes, yes indeed!

Owen — And mind you, it is true what I am telling you: here on this mountain you are safe, and under the shield of the Gods against —

Keth — They're dead, man; they're dead!

Eyrog — Or else my curse on them! Not a soul left alive between this and Dynrefyl; but burning and murdering and torture everywhere.

Mard — Peace with your violent words; we have our lives still. — Bring down lightning on us he will, next; blaspheming against the Gods here where they can hear him!

Keth — Were your seven sons in the king's army, and news coming to you this day of the slaying of all of them?

Cloonagh — Poor thing indeed! poor thing! — The Gods will not be heeding the hot words of men now!

Mard — I am a religious man; and I do hate to have my life imperiled with his wicked words.

Keth — Yes; you are known to be religious. (What he means and conveys is, you are known to be a cheat, utterly selfish, and so on.)

Owen — You will all sit now, will you? Dry fern will I bring in for your rest;

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we will make comfort for you, such as it may be, and this not your own homes.

(He goes out: Cloonagh busies herself seating them; then lights candles, and so on.)

Nest — One could tell this was the Gods' mountain. There is a blessing on the place, I think; it is not usual here.

Forgil — No blessing on the one that brought this evil on the land.

Eyrog — Curses on him, curses on him!

Peasant — No army left with the King, they say; but all routed and driven and mangled and crushed.

Forgil — And who will you say that one is, any of you?

Keth — The one that made the war — with his pride, and his desirings, and his schemes.

Eyrog — And I will put the name on him: Abaris Archdruid.

All the peasants (except Mard) — Ay, ay!

Mard — Wickedly rash you are, in my deed!

Cynan the Druid (outside at door) — Peace to this house!

Keth — Cynan the Druid!

Cloonagh — Ah, come in, and a hundred welcomes to you, Lord Druid!

Cynan (entering) — Good greeting to you all!

Mard (alone rising to greet him) — And the best of greetings to you, Lord Cynan!

(An awkward moment as Cynan takes the Blindwoman's chair, and notices their silence, their not rising, and their surly or averted looks. A child that has half risen is pulled down by its mother. Cloonagh, a little troubled by all this, hurries to set food and drink before him.)

Cloonagh — It is but poor food I can set before you, Lord Druid.

Cynan — What is offered to the Druid is offered to the Gods; your hospitality will earn their favor. And indeed, we should all strive to propitiate them, in these threatening times, when their anger is —

Eyrog — The hateful black curse of the Three Unwashed Orphans on you and on your Gods!

Cloonagh and Mard (in protest) — Ah!

Cynan — Man! . . . is this the time for blasphemy?

Forgil — Are the Gods angry indeed, Lord Druid? In your deed, did they tell

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you they were angry? And against whom did they tell you they were angry? None of us but would be glad to hear this from you.

Cynan — Is there need to ask? Was there no neglect of the holy seasons in this island, these last years? Were there no grumbings, no holdings back, when it came to paying the tax for the Holy Orders?

Mard — Not with me! Not with me!

(*Keth* laughs.)

Cynan — Was there no disbelief — no making light of the awful sanctity of Druids and Gods? How should prosperity last, when these things were? It was the sins of an ingrate and self-willed people brought down the grave displeasure of the Mighty Ones.

Keth — Do you hear that, all of you?

Forgil — And do you hear this that I am telling this liar: that he is lying now, according to his custom of lying.

Eyrog — Man, would his nature change? They are all liars, these Druids, liars and thieves.

Cynan — Fear you the penalty of that!

Keth — Why would he fear it? Who are you, now, that have had the wealth of the world from us? Death and fear are before you and us; the Black Banner strangers are the masters now, not the Druids. Get your taxes out of them; impose on them your bans and your curses!

Machia — Snatch you the food out of the mouths of the Black Banner men, *Cynan* arrogant!

Keth — Speak further, you that said he lied: you are old; there will be many things you know. Tell you the truth now, about the Druids and the Gods!

Mard — Not a word of it! not a word — on this Mountain of the Gods, where they'll hear you!

Forgil — Let them hear what they will; and nothing but civility from me. Harmless enough are the Gods; and would do their best for us, if they should have leave. It is the men that come between us and them: it is the black Druids of this island that have brought this curse on us.

Cynan — There will be black punishment for this.

Keth — From whom, *Cynan* Druid? From whom, according to you?

Cynan — From the Gods, blasphemer!

Keth — Dear help us, and be so civil to the Gods! There is but that one (pointing to *Mard*) whom you can make afraid with this.

Cynan — No; but you shall be afraid of the Man who is their ambassador in the world here; in whose hands is the punishment of men.

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Forgil — Bound you are to name that man, Cynan Holy! Awful for us, if through ignorance we should not know. We should be dreaming it was that poor schemer in Dynrefyl it was: Abaris, who brought the war and the curse upon men.

Cynan — Look you, good people: the order of the world is not gone down: what you have heard about these strangers is rumor: there is little truth in it. You have no leave to rebel against holy religion; you have no leave to sin. The stars are not shaken out of heaven; nor the power of the Druid, to curse and to bless, from the world. Who slays his own father, or his brother, shall be slain: the Law of the Gods shall work vengeance upon him: he shall have a life, or two lives, of bitter sorrow for it. But to insult a Druid is to insult Religion; it is to blaspheme against the Holiest: it is to offend Earth our mother; it is to be abhorred by ancient Night and by the Masters of the Day,— to cause disgust in the Sun and in the Stars. As soon shall these perish and be brought to naught, as the power shall go from the men who stand for them in the world. A withered soul, to go crippled and loathsome through a hundred lives, shall he be (pointing to *Forgil*) who has made public mockery here of the holy Archdruid Abaris.

A peasant — He's dead.

Cynan — What!

Peasant — Abaris is dead. I got news of it at noon at the head of the valley. Dynrefyl of the Kings is burnt; Abaris is slain.

Forgil — Well, well now; lucky I am, truly! But for this, I had made public mockery of the great Archdruid, and gone crippled and loathsome through a hundred lives. Who is the Archdruid, Cynan: that I may be sure against earning this doom?

Cynan — Wretch —

Forgil — And now a thought is coming into my mind, and troubling me. I am an old man: formerly I was a servant in the house of the Archdruid.

Cynan — And for what thievery —

Forgil — Peace, you, Cynan Druid; or you will be lying again! I was a servant in the house of the Archdruid, neighbors; and it will be that a servant will be passing here and there sometimes, and hearing things he is not meant to hear. I heard evil spoken there against the Archdruid — and what would he get, again, Cynan, that spoke the evil?

Keth — What would he get? speak, Cynan!

Forgil — Well, well; he told us; the Druid told us. I would not be that dead usurper Abaris, that will go crippled and loathsome for a hundred lives; because it was he I heard make plots against Omand Archdruid; against Omand the Holy, my master, whom I loved.

An old Woman — We had our sons and our husbands at home in Omand's time; not out murdering and being murdered in the four quarters of the world.

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Another — And we had the grain in the quern, and the meal in the loaf, and the loaf on the board, and peace to eat it; and it not snatched away to feed the Druids.

Eyrog — Tell us the truth about that old story; we have never heard the rights of it.

Cynan — Good people —

Forgil — To this day I remember it: how I came to Omand, my dear lord, and told him. "That glib smooth Abaris is making plots," I said. — "Forgil," said he, "there is this for you to remember: the Gods plot better than men." — "Ah, my lord," said I, "sorrow upon this island if that one should be where you are!" — "Until I die, I shall be where I am," said he. And I knew by the light that was shining around him, where it was he would be; and that it was not being in that palace, and having the name of Archdruid, was in his mind; but being between the Gods and men. "And when I am gone, the Gods will find another," he said. — "They say it will be Abaris," said I. — "Poor Abaris! poor Abaris!" said he: "No, it will not be Abaris; he could never bear the weight of it." And well I knew the Gods were in the room there, and speaking through my dear lord's lips: there was a light upon his forehead; there was a glow and stirring in the air, as if it were shaken by the stirring of wings. "The Gods have their plans and their designs," he said; "it may be better with them, sometimes, to have their servant alone among the mountains, than to have him here among men." And then — he went, and this Abaris was called Archdruid. Dead they said my lord Omand was. But somewhere among these mountains, assuredly, alive he is throughout these years.

Nest — It is the sin of Abaris the Gods are punishing.

(Murmurs.)

Owen — Cloonagh, where is Herself?

Cloonagh — I would have told you, Owen. Bran came back with the food untouched, and there was no keeping her from setting out for the mountaintop.

Owen — Dear Gods!

Cynan — My friends!

Keth — Your friends now!

Cynan — You are not seeing this rightly. The Gods spoke through Abaris that Abaris should be Archdruid: the Holy College decided that at the time. Why, by this man's own tale, Omand himself said so: the Gods desired Omand to be among the mountains — because they desired Abaris to be at the head of the world.

Forgil — Liar!

Cynan — They had grand designs for this nation, and they needed the strong wise Abaris to carry out their plans. Would they have allowed a man to be the

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Archdruid, and to sit enthroned these forty years,— would they have showered these thousand victories on him,— unless he had been the one of their own choice? Is your memory so short that these years have been forgotten? How prosperous the land has been, how powerful our King among the kings of the world! Whose navies have put dominion on the islands of the sea? Whose armies have conquered among the far mountains? When was there empire like ours? And to whom is all this due? Who has been the ruler? Who has planned, devised, ordered, seen to the carrying out? The King? No; he has abided faithfully by the word of the Archdruid; it is Abaris the Great to whom we owe all: Abaris, whom the Gods have supported; whom they have talked with and advised. You mock the Gods, when you dream they would have borne with a usurper. It is true, I was harsh with you; because I love the great Abaris, the Father, the Prop, the Glory of the Land. But now I reason with you; anxious, as he would be, to save his children from sin. It is not the part of a Druid to be harsh; he must lead the people with gentle reasoning. But when I hear words spoken against Abaris —

Abaris (outside) — Ho there, good friends within!

Owen (going to the door) — Who is it is there?

Abaris — Will you tell me what place is this?

Owen — It is Cree Laumbagh Farm, my lord.

Abaris — Cree Laumbagh? Ah! Then Cree Laumbagh Mountain should be—

Owen — Here in front, my lord. Will you —

Abaris — I had lost my way, but the Gods have guided me. Yes; I will rest by your fire a little.

(Enter Abaris, Cynan, who has been in the Blindwoman's chair by the hearth, has risen at the first sound of his voice, and now goes forward to him.)

Cynan — Deign to sit here, my lord.

Abaris (sitting) — Thank you. Be discreet! (To Cloonagh, who offers him food and drink) Thank you; I have had difficult traveling. — Good greeting to you all, good friends! — This is excellent bread of yours, good woman, excellent! — Ah, I see you are in trouble; many are in trouble, these days. But it will not last long. The Gods try us with these difficult times; they try us all. I have suffered too; more than any of you — more than any of you! But we must be patient, and trust. Help is very near at hand. The Gods —

A Woman — Will they give me back my man?

Abaris — Poor woman! poor woman!

A Peasant (pointing to Cynan) — He said it was because of our sins.

Cynan (Aside to Abaris) — There is a spirit of rebellion —

Abaris (To Cynan) — I understand. — No doubt we have sinned, all of us;

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we have sinned in our past lives. But think you nothing of that, now. Remember only that very soon we shall have these Black Banner Men thoroughly punished; and then the war will be over, and there will be peace. Very soon: I know. And it will be the kind of peace few can remember; because all these long years our country has been in danger; but when the peace comes there will be no danger: we shall have no enemies left in the world with power to harm us. And that will mean that all the taxes will be lightened; because those who have been our enemies will have to pay that which we have been paying so bravely for our country's sake. Things seem evil to you now, because you do not see them as they are: you do not know that when the Black Banner Men landed here, the Gods were putting them into our hands. But those who have been guiding us have seen this, and they have never doubted. Our good king has never doubted; the Archdruid has never doubted.

A Peasant — He's dead.

Abaris (laughing) — Oh now, he is not dead. Never was his power or his confidence greater than now. Never was he nearer to the Gods than now: they have spoken to him very clearly, and what they bade him do, to win the supreme victory, he is doing: he is on the way whither they have sent him. I know what I am saying. And then, when the victory has come, you shall find that with all his power, and all that is on his mind, he thinks more of you — of the very humblest in the island — than some of you may have dreamed. You shall see. I have the power to promise you, from him, that you shall lose nothing by this raid. Ah, some of you, it is true, have sons and fathers who have fallen for their country: let them be proud of their heroes; and let them be assured for themselves that while they live the Archdruid himself will be their protector. The holy Druid here will write down your names for him, with what losses you may have suffered; and I will promise you all shall be made good. (To Cynan) — Will you do that?

Cynan — You are very gracious. — My friends, most fortunate you are, indeed; believe it, most fortunate! (He goes from one to another, writing down their names, etc. Meanwhile Keth moves over to Forgil, and Eyrog joins them; then Nest; and these consult together.)

Abaris (to Owen, taking him apart) — And now, my friend, I will ask you to get a lantern, and guide me to the mountaintop.

Owen — My lord, I cannot.

Abaris (taking out a bag of gold) — Eh? Here is good payment for your trouble.

Owen (with great scorn) — The mountain is sacred.

Abaris — You will go under my protection.

Owen — It is the Gods' own mountain. Since I was born, no man has gone up there. Except for the path, all is bogland; and no soul knows that path but my dog Bran.

Abaris — Your dog shall guide me. Call him.

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Owen — He is on the mountaintop now. No call would reach him. (They pass to the back. Abaris expostulating.)

A Woman (to Cynan) — Norah of the Brook. There were two fields in barley, and one in oats; and three cows on the common land, and three pigs in the forest; and my husband fighting in the armies of the king.

(Cynan writes.) *Cynan* (to Forgil) — And you?

Forgil — No man of Nowhere. And there was service in the house of my lord the Archdruid —

Cynan — This is no answer to make.

Forgil — In the house of my lord Omand the Archdruid. It is what I demand restored by that Abaris (pointing to him).

Peasants — That — Abaris!

Abaris (suavely) — Yes, my friends; I am Abaris the Archdruid.

Owen (hostilely) — You — are that Abaris?

Abaris — And it is I who have promised to protect you.

Mard — My lord, there are my thirty kine the Black Banners will have taken; and my three hundred sheep on the mountain; and of swine in the forest a very great herd.

Keth — And you are Abaris, the 'friend of the Gods'?

Owen — He was for giving me gold to bring him to the mountaintop of the Gods.

Forgil — He is the one that plotted against Omand, whom the Gods and the people loved. There were no wars in Omand's day; remember you his treachery to my lord Omand, when he promises you this and that.

Keth — He is the one that has had the heavy taxes from us; there were few taxes in Omand's time.

Peasant — Give me back my lands, that the Druids have stolen from me in taxes.

Eyrog — He is the one that brought down this curse of the Black Banners on us. Give me back my seven sons you have murdered in your war.

Macha — Give me back my man from the armies of the king.

Mard — Quit your folly, woman; and be proud he is fighting for his country! Shocking to me is this lack of patriotism.

Abaris (turning from a conversation he has been holding serenely with Cynan) — Sit! Sit! Be calm, my friends, be calm! Your terrors have overcome you; I shall take no account of it; fear nothing; you are pardoned. — And now. I must

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leave you; because the Gods have summoned me to their mountaintop. You shall wait here, if you will; while I am with the Mighty Ones yonder. (To Owen) And now, my man, the lantern, and the dog. Call you to him, and he will come.

Owen — See here, neighbors; if the Gods have summoned this man, they will have provided him the means of coming to them. But if it were bright noon-day, there is none in the world could guide him to the mountaintop but my dog Bran; and Bran went up there with my Mother this afternoon.

Forgil — The Gods summoned him! He was a liar from the first lie he told Omand.

Keth — If they summoned him, they were having their sport with him.

Eyrog — They were leading him here, to us whom he has robbed.

Forgil — Where is Omand, Abaris?

Owen — Omand is yonder on the mountaintop.

Forgil — What?

Owen — Omand is yonder on the mountaintop.

Forgil — So it is begging Omand to speak with the Gods for you, you would be, Abaris coward?

Keth — This is his 'summoned by the Gods'!

Eyrog — Come now, how will you get to the mountaintop, Abaris? How will you get to the man you betrayed? How will the Gods lead you there?

(The dog enters, trailing the leash.)

Abaris (perfectly serene always) — By this hound they have sent me, my friend. — To me, Bran! (Bran, as overawed and subdued, comes and crouches before him.)

Cynan (To *Eyrog*) — Have the Gods answered your question?

Abaris — I think they have. But they are panic-stricken: there must be no harshness. Come, good woman, the lantern!

(Cloonagh is for getting it.)

Owen — Stay, Cloonagh! There is no place for such as he on the mountaintop of the Gods.

Cloonagh — He is the Archdruid.

Owen — He is the false Archdruid.

Forgil — Are there no sorceries for bringing down a dog from the mountaintop the way there were sorceries for setting the Druids of the world against Omand their chief?

Eyrog — And there may be sorceries for blasting the ones that have spoken

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against him; but I am telling you the dead work no sorceries. Is it spears you have there behind the door, Owen Cree Laumbagh?

Owen — Yes; it is spears.

(*Owen, Forgil, Keth, Eyrog* arm themselves with the spears.)

Forgil — Health-bringing to the world a sacrifice to the angry Gods!

Abaris — The lantern, my good woman!

Owen — We will lead him out: at the foot of the slope we will make sacrifice.

Cynan (raising his arms and scepter) — I invoke —

Abaris — Hush! it would be profanation. There is nothing to concern us in this. The Gods need no invocation; there is no danger.

Forgil — You, Nest; you Macha, that are known to have the sight; look into this man's soul before he dies: has he the power to see the Gods? Have they had communication at any time with him?

Nest — He has no power: his life was never quickened with their words or their thought.

Macha — Waste no time with this! I can see the blind little soul of him now: the pig in the sty can see more of the Gods than ever he could.

Eyrog — And a knife for the pig, and these spears for —

Owen — Abaris Usurper, come out to the sacrifice!

(The four with their spears advance against him.)

Cynan — Back devils!

(Enter *Eynon*, sleep-walking or in vision.)

Eynon — Ah, hush now! Hush, or you will displease Them!

(They turn, dropping their spear-points.)

Several — Who is it?

Nest — The Crowned Babe, with the splendor upon his forehead!

Eynon — Hush now! They are gathering out there on the mountaintop. Displeasing to Them is hatred; displeasing the spears in your hands! (They stand aside as he passes to the door and opens it. They crowd round him in the doorway, gazing up where he points towards the mountaintop.) Look! look! Oh, dear and wonderful they are, sailing down through the beauty of heaven!

Keth (who is close beside him) — Ah! ah!

A Peasant (who is farthest from the door) — What is it he sees? Is it falling stars?

Keth — Hush! hush!

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Eynon — Another, and another, and another! They are moving over the mountains, and their bodies are of shadowy fire. They are lofty as the night when they light down on the mountains; and with their fingers they are plucking flame and music out of the stars. . . .

Keth — He touched me, and I see them.

Peasant — What is it he sees?

Forgil — The white magnificent constellations of heaven giving up their Potentates and their armed Viceregents, and they flaming and trailing down the sky to Cree Laumbagh. (*Forgil is standing beside Eynon in the doorway, touching him with one hand. As he speaks, he turns to the crowd and reaches out his other hand to them, touching first the old woman Nest.*)

Nest — The praise of the world to the Beautiful Mighty Ones! (*From her the contact spreads, and one after another cries out in wonder.*)

Peasants — Ah! ah! The Gods!

Abaris (who is standing in front, with his back to the peasants) — *Cynan* son of Eurwys, what is it they see?

Cynan — The Mighty Gods have put illusion on them for your sake. They think they see — Those whom only the Archdruid may see.

Abaris — Look! . . . what is it they see?

Cynan (goes towards the door and looks out) — My lord, there is a great wonder of shooting stars.

Eynon (turning to *Cynan*) — You too! Ah, look! (*He lays a hand on Cynan — who starts, gazes, and turns back to Abaris.*)

Cynan — My lord, it is —

Abaris — The Gods! They have done this for me. The Gods gather to meet me on the mountaintop. I never doubted that they would come to me when I needed them, I never doubted that they have guided me, inspiring my mind through all these years. I never doubted that I should see them — at last!

Cynan — These peasants — that they should see!

Abaris — Yes; not without witnesses the Gods have gathered on their mountain to meet the Archdruid. Give me the leash!

Cynan — Only the Archdruid can see —

Abaris — His power can grant vision to whom he will. The leash!

Cynan — By the touch of his hand. His power can grant vision to whom he will — so comes the teaching down — by the touch of his hand. (*He picks up the leash and gives it to Abaris as he speaks.*)

Abaris — Come! (*He advances triumphantly towards the door.*) *Aside, you! Aside!* Your Archdruid goes to meet those Mighty Ones!

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Eynon — Hush! you will displease them! Look! (With one hand he touches Abaris, pointing upward with the other.)

Abaris — The Gods! . . . Ah! (He covers his eyes with his hands suddenly, crying out loud; then, dropping his hands, stands in doubt, gropes.) No stars . . . no light! — *Cynan*! What — where — where is the light? . . . *Cynan*, where are you? All the light is gone out of the world.

Cynan (In front of him) — I am here, my lord. What is it?

(The door would be very wide, and opening outward. The above few speeches would be given outside, where *Eynon* stands, with the peasants mostly standing or kneeling about him. No sky could be seen from the audience; but in the earlier part of the play, a low white wall some little way off, with mountainside above and beyond. Lighting effects from above could be used in this part where the peasants are seeing the Gods.)

Abaris — Open the door. . . . I would sit . . . in the lighted room . . . where is it?

Cynan (leading him in) — It is here. (Brings him to the chair; *Abaris* sits.)

Abaris — The fire? The lights?

Cynan — They are here, my lord. What is it? You are ill?

Abaris — Yes; I am ill. Hush; it is terrible. I saw a God.

Cynan — It is the gift and privilege of your office, my lord. It is what your eyes have often seen.

Abaris — Liar! liar! Irreligious knave! It is only the Archdruid can see them, *Cynan*; we ought not to blaspheme, we Druids. Do you not know me? I am *Abaris*; only to the Holy Omand, our Master, is that dreadful vision allowed. Did you not see him, just now — how he came in here, in the likeness of a young boy, and gathered the Druids and the Bards about him, and touched them with his hands, and they saw? And he touched me also, and I saw; and because there was that in my heart — that desire — hush! I will tell you — to be Archdruid! — the world withered and went down, and the torrent roars. Laugh! laugh! the mountains are laughing at the fool *Abaris*. . . . Get me four balls of gold, and I will go juggling in the courts of kings; I will tell how the mountains laughed over the story of the fool *Abaris*. . . . Where are the candles? Who put out the fire that was on the hearth? No light, no flame, no seeing in the world!

A Druid (outside) — Ho there! Is this Cree Laumbagh Farm?

Owen (outside) — It is Cree Laumbagh Farm. Come in, and you shall have welcome. (Enters with two or three Druids, chieftains, etc.; the peasants follow them, and *Eynon*.)

Druid (to *Abaris*) — Ah, my lord, you are here; there is news, the best in the world for you. News that all may hear. The king has smitten the Black Banner men: not one of them is left in the land. — What has happened?

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Eynon (advancing between the messengers and Abaris) — Who are these? Who is this poor man?

Druid — Back! It is the Lord Archdruid!

Abaris (rousing himself from stupor) — Dolt! — Believe him not, my lord! I said not so. I am your servant Abaris. Omand, punish me no more! Inflict no more that dreadful vision upon me!

Forgil — The Gods *are* just.

Eynon (putting his arm about Abaris) — Poor thing, poor thing! Take comfort dear!

Druid — In the Gods' names, what has happened?

(Enter Blindwoman.)

Owen — Mother!

Blindwoman — It has come, my son. Omand the Holy is dead — Omand the Archdruid.

Forgil, Messengers, Cynan — Omand!

Blindwoman — The Gods came down on to Cree Laumbagh this night, and took him to Themselves. Here are his scepter and his orb, which he bade me bring here to the farm. Now ruin comes on the world, for there is no Archdruid.

Abaris (standing, and advancing to Eynon) — No, no! The Archdruid is here . . . and he has forgiven Abaris. Let me go, let me go! (He stumbles out into the night. After a moment, Eynon runs out after him. Abaris falls just beyond the doorway. Eynon turns there, and faces audience. In the darkness outside, three rays of light fall on Eynon.)

Druid — The Gods speak: they appoint his Successor. (He takes the scepter and the orb from the Blindwoman, and gives them to Eynon; then makes obeisance to him.) Hail, Archdruid!

All — Hail, Archdruid!

CURTAIN

THEOSOPHY TEACHES EVOLUTION

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

THEOSOPHY explains evolution, but goes much deeper into the question than does science. Science made a notable advance last century by its doctrine of evolution, but has not got very far in the study of the subject. It has considered only the evolution of plants, animals, and man; whereas everything in the entire universe is subject to evolution. Moreover, evolution has generally seemed to be a mechanical and purposeless process, which is unsatisfactory

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to the human mind, for people want to know the reasons for things. Different scientists, again, have put forward different theories as to the causes and methods of organic evolution; and, as these are of the nature of provisional hypotheses, which may or may not be confirmed, they should not be mistaken for proven truths.

What is the meaning of the word 'evolution'? It means the unfolding of something that has been wrapped up, the bringing forth into manifestation of something that has lain hid, the coming into activity of something that has been latent and potential. Its emblem is the seed, which becomes the full-grown tree. Whence comes that tree, with all its bulk of trunk, limbs, and leaves? The actual substance no doubt comes from the air and the soil; but that is not enough explanation. There must be something in the seed, or connected with it, which determines the future form of the tree and makes it assume that particular form and no other. There was latent in the seed something which afterwards became patent; the tree pre-existed potentially in the seed, and afterwards existed in actuality as the visible full-grown plant. This illustrates the process of evolution, and will serve as a type enabling us to understand evolution in general, or other special instances of evolution. Before the tree comes into physical manifestation, it has existed beforehand in a subtler form of imbodiment; and the vital agents, the living cells, accomplish the process of building the physical form around this invisible model.

Everything in the Universe is alive and conscious, nor is there anywhere anything dead. The conception 'dead matter' should be banished from our philosophy. There is no valid reason for saying that man, animal, and plant are living, and the mineral kingdom non-living. At least, if we choose to say this, we are fixing a distinction very hard to define. Moreover, we make a dualistic universe, composed partly of living things and partly of non-living; and this tends to complication rather than to that simplification which is the aim of science. Further, if we begin by supposing physical matter to be dead, we are faced with the difficulty of explaining why it possesses the properties which it has; nor can we find any means of bridging over the gap which we have artificially created between life and body, or between mind and matter, or between force and mass.

So, to understand evolution, we begin by premising that the Universe is composed of living beings and of nothing else. These living beings are, like ourselves, composite in their nature; and, for rough pur-

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poses and without going into details, we may say they are composed of spirit, soul, and body. That this view is the true one is abundantly confirmed by the recent wonderful advances in physical science. For these recent discoveries have shown that the old mechanical conception of matter is altogether insufficient to explain what is now known. Vainly have physicists sought to discover anywhere such a thing as a fixed, dead, inert atom; and as vainly have they sought to apply the laws of molar mechanics to the behavior of molecular masses. The very word 'mass' itself ceases to have its usual significance, and cannot be essentially distinguished from that which we imply by the term 'energy.' What physicists do find is in full accord with what has just been said about the structure of the Universe — that it consists of living beings, ever alert and active, full of energy and rapid motion; ever changing and growing and evolving into new forms.

Further, physicists are now ready to confess that the phrase 'laws of nature' is a convenient way of speaking rather than an explanation; that a 'law of nature' is little more than a formulation of the actual behavior of things. Gravitation is not a law which compels things to fall to the earth; rather it is an expression for the fact that they do so fall. Force is not a mysterious entity which pushes bodies and makes them move; rather it is an effect observed when bodies do move. Finally, some physicists have declared that, when it comes down to the point of determining just why and how a given particle is going to move, they can find no other explanation than (*a*) that it is actuated by chance, or (*b*) that it is exercising a power of choice. Of these two explanations, since the former means nothing, the latter remains. Thus we find ourselves back at the idea that the Universe is composed of living beings, all conscious, living their own particular lives, fulfilling their own purposes, accomplishing their own evolution.

When we understand this we can at once get rid of two great abstractions which man has invented to tyrannize over him: (1) that of a universe of dead inert matter, which appears to have existed for all time; and (2) that of an extracosmic deity, by whom this mass of dead matter has at some time or other been created, out of nothing, and who presides over it. At the same time we may get rid of several other such abstractions, often spoken of, but vaguely defined, such as 'Nature,' 'life,' 'mind,' 'force,' and the like. It is now quite fashionable for even science to declare that mind, not matter, is the final thing

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in the Universe; but we must go beyond mind and announce *self* as the fundamental thing in the Universe.

If we analyse a living body, such as our own, we reduce it to the cell, and within that cell we discern still smaller units. But we can do no more than reduce it to living entities, whose activities we see, though the cause and directive power of these activities escapes our observation. If we analyse that which has been called dead or inorganic matter, we reduce it in the same way to living moving particles or centers of energy (the usual distinction between a particle and a center of energy vanishes here). This is but confirmation of the truth that the Universe consists of living beings. To quote from *Theosophy and Modern Science*, by G. de Purucker, M. A., D. LITT.:

Every smallest spark, every most infinitesimal particle or corpuscle which in their aggregate infill the universe and which are indeed that universe itself and which exist in innumerable multitudes, every one of these living entities inshrines a spiritual Monad, a spark of the Universal Life.

Monads are spiritual beings, "self-conscious, self-motivated, self-impelled god-sparks," which are everywhere following their own pathways of evolution, and building for themselves organic forms, wherein they may fully express that which is within them and attain to full self-consciousness.

Such a Monad exists at the core, in the heart, of every specific corpuscle or infinitesimal, and of these there are innumerable hosts, infinite numbers of them literally. These infinitesimals, these atoms, these shrines of the Monads, offspring each one of them from its parent Monad, are elemental entities beginning each its upward march, as a thought will spring from the mind of man, for thoughts are things, and are ensouled.

Thus we see that evolution is not a mechanical process, not a blind purposeless happening, but the life-drama of the countless living beings that compose the Universe. All these beings are arranged in hierarchical order, grouped together in ranks, the lesser subordinate to the greater, exactly as we find it in our own constitution. Every being in the Universe is built on an analogous pattern, and the great can be known by knowing the small, and the small by knowing the great. Man himself is thus a miniature of the Universe. In man's body we find one supreme being dominating numerous inferior grades of living beings, which constitute the organs, and then the tissues, and then the cells, and the nuclei within the cells. Each and all of these constituents are performing their own life functions, achieving their

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own evolution; but all are at the same time fulfilling the purpose of their chief, the leader of the hierarchy. This chief is the physical Monad in man; and it in its turn is subject to the higher Monads, Vital, Mental, Spiritual, etc.

Against Theosophists have been brought the two mutually inconsistent charges that they are (1) inventing new doctrines, (2) rehashing ancient ones. Such objections are made by those who wish to get rid of Theosophy, rather than by those who wish to understand it; and we may leave the objectors to dispose of each other. People wishing to be informed, to learn something that may be of use to them, will not care whether the teaching is old or new, so long as it helps them. The word and the idea of a Monad has often been used, as for instance by Leibnitz, Giordano Bruno, the Pythagoreans, and Plato. An American philosopher, the late Professor Borden P. Bowne, regarded the Universe as an "assemblage of persons." Life, mind, consciousness, are abstractions, and can exist only as attributes of *selves*. To say that mind pervades the Universe is to imply a self or selves endowed with mind. Consciousness is but the attribute of beings who are conscious, and there can be no life apart from entities that live.

The young people of today, questioning every established authority, are demanding positive knowledge. It is to them that we appeal. Let them get back to that maxim of ancient wisdom, 'Man, know *thyself*!' There can be no knowledge apart from this. Scientific theorists have created an external universe which is imaginary and unrelated to their own actual daily life. They ask us to contemplate a vast universe of globes and stellar systems, rolling through the ages of infinite time and space, with no conceivable purpose and to no conceivable end; man appearing thereon for a brief span as a kind of incident or accident. All this may be very well as an intellectual amusement, but could hardly tell us less than it does about the problem of leading our daily life. Reality is only to be found by self-study. It is through our own faculties alone that knowledge comes to us, and therefore it is essential that we understand our own nature, who we are and why we are.

We must study the doctrine of evolution, and study it properly and thoroughly. In the teachings of Theosophy will be found a symmetrical plan that co-ordinates and fits into place the scraps of knowledge that have come to us from so many sources, but which we cannot

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harmonize. Theosophists do not ask, do not want, anyone to accept any of their statements on authority; all they ask is a hearing. If you are in search of the truth, and find therein that which will satisfy your mind and your heart, what further credentials will you need?

The present article is intended merely as introductory and to elicit inquiry. The whole subject of evolution has been elaborately treated in Theosophical writings, and the controversial questions respecting the evolution of man have been fully dealt with. Man is primarily and essentially a spiritual being; and it is he himself who has raised up the physical and other instruments through which he works, as he will continue to do in the future. The purpose, and the effect, of Theosophy is to give man a due sense of his own power and dignity; not by exalting his petty strutting personal vanity, but by calling forth the true manhood from within him. For it is the privilege of man, by virtue of his divine self-consciousness, to accomplish his evolution self-consciously. Thus, in place of being a mere 'accident,' at the mercy of unknown and ruthless forces, he graduates to the rank of a responsible Being, performing his allotted task in the great universal work.

MORE LIGHT

A Study of Freemasonry and Theosophy

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL, 32^o

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CHAPTER I — OUR DEBT TO ANTIQUITY

THE experience of our first initiations into Masonry, as Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason, probably for every one of us stands out as one of the mile-stones on the path of our present life. For very many it was a turning-point, opening up new vistas as to life's meaning and possibilities. And yet, beautiful as are the teachings of the three degrees, more especially to those who study their symbology and allegory and seek for their inner meaning, the question arises: is this all? So plain are the indications that the three degrees are but the beginning of a path, that even though we have received the honorable title of Master Mason, if we have truly learned the lessons thus far imparted, the question comes again and again: Whither does the path lead? And then we hear of 'Higher

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Degrees,' and learn that we are privileged to receive them. But do they satisfy the deep longing of the heart and mind? It will be understood of course that I speak only of those who take Freemasonry seriously, and not of those — of whom there are some, deeply as it is to be regretted — who seek only for the honor or advantage (as some regard it) which comes from having received the 'Higher Degrees.' Even these receive some benefit, though perhaps they profit little by it. But as said, I speak only of those who take Freemasonry seriously, though I address myself to all; for we are all Brothers and all entitled to be acknowledged as such.

As we pursue our path further, we are given further instruction, and in due time receive those 'Higher Degrees.' Just a little corner of the veil is lifted; we are given a glimpse of a few of the great teachings of the ancient sages; of the wisdom of Greece, Egypt, Persia, India. If these teachings find a responsive chord in our hearts and minds, we study further; we turn to the literature, the records of the past: the *Book of the Dead* of old Egypt, the *Zend Avesta* of Persia; the *Vedas* and *Upanishads* of India; Buddhism, Druidism, the Norse legends, and the mythology and traditions of all races; and to these we must add the Chaldaean and the Jewish Kabbala; the teachings of Pythagoras, Plato, the Stoics, the Neo-Platonists. What a task! A lifetime is not long enough! Yet even a cursory study of one or more of these, just enumerated, reveals a little of the path along which the men of former times have traveled, and gives a glimpse of the Light which they have found—the same Light which we and all true Masons seek today. For Light is one. It appears diverse only because of the different media through which it is perceived, seemingly separated into different colored lights because we see it through the great prism of the Past or of the Present; or perhaps we see only one color, only a fragment, as it were, and think we see the undimmed sunlight.

The sunlight, passing through a prism, appears as a seven-colored band of light; the 'prismatic colors.' So the Light of Truth, passing through the prism of life finds its varying expression in the dominant thoughts of the races and peoples of the world. Yet, as in each of the colors is a portion of the sunlight, a measure of the sunlight itself; so is the Light of Truth to be found, under differing guise, in the great religions and philosophies of antiquity. Recombine the seven prismatic rays and once again the white light is seen; and so, equally, is the White Light of Truth to be found by recombining the underlying

truths — albeit differently expressed, differently colored as it were — which are the heart of the great religions and philosophies and sciences of antiquity.

“What is Truth?” asked Pilate of Jesus, according to the Gospel story. How may we know that we have found the Truth, or that it may be found, as said, by searching the records of the past? By what signs may it be recognised?

During the past fifty and more years, a great change has come in the thought of the world in regard to the peoples of antiquity and the part that these have played in the world’s intellectual and spiritual history. The foundations of this change were laid one hundred and fifty years ago, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, by the discovery and translation of the literatures of Persia and India, and, a few years later, by the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, which gave the first key to the deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

One of the greatest factors in the opening up of this old world of thought and making it available to scholars everywhere was the work of the Asiatic Society and the publication of its *Transactions*. In Volume I of these, the title-page reads as follows:

Asiatic Researches or Transactions of the Society instituted in Bengal, for inquiring into the History and Antiquities, the Arts, Sciences, and Literature, of Asia — Volume the First — Printed Verbatim from the Calcutta Edition, London, 1799.

The Introduction has the following regarding the foundation of the Society:

If this first publication of the ASIATIC SOCIETY should not answer those expectations, which may have been hastily formed by the learned in EUROPE, they will be candid enough to consider the disadvantages, which must naturally have attended its institution and retarded its progress. . . .

And after recounting these, the Introduction continues:

. . . several ENGLISHMEN, therefore, who resided in a country, every part of which abounds in objects of curious and useful speculation, concurred in opinion, that a Society instituted at CALCUTTA on the plan of those established in the principal cities of EUROPE, might possibly be the means of concentrating all the valuable knowledge, which might occasionally be attained in ASIA, or of preserving at least many little tracts and essays, the writers of which might not think them of sufficient importance for separate publication. The ASIATIC SOCIETY was accordingly formed on the 15th of January, 1784.

The first President of the Society was Sir William Jones, who in

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the course of his first presidential address outlined the scope of the researches as follows:

It is your design, I conceive, to take an ample space for your learned investigations, bounding them only by the geographical limits of *Asia*.

Taking Hindûsthân as the center and enumerating the principal countries of the continent, he referred to the connexion of Egypt with Asia, and the influence of Arabia on European history, saying,

you may not be displeased occasionally to follow the streams of ASIATICK learning a little beyond its natural boundary. . . .

and then,

If now it be asked, what are the intended objects of our inquiries within these spacious limits, we answer MAN and NATURE: whatever is performed by the one, or produced by the other.

The following should be quoted to complete the picture which he outlined to his associates. Speaking of the different Asiatic languages, he said:

. . . and if to the *Persian, Armenian, Turkish, and Arabick*, could be added not only the *Sanskrit*, the treasures of which we may now hope to see unlocked, but even the *Chinese, Tartarian, Japanese*, and the various insular dialects, an immense mine would then be open, in which we might labor with equal delight and advantage. . . .

Little did the speaker realize how vast the treasures that the next few years were to see unlocked, or guess that he was on the eve of a discovery greater than that of the New World of Columbus two hundred years earlier, and of vastly more importance to the progress of the human race. For it was the rediscovery of the spiritual and intellectual heritage of our present humanity: the rediscovery of the greatest treasures of thought, the most complete philosophy regarding 'Man and Nature' ever formulated by man, the source from whence the greatest of the then known philosophers, Pythagoras and Plato, had drawn their inspiration; and, directly or indirectly, the greatest of the modern philosophers also.

From these discoveries of ancient literatures, and from the study thereof, it soon became evident that in all there existed certain similarities of doctrine, and in some cases identical doctrines or teachings. From the discovery of this fact, which stimulated further search and comparison, there arose what is now called the Study of Comparative Religion which has led to a much greater appreciation of the thought

MORE LIGHT

and civilization, or civilizations we should say — for there have been many — of the ancients. And here let it be said that while great monuments, buildings, sculptures, accompany and are outward signs of civilization, the measure of a civilization is the thought-life of its people, whether expressed or not in literature; just as the true measure of a man is not his strength, or symmetry of physical proportion, but his thoughts and aspirations. The most civilized men today are not the biggest and strongest physically, or the wealthiest in material goods; but the thinkers, those who possess symmetry of mind and heart. “He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.” He is the civilized man. Similarly with nations. The most civilized nations today are not necessarily the mightiest in the possession of wealth, and armies and navies; but those whose general life is most marked by high thought and spiritual aspiration and, as said, by balance, equilibrium, harmonious relation, of mind and heart.

Wise indeed was our own Masonic Brother, Albert Pike, when he placed this as the keynote of the highest degree of our Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, for it is the keynote of Freemasonry, the summing up of all the lessons of the three Degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow-Craft, and Master Mason, and of all the degrees of Scottish Rite Freemasonry. It is the Royal Secret, although that secret remains still a secret unless and until something else be known of which we shall speak later. Yet it is hinted at, and deducible therefrom as a logical conclusion, in the last chapter of Albert Pike’s *Morals and Dogma*. In that chapter, he gives the following definition of Freemasonry as “The truest and the most significant you have yet to hear”:

Freemasonry is the subjugation of the Human that is in man by the Divine; the Conquest of the Appetites and Passions by the Moral Sense and the Reason; a continual effort, struggle and warfare of the Spiritual against the Material and Sensual. That victory, when it has been gained and secured, and the conqueror may rest upon his shield and wear the well-earned laurels, is the true HOLY EMPIRE. (p. 854)

The italics are Albert Pike’s; and truly we may accept this definition as the best and most significant; but not yet may the ‘Conqueror’ rest, save it may be, as it were, to take a long breath “to prepare him for the further task that lies ahead.” And we believe that the author had this in mind, for what follows as to the Royal Secret shows that there are many heights for the Master Mason yet to climb. For

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Freemasonry, as thus defined and expounded by this greatest of its modern exponents, is but a fragment, at best, of the Ancient Mysteries, as later we shall endeavor to show. It is but a preparation for More Light. It is but a step on the ladder of knowledge: knowledge of man and the Universe of which he is an inseparable part. There are many steps on that ladder which reaches ever higher, and still higher; or inward and ever inward to the Heart of the Universe.

Not yet as Masons do we possess the ROYAL SECRET, which, as Albert Pike declares:

. . . if you are a true adept, if knowledge seems to you advisable, and Philosophy is, for you, radiant with a divine Beauty, is that which the Sohar terms *The Mystery of the BALANCE*. It is the Secret of the UNIVERSAL EQUILIBRIUM:

. . . of that Equilibrium in the Deity, between the Infinite Divine WISDOM and the Infinite Divine POWER, from which result the Stability of the Universe, the unchangeableness of the Divine Law, and the Principles of Truth, Justice, and Right which are a part of it; and the Supreme Obligation of the Divine Law. . . .

The 'three degrees,' and all the 'higher degrees,' with all the wealth of knowledge which they reveal to the earnest inquiring student, are but a preparation for more knowledge. Light, it is true, has been gained thereby; but there is More Light beyond. Freemasonry is but the entrance leading to hall after hall, wherein the Light becomes ever more transcendent as we journey ever inward to the Heart of the Universe. There are undeveloped powers and faculties within man, of which today he does not dream; heights and depths of which he has no knowledge. All these he must develop, all these he must explore, if he would attain Self-knowledge, which is the key to knowledge of the Universe.

THE POPOL VUH

(Translated from the text of Brasseur de Bourbourg)

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

PART IV — CHAPTER VII

THE name of the site of their city, where they dwelt at last and where they definitely established themselves, is En Izmachi. There it was that they put their power into action* and commenced to build houses of stone and lime, under the four generations of kings.

*It was used for building and had a mysterious use in addition.

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These then spoke: Conache and Beleheb-Queh; and with him the galel-ahau. Next reigned King Gotuha with Iztayul, the names of the ahpop and the ahpop-camha, who reigned there in Izmachi,* which they had made and which in its time became a magnificent city.

Only three palaces were built there in Izmachi. There were not yet those twenty-four palaces of which we will speak later, but only their three palaces, one palace only for those of Cavek, one for those of Niha'ib and likewise a single one in the possession of those of Ahau-Quiché.†

But they were two serpents, these two branches of the family.‡ Well then, all the people in Izmachi were of one heart and one soul. There were no enmities among them. They had no more difficulties. The realm was settled and quiet, with no disputes and no riots. Peace and felicity were in their hearts. There was no envy, no jealousy, in what they did. Their power was still restrained. They had not yet concerted anything great, nor had they sought to elevate themselves.

But then they tried to make the shield pass there in Izmachi, as the sign of their empire. They made of it a sign of their majesty and likewise a sign of their greatness.

And when Ilocab perceived it, the flame of war was lit by them. They wanted to have this king Cotuha destroyed, those of Ilocab only desiring one king, and that he should be one of themselves.§ As for King Iztayul, they desired to chastise him. They wanted him to be killed as a punishment, by those of Ilocab.

But their jealousy did not succeed against King Cotuha. He descended upon them before those of Ilocab could kill him. That was the origin of the rebellion and the tumult of the war.

They entered the city by assault at the very commencement, mas-

*Izmachi, whose ruins are still visible, south of those of Utatlan or Gumarcaah, on a platform where the precipices communicate with those of this capital.

†The three reigning families of Cavek, Niha'ib, and Ahau-Quiché had their residences in the capital, which did not prevent the two latter from having private capitals elsewhere. These capitals changed like those of Cavek and only became fixed after the great conquests undertaken by Iztayul and Gucumatz.

‡B. de B. cannot understand this literal translation.— M. 'Serpent' in antiquity meant one versed in Esoteric Wisdom.— Ed.

§Already enfeebled by the usurpations of those of Cavek the chiefs of Ilocab make a last effort and succumb as a result.

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sacrificing as they went. They wished to ruin the Quiché name so that they could reign alone.*

But they came to die. They were captured and made prisoners, and few of them escaped. And then they began to sacrifice them. Those of Ilocab were immolated before the god, and that was the punishment of their sin, as it was commanded by Cotuha. A great number also were made slaves, having brought about their own subjection because they kindled the war against the king and against the walls of the city.

Their heart's desire was that the name of the king of Quiché should be ruined and delivered to opprobrium. But they were unable to bring this about.

Thus then originated human sacrifices before the god, when they made war because of the fortifications of the city that had been begun in Izmachi.

There was founded the cradle of the city's power, because in deed and in truth the empire of the Quiché king was very great. It was everywhere surrounded by princes who were powerful in their magic enchantments and their deeds. None could humiliate them or prevail over them and that very thing was the basis of the peculiar greatness of the royalty that was centered in Izmachi.

There was formed the custom of pricking oneself with thorns or spines before the god, and fear overtook the nations. All the nations were terrified, little nations and great, as they contemplated the entry of the captives who were sacrificed and killed, and when they saw the majesty and the greatness of King Cotuha, of King Iztayul, together with the kings of Nihaïb and Ahau-Quiché.

But these three branches of the royal family dwelt there in Izmachi, which was the name of the city, and it was there likewise that they commenced the feasts and orgies for their daughters, when they came to carry wood for the use of the temples.

That was the reason why the three princes of the family assembled in the palace named after them, and there they drank their drinks,† and ate their provisions, the price of their sisters and their daughters. Joy was in their hearts and they did nothing but eat and drink from their painted calabash-cups in their palaces.

*B. de B. remarks that this is the only time that the author separates the name of Quiché from that of Ilocab.

†Generally fermented and very strong.

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This is the way we express our thanks and our gratitude towards the gods for our posterity. This represents our boys and girls, they said.

It is there that they began to celebrate feasts where infants were named, and it is there that they gave themselves titles. They organized themselves into seven tribes and classed themselves by *cal-pules* or 'great houses.'

Let us unite, we the Cavek, we the Nihaīb, and we the Ahau-Quiché, said the three families and the three great houses. And for a long time they made their dwelling in Izmachi, until they had found and had seen another city, and in its turn abandoned that of Izmachi.

CHAPTER VIII

When they had gone away from Izmachi they came to the capital named Gumarcaah.* This city was so named by the Quiché when the kings Cotuha and Gucumatz with all the princes went there. The fifth generation of men, counting from the commencement of civilization and the origin of the existence of the Quiché as a nation, had then begun.

And there in great number they built their houses, and there likewise they built the house of the god in the center of the highest part of the city, where they placed it when they settled there.†

After that their empire assumed a new growth, and as they were very numerous their great houses held council yet again. Being assembled, they separated into subdivisions, for quarrels broke out. They were jealous of one another for the price of their sisters and their daughters, and they no longer offered their accustomed drinks in their presence.‡

That then was the origin of their separation, when they turned one against the other and began to spear the bones and the skulls of the dead and to send them to one another, as an insult to the dead among their enemies.

*Gumar means ageing, decaying; caah, hut.

†The ruins of this immense edifice are still visible, as referred to more fully in chapter xi.

‡This means that they neglected the ancient customs in the heat of their quarrels. The allusion is to offering chocolate and other drinks to one who came to sue for the hand of a young girl in marriage and that of sending several jugfuls to the father-in-law of the future husband.

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Then they divided into nine families. They finished the quarrel over the matter of the sisters and daughters, and carried out what they had previously decided to do by subdividing the royalty into twenty-four great houses. That is what they did.

It is a long time since the arrival of all these princes in that city. The event took place when the twenty-four great houses were completed in the capital called Gumarcaah, which was blessed by the Bishop. This city has since then been entirely depopulated.*

There they increased, having made a brilliant union of their thrones and princely cities. All their titles of honor having been distributed to each of the princes, there were formed nine families with the nine princes of Cavek, nine with the princes of Nihaïb, four with the princes of Ahau-Quiché, and two with the lords of Zakik.†

They became very numerous. Likewise the men who followed in the train of each of the princes were very numerous. They were the first at the head of their vassals and many, many families belonged to each of the princes. We are going to give the titles of each of these princes in particular and also of each of the great houses.

Well, then, here are the titles of the princes of those of Cavek. This is the first prince; the ahpop, the ahpop-camha, the Prince of the Priests of Tohil, the Prince of the Priests of Gucumatz, the Grand-Elect of Cavek, the Counselor of Chituy, the Minister of Tributes, the Counselor of the tennis-game at Tzalat, the Majordomo-in-Chief.

Such are the princes of those of Cavek, nine princes whose great houses are placed each according to rank, and whose title will be explained again later on.

Well, then, here are the names of the princes of those of Nihaïb and this is the first prince: the Ahau-galel, the Ahau-ahtzic-vinak, the Gale-camha, the Nima-camha, the Uchuch-camha, the Grand-Elect of Nihaïb, the Prince of the Priests of Avilix, the Yacol-atam-

*Gumarcaah or Utatlan was in large part burnt by Alvarado in 1524, but after the submission of the Quiché empire to the crown of Spain, the princes again made their dwelling there. Don Francisco Marroquin, a bishop of Guatemala, went there when visiting his new diocese, probably between the years 1530 and 1540. Don Juan de Rojas, son of Tecum II and Don Juan Cortes, son of Tepepul IV, were still in command there with a remnant of power under the title of ahpop and ahpop-camha. They were still living when this book was transcribed from the Quiché into Latin characters.

†Those of Zakik belonged to the family of Cotuha I.

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utzam-pop-zaklatol, the minister of Yeoltux: and these are the nine princes of Nihaïb.

Here are likewise those of Ahau-Quiché and here are the titles of their princes: the Ahtzic-vinak, the Ahau-lolmet, the Prince Grand-Elect of Ahau-Quiché, the Prince of the Priests of Hacavitz, four princes of those of Ahau-Quiché, in the order of their great houses.

Two families were formed likewise of the lords of Zakik, of Tzutuha, and of Galel-Zakik, although there was only one great house for the two princes.

CHAPTER IX

Thus then was completed the number of the twenty-four princes, as there were likewise twenty-four great houses. Then the power and majesty of Quiché increased and grew. Its greatness became strengthened and extended with the yoke of the Quiché when the city with its ravines was built of stone and lime and was covered with cement.*

The nations small and great came where the name of the king was, contributing to make the Quiché illustrious. Then rose power with majesty. Then rose the house of the god, as well as the houses of the princes. But it was not they who did it, not having been able to construct their houses, nor even to build the house of their god. It was done by their vassals, who had multiplied.

It was certainly not cunning nor violence which attracted them. In truth they belonged to these princes, each with his special retinue. Their brothers and their friends were also very numerous, their power having increased. The fame of the oracles proceeding from the mouths of the princes had also been enhanced.

For truly they were esteemed, and truly great was the glory of the princes. And the veneration which the people had for them increased,

*Civan-Tinamit, 'ravines and city'; it is the city fortified but with walls — its fortresses, and the ravines which surround it and serve as natural trenches to it, the most formidable that can be imagined. This is the state of most of the ancient cities of Central America. Utatlan and Gumarcaah are composed of three distinct plateaux surrounded by ravines interconnected by donkey-roads surfaced with cut stone. Our compatriot M. César Daly made plans of them all in 1857. There was only one single entrance into this great city, the same as that which is used today. On another plateau at the north of Utatlan are the ruins of Ilocab, with a special entrance, and at the south that of Izmachi, where in a similar fashion there is only one entrance by road, which is special to it.

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as well as their renown, because of their vassals, and the inhabitants of the ravines and the district round about, and also those of the interior of the city, increased at the same time.*

Certainly the nations did not all come to surrender in this way, as in times of war when their cities and their valleys are invaded, but it was because of the prodigies performed by the kings, prodigies which glorified King Gucumatz and King Cotuha.†

Truly this Gucumatz became a marvelous king. Every seven days he went up to heaven and in seven days he traveled along the road descending to Xibalba. Every seven days he put on the nature of the serpent. Likewise every seven days he assumed the nature of the eagle. Every seven days also he assumed the nature of the tiger, and truly he became a perfect image of an eagle or a tiger. Every seven days also he assumed the nature of coagulated blood, and he was nothing but coagulated blood.‡

For that reason the existence of this marvelous prince inspired with fear all the princes about him. It was noised abroad on all sides; all the kings of the nations heard what was said of this prodigious prince. And that was the origin of the greatness of the Quiché, when Gucumatz performed these signs of his power.

The memory of his grandsons and his sons was not at all lost in the memory of the peoples. Not that he did these things merely to show himself as a king who worked marvels, but that his quality should be a means of dominating all the nations, and that he should so manifest himself to them as the only chief of the nations.

*Ah-civan, ah-tinamit, inhabitants of ravines, inhabitants of the city; all these ravines were inhabited by the low people and it is from their numbers that the legions of enemies came who so often attacked the soldiers of Alvarado without warning or preparation, when he camped in the plain of Quiché in 1524.

†Gucumatz and Cotuha I, ahpop-camha of Gucumatz. Persuasion, fear, and violence succeeded in bringing under their sway the eastern part of the country of the Mames with a great stretch of the coast of Suchitepec. *Title of the Lords of Quetzaltenango.*

‡All the stories are full of the surprising metamorphoses of Gucumatz.— B. de B. In the forests of British Columbia and Alaska there are ceremonies among the Indians in which certain members of the tribes assume the nature of various things in Nature. It is said that a man will disappear for some days and assume the nature of a tree in such a way that he becomes a tree as nearly as a human being could imitate one. Even to himself he is a tree. He imitates the creaking of the boughs, and the crash of the tree when felled. It is a play in which the performer is lost in his part.— M

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

This prodigious king, Gucumatz by name, was of the fourth royal generation, and certainly he distinguished himself as ahpop and ahpop-camha.*

They also left posterity and descendants who likewise reigned with majesty; and their children also did many wonderful things. Thus were engendered Tepepul and Iztayul, whose reign made the fifth generation. They were both Kings, and each of the generations of these princes had issue.

*In following the list of the Kings of Quiché given by the Isagogue histories, of which some fragments are preserved in the *Mémoires of the History of Guatemala* by Mgr. García Peláez, we find that King Hunahpu, the third of the list of Juarros and the eighth according to the Isagogue, agrees with Gucumatz, who can equally be so named. Well, Hunahpu is given as the discoverer of cocoa; he may have been considered as such by his subjects, because he was the first to carry his arms to the coast where they cultivate this precious fruit, and to introduce its use among the Quiché.

(*To be continued*)

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

Lucius Annaeus Seneca

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

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

BOOK IV -- I

(1) Accordingly, in order that I may lead thee entirely away, albeit Sicily have, both in it and around it, many marvels, I will, nevertheless, pass over all questions concerning thy province, and draw off thy reflexions in another direction. *I will, therefore, inquire with thee into the matter that in the former book I postponed: why the Nile so overflows in the summer months.* To it, philosophers have assigned the Danube, as (*being*) of a similar nature, because it (*not only rises*) in unknown springs but also is greater in summer than in winter.

(2) Both the one and the other have seemed (*to us*) to be wrong. For we have ascertained that its (*the Danube's*) head is in Germany and that it does in fact begin to increase in summer; but yet the Nile

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during the first heat remains within its (*customary*) bounds when the sun most rapidly melts the snows during the last days of spring, which it consumes before the Nile begins to swell (*in July*): in the remainder of the (*early*) summer it diminishes and returns to its winter magnitude (*in October*) and from it is spread forth (*over the land*.)

II

(1) But the Nile is increased before the risings of the Dogstar, in midsummer, beyond the equinox. This noblest of rivers has nature brought forth before the eyes of the human species, and so arranged (*things*) that it should inundate Egypt at the very time when the earth, being most burned by heat, would draw the waters lowest into itself, absorbing as much (*moisture*) as might suffice for the annual drouth; for in that part which borders on Aethiopia, there are either no rains or they are rare, which (*hence*) do not relieve a land unaccustomed to celestial waters (*rain*).

(2) Egypt, as thou knowest, has her one hope in this (*river*); hence the year is either fertile or sterile proportionately as it (*the river*) flows large or small. None of the plowmen ever consults the sky: why should I not jest with my poet, and cast at him his Ovid? who says:

nor does the vegetation supplicate rainy Jupiter.

(3) Whence it begin to increase, if it can be understood, and the causes of its increase, will be ascertained; now, in fact, after having wandered through great deserts and being engulfed in swamps, scattered among nations, first around Philae it is collected together from a roving and errant (*stream*). Philae is an island, rocky, and rugged all around; it is incircled by two streams running together into one, which change into the Nile and take that name. The town (*Philae*) embraces the entire (*isle*).

(4) From this isle, the Nile, large but not impetuous, after leaving Aethiopia and the sandy wastes over which runs the route to the commerce of the Indian Ocean, glides forward. The Cataracts receive it next — a place (*rendered*) distinguished by the remarkable spectacle.

(5) There, through steep and, in many places, channeled rocks, the Nile rises and puts forth its powers; for it is divided by the rocks that it meets, and struggling along through narrow channels, wher-

ever it either forces its way or is foiled, it raises its waves; and there, its waters being for the first time aroused — for it had brought them hither without tumult in a smooth and easy bed — it rushes forward, impetuous and torrential, through perilous passes, (*a river*) different from its customary self: indeed, it flows as far as this both turbid and muddy; but where it lashes the rocks of the crags, it breaks into foam, and its color is not its own but derived from the difficulties of the passage (*ex injuria loci*). Finally, having overcome all obstacles, it takes a sudden plunge downwards from a great height, on leaving the craggy defile (*destitutus*), with immense noise echoed from the surrounding regions. The people which were once collected here by the Persians were unable to endure the clamor, their ears deafened by the constant sound, and on this account, their seats [being changed], they were transferred to more quiet surroundings.

(6) Among the marvels of the river, I have been told of the incredible audacity of the natives: they enter little boats, by twos, of whom one handles the boat and the other bales out; then, after having been tumbled about for a long time between the rapid frenzy of the Nile and the choppy waves, they enter at last (*certain*) very shallow channels by which they escape the narrow defiles of the cliffs, and darting ahead with the entire flood, they manage by hand the rushing boat, and to the great terror of the onlookers, are dashed downwards headlong: when thou art lamenting them as sunk, and believest them to be overwhelmed in such fearful odds, they are floating far from the place where they fell, hurled ahead as from a catapult, nor does the falling stream overwhelm, but carries (*them*) onwards to smooth waters.

(7) The first swelling of the Nile takes place around the isle that I have already mentioned, Philae. At a short distance from this (*isle*) the crag is divided: the Greeks call it "Αβαρον (*that is not to be trodden*), and nobody except the superior priests set foot upon it. These rocks feel the first increase of the river. Then, after a long distance, two projecting rocks appear: the natives call them the *Veins of the Nile*, out of which a great quantity (*of water*) pours, yet not enough to be able to inundate Egypt. When the solemn religious rites occur, the priests cast a log, and the prefects golden gifts, into these mouths.

(8) From here, now manifestly the Nile from its (*accession*) of new volume, is carried along in a wide and deep channel; nor can it widen, being hemmed in by the opposing hills. But at length, around

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Memphis, it is free, and flowing over the flat land is directed into several streams and into canals made by hand so that its contents may be within the control of those who draw it; and thus is distributed over all Egypt. In the beginning it is (*thus*) divided; afterwards, with uninterrupted waters, it overflows, having the appearance of a wide and turbid sea; the width of the country deprives it of its current and impetuosity, for it is spread over these (*regions*) on the right hand and on the left, embracing all Egypt.

(9) According as the Nile has swelled, so is the hope for the (*coming*) year; nor does the reckoning deceive the husbandman, for precisely according to the height of the river, the earth responds, which the Nile renders fruitful. It (*the river*) deposits upon a sandy and thirsty soil both water and mud: for since its flow is muddy, it leaves behind it all (*its*) sediment in the dry and cracked soil (*locis*); and whatever richness it carries with it, it deposits on the arid earth (*locis*), and thus enriches (*iuvat*) the fields by two means: it both inundates and leaves mud behind it. Accordingly, whatever (*parts*) it does not reach, lie sterile and poor. If it swell above the needful measure, it is harmful.

(10) Hence the nature of (*this*) river is wonderful, because while other rivers wash out the soil and erode it, the Nile, so much greater than others, far from destroying and carrying away anything, on the contrary brings benefit and there is a superabundance in it of that which improves the soil. With the mud which is brought (*by it*) it saturates the sands and unites them, so that Egypt owes to it not only the fertility of the land, but (*the land*) itself.

(11) It is a most beautiful sight, when the Nile has spread over the fields: the plains are concealed and the hollows are covered over; the towns stand out like islands: there is no communication then in these midland parts except by boats: the less the inhabitants see of their land the greater is their joy.

(12) When, on the other hand, the Nile confines itself to its banks, it flows into the sea by seven mouths; whichever one thou mayest select out of these, is a sea, yet many meaner mouths does the coast present in one or another place. Moreover, it sustains monsters equal either in size or in harmfulness to marine (*animals*), and from this it can be estimated how great it is, that it contains huge animals with sufficient food (*for them*) and room for roving (*in its waters*).

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(13) Balbillus, one of the best of men and in all classes of literature of the rarest merit, is authority that when he himself had obtained the prefecture of Egypt, he beheld, in the Heracleotic mouth of the Nile — which is the largest — a spectacle (*of a battle*) between dolphins assembling from the sea and crocodiles from the river forming an opposing line, just like a battle between factions. The crocodiles were conquered by animals both peaceful and innocuous in their bite.

(14) Of these (crocodiles), the upper part of the body is hard and impenetrable even by the teeth of the larger animals; but the lower is soft and tender. This part, the dolphins, being submerged, wounded with the spines which they bear protruding from the back, for, rising upwards against (*the crocodiles' bellies*) they gashed them open; a large number having been torn open in this manner, the others, just as if the line had been turned, fled.

(15) A fleeing animal to a bold; the most bold, to the timid. Nor do the Tentyrites overcome them by any peculiarity of race or of blood, but by despising (*them*) and by temerity. Of their own accord they (*the Tentyrites*) chase them, and capture the fleeing (*crocodiles*) with snares which are thrown around (*them*): many, of course, perish, in whom there was less presence of mind in the chase.

(16) Theophrastus is authority that the Nile formerly brought down sea-water. For a period of two years, without interruption, during Cleopatra's reign, it did not rise; this was in the tenth and eleventh years of (*her*) reign. They say that (*this*) signified a loss to two rulers: for the power of Antony and of Cleopatra fell. Callimachus is the authority that the Nile did not rise for nine years in former times.

(17) *But now I will pass on to examine the causes on account of which the Nile increases in summer; and I will begin from the most ancient (writers).* Anaxagoras says that the snows melted off from the mountain-ranges of Aethiopia run down until (*they flow*) into the Nile. All antiquity was of this opinion: Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, hand it on; but that it is false, appears from many evidences.

(18) In the first place, that Aethiopia is exceedingly hot is indicated by the swarthy complexion of the men, and by the Troglodytes, whose dwellings are underground; the rocks burn as if (*heated*) by fire, not only at midday, but when the sun is in an inclined position;

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the dusty (*soil*) is hot, and the human sole cannot endure it; silver is unsoldered; the joints of the (*military*) standards are melted; no coating of material additionally adorned remains (*on it*); the south wind also which blows from that region, is the hottest of winds; none of those animals which lie concealed, are ever hid away by winter, and the serpent lives through the winters openly and on the face of the ground; Alexandria, likewise, is situated far from immoderate heats, yet snows never fall there; places farther south lack rain.

(19) How then has a region subjected to such great heats received snows that are to last through the entire summer? Of course certain mountains do receive them: what ones more so than the Alps, the ranges of Thrace, the Caucasus? Still, the streams of these mountains swell in the spring and in the first part of summer, while they are of less size in the winters: for, in fact, in the spring-seasons the rains dissolve the snow, and the first heat melts what remains.

(20) Neither the Rhine nor the Rhone nor the Hister [nor those others which] lie under a [wintry] sky arise in summer: and in those northern parts the snows are constantly very deep. The Phasis and the Borysthenes, also would increase [in the same] season, (*if*) the snows were able to increase the streams before the summertime.

(21) Further, if this cause were to enlarge the Nile, it would flow at its fullest in the early summer, for up to that time the snows are greatest and untouched and their melting of the slightest; but the Nile diminishes for four months (*March-June*) and its increase is steady (*not torrential*).

(22) If thou believe Thales, the Etesian winds blow against the descending Nile, and check its course by the sea being moved (*by the winds*) against the mouths (*of the river*); being thus thrown back, it returns upon itself, nor does it increase (*in size*), but prevented from flowing off (*into the sea*), it stops, and thereupon wherever it is able to do so, it breaks out, being prevented (*from advancing*). Euthymenes of Massilia (*now Marseilles*) gives his testimony: "I have navigated," he says, "the Atlantic Sea, whence the Nile flows, very large as long as the Etesian winds keep (*their*) period, for then the sea is thrown up (*on the land*) by the pressing winds; when these have subsided, both the main resumes its quiet and there is, hence, less volume in the descending Nile. Further, the taste of the sea is sweet (*fresh water*), and the monsters (*in it*) are like those of the Nile."

(23) Now how is it, if the Etesian winds stir up the Nile, that its

increase begins before they appear and continues after they cease? Furthermore, it does not become larger when they have blown more strongly, nor is it driven back nor augmented in proportion to their (*the winds*'s) impetus — which would occur if it (*the Nile*) increased from the energy of the (*winds*)? How is it, since the Etesian winds lash the Egyptian strand and the Nile flows down against them, it (*the Nile*) will come forth thence whence they come, if they are its origin? Besides, it would then flow out of the sea pure and blue, not, as it now is, muddy.

(24) Add, that his testimony is refuted by a crowd of witnesses. There was room for lies then, when foreign regions were unknown, [if] one cared to attach fables to them; but now, indeed, the entire coast of the outer sea is touched at by the ships of merchants, of whom none narrates * (*probably a lacuna in the text here*) now the Nile is blue or that the sea is of another taste * which nature forbids belief in, because it is the soil which carries whatever is sweetest and lightest.

(25) Furthermore, why does it (*the Nile*) not increase in winter-time? For then the sea can be stirred up by the winds, sometimes indeed, by the greatest: but the Etesian winds are gentle. If it were derived out of the Atlantic Sea, it would fill Egypt completely all at once, but, in fact, it increases by degrees.

(26) Oenopides of Chios says: In the winter, the heat is contained underground. Hence, caverns are then warm and the water in wells is quite tepid: for this reason the veins dry up by the internal heat. But in other lands the streams are augmented by rains: the Nile, because it is aided by no rainfall, is diminished, and afterwards increases during the summer, when the interior parts of the earth grow cool and vigor returns to the springs.

(27) Now if this were true, in summer [all] the streams would swell, all wells would in summer be full. Then (*as regards the opinion that*) "in winter the heat underground is greater," water and caverns and wells are warm because they do not receive the chilling air from outside: thus they have no heat but exclude the cold; for the same reason they are cool in summer, because the air which is hot, distant, and apart, does not enter there.

(28) Diogenes of Apollonia (*in Crete*) says: "The sun draws moisture to itself: this (moisture) the dry earth absorbs from the sea, also from other waters; it cannot happen that one land be dry and another wet, for all things are porous and reciprocally pervious,

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and at times the dry take up from the wet; unless the earth received some (*supply of water*) it would dry up completely. Hence the sun draws up waters, but from those which it most greatly heats: these are southerly.

(29) When the earth is completely dried out, it absorbs water but the more; as in lamps the oil flows thither where it is burned up, so water inclines thither where the energy of heat and of a burning soil attract it. Whence, then, does it (*the earth*) draw it (*the water*)? From those regions, in fact, which are always wintry, the northern, whence it flows out; on this account the Pontus (*the Black Sea*) flows constantly and rapidly into the lower sea (in infernum mare) — not, as other seas, with tides alternating to and fro — being always inclined and having a torrent in one direction. Unless it thus happened in these circulations that what is in defect in any one thing were restored (*to it*) and what is in excess in any one wave were discharged, all things would now be either dry or inundated.”

(30) It pleases us now to question Diogenes. Why is it if this close interchange [exists] in rivers, and all together pass to and from between themselves, that the rivers are not in all places, in summer, larger? The sun scorches Egypt very greatly; accordingly, the Nile swells very greatly, but in other lands likewise some increase accrues to the rivers. Next, why is it that any part of the earth is without moisture, since each draws (*it*) to itself out of other lands, especially strongly where it is hotter? Finally, why is it that the Nile is sweet, if its waters (*accrue*) to it from the sea? for there is a sweeter flavor in no other stream. * * *

III

(1) * * * [It is asked: How is snow produced? * * Snow has a nature similar to hoar-frost: there is more of spirit in it than of water. * * Anaxagoras * * That which is the difference between water and dew, the same is also the difference between hoar-frost and ice, also between snow and hail.] * *

If I were to declare to thee that *hail is produced* in the manner by which ice is produced among us — *the whole cloud being frozen* — I should be too audacious; hence, I number myself among the witnesses of secondary authority, who have indeed heard, but who deny having seen for themselves; or, I myself may do what the historians do: they, when they have asserted falsely many things according to

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their opinion, yet refuse to answer for some one thing, but add: "*Faith is to be placed in the authorities.*"

(2) Hence, if thou hast insufficient belief in me, Posidonius offers thee warranty, as much in what he omitted as in that which will follow. Hail, then, is produced out of a watery cloud, already turned to liquid: thus he declares, as if there were a difference.

(3) *Why hail should be round*, thou canst know without a teacher, if thou wilt note that all raindrops are compressed into spheres, a fact which also appears on mirrors which collect moisture from the breath, and on bedewed cups, and on all other smooth (*surfaces*), nor less so on leaves; for if any drops have adhered, they assume the spheroidal form. (4)

What harder than the rock? What softer than water?

Yet the hard rocks are hollowed by the soft water.

(OVID. *Ars Amat.*, i. 475-476)

or as another poet says:

The falling of the raindrop hollows the stone. (LUCRETIUS, i. 313)

This very hollowing is round; from which it also appears that it (*the water*) is similar to that which it hollows, for it (*the water*) has carved out a place for itself of its own form and appearance.

(5) Furthermore, although hail be not such while it is brought down, it can become spherical, and tumbling around so frequently through a space of thickened air, become smoothly molded into a globe. This, snow cannot undergo, because it is not so solid, and especially because it is so diffuse and does not fall from a great height, for its origin is near the earth; thus its fall is not from a distance through the air, but from near at hand.

(6) Why do not I also grant myself the same as Anaxagoras? Among none others more than among philosophers must there be equal liberty! Hail is nothing else than suspended ice; snow, a congealing (*freezing*) hanging in hoar-frost: this we have already said, that between water and dew there is the same difference as between hoar-frost and ice, as between snow and hail also.

IV

(1) I could now free myself from the *investigation already concluded*, but I will give good measure, and, whereas I may have begun to be irksome to thee, yet I will state whatever is in question in this matter. Now, *it is asked why it snows in winter and does not hail, and*

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why hail falls in the spring when the cold is already broken. Now, that I may err, both to thee and myself is of course obvious, for I show myself credulous even in those lighter deceptions for which the mouth is slapped but for which it is not customary that the eyes be plucked out!

(2) In the winter, the air stiffens, and, accordingly, is not then turned into water, but into snow to which the air is closer; when spring has begun, there follows a greater tendency of the season, and under a warmed sky, the raindrops become larger. Accordingly, as our Vergil says:

when the showery spring hastens on (Georgics, i, 313).

the mutation of the air, everywhere open and dissolving in itself, is pronounced, being aided by the gentle warmth; on this account heavy, pouring rains, more violent than lasting, are brought down.

(3) Winter brings lingering and light rains, such as customarily and frequently come when thin and drizzling rain has also snow mixed with it. We call a day 'snowy' when the cold is great and the sky overcast. Further, when the north wind blows under its own type of sky, the rains are drizzling: with the south wind, the showers are more imperfect and the drops fuller.

V

(1) The matter as advanced by our people I dare neither state — because it appears weak — nor pass it over: yet what harm is there in writing something to a compliant critic? Nay, if we began to demand that all evidences be put to the proof, it will impose silence (*on us*), for few things are absolutely without an opponent: the others, even though they prevail, arouse disputes.

(2) They say, then, that in spring, whatever is frozen and bound, around Scythia and Pontus, and the northern quarter, is relaxed; then frozen streams [and lakes] open, then the laden mountains release (*their*) snow; it is therefore credible that icy winds (*spiritus*) are carried thence and are once more joined with a vernal sky.

(3) They also add what I neither have put to the test nor do I intend to put to the test. Thou also, I suppose, if thou ever desire to search out the truth mayest put to the test the snow in Caria! They say that the feet of those who tread on solid and hard snow are less cold than of those who (*tread on snow that is*) soft and yielding.

(4) So, if they are not in error, whatever is borne away from

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those northern regions when the snow is already being melted and the ice is breaking, binds together and compresses the warm and already moist air of the southern parts; and hence, when rain is preparing, hail occurs by the injuring action of the cold.

(*To be continued*)

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. RYAN, M. A.

IN the 'Archaeological News' for January the subject of the real period when Jesus lived was considered in connexion with the interesting fact that modern thinkers are beginning to surmise that he was on earth several generations before the time mentioned in the Gospels, possibly a hundred years before the 'Year of our Lord,' *Anno Domini*. Theosophical records support this view; and the importance of recognising it lies in the fact that, if Christ did not live at the time of Pilate, the Gospel narrative ceases to be a literal rendering of events, but becomes a mystical and allegorical drama of Initiation built around the personality of the great Teacher whose words are enshrined therein. Theosophy teaches that there was such a great Personage, just as there were previous Saviors — Osiris, Orpheus, Krishna, Buddha, etc., historical characters; but that around these Messengers of the Light all kinds of traditions collected, differing in many points but agreeing in those that illustrate the story of the pilgrim-soul in man.

Dr. Nelson Glueck, archaeologist, referred to in the last 'News,' has found an apparent discrepancy in connexion with the real date of the Third Wall of Jerusalem and the alleged date of the crucifixion: this, if proved, as seems likely, would provide strong evidence that the death of the real Jesus took place a good deal earlier than 33 A. D.

In connexion with this subject the following very interesting quotation from H. P. Blavatsky deals with the inner meaning of the Story of Christ, and the period in which the actual Jesus lived. It is taken from a series of articles in the French Theosophical Magazine, *Le Lotus* for 1888, and has not appeared in English till now. The whole series will be brought out in translated form in the Centennial Edition of H. P. Blavatsky's Complete Works now being prepared at the

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Headquarters of The Theosophical Society, Point Loma. The subject is Christian Esotericism, and the articles are in the form of a controversy between H. P. Blavatsky and a French Christian Kabbalist, the Abbé Roca. H. P. B. writes:

The Abbé wishes to know, *without ambiguity*, what I really think of the Christian legend. It is easy for me to satisfy him.

For me, Jesus Christ, that is to say, the Man-God of the Christians, copied from the Avatâras of all countries, from the Hindû Krishna as well as the Egyptian Horus, was never a historical person. He is a deified personification of the glorified type of the great Hierophants of the Temples, and his story told in the New Testament is an allegory, assuredly containing profound esoteric truths, but an allegory. It is interpreted by the help of the *seven keys*, similarly to the Pentateuch. This theory of the seven keys, the Church, according to the Abbé Roca, has simply reduced to three "without disfiguring it": while, on the contrary, it has fabricated three false keys which do not open anything. The legend of which I speak is founded, as I have demonstrated over and over again in my writings and my notes, on the existence of a personage called Jehoshua (from which Jesus has been made) born at Lud or Lydda about 120 years before the modern era. And if this fact is denied — to which I can hardly object — we must resign ourselves to regard the Hero of the drama of Calvary as a myth pure and simple. But, in spite of all the desperate researches made during long centuries, if we place on one side the witness of the 'Evangelists,' *i. e.*, unknown men whose identity has never been established, and that of the *Fathers* of the Church, interested fanatics, neither history, nor profane tradition, nor official documents, nor the contemporaries of the *soi-disant* drama, are able to provide one single serious proof of the historical and real existence, not only of the Man-God but even of him called Jesus of Nazareth, from the year 1 to the year 33.

Footnote by H. P. B. to the above paragraph:

Every act of the Jesus of the New Testament, every word attributed to him, every event related of him during the three years of the mission that he was made to accomplish, rests on the program of the Cycle of Initiation, the cycle itself founded on the Precession of the Equinoxes and the Signs of the Zodiac. When the Hebrew Gospel, not *according to* but *by* Matthew the Gnostic, of whom they have made an Evangelist,—the gospel of which (saint) Jerome spoke in the fourth century and which he refused to translate on the pretext that it was falsified (!) by Seleucus, the Manichæan disciple (see Hieronymus: *De viris illust.*, cap. 3) — when, I say, that original document shall have been translated, if ever it is found, and the Christian Churches will have at least *one* document not falsified, then one may speak of the "Life of Jesus" of which "no one is ignorant" of its events. In the meantime, and without losing time in disputing on the subject of the century in which Jesus or Jehoshua lived, one fact is certain, which is that the Occultists are prepared to prove that even the sacramental words that are attributed to him on the cross have been disfigured and that they mean quite another thing than the Greek translation renders.

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In other places, she speaks definitely of Jesus having lived in the reign of Alexander Jannaeus (104–79 B. C.).

Now, to return to Dr. Glueck who declares that archaeological research is the best corrective to the historical inaccuracies of prejudiced historians: we hear much of the confirmations archaeology is giving to the history of the Jews as related in the Old Testament, but there is another side. For instance, King Omri (929 B. C.) of Israel, dismissed in a few sentences because he did not conform to the religious standards of the historian, was so famous that

in Assyrian annals written long after his death the kingdom of Israel is known as the land of Omri, and in another famous record, the Moabite stone, mention is made of his trans-Jordanian conquests.

We may add that, but for the discovery of the Moabite stone in 1868, little would have been known of the story of the success of the Moabite king in defeating the Israelites and their allies. The account of the first part of the war, in which the Jews were successful, is given in the Bible, in the notable chapter (*2 Kings*, iii, 15) where the prophet Elisha went into a clairvoyant state under the influence of music, and prophesied success. The same chapter also speaks of the king of Moab sacrificing his son to appease the wrath of his tribal deity, Chemosh, but does not say that the tide immediately turned, and the Jews were driven back, the wasted cities of Moab rebuilt, and “the vessels of Jehovah” laid before the god Chemosh!

One of the most interesting places being excavated at the present time in Palestine is the mound at Beisan — the Beth-shan of *1 Samuel*, xxxi, where it is related that the Philistines fastened the body of Saul to the wall and put his armor into the temple of Ashtaroth. City upon city was built on this commanding site in this order: at the top, modern accumulations; then traces of the Crusaders; next, Arab fort and mosque (A. D. 632); below this, the Hellenistic city of Scythopolis, with mosaics and hundreds of pillars of churches; then a Greco-Roman temple to Bacchus, with Corinthian pillars six feet in diameter; below are six levels of Egyptian remains, showing long periods of Egyptian control going back as far as Thothmes III (B. C. 1501–1447 at the latest). Trial shafts sunk much deeper have brought up flint implements.

In regard to the Egyptian discoveries, Dr. Glueck makes a remark of special interest to Theosophists who have studied the *unorthodox* teaching of H. P. Blavatsky about the Biblical story of the Jews in

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Egypt — another allegory with a very small basis of fact, but containing a valuable hidden meaning. He says:

The deepest imprint upon Beisan was left by the Egyptians, to whom it served for a number of centuries as an important outpost, which secured their domination of the highway to the east. The numerous and important evidences of Egyptian occupancy of this city, as well as of many other places in Palestine, reveal that the Egyptians had a strong foothold there before, during, and after the reputed time of the Exodus [1491 B. C.]. Canaan, then, was not a land where the Israelites could hope to escape from Egyptian control. In view of all the various archaeological discoveries, the traditional Biblical story of the Exodus must, I think, be considerably revised.

H. P. Blavatsky shows one interpretation of the allegorical *Exodus* story to be the destruction of the Atlantean continent and the escape of the elect (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 426). There is another way in which it can be interpreted — a more mystical one. Egypt stands symbolically for the body and the temptations of the senses; having suffered and learned, the soul escapes to the Promised Land, after being purified by passing through the Waters. An allegory can always be read in more than one way. There are two references in the Bible to the going down into Egypt by persons named Joseph, both being leaders. This is not the place to discuss the esoteric significance of those typical figures, but there is a purely Theosophical meaning behind what appears, read superficially, to be a mere coincidence of names.

JULIAN THE APOSTLE A Fourth-Century History

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

"Thou shalt not revile the gods."— Quoted by JULIAN from *Exodus*, xxii, 28

The complete precept is: "And Yahweh said unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say. . . . Thou shalt not revile the gods nor curse the ruler of thy people."

ויאמר יהוה אל-משח ה כתאמר אל-בני ישראל: *Exodus*, xx, 22

אלהים לא תקלל וגשיא בעמך לא תאר: *Exodus*, xxii, 28

NEW ROME

ABOUT the year 330 A. D., the city of Byzantium on the Bosphorus was reïmbodyed in the New Rome. But the Emperor preferred to call it after his own name, Constantino-polis, the 'city of Constantine.' The Roman world had grown so great that it could not stand as one Empire, and could live only by splitting into two,

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with a Rome for the West and a New Rome for the East. Certainly Constantine had done much to consolidate the unwieldy Empire into one whole under his command, his imperatorship, but there had to be assistant Caesars and even co-Augustuses when at the end of his reign he found himself incapable of governing alone.

In 335 A. D. Constantine had divided most of the world among his three boys, of whom the eldest was just twenty-one. There was no question about the boys being named after their father: they were called Constantine, Constantius, and Constans.

Constantine the Second was given Gaul, Spain, and Britain, and such outlying colonies to the West. Constantius was near the heart of the Empire with dominions not so distant from Constantinople. He included among his portion the rich lands of the near East: Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. It was the best portion of all, for when you remember that Egypt supplied the heart of the Empire with corn, the master of Egypt was the master of the Empire. Constans received Italy and Africa and the parts about Illyria—Albania, as we may say.

So there was little question as to who should have the best chance to assume the imperial power at Constantinople when the blood-stained Constantine went to his account. This pious murderer's mother, Helena, had been a mere concubine, a nobody, and later, in a genuine marriage, his father had espoused Theodora, the daughter of the Emperor Maximian. There were six children of the marriage and some of them in their turn had married and had children of their own. So there was no lack of heirs in case the three boys, sons of Constantine, had not been available, or their father's illegitimacy had been insisted upon.

One of these legitimate half-brothers was Julius Constantius. This Julius Constantius, by his first wife Galla, had two children, a son whose name is not known, and another son named Gallus. Julian was the son of his second wife, Basilina. These cousins of the three Caesars were quite small boys when Constantine died; the Caesars themselves were mere youths. Julian had been born coincidentally with the new city on the Bosphorus when it rose from the foundations of Byzantium. Julian and Constantinople, the New Rome, were cradled together.

"Two births at once," declared an old philosopher. "They are twins: the boy and the city, the city and the boy. I wonder what the future holds for them both and for their part in the world?"

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Constantine was dead. The body lay in state in the palace at Nicomedia, some fifty miles south of Constantinople.

Strange things had happened since Eusebius of Caesarea had engineered the Council of Nicaea in 325 and thereby fixed the political power of his church. This Eusebius wrote a 'history of the church' which is still extant, but Socrates, another historian of milder political tendencies, drily commences his own history with the remark that Eusebius was "evidently more intent on a highly wrought eulogium of the Emperor, than an accurate statement of the facts."

The fact was that Eusebius had the novelist's mind and his hero was Constantine. It is amusing to read in his works how his ideas about striking events grow out of nothing into 'history.' The trouble was that so many accepted his 'history' as gospel and made political capital out of some of his fanciful incidents. One must forgive him for making Constantine out to be such a hero. Actually the Emperor was just a plain murderer by habit. At least nine murders can be placed to his credit. His own son was killed at his bidding in the castle at Pola; he himself strangled his little nephew; he made soup of his wife in a bath, and so on: the family seemed good subjects to practise on, in the pursuit of this interesting hobby.

Yet it became awkward when there was some talk of Constantine's being baptized and joining the political church. They told him that if he were made a Christian he would have to put on an appearance of piety and his murders would have to be stopped. At the same time they needed him for their political prestige and protection.

A compromise was adopted, if we are to believe the records. "You can get the doctor to tell you when you are dying; then you can be baptized, and you will be saved just as effectually as if you had been baptized years before. The advantage is that baptism will wipe out all your sins and you will start with a clean sheet."

The idea seemed a good one and eminently satisfactory to both parties. Of course, nobody put it in quite such crude words, but that is what it amounted to. The novelist's mind found an excellent explanation of the delay in a touching story that the Emperor wanted to be baptized in the water of the Jordan, and for that reason had put off the ceremony until the last minute in the hope of visiting that muddy stream. Others said that he was never baptized at all.

At any rate there was a flaw in the arrangements. When Constantine really did die the story went that he was baptized according to

plan, and expired, peacefully secure in the knowledge of salvation. But the man who baptized him was the aristocratic Eusebius of Nicomedia and not at all the Athanasian supporter, Eusebius of Caesarea. This was serious, for the Bishop of Nicomedia was an *Arian!*

What of that? Everything. The whole foundation of the political church now rested on the defeat of the Presbyter Arius of Alexandria by the Athanasians. The bitter persecution of Arius by Athanasius had all but ended in triumph for Arius, when, as it was said, the long arm of the persecutor reached from Alexandria to Constantinople and Arius died in agony in the market-place, poisoned, not long before the death of Constantine.

Unfortunately there were no government-analysts in those days and the incident and the manner of this death were capitalized enormously by the Athanasians. For years they pointed to the place in the market of Constantinople, where the death of Arius had occurred, and this story kept the flock together mightily. The god of Fear held them in unbreakable bonds. The whole story is almost too miserable to repeat. Of course there was no religion about it except the name and the claim; it was politics of a very primitive, semi-savage kind. Therefore, to find the Emperor Constantine, the corner-stone of the political church, baptised by an *Arian* Bishop was a fearful blow.

The wily Armenian mind found a way out of the dilemma. Few were educated in those days, and far more violent antitheses than these had been made to coalesce by the power of words. Always a subtil writer, Eusebius of Caesarea blended the antagonistic facts admirably in his books. So today Constantine is regarded by many people, even educated ones, as a 'good Christian,' while no condemnation is too awful for Arius. Athanasius still holds the platform and Arius is detested. And yet Constantine during his lifetime had favored the Arians and persecuted the Athanasians.

Whether Constantine was baptized on his deathbed, or not, they gave him a fine funeral. In a golden coffin covered with a purple pall his body was conveyed from Nicomedia to Constantinople and delivered to the Athanasians, who buried him in their church, forbidding any but Athanasians to enter the church where the ceremonies were held. The Athanasians claimed themselves to be the Christian church to the exclusion of all others.

Such was the state of affairs when Constantius arrived to take charge of the government of Constantinople in 337 A. D.

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In reality it mattered little who had baptized the pious-tongued murderer. For two or three years before his death an alteration was noted in his character. He degenerated; it looked as if the Law had put its hand upon him as an earnest of the reparation that he would have to make at some time for his ill deeds. It would be going far to say that the records declare him to have been insane, but he was not the man he had been.

CONSTANTIUS

Constantius was a young man of twenty-one; but for years, like his two brothers, he had been carefully trained for Empire. Soldierly exercises, scholarly teaching, practice in the Caesarship, all had made him capable beyond his age.

He returned post-haste to Constantinople on hearing of the death of his father Constantine. No definite testament had been made by the Emperor as to the succession and there was a distinct possibility of trouble for his sons.

They knew perfectly well that their uncle Dalmatius, Constantine's brother, was the real legitimate heir to their grandfather, so long as any right of heirship was recognised as existing. Constantine himself was an illegitimate son. But he had taken the Empire and held it with the help of schemers in exchange for their political support. Dalmatius had been a quiet sort of man, perfectly content to let Constantine have the Empire; but that did not mean that his sons would as lightly acquiesce in the succession of Constantine's sons.

When Constantius came to Constantinople to assume the purple, there were councils and consultations. The upshot was that certain orders were given and the soldiers had to carry them out. Their new master had studied certain methods of Constantine and found them good. The excuse was transparent, but the soldiers were obliged to accept it while knowing it to be a lie. It was simple enough — that the relatives of Constantine's sons were to be set up against them as candidates for the Empire. Therefore it was just and necessary that they should die, to the last babe.

Theoretically, the soldiers of the guard took matters into their own hands and no one could control them. Actually, they were made to do the filthy work and could not help themselves. First they killed Dalmatius and Annibalianus, the sons of Dalmatius, the real heir of

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Constantine's father. That finished the house of the elder son of Constantius Chlorus.

With unsheathed sword the soldiers ran through the palace killing and murdering until they finally came to the children of the younger brother of Dalmatius, Julius Constantius. They killed the eldest of the three sons and at last their glorious work was almost at an end. His two little brothers, Gallus and Julian, alone remained to be sent to join the celestial choir where political schemers could no more disturb them. They could not possibly escape, being merely a couple of small boys, and the very soldiers inured as they were to rough deeds, drew the line at these two innocents, a baby of six and a very sick lad of twelve, who looked as if he would soon die without any attention from the soldiers or anyone else. They refused point-blank to carry out their 'duty' any further.

Even that mixture of leather and india-rubber, that tough and elastic compound which Constantius called his conscience, felt a trifle nauseated by the foul massacre of all his relatives within reach. His father, Constantine, had been made of sterner stuff; he had not hesitated to strangle his little nephew with his own hands. Constantius was more delicate; he made the soldiers do the work and then said they had risen in revolt and did it of their own initiative, owing to their indignant loyalty to himself: the poor innocent Constantius had been unable to stop them. He had not missed any meals over the matter, but still he felt badly about it. It was almost as unpleasant and disagreeable a business as drowning an unwanted dog. But then it made the family so select — what was left of it.

Then came the report that the little Gallus, a boy of twelve, and Julian, a baby half that age, had been spared owing to the foolish sentimentality of army-officers. Of course one could always complete the unfinished task; say that they were a danger, and there would be a dozen hands to put poison in their milk or follow any preferred mode of getting rid of such terribly dangerous people as these babes. Meanwhile it would never do to polish off the children, while the other murders were hot in the public mind. The 'revolt of the soldiers' had been quelled and the thing would be too plain altogether. Even devotees of the new politics had to preserve some show of decency, or, rather, reason. Besides, Herod of the myths had never been a popular character to imitate.

So time passed and the boys still lived. Constantius began to

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have misgivings; they said his anger was modified. It was as good an excuse as any other. Actually, faint glimmerings of the Law of Karman, the law that every deed, good or bad, brings its own consequences with inevitable accuracy, was overshadowing his dull perceptions; he was not sure that more murders would not precipitate the reaction of the 'gods,' the ruling laws and forces of Nature. You never know which will be the last straw in the pottle.

Julian's mother, Basilina — 'the little Queen' as we should say in English — died a few months after he was born. He inherited from her a refined character quite foreign to that of Gallus, whose mother, Galla, was of a different stamp. Basilina had been of good family, well-to-do and aristocratic. In those days women of good birth were given exceptionally liberal advantages in education and Basilina loved to study the resounding verse of Homer and Hesiod under her tutor, the eunuch Mardonius. Julian calls him a Scythian but that only means that he came from the barbarian fringe of the Empire. The name is Syrian and he may have been a native of any of the lands east of Constantinople. But he knew his Homer, as did all the 'grammarians'; and there in Constantinople, not so very many miles from the scene of the war for Troy, Mardonius read to his young mistress stories of Agamemnon and Achilles, of Hector and Helen and Ajax, of Ulysses and Calypso in her Atlantic isle, of the gardens of the West where the Hesperides dwell and the golden citrus glows, of gods and demi-gods and heroes. Then he would give her the scroll and she in turn would read the rolling periods of the old 'blind' poet.

Perhaps Mardonius suspected, perhaps he knew, that 'blindness' — at least a little. For within the words of Homer's hexameters the seeing eye can find many a secret of the old gods and of the life divine. The poet was blind only because he chose not to see the secret things of the temples and the gods, writing them down like camp-fire tales as though they had no inner meaning. One such secret, seen through half-closed eyes, was the twin-truth of reincarnation and responsibility — the birth and rebirth of man, age after age, until he has shaken off all Karman and created no new chains to bind him to earth. He then rebecomes the god he was and needs no more to 'go out of the temple' of his divine nature.

There had been a sunny day long ago when Basilina had slept and dreamed. And when she awoke her eyes were shining with a new

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light. She confided to her husband the dream that had come to her in her hours of sleep.

"I saw the invulnerable Achilles," she said. "He told me that he himself was to be my son. I feel happy and at peace, my beloved husband!"

Julius Constantius was very gentle and very sympathetic. The god gives dreams to whom he will, and those who read them do not always know the language in which they come.

But surely this was a dream that none could fail to read — except Basilina. The boy would be Achilles — invulnerable by the power of the gods. And yet . . . there would be the fatal heel, the one spot where the darts of powers malign could penetrate his invisible armor and destroy the champion of the armies of light.

Julius Constantius smiled and was silent.

But the story filtered into history, as stories do, after Julian was born. Perhaps Julian *was* Achilles — who knows? Surely he was one of 'fortune's favored soldiers,' never far from the center of the world's eternal battle. Now a warrior, now a king, and again a simple sage, a teacher of the people; an obscure citizen saving his people's liberties at some crisis; a poor unknown writer of books, or a poet whose words should lead nations on to victory; a merchant of no great account shining as an example of honesty in a world of fraud; a servant of some philosopher; a humble tender of the fields studying Nature at the fountain-head; again a warrior and a prince . . . the wheel turns in endless rotation. Now up, now down, but ever with his 'mind's eye' fixed on his shining star, Julian was one of the 'sacred tribe of heroes' of whom the world catches a fitful glimpse from time to time, now here, now there, but whom the world often sees not when they do their greatest work for human progress.

Basilina died soon after giving him to the light. His father educated him with due regard to his position in life. The eunuch Mardonius had been his mother's tutor. Mardonius should be the pedagogue of the little Julian and teach him the ceaseless thundering surge of Homer's heroic hexameters as he had taught it to his gentle mother.

Time came for school and Mardonius was Julian's escort when he was but seven years old. The strict and staid old teacher allowed no ill breeding.

"Keep your eyes in front of you, modestly downcast in the street;

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do not stare at people nor swagger and strut like the soldiers," was a precept early learnt.

If the little prince was invited into a house he must enter without haughtiness. If he was wanted by one of the schoolmasters he should go before being called.

Other boys were noisy and full of energy. Julian had to exhaust his energies on Homer.

"I should like to play at soldiers," he would say to Mardonius. "All the other boys do!"

"What nonsense!" replied Mardonius. "You can read all about soldiers in the Iliad and the Odyssey. You work at your books and do it in that way!"

So the little lad had to restrain his spirits. Sadly he gave up all thought of ever being a soldier. How was he to know, or Mardonius either, that history would one day rank him among the greatest soldiers of all time?

Anything grand or glorious he wanted to do, whether to travel or to see fine sights, the boy was told to seek in the pages of Homer, in the Iliad or Odyssey. Luckily he loved books and this was a real substitute for the wider life. It bred imagination.

MACELLUM

When Julian was twelve and Gallus eighteen, Constantius began to think once more of the safety of his throne. The boys were always a possible source of danger. Constantius had no children; without heirs there was no safeguard for the succession of the royal house. Nominally, of course, the emperors were elected. Actually they were hereditary if they could continue to hold what they held. Otherwise Constantine the bastard was the rightful emperor and his brothers of the legitimate line had no claims, nor had their sons; in which case Julian would have been no danger.

Constantius was filled with more than a suspicion that his childlessness was due to his having killed all his family except his two brothers — and they had now followed, one killing the other and being killed himself in the course of war. That Constantius had not killed Gallus and Julian was due to no lack of intention: a sort of *lappus gladii*, as it were. The boys must be sent away.

There is a lonely castle in the mountain-fastnesses of Cappadocia,

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what we call the Arghi Dagh today, midway between Tarsus and the Black Sea. A farm surrounds it and the towns of Cappadocia are few and distant. One of them is Tyana, rich with the memories of the grand Apollonius who was born there in the year 1 A. D. Beauty is there of a kind; the wild beauty of the mountains and the sky. But civilization there was none. This remote farm-castle they called Macellum.

To this mountain-farm with its grim fortifications, Gallus and Julian were exiled. There were slaves with them and around them, rough men who knew nothing of culture or refinement. Mardonius alone represented the finer things of life to Julian, and he was not all a man but a slave like the rest. Julian's only real companions were his beloved books and a dawning sense of the friendliness of philosophy in solitude.

Gallus mixed and played with the slaves. What else could he do? They taught him rough ways and boorish manners, low tastes, and violent tendencies. There were rumors of boyish pranks and sometimes there was trouble for the boys. Once Julian was caught playing truant, not *from* school, but *to* school! He had heard of a divine philosopher in the country and, evading the watchful guards, paid him a visit. What with the aroma of memories of the glorious Apollonius and the devoted Saul of Tarsus and certain others, the wild country round about seemed by no means an unfriendly haven for the true philosophers.

Plato and the philosophers were Julian's teachers; Nature was his nurse; the mountains shaped his mind and symbolized for the soul greater heights to conquer. Gallus meanwhile loafed and 'killed time,' gathering bad habits from the slaves who were his sole companions. Unlike Julian, he knew nothing of books and philosophers. He just grew wild and undisciplined.

For six long years the boys led this strange, solitary life as semi-prisoners in exile. Once only in that time had Constantius seen them for a glancing moment. Julian said in after years that only his love for philosophy saved him during those lonely years of youth. Though he knew it not, they were an initiation such as all real philosophers pass through at some time when learning to stand alone, with no man to stand between them and themselves.

Constantius was still childless. As the years passed there came a time when he definitely decided that his childlessness was the price

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the gods, the powers of readjustive Nature, made him pay for his murders. It was impossible for him to govern the unwieldy Roman Empire alone and there were few whom he could trust. Around him were only Christians — of the political and not the religious kind — and he was none too sure of them. Or rather, he was only too sure of them. They were for ever plotting, and where they were was always trouble of some sort, unless they were bought off at huge expense and a most unfair distribution of temporal power.

So the Emperor sent for Gallus and made him Governor of Antioch. This city was still among the four greatest cities of the Western World, and it was madness to send as governor a young man of twenty-five who had spent the last six years as the equal and companion of slaves on an Anatolian mountain-farm. If Gallus failed, who shall blame him? The wonder was, not that Gallus failed, but that Julian succeeded. Ammianus Marcellinus, who knew them well, compared them to the reincarnation of Titus and Domitian — a very apt comparison; possibly — who knows? — a reality.

Now a lad of eighteen, studious and accustomed to hardships, Julian had no more illusions about Constantius. "Our fathers were brothers," he says, "sons of the same father. And close kinsmen as we were, how this most humane Emperor treated us! Six of my cousins, and his, and my father who was his own uncle, and also another uncle of both of us on the father's side, and my eldest brother, he put to death without a trial; and as for me and my other brother, Gallus, he intended to put us to death, but in the end inflicted exile upon us. From that exile he released me, but he stripped him of the title of Caesar just before he murdered him."

From the day that Julian knew that all these kinsmen had been murdered to make the throne safe for Constantius, he realized that the world held no pleasant places for him, and that he was in it for duty and duty alone. Almost his sole pleasure was in books and Nature.

Constantius needed the political support of the Christians, though he was not yet a Christian himself — not officially, that is. If he had been initiated into this secret political society he would have had to show a regard for the outer rites; he would have to appear to be holy and undergo penances and prohibitions according to the ritual. There were real, genuine, religious, decent Christians, of course, but he would hardly have much chance of being that kind. So he compro-

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mised by agreeing to support and favor the Christians while remaining unbaptized. He was not ready to die and he wanted a good time meanwhile, with the occasional excitement of a murder or two untroubled by thoughts of public repentances and penances. Then when ready to die he would be baptized in good time — say thirty minutes beforehand. It was an excellent arrangement in all its details, as anyone can see.

The clock of time pointed to the year 350 A. D., when Gallus was summoned to take the title of Caesar and be married to Constantia, the Emperor's sister, before proceeding to his governorship of Antioch. Seeing that Constantia was the widow of Annibalianus, her cousin and the cousin of Gallus, who had been murdered in the pogrom of 337, when Gallus was twelve years old, it seems likely that she was old enough to be his mother, or at least no schoolgirl. At any rate the wine of her youth had long turned to vinegar. Her character was violent, cruel, and avaricious; in fact, she was not a pleasant person to meet.

With the recall of Gallus from Macellum, Julian was also recalled. He was now a boy of eighteen, still in the student-stage. Tutors were chosen for him in Constantinople, and among them was appointed a sour Christian of the scheming political type. Of course there were many beautiful lives among the Christian poor and in country-places, but we shall come across none too many in the political swirl of the cities and around the throne; in high places almost none.

Julian's new Christian tutor, Ecebolius, could no more abstain from scheming and plotting than any other political. The real Christians kept themselves to themselves and had nothing to do with politics. But that did not make the politicals less self-assertive and voracious.

The famous Syrian sophist Libanius was then at Constantinople, and Julian, a boy of eighteen, exhibited a great liking for his teachings. As soon as the Christians saw the trend of Julian's preferences, Libanius promptly disappeared from Constantinople, but was permitted to reside and teach at Nicomedia, fifty miles away across the straits and eastward, along the coast of the Sea of Marmora. Ecebolius had secured the tutorship of the young prince and he wanted no Libanius poaching on his preserves.

But Julian had to be sent away from Constantinople, and the only convenient place where Constantius could send him was the

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palace-city of Nicomedia. The affairs of state seemed to override the scheming of the politicals. So they prevailed upon Constantius to extract a pledge from the boy Julian that he would not visit nor listen to Libanius.

Where there's a will there's a way. In his solitude at the castle-farm of Macellum, Julian had learned to think. He had learned something of Hellenism, the Greek religion. He had learned to discriminate. Bishop Basil had told him many things, as had his guardians. But thought is free and the boy had not hesitated to play truant to visit some Hellene philosopher, difficult though it was to elude his guards.

He would not listen to Libanius nor visit him. Those were the exact terms of the promise that had been forced from him. Constantius had stolen all his father's and mother's fortunes, as he had done with those of Gallus, with small exceptions. But there was still a little pocket-money. Julian had treated the slaves and farmers on his grandmother's estate with such good sense and generosity that when it was taken from him and others put in charge, they stood secretly loyal to him and saw that it was kept in good order for his return — a rare tribute to his humanity. Now he was able to draw a little profit from the place, but not much. It was a small estate of four fields along the coast where the sweet-scented grapes hang from the vines and where the farm-hands with reason were very faithful to their little master. It was wine from this that brought in enough to pay confidential shorthand-writers and student-friends to report Libanius and his lectures and bring copies of the reports to him day by day. Julian read them with the greatest delight. The old policy of fear and violent repression always defeats itself in the long run. Precisely because of the efforts made to deprive him of the good old philosophy, now in its public aspect so degraded but still at heart what it always had been, his mind was forced to contemplate it with the greater concentration and devotion and the more closely was he bound to study and compare it.

It was delicious to get away from the turmoil of the city for a few days and seek the peaceful seclusion of the Sea of Marmora and to read and dream in the sunlight. Julian describes it as:

A small estate of four fields, given to me by my grandmother. It is situated not more than two and a half miles from the sea, so that no sailor with his chatter and insolence disturbs the place. Yet it is not wholly deprived of the favors

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of Nereus, for it has a constant supply of fish; . . . and if you walk up on to a sort of hill away from the house, you will see the sea of Marmora and the Islands, and the city that bears the name of the noble Emperor, Constantinople. You will not have to stand on seaweed or brambles to do so, nor will you be annoyed by the filth that is always thrown out on sea-beaches and sands, filth that is unpleasant and not fit to speak of; but you will stand on smilax and thyme and fragrant herbage. Very peaceful it is to lie there and glance in some book, and then while resting one's eyes, it is very agreeable to gaze upon the ships and the sea. When I was still hardly more than a boy I thought that this was the most delightful place for the summer, for it has excellent springs and a charming bath and garden and trees.

When I had grown to manhood I used to long for my old manner of life there and visited it often, and our meetings there did not lack talk about literature. Moreover, there is there, as a humble monument of my husbandry, a small vineyard that produces a fragrant sweet wine, which does not have to wait for time to improve its flavor. You will have a vision of Dionysus and the Graces. The grapes when on the vine, and when they are being crushed in the press, smell of roses, and the new-made wine in the jars is a 'rill of nectar,' if one may trust Homer. Then why is not such a vine as this abundant and growing over very many acres? Perhaps I was not a very industrious gardener.

Those five years were full of ups and downs for the boy-prince. At nineteen he definitely left the 'Way of the Christians' which he had been made to follow while yet a child, unable to choose for himself. But he kept his decision secret.

The immediate occasion of Julian's sloughing off the shell, was the fact that he had found a Teacher, one of 'Those who Know.'

(To be continued)

THE GOLDEN STAIRS

II

REATA V. H. PEDERSEN

THE attempt to record in non-technical terms the steps in the progression to knowledge made by the student of Theosophy grows difficult in ratio to the advance made.

The writer, who is being allowed to make the attempt in the pages of *THE PATH*, has felt it justified for this reason: that those who have hesitated to begin the study of this deep wisdom because of its sometime unfamiliar terminology might find this a deterrent no longer when it is seen how easily the terms can be translated into words of familiar speech.

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Theosophy itself is so simple a truth — it is really only the understanding through a part, of the substance of the whole; in other words the understanding through oneself of the Universe — that those to whom the simple is uninteresting have sought for a complexity that does not exist. Its terms can be said to be complex when they prove to be unfamiliar to those of us whose poverty of language limits us to a vocabulary of less than three thousand words of common usage.

There is no evidence of this poverty of vocabulary in the lectures given in the Temple of Peace and yet the words used are of beautiful simplicity, the sincerity of the message given bringing understanding of it by reason of that very attribute. One catches hints at these lectures of a precious secret beneath that simplicity and within that sincerity.

In search of that secret I read, far into the night, such books as *Theosophy and Modern Science*, *Isis Unveiled*, and am now reading *The Secret Doctrine*. These are books to which the student will turn again and again with each time a quickened understanding.

The student who will take advantage of class-study will find comprehension of the facts of the Universe as set forth in the above-mentioned books made easier. He will recognise, I feel sure, these facts for long sought truths, as did the writer.

In that recognition I felt that I had in Theosophy a religion to satisfy both my mind and my heart. I made haste toward the door I had been told would open to those who asked for admission.

The course of my search for a religion or a philosophy that would satisfy had brought me to a closed door before; I had been handed keys said to unlock it. In the name of religion I had been given a key called 'Faith of Our Fathers,' and in that of philosophy one called 'Pure Reason,' but neither of them turned the bolt which held the door against my eager strength.

Once more I had come to a closed door but now I held a key that fitted well the lock and turned its bolt easily. It opens inward, this door, and its key is Self-Knowledge and the treasure behind it is the Inner God.

I am not one to withhold, to enjoy alone. I must give, must joy with another. I am fairly quick of perception and fond of study. I realized that both were needed in abundance if my key was to be kept a shining metal, the treasure I had found yield me all its store.

Turning to the one who had led me to the door, to him who had

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given me the key, I asked: "Why have I not heard of this treasure before? Why has the door been kept closed so long? Grant me the right to tell of it, to say where the key may be found." It was given me, that which I asked.

Yet now I find myself, since through perception and study I have advanced along the path, unable to state with the simplicity I myself demanded of my Leader the way in which these steps can be taken.

Words which so short a time as three months ago I found difficult to understand, but which nevertheless found echo in my heart, now are so clear to me that it seems an infant might comprehend them.

The very title under which this is written seemed at the time of its choosing to hold a meaning whose entirety might well elude me. Now I know its meaning — yes, unto its boundlessness. To follow that meaning, ah, that is a different thing; yet I believe my feet are set upon the first of the steps of this Golden Stair.

You who read, you who stand with me there that we may each support the other; you, whose heart joys with mine — from whom I cannot withhold: let us talk together of this step we have taken.

If we agree that the first step is attained when, having caught a vision of the heights to which the golden stairway leads, we turn with outstretched hand to help others upward, we can discuss without preamble this helpfulness.

Then if I may be allowed to separate that last word into a form which will show the meaning it has for me — Help-in-fulness — we can talk of the means by which help may be given those others.

Individual help, the putting of one's hand in one's pocket, the compassionate, tender word in time of sorrow, seems to me so small a part of what is needed. "Living to benefit mankind," is the real need and while it is true that living in friendship with one's neighbor is a splendid thing, it is but a single ray of that splendor which shines forth from the greater achievement.

There are men of wealth who have founded universities, endowed hospitals; there is many a man who has left to the city of his birth or the country of his adoption a fine collection of paintings and objects of allied arts. These are indeed gifts of value and they are helpful to numbers. But such men of wealth are giving *help-in-fulness* only in that degree in which they could give it if bereft of every dollar of

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that wealth; only in the degree in which you and I, with less of this world's goods, may give. That degree lies within the thought of which the giving is born.

If that giving comes from a seed that will flourish and grow as the thought: *I will be remembered a great philanthropist, a rich man who shared his collection of art with others* — then is that giving limited. Its limits are the life of its own selfish being, which cannot reproduce itself but must lie a blackened seed of infertility.

The contrary is true if giving, made possible by wealth, is born of a generosity so unconscious as to be reflexive — for then is that giving a seed, which will burst the confines of its outer skin, which will take root and grow even in stony ground; a seed that will in time become the vine upon which “the sweet jessamine’s silvery star” will blossom. In seeing the beauty of that flower, in seeking to gather it, mankind will climb the high bank covered by its glory and find itself upon the heights where grows the Tree of Wisdom.

Living then for the benefit of mankind, it seems to me, is possible for him who hath or hath not of worldly possessions, and living thus gives that impetus toward the first step of the stairway and allows of its attaining.

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Is it thought and not deeds which truly benefit?

The answer to that question comes in quick affirmative. Deeds in themselves are but materialization of thought. They are effect, not cause. Effects are not lasting, though they are traceable for many lives (“e’en wasted smoke remains not traceless”) and cause continues to reproduce them. Music for instance does not cease to be because its materialization as pleasing sound is heard by us only for a wave-length of time; but were not the idea of music in the mind of the Universe forever that wave-length of sound would be all.

Idea is the germ, the life of energy.

However, it is not meant that we should have the idea of sharing only; it is not meant that our hands should stop with the gesture toward our pocket and the coin not be forthcoming for him who hath need of material food. Surely it is meant that thought and deed, idea and action, shall be realized as inseparably one.

This earth is a place for experience, for work of great activity, and we who live in it must be up and doing and that which we do must

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be wide of scope and as full of energy as the thought which energizes it. To live in an abstraction of thought, to contemplate the vision, is surely not enough.

To know the Law is not enough. To work and to expound it, to live by it and bring its principles to the everyday life in the home, to show that Law's effect upon us in our contacts with business associates: these are the weights which will give us balance and maintain us on the first step of the Golden Stairs.

What is the Law?

There have been many answers to that question.

The one universal Law, the one to which the Universe is attuned and which in our day is manifest as Theosophy, is the law of Love, impersonal, compassionate, wisdom-bringing Love. About this law we can build our House of Life; because of it we can set a lamp high in a tall tower; with it we can *become the Law* that shall benefit all mankind.

I would stoop with you, therefore, to this first step of the Golden Stairs and there write the word *Love*, that he who follows after may see it instead of the print our feet have made.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION: Whence does the evil in the world come, if the divine which is mightier than evil is everywhere?

G. de Purucker: How easy it would be to answer this question, if I were speaking to an audience of people who had not been educated in Occidental misbeliefs and miseducated to believe certain things that have no existence outside the educational, religious, philosophic, and scientific, fads of the Occidental world.

It has been said by Occidental writers that the origin and continuance of evil is an unsolvable mystery. It is not. What is evil? What is good? Are they things-in-themselves? Or are they, as is perfectly obvious, simply conditions, states, through which entities pass? Evil, therefore, is simply disharmony because imperfection; and good is harmony because relative perfection; and again, these two, good and evil, apply solely to the one Hierarchy in which we humans move and live and have our being — at least so far as we humans are concerned. Remember that what we call 'good' is 'evil' to the entities

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existing in a Hierarchy superior to ours. Evil is disharmony and therefore imperfection, because signifying a state or condition of an entity or group of entities in greater or less degree opposing the forward-moving evolutionary stream of life. Evil may also be called that which has not yet evolved forth the latent divinity at its core, and therefore also signifies an entity which is inharmonious with its environment because of its imperfection.

“Whence comes evil?” One would think by the manner in which this question is asked, that evil is an entity, or that it is a power, or an energy, or a force, which flows forth from the heart of some thing or some being. On the contrary, it is simply a condition, a state, of an evolving entity which has not yet fully placed itself in accord and concord with Nature’s fundamental laws. Evil, therefore, as already said, is disharmony, consequently it is imperfection.

Good is relative harmony, relative perfection. The one cannot exist without the other. There could be no ‘good’ things in the Universe unless there were ‘evil’ things to set them off. Contrariwise, there could be no ‘evil’ things in the Universe, our Home-Universe, unless there were ‘good’ things by which alone they appear in contrast. Evil is not created. Good is not created. The former is disharmony, the latter is harmony. Consequently, they are two poles of the same thing. Evil is relative imperfection. Good is relative perfection. There cannot exist such a thing as evil apart from imperfect or inharmonious things or entities, and there is no such entity *per se* called ‘evil’ which exists apart from entities or things who or which are relatively ‘evil.’

Paradoxically speaking, evil is a condition through which we pass as we grow to become better. This ‘better’ is evil to a larger and loftier ‘better’; and this larger and loftier ‘better’ is imperfect and inharmonious and therefore ‘evil’ to something grander still, and so on *ad infinitum*. Good is not spirit. Evil is not the nether pole of spirit, which men call matter; because that would be saying that matter is essentially evil, which is not true. That is an erroneous idea. Evil is imperfection, whether spiritual or material; and is whatever is imperfect and passing through the stage or phase of growing to something better. If such stage or phase of growing be a very profound one, we humans can properly speak of ‘malignant evil.’ If that stage or phase of imperfection be only slightly inferior to the stage of humanity in which we as human beings at present are, we properly

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speak of small or slight evil. Indeed, we human beings are 'evil' entities when compared with the gods. The gods in their turn, because less perfect than entities still grander and loftier than they, could by these grander and loftier entities be called 'evil.'

There is no 'devil' in the Universe, wrongly supposed to be the creator and arbiter of evil. Equally so, there is no god in the Universe, wrongly supposed to be the creator and arbiter of good. It is all a question of growth, of progress, of passing from imperfection to a less imperfect stage, or state, or condition, or phase; and so forth. Matter is not evil *per se*. Spirit is not good *per se*. That is to say, neither the one nor the other possesses this or the other condition or state, *absolutely*, and for eternity. A spiritual entity is growing just as much as any material entity is in growth. All things, all entities, are evolving from worse to better, from relative imperfection to relative perfection, and therefore from better to still better.

Nevertheless, because spirit and spiritual beings are nearer to Nature's heart — *i. e.*, its fundamental laws — therefore spirit and spiritual entities are, collectively speaking, more perfect, therefore better, and therefore less 'evil' than matter and material entities are, because these latter are much farther removed from Nature's heart — *i. e.*, Nature's fundamental laws of harmony.

"Whence comes evil?" You see that the question asked is wrongly put, is wrongly phrased. Evil does not 'come.' It *is*, because it is a condition; it is a state. It is inharmony, disharmony, imperfection. Nor does evil *per se* become good *per se*, which is absurd. That is like saying that one state becomes another state, which is absurd; the truth being that entities in one state or condition change or evolve into another state or condition; and this is true. If one state became another state we should have one individuality retaining its individuality, and yet becoming another contrary individuality, which is absurd. The entity which is passing through the stage of imperfection grows less imperfect, somewhat more perfect; and so forth. But evil *per se* is not an entity which can become good *per se* — some other supposititious entity. Both are conditions or states of growth. Length is not an entity which exists; similarly, there is no such thing *per se* as depth. We have things which are long, and things which are deep; but length and depth do not exist as entities. They are conditions, or states, of entities.

Consequently, you see the reason for the Theosophical and the

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ancient Theosophical — the Christian also — expression: “entities existing in a state of spiritual wickedness.” Obviously, if they are imperfect, and although belonging to the spiritual realms, are inharmonious there, they are ‘evil’ in that state. If the entities are spiritual entities, and belong to the state which human beings call relative perfection existing harmoniously with surrounding beings, then they are entities of spiritual good. Harmony, law, order, peace, love, are all states or conditions of entities in accord with and in concord with the onward-flowing current of evolutionary growth. Therefore these last entities are closer to Nature’s fundamental laws; hence the entities which are harmonious in their environment, which are what men call ‘good,’ which are relatively perfect, are more nearly at one with Nature’s heart, and therefore endure.

Remember the esoteric law: Become one with Nature and work with her, and the Great Mother will regard thee as one of her own Masters and make obeisance unto thee. ‘Good’ is living in harmony with Nature’s fundamental laws; and ‘evil,’ contrariwise, is living in more or less disharmony with Nature’s fundamental laws.

Resuming therefore: all the so-called ‘evil’ in the world, and all the so-called ‘good,’ are simply conditions or states of entities passing through two different phases of their growth. One is a low phase of growth which we humans call imperfection, and the other is a high phase in growth which we humans call relative perfection.

Question: Why is evil in the world, when evil itself one day shall become divine?

G. de Purucker: How can ‘evil’ become divine? How can imperfection *be* perfection? How can disharmony *be* harmony? How can hate be love? The question is absurd. Evil never becomes divine, because evil is not a thing. It is a condition, a state, a phase. Childhood is not a thing. It is a condition or state or phase through which a growing entity passes. Stupidity is not a thing. It is not an entity. It is a phase, a condition, an imperfect state of evolution, of growth. It is quite wrong therefore, to say that evil ‘becomes’ good. Only entities become.

Question: Is it not contradictory to say that even evil, having its source in the divine, nevertheless combats against the divine and in the end has again to become divine?

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G. de Purucker: It is indeed quite contradictory. It is in fact absurd. Evil does not become divine. How can a mere phase, a condition, a state, be some other condition or phase or state than that which it is? Of course it is contradictory. Imperfection, lack of evolution, disharmony, inharmony — all these men call 'evil.' The question is not complicated at all. Simply remember what I tell you, and apply the rule, and think a little about it, and you can solve all the so-called 'problems about evil' that seem unsolvable to your Occidental minds.

A tidal-wave comes in upon the land and sweeps twenty thousand human beings into the waters and drowns them. Is there therefore evil in the world? What brought that catastrophe about? Or again, an earthquake shakes down a Sicilian city, Messina, and more than a hundred thousand bodies perish with the shock. Is that evil *per se*? What do you mean by evil? The earthquake is an event, and so is the tidal-wave an event. Nature's fundamental law is that effect succeeds cause. Nature is strictly harmonious at its heart and through all its parts, and all her movings are towards readjustment, and equilibrium — towards a restoration of harmony which is equilibrium. What ye sow, ye shall reap. What you make for yourself, you will have. There is nothing that happens haphazard. And if you are one who is caught by the tidal-wave, or whose body is killed by the earthquake, it is because you yourself by your past karma have put yourself in those surroundings. You are reaping what you have sown.

We should have a lunatic Universe surrounding us, were Nature's fundamental law of Karma non-existent, and if, for instance, men with their god-like powers of will, intelligence, self-choice, and spiritual strength, could wreck the lives, let us say, of generation after generation of other men, and then escape scot-free from any natural consequences of their acts. Nature is not so builded. Man is a god in his inmost parts. He is linked with the divine elements of the Universe, just as he is linked with all the other elements of the Universe. What he does, Nature reacts against, because man is himself a part of Nature. He has free choice, he has free will, and consequently he reaps the consequences of all that he thinks and feels and does and is.

A man who works with Nature, who works for harmony, who works for love, who works for compassion and pity, who works for brotherhood and kindness, has all Nature's evolutionary stream with

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him; and the man who works for hate, who works for personal gain, who swims *in adversum flumen*, who sets his puny will against Nature's evolving River of Lives, has all Nature's incalculable weight pressing upon him; and such action on his part is imperfection, is inharmony, and is therefore what men call 'evil.'

'Good' is working with Nature's divine heart. It brings peace and strength and light, and induces a cosmic expansion of the inner faculties of the man who so works.

H. T. Edge: H. P. Blavatsky has a long article under the title in *Lucifer* for October 1887. It is evidently part of the general work she was then doing in lifting the heavy veil, or dispelling the dank fog, hanging over Western thought, due to crass scientific materialism aided by a muddle-headed philosophical pessimism; and the author is the more indignant in that these materialists and pessimists have sought to buttress their ideas by misinterpreting Oriental philosophy for that purpose. The article begins:

The problem of the origin of evil can be philosophically approached only if the archaic Indian formula is taken as the basis of the argument. Ancient wisdom alone solves the presence of the universal fiend in a satisfactory way. It attributes the birth of Kosmos and the evolution of life to the breaking asunder of primordial, manifested UNITY, into plurality, or the great illusion of form. HOMOGENEITY having transformed itself into Heterogeneity, contrasts have naturally been created: hence sprang what we call EVIL, which thenceforward reigned supreme in this 'Vale of Tears.'

Further we read:

His [Buddha's] doctrine shows evil immanent, *not in matter* which is eternal, but in the illusions created by it: through the changes and transformations of matter generating life — because these changes are conditioned and such life is ephemeral. At the same time those evils are shown to be not only unavoidable, but necessary. For if we would discern good from evil, light from darkness, and appreciate the former, we can do so only through the contrasts between the two.

The need for distinguishing between the dead-letter and the esoteric meanings of Gautama's doctrines is here emphasized.

While Buddha's philosophy points, in its dead-letter meaning, only to the dark side of things on this illusive plane; its esotericism, the hidden soul of it, draws the veil aside and reveals to the Arhat all the glories of LIFE ETERNAL in *all the Homogeneousness of Consciousness and Being*.

To the materialist-pessimist, seeing conflict and pain in material existence, yet at the same time believing that existence to be the *ul-*

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tima thule, and physical matter the *prima materia*, the only hope seems to be in self-destruction or annihilation. And he has misinterpreted Oriental philosophy, about the pains of physical life and the liberation of Nirvâna, into a support for his own horrible pessimism. Nothing knows he of the glorious path of liberation, and of that sublime ancient Wisdom, taught by the Buddha and all the Sages, that the attraction of the senses draws man to physical life, which produces the illusion of selfishness, thus causing pain and contrast by dragging man away from the Unity which he is seeking, and from which, in search of necessary experience, he has wandered. Thus 'putting an end to being' is a formula of Western pessimism, finding no support in Oriental teachings; for the latter teach that what Western pessimism calls 'being' is not being at all, but an illusion; and, so far from putting an end to Being, we have to find out what it really is.

Materialistic misinterpretation of the Eastern formula has led to Pagan sophistry and Christian asceticism and narrow-minded sectarian views. The Oriental seeks not to destroy life, but to escape from the illusion of the senses and the veil of Mâyâ. The latter view is —

based upon the correct understanding of the mysteries of being;
the former is —

only one more system of evil added by unhealthy fancy to the already large sum of real social evils. In sober truth it is no philosophy, but simply a systematic slander of life and being.

Further on we read that —

Neither good nor evil would exist were it not for the light they mutually throw on each other. *Being*, under whatever form, having been observed from the World's creation to offer these contrasts, and evil predominating in the universe owing to *Ego*-ship or selfishness, the rich Oriental metaphor has pointed to existence as expiating the mistake of nature; and the human soul (*psuche*) was henceforth regarded as the scapegoat and victim of *unconscious* OVER-SOUL. But it is not to Pessimism, but to Wisdom that it gave birth. Ignorance alone is the willing martyr, but knowledge is the master of natural Pessimism.

Since the above article was written, much water has flowed under the bridge for science. In those days physical matter was the universe, and physical matter was seen to be tending ever to disintegration and stagnation; so it is no wonder a philosophy of life built on such a basis was pessimistic, justifying such words as these:

One thing is, however, clear: the absolute necessity for some solution which embraces the facts of existence on an optimistic basis. Modern Society is per-

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meated with an increasing cynicism and honeycombed with disgust of life. This is the result of an utter ignorance of the operations of Karma and the nature of Soul-evolution.

ANSWERS to the following questions have been given by Dr. de Purucker in the course of his second series of lectures delivered from Sunday to Sunday in the Temple of Peace at Point Loma, under the general title *Questions We All Ask*. After each question quoted below are printed the number and title of the whole lecture in which the answer appeared, and the date on which it was delivered. The lectures may be obtained from Theosophical University Press, Publications Dept., Point Loma, California; price 10c. per copy.

Question: "What objection is there to a teacher of occultism charging a fee? Are not our school-teachers paid? How would the occult teacher make a living if he did not charge something?" (*Questions We All Ask*, Second Series No. 16, 'The Azure Seats of the Gods,' October 26, 1930)

Question: "I notice that from the Theosophical World-Congress to be held at Point Loma in 1931 you seem to propose to exclude as delegates the followers of a teacher who has a large following of Theosophists and who is also the head-Bishop of a Theosophical Church. Since it is proclaimed that The Theosophical Society is broad enough to include persons of all shades of religious belief, why should any Theosophist be excluded from this Theosophical universal Congress?" (*Questions We All Ask*, Second Series No. 17, 'Occultism, Mysticism, and Secret Societies,' November 2, 1930)

Question: "I was formerly a member of the Theosophical Society of which Annie Besant is the head, but now am a follower of our revered Teacher, J. Krishnamurti, who has shown us the true path to enlightenment. Many of my former comrades are criticizing our Teacher, J. Krishnamurti, as having departed from Theosophy. As I suppose you have no prejudices in this matter, I wish to ask your opinion as to whether it is reasonable to do this, seeing that the two leaders of Mrs. Besant's society — Mrs. Besant herself and Bishop Leadbeater — endorsed our Teacher, J. Krishnamurti, as the incarnation of a World-Soul, and they themselves accepted him as their Teacher? If they have changed their minds, do we have to do the same? Should we not follow the World-Teacher in preference? So far as I know, although both are of course very advanced Theosophists, they do not claim to be World-Teachers." (*Questions We All Ask*, Second Series No. 18, 'Elementals and Nature-Spirits,' November 9, 1930)

Question: "You stated in one of your lectures that a sublime spirit — I think you called it a World-Soul [No, I didn't! G. de P.] — used the body of Mme. Blavatsky as an instrument. Also you have stated that there is a line of succession of Theosophical Teachers, one following another without a break and all representing the same high spiritual beings; at least, that is as I understand it. I wish to ask: Did a World-Soul also use Katherine Tingley as an instrument, and is one using you? This is not intended to be personal, but you yourself have stated that you are Mme. Tingley's successor." (*Questions We All Ask*, Second Series No. 19, 'Mysteries of Sleep and Death,' November 23, 1930)