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O my Divinity! thou dost blend with the earth and fashion for thyself Temples of mighty power.
O my Divinity! thou livest in the heart-life of all things and dost radiate a Golden Light that shineth forever and doth illumine even the darkest corners of the earth.

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

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

G. DE PURUCKER, EDITOR

VOL. XL, NO. 6

DECEMBER, 1931

THE EXOTERIC H. P. B.

G. DE PURUCKER, D. LITT.

Address delivered at the H. P. B. Centennial Congress (morning session)
held on the island of Visingsö, Sweden, August 11, 1931

MR. PRESIDENT, Comrades and Friends: I have much in both heart and mind to talk to you about. My heart is so full, and my head is so full, that, honestly, I do not know where rightly to begin. But while I was listening to the thoughts derived not only from the quotations read here today from our beloved H. P. B. whose hundredth birthday-anniversary we are now celebrating together, but also from the comrades and friends who have preceded me in speech, the idea came to me that instead of my talking to you about what her work was, and what she has done, it might be interesting to try to give to you a few important thoughts regarding H. P. B. herself: who she was, what she was, and why she came; and I shall try briefly to do this, and to divide what I have to say into two parts.

First, then, this morning I shall talk to you briefly, because our time is so short, on the exoteric H. P. B.; and this afternoon, at the close of our Centennial celebration, I will talk to you on what we may perhaps call the esoteric H. P. B. For there were two in

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one in that great woman — an outside which met the world and had to face the conditions of the world into which she came to work; and an inside, a living flame of love and intelligence, a flame of inspiration and holy light, and this latter was the esoteric side of H. P. B.

As you look at her face and study it, and consider the Russian features — the lineaments which proclaim the steppes of Great Russia: if you pause on these alone you will see little but a face in which there is not much of merely human beauty. Yet those who have eyes to see and who look behind, as it were, the veil of the physical personality, they indeed can see something else. They can see beauty; they can see an intense pathos and a great sadness — not the sadness, not the pathos, of one who had a work to do and who could not or did not do it, but the yearning, the pathos, the sorrow, that have always been connected with the figure called in the Occident the 'Christ.' Just so! For behind these outer lineaments which some artists have actually called ugly, we can see an ethereal beauty which no human words will easily describe, but which every human heart can sense, and which every human eye which is spiritually opened can also see. There is inspiration in that face which is beautiful to look upon; there is self-dedication; there are thoughts divine because there is truth, and truth is Nature's own divine heart; and it is these spiritual qualities which shine out of the face of our beloved H. P. B. when we look at her picture, and which proclaim to us that behind the outer person there was the inner living esoteric fire of which I shall talk to you this afternoon. But in what I have just said you will find the keynote of the few observations that I shall make to you this morning about the exoteric H. P. B.

Does any Theosophist who has studied the wonderful Wisdom-Religion of Antiquity imagine for a moment that H. P. B. came to the Occidental world by chance, outside of Nature's laws and rigid concatenation of cause and effect which produce everything in due order? Does anyone imagine therefore that whatever is, has not its ordered and concerted place in the cosmic harmony? Of course not. This therefore means that H. P. B. came in obedience to a law, one of Nature's laws about which the ignorant West knows all too little, and therefore doubts, and because of doubting is blind — for doubt always veils the inner vision. Either all things in the world pursue ordered procedures and courses regulated by what men call 'law,'

or things are anarchical; and who will admit this last? That trees, for instance, might produce human children, and that houses simply grow from stones without human handiwork? No. These could not so act.

H. P. B. came because it was time for her to come, one of the series of Teachers which human history shows us to come at certain stated periods throughout the ages, one Teacher after the other, and always when the time is right and ripe, and never by chance. This succession of Teachers, which the Christian Church has taken over and misunderstood because it almost from the beginning lost the esoteric meaning of it, is called in the Occident by the term 'Apostolic Succession,' but the ancient Greek Initiates, who knew well what they were talking about, called it the living Chain of Hermes, the Golden Chain, in connexion with the passing on of mystic and esoteric light and truth. H. P. B. was one of the links in this Chain of Teachers, and came in regular serial succession to the Teachers who had preceded her, each one of them sent forth or going forth from the great association of Sages and Seers, variously called the Mahâtman, the Elder Brothers of mankind, and by other names. Jesus was one of them, the Buddha was one, Śankarâchârya was one, Lao-Tse was one, Apollonius of Tyana was one, Pythagoras was one, and so were Plato and many others, but in a somewhat minor degree of spiritual evolutionary standing.

These Teachers, these Leaders and Guides, of mankind come and teach according to law, esoteric and natural law, when the time calls for their coming; otherwise how logically explain their serial existence? Otherwise men might turn in despair to that now exploded superstition of the materialism of our fathers, that things in the world are governed by chance, and that the happenings among men and in the Universe around us are all produced by the fortuitous and haphazard working of molecular energies; and who believes today this madman's dream? No one who is acquainted at least with the most recent researches and deductions of ultra-modern science.

Universal Nature is imbodyed consciousnesses, all inter-related, interworking, and interconnected, and these produce the beautiful harmony, the wonderful regularities and rhythms and orderly courses of the Universe around us, as well as Mother Nature's entrancing and mysterious variety. Therefore everything that happens, happens according to what men call 'law' — everything, no matter how

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much ignorant man in his blindness may speak of 'chance.' Chance? What is chance? Chance is a word. Analyse it. Ask a man to describe what he means by 'chance.' What is his answer? What must be his answer? Something that happens of which we know not the producing causes. There you have it!

Now, then, no responsible and thinking man can doubt that this Teacher came in the regular series composed of other Teachers. The ages pass, and each age has a new generation of men, and each generation of men receives light from the generations which preceded it, from its fathers. But generations rise and they fall, physically in civilization as well as spiritually in light, and in the intellectual, the ethical, and mental courses which men follow in producing the civilizing influences of human life. And in these generations which follow each other, there is always need for guiding minds, for a light given anew from age to age, for a new lighting, phoenix-like, of the old fires; and these passers-on of the Light compose the 'Golden Chain of Hermes.'

This doctrine of the succession of Teachers is not properly understood today, and men mock in ignorance at what in ignorance they misunderstand; yet either these Great Teachers of the world succeed each other in time or they do not. And we know that they do, for they are traceable through the ages, and what in the past has been, shows the tendencies of human nature and of human civilization to produce it anew; and therefore human nature and human civilization will reproduce in the future what they have brought forth in the past. Thus it is that we have the succession of Teachers.

Now what do these Teachers bring to mankind? Doctrines contrary and antagonistic and opposite to the doctrines and teachings of those who had preceded them? Never, never, when their teachings are properly understood. Examine the teachings of all the Great Sages and Seers of the ages who have appeared among men. You will find them essentially one, fundamentally one, although expressed in different languages, expressed in different forms and formulations of thought appropriate to the ages, the respective ages, in which each of the Messengers appeared, but all identic at the heart, forming one fundamental truth, one fundamental teaching, albeit clad in various garments, clothed in differing habiliments. But the body of truth that they taught and teach is one.

Now what was it that these Sages brought to men? What she,

our H. P. B., also brought. Examine, test, this statement, prove it for yourselves — and the literatures of the world lie before you enabling you to do this. If she taught anything that the Great Sages and Seers as a body who preceded her, did not teach, it will be to me a wonder if you can find it, and I believe that you cannot. You remember what Confucius said: "I teach nothing new. I teach what my predecessors have taught. I love the ancients, therefore I teach what they taught." Details of the teaching differ, the clothing of the teaching varies of necessity, but the teaching itself is the truth of and about Nature, about Nature's own being, its structure, its operations, its carpentry, its characteristics, its laws. When the Theosophist says 'Nature' as a word without further qualification, he never limits this word 'Nature' to the physical world alone. He means universal Being, including divine Nature, spiritual Nature, intellectual Nature, psychical Nature, astral Nature — all the spiritual and ethereal realms and spheres and worlds and planes which compose what the great thinkers of the Occident, as well as of the Orient, have called the spirit and soul and body of the Universe. This is what the Theosophist means when he uses the word 'Nature' without qualifying adjective.

That is what she taught. That is what the Great Sages and Seers of the ages taught: an open or outer teaching and an inner or hid teaching: an exoteric doctrine for the public, and an esoteric doctrine for those who had proved themselves capable of understanding it and ready in their understanding to hold it secret. For if it were proper to give this esoteric teaching to the public, it would be so given. Remember that the archaic Wisdom-Religion of the ages is man's natural heritage, and belongs to him by right; but you as individuals have no right to your heritage until you come of age, until you become major of mind and are no longer a spiritual and intellectual infant, ready to abuse what is indeed yours by right, but which Nature and the gods and the Masters in compassion and love and wisdom withhold from erring men, until they shall have learned to control themselves. Then men will be able to control what belongs to them by natural right. There will then no longer be a danger of misapplication or of misuse.

Grand and sublime ethics were the basis of what this noble Messenger of the Masters, our H. P. B., taught. She showed us that ethics, that morals, are based on the very structure and laws of Na-

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ture herself, that ethics and morals are no mere human convention, that right is eternally right no matter how men may argue about the details, and that wrong is eternally wrong. Right is harmony, and wrong is disharmony, and harmony is Nature's heart of love and music and peace, for it is equilibrium; and disharmony is discord, lack of peace, unmusical discords in Nature and throughout human life; for all Nature is ensouled just as man is, and this doctrine of ethics is one of the noblest of the teachings which she brought. Did not all the Great Sages and Seers teach the same thing? She taught us — and listen, my Brothers, to this — she taught us of our inseparable oneness, of our unity with the heart of Being, so that death, that grizzly phantom of the Occident, no longer exists as a fearsome object for the Theosophist, because the genuine Theosophist who understands his philosophy looks upon death as the grandest Adventure that it is possible for a human being to undertake. O death, sublime and magnificent initiation into other worlds, into a nobler, a grander, and a greater life!

One of a serial succession of Teachers, she came in the rhythmical order of the laws which control our planet. She came indeed at the beginning of one Messianic Cycle of 2160 years and at the end of the preceding cycle of the same term. She was the Messenger for her age, that is, for the age to come — the one who was to sound a new keynote, which yet, mystically speaking, is as old as the ages; and in a certain very true but little known sense, she was an Avatâra — an Avatâra of a certain type or kind, for there are different kinds of Avatâras. This is one truth concerning H. P. B. that we must be careful and watchful as regards teaching it to the world, for the world has no conception of the many recondite meanings of the Avatâra-doctrine. I have no time this morning further to explain what I have in mind. I will now merely tell you a sublime truth: that every Teacher who comes to teach man comprises not only his or her body and an unusually received psychological apparatus, but is likewise at times infilled with the holy fire of a greater Soul, and therefore is *de facto* an Avatâra of a kind. Just as Jesus called the Christ was an Avatâra of one kind for his age, so was she, our beloved H. P. B., an Avatâra of another kind for her age.

It is usual among modern Occidentals, especially artists, to portray Jesus called of Nazareth, as a man of wonderful physical beauty, of outstanding manliness, and of fascinating appearance; but

was he verily so? Is this Occidental picture true to fact? It is an Occidental idea or ideal of the Middle Ages and of our own times. Do you not know that the Christian Church Fathers often took pride in proclaiming the idea aloud to the world that Jesus called of Nazareth was a man of mean appearance? Do you indeed know this? They sometimes describe him as a man of mean person, insignificant in body and in physical form. Yet what has that, true or false, to do with the flame within, the flame of the spirit which shines through the mortal clay, so that the latter like a lamp becomes luminous and glows and gives light to those around? That is where the true spiritual entity is — within.

I will tell you the reason for this lack of physical beauty. I will tell you the reason why H. P. B., this present Avatâra — of the particular kind I speak of — had the form of one whose physical appearance is unhandsome. With her the causative reason has thus far succeeded wonderfully well. With Jesus, the Syrian Avatâra, the same reason failed of effect in succeeding ages. What was and is this reason? This: An endeavor was made by the Teachers, is indeed made at each new appearance of a Messenger, to have that Messenger make his spiritual and intellectual mark on the world solely by the fire of the genius within, only by the fire of divinity within, and to prevent later generations from falling down and worshipping, through instinctive love of beauty, the physical body. It is against the instincts of the human heart to adore ugliness, to pray to that which is unhandsome. In the case of Jesus, in later times blind faith and foolish adoration prevailed. In the case of our beloved H. P. B., the woman unhandsome has saved us and her thus far from that fate. No man or woman is drawn to worship ugliness, and this in itself is right, in a sense; it is not wrong, because it is an instinct of the human soul to know that inner beauty will produce outer beauty, perhaps not so much in form, but in appearance. There will be the beauty of manly or womanly dignity, the beauty of the inner light shining forth in love and wisdom, kindness and gentleness. Oh! I do hope that you understand what I mean in making these few short observations.

H. P. B. came to the West as the Messenger of the Teachers, and this afternoon I will speak more of the esoteric side of this matter upon which I have touched this morning but exoterically; yet she came as one of the regular series or succession of Teachers in the

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Golden Chain of Hermes of which Homer and other poets and Greek philosophers wrote and spoke. She brought the same old Wisdom-Teaching that all her great Predecessors brought and taught. She taught it to us moderns in the modern way, in a way appropriate to our era, as those other Sages and Seers taught in manners and ways appropriate to their respective eras. But the teaching that they all taught was one.

Two thousand one hundred and sixty years before her birth the particular Messianic Cycle began which, as its centuries followed one the other, plunged European countries into the darkness of the Middle Ages. Today, more or less 2160 years afterwards, a new cycle opened when she was born, a rising cycle which should bring light, peace, knowledge, wisdom, to men; and it is the duty of us Theosophists, members of the Theosophical Movement — whether belonging to the Society of Point Loma, or to the Society of Adyar, or members of the U. L. T., or of any other of the so-called Independent Societies — it is our duty, as Brother-Theosophists, as common members of the Theosophical Movement, to see to it that the Message which she brought to us, and gave into our hands as a holy charge, shall be kept pure and unadulterated, and shall be passed on to our descendants of succeeding generations just as we have received it. “As I have received it, thus must I pass it on, not otherwise. *Iti mayâ śrutam*: Thus have I heard.”

I think, Brothers, Comrades, and Friends, that the greatest tribute that our hearts and minds can give to our beloved H. P. B., is to know her exactly as she was, exactly as she was in truth, not merely according to what anybody says about her. The best way to see her as she was is to study her, and her books which indeed are she — to study her, and her books which indeed are she! Then you will know the real H. P. B., for you will use the test of your intelligence and of your heart, to judge her by what she herself was and by what she produced, not by what someone else may say about her. Let us carry on the torch of light that she gave into our hands; and also let us try to forget our mutual differences in this year of the one hundredth anniversary of her birth.

I began the movement of Theosophical fraternization with the splendid and loyal co-operation of my fellow-workers in the Theosophical cause all over the world; and today in tribute to H. P. B. whom we all love, I gladly and happily bring a testimony of grati-

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tude to the brother-Theosophists of other societies, who have been great enough of heart, wise enough of mind, and intuitive enough of soul, to join me in this work. Some day, I hope it is not far distant, no longer will there be the various Theosophical Societies, but we shall be reunited again as one unitary Society forming one Movement in spiritual and intellectual solidarity. Let us work for this, each society holding strictly to what it believes to be its duties, and to what principles of right conduct and of ethics it may hold.

We of The Theosophical Society whose Headquarters are at Point Loma, California, shall not vary one iota from the policy of H. P. B. We have never done so. We whose Headquarters are at Point Loma love the principles which we profess and which we try to live, and to them we shall cling with fidelity, utter and true; but in doing so, even if these principles should be contrary in any detail of understanding to the principles professed by brother-Theosophists, let us nevertheless unite, remembering that as a foundation, as a basis, we have common doctrines given to us from the Masters through H. P. B. I respect no man who for motives of mere expediency violates what he believes to be right. I love a man who is big enough, great enough of mind and of heart, to recognise truth when he sees it, or hears it, and to follow its light to the very end. "There is no religion higher than Truth." *Satyân nâsti paro dharmah.*

THE ESOTERIC H. P. B.

G. DE PURUCKER, D. LITT.

Address delivered at the H. P. B. Centennial Congress (afternoon session)
held on the island of Visingsö, Sweden, August 11, 1931

THAT,¹ that indeed is the Message of H. P. B.: Peace, quiet, wisdom, love, understanding! She came to a world, dear Mr. President and Comrades, which was in the throes of a veritable Dance of Death, a *Danse Macabre*, in which might be heard, according to this medieval idea, the clattering of the bones of the dead, the hooting of the owls of despair, and where one might sense dank, evil-smelling odors of the graveyard wherein men had buried their hopes.

1. The reference is to the few moments of silence before Dr. de Purucker began to speak.

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That was the world to which H. P. B. came and the time in which she spoke: a time when men had lost virtually all faith in recognising that there could be a knowledge of spiritual things, a time when even to speak of divinity, of a lasting hope, and of things spiritual, was considered to be a mark of intellectual imbecility. The very word 'soul' was *tabu*.

Single-handed, that Mighty Woman wrought a change in human thinking by the power of her spiritual knowledge which enabled her to work on human spirits and human souls, and in so doing she cast seeds of thought into human minds, which seeds swept like sparks of flame through human understanding. By the tremendous energy of her intellect she taught men to think of life and Nature in a new way, for she showed to them that the doctrines of the dying materialism, which were then so fashionable and to which men had given the confidence of their hearts — she showed, I say, that these doctrines were hollow-sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and that men were not only foolishly burying their noblest hopes in the graveyard of material existence, but likewise were fashioning themselves inwardly to become like unto the graveyard, towards which their feet were carrying them.

There is a psychological wonder, a mystery, in H. P. B., for H. P. B. was a mystery. Since she came and taught, what do we find our greatest modern scientific researchers and thinkers telling us today? Adumbrations of many of the doctrines that she taught: doctrines, so far as these scientific researchers are concerned, which are based upon deductions made from the researches into physical nature that those scientists are following. Before the scientists found the facts, she taught these facts, and she taught them in the face of ridicule and scorn and opposition from the Church on the one hand and from Science on the other hand, and from the established privileges and prerogatives of all kinds — social, religious, philosophical, scientific, what not — which surrounded her.

In her there was strength, spiritual strength, for she set men's souls aflame; in her there was intellectual power, for she taught men to think and to have a new vision; and in her also there was psychological power, for she smashed the *mâyâvi* psychological wall which man in his folly had builded around his consciousness.

Now reflect upon what all this means. Could you have done it? Would you have had the courage to dare it? Could you, single-

handed, face the world in a similar manner today? There is a cause and a reason for the work that she wrought. We today see the effects, we know the historical phenomenon of her life and work; but what was the noumenal cause? It was the living spiritual and intellectual fires within her. It was the esoteric side of H. P. Blavatsky which enabled her to do what she did.

Men cannot think when their souls are in torment — they cannot then think clearly or correctly. When men have no belief in anything, how can you expect them to lead a decent life? When men believe that ethics and morals are mere human conventions, and that selfish strife brings its guerdon of success, do you suppose for an instant that a man is going to set behind him all the advantages which, as he imagines, a selfish pursuit possibly may bring to him? You little know the weakness of human nature if you flatter yourself that men will do so. But, contrariwise, teach a man, show a man and convince him by the showing, that he is responsible for what he does, for what he thinks, for what he feels: that he is responsible and will be held to a strict account by the very harmony which is the heart of universal Nature, then you give him a code which he will recognise and will follow; and he will follow it gladly, for he will know that it is the way of peace and prosperity and success. Now that is what H. P. B. did. Among other things, she showed that ethics, that morals, were no mere empty conventions established by men for convenient purposes in order that civilization might exist, and that men themselves might, as often as may be, keep out of prison.

Do you think for a moment, Brothers, Comrades, Friends, that H. P. B. was only an ordinary woman? Do you think that the stories that have been told about her, such as Mr. Sinnett's *Incidents in the Life of H. P. Blavatsky*, contain all the real facts about her life, and do you suppose that even the statements that are therein narrated contain in themselves a full explanation of her? Don't believe it! The facts in themselves are against such a belief. Such a woman as Sinnett describes in his *Incidents* never could have moved the world as H. P. B. did. Do you think that the Russian girl that he describes, and that the Russian 'priestess' so-called that Solovyoff, her quondam friend and later her bitter foe, tried to portray, could have done it? Do you think that a hypocrite, that a false heart joined with an ordinary mind, could have gathered about herself

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the intellectual and often highly ethical people whom she gathered around her? Of course not!

Take into consideration the facts in H. P. B.'s life. Don't let your minds be swayed by the tales that have been told about her. Think them over for yourself, because thoughtful reflexion is one of the first duties of a Theosophist, and then draw your own conclusions. Indeed, the stories that have been often told about H. P. B. interest us simply as a psychological phenomenon of the weakness of human thinking. They also interest us, not because they accurately describe H. P. B., for they don't, but simply because they describe the incapacities of the men and women who try to explain her. You might as well try to put the ocean into a teacup as to encompass the character, the constitution, of H. P. B. in the yarns professing to be biographical that have been written about her. At the best they contain certain facts gathered in random fashion from her own family — who understood her perhaps less than her Theosophical friends did, and who said so — gathered together and strung along a certain thread of narrative. Is the reading of such tales the pathway to understanding one who did what she did? The world today is beginning to think Theosophy, and to think in a Theosophical way, and hence the Macabrean Dance of H. P. B.'s times has been stopped — that dance of death, that giddy, soulless, thoughtless, dance of death in the graveyard of human hopes; that today has ceased.

A mighty power came into the world and worked and wrought, and the weaving of the web which she wrought has played a great part in producing the better conditions we find among us today. Alas, that even in the Theosophical Movement there should be Theosophists professing Theosophy, who describe Masters' Messenger as merely 'H. P. B., a writer of a few noteworthy books.' Immortal gods, may the scales of blindness fall from their eyes! H. P. B. was of course a woman in body, remember that; but invigorating and inflaming this body with its brain-mind was the inner divine Sun, the 'inner Buddha' as we Theosophists say, the living 'Christ within' as the mystical Christians of today say. But between this divine fire and the receptive and mystically-trained and educated brain of the woman, there was a psychological apparatus, commonly spoken of in western parlance as the 'human soul,' which in the case of her — for she was an Initiate of the Order of the Buddhas of Compassion and Peace — could at times step aside and allow the

entrance into the vacancy thus left of a 'human soul' loftier by far than even hers.

Thus was she an Avatâra of her kind. It was this Buddhic Splendor which thus infilled the vacancy that she so gladly left for use, which in large part wrought the works of wonder that H. P. B. wrought. You may remember that in her writings she often makes a distinction between what she calls 'H. P. B.' and 'H. P. Blavatsky.' 'H. P. Blavatsky' was the woman, the chela, the woman-chela, the aspiring, learning, splendid, noble, courageous chela. But 'H. P. B.' was the Master's mind speaking through her. Body and spirit, one entity, then the intermediate psychological apparatus, commonly called the 'soul,' temporarily removable at will. In fact — and let me tell you the truth — when our H. P. B. was sent as the Messenger, that psychological apparatus in large part remained behind. Think! This fact accounts for the so-called contrarities and contradictions of her character that the people who attempted to write about her saw — and saw very plainly, because they could not help seeing — but which they did not understand, and by which they oft misjudged her and misunderstood her. But when the holy flame had infilled this vacancy, then there was *H. P. B. the Teacher*, the Sage, the Seer, the Teacher of great natural scientific truths which modern science today is but beginning to show to be true, the Teacher of a great hope to mankind, the giver of a Vision to men, the framer and former of a new Philosophy-Religion-Science for men.

I am talking to Theosophists, Brothers, Comrades, and Friends. I believe there are in this Hall certain visitors who have been invited to come here, and perhaps for them what I say may be obscure, but I am sure that all Theosophists will understand me. So then, what shall we call 'H. P. B.' or 'H. P. Blavatsky'? Shall we think of her as merely a Russian gentlewoman, as the speakers this afternoon in various ways showed so well and so clearly, and with such understanding of mind and of heart — and, by the way, also speaking in what is to them a foreign tongue, English, in a manner that has been amazingly correct? Shall we look upon H. P. B. merely as a Russian gentlewoman? If so, a most marvelous, marvelous gentlewoman was she! The simple theory will not fit the facts — a Russian woman who had no education, technically speaking: no education in science, no education in religion, no education to speak of in philosophy, but who was educated in mystical lines; and yet the

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H. P. B. who lived and taught was an Adept, and in her teachings was a Master in all these lines of human knowledge!

Shall we look upon her as an incarnate Mahâtman? The facts are against that, all against it, just as they are all against the former theory. Let us take our beloved H. P. B. exactly as she was, not as she is misrepresented to be. Let us take her as we know her to be. Let us take her as we find her in her books. Let us take the facts, and no man's theories about her; and if you are wise enough you will see, you will understand, who and what she was.

There were times in her social life when she was the charming hostess, as one of our speakers said this afternoon, a *grande dame*. There were other times when she was a pianist of admirable and most exceptional ability. Again at other times she charmed people with her brilliant conversational powers, and she would fascinate a whole room, hold her audience spellbound. Men of learning, the laborer, the noble, prince and peasant gathered to hear her. There were still other times, in her home, when things were quiet and her disciples gathered around her, when she taught some truths drawn from the Great Mysteries of the Wisdom-Religion of the past. There were other times when she sat at her desk, and wrote and wrote and wrote from morning until night, and then would lie down, and, as she herself said, for a little while went 'Home.' She then had rest!

There were other times when she would hold her 'at homes,' her receptions, during which she would receive scientists, philosophers, thinkers, controversialists of various kinds, philosophical, scientific, religious; chat with them; and they would leave her in amazement. "Whence comes to this woman," they said, "her marvelous understanding? How is it that she can tell me secrets of my own profession which I knew not before? Whence comes to her the ability to show me that this is so?" All these moods, these sides of her character, were indeed there, and every one must be taken into account. Only the explanation of the facts themselves will enable you to understand her. At times she was the woman, and was tender and compassionate, with a woman's love of rings, of sweet perfumes, and of kindly friends. At another time she was the Teacher and Sage. At another time she was strong and virile, so that, as her friends said, it seemed verily as if man incarnate were manifesting through her — not any one man, but Man.

Now you have it: the body, the woman, the gentlewoman, well-

trained, well-bred, ill-educated; the divine flame within her that occasionally seized her brain as it were — and then she spoke like a pythoress, like a prophetess, like an oracle at Delphi; and similarly so at other times, when she was infilled, as the Avatâra, with the holy flame of one of the Great Ones. Then she was the Sage and Seer, and wrote her books, foreshadowing in these books what later has come to pass, and pointing out to men the dangers of a belief divorced from ethical rules.

I have been asked many times: "Try to describe an Avatâra to me, G. de P. You talk so much about Avatâras; try to describe one to me." And I have always answered or hinted rather: Study H. P. B. Don't believe that an Avatâra is what the western Orientalists say it is, because an Avatâra is not so. All that the western Orientalists know is the derivation of the word 'avatâra' from the verb *trî*, 'to descend, to come down.' Yes, but that is like asking: "What is electricity?" "Electricity is a natural energy." Is not that an illuminating explanation!

Let us recognise H. P. B. for what she was; and mind you, my friends, mind you this thought: We who have studied H. P. B. love her, are faithful to her in heart and mind, yet we shall set our faces like flint, like stone, against any attempt to worship her, to make a new Jesus out of her. You know what the Great Ones have told us: More than anything else do we desire a Brotherhood among men, a Brotherhood which will save mankind from the catastrophes which are facing it, brought about by mankind's own folly. The catastrophes, the cataclysms, moral and even physical, which are even now facing us, will surely come upon us unless men change their habits of thought and, in consequence, their acts, their conduct. We shall set our faces like stone against any attempt to introduce a new religion among men, which our Great Teachers have already pointed out to be, and which is, one of the greatest curses and banes afflicting mankind at the present time: belief in an outside Savior instead of fidelity to the divine spirit within. For there within indeed lie all truth, all harmony, all wisdom, all love, all peace. The inner god within each one of you as an individual is of the very heart of the heart of the Universe, and concerning that heart of the Universe, each one of you is It.

H. P. B. was indeed a mystery, but while she was a mystery, this does not mean a 'mystery' in the sense in which this word is

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commonly used in the Occident. I mean a mystery in the sense of the ancient Greeks, when they spoke of the ancient Mysteries and the ancient Mystery-Schools — something which is hid, but can be known, something that is occult and holy, but which can be communicated.

H. P. B. can be understood; and when we understand her, we love her the more; the more we understand her, the greater grows our love, our veneration, for her. Let it never happen, therefore, that we Theosophists become so false to the trust which she gave to us that we shall turn our backs to the Mystic East, towards which she always pointed, and worship the Avatâra. Let us be faithful to our trust. We can love, we can venerate, we can copy the example of magnificent courage and sublime hope that she gave to us. We can try to become like unto this great Woman, and unto many others like her who have appeared in the past, who will appear in the future, others far greater than she; but let us never set her on a pinnacle as was done, alas! alas! in the case of one of the Teachers in the early years of Christianity.

In closing our Convention this afternoon, Brothers, Comrades, and Friends, I desire to say that I believe that this gathering will become recognised as a great historical event in Theosophical history. It may be a little difficult for us to realize this at present, but who can limit the magic that a spiritual idea can work in the world? It is ideas which build civilizations and which wreck them, which raise nations to heights of glory, and it is ideas which sink them into the deeps. The Theosophist is an idealist because he believes in the power of ideas and ideals. The ideas that we have been discussing together and exchanging today have power to change men's hearts and to change their thoughts. That indeed is what we can do, and no greater tribute than this could we render to our beloved H. P. B. than by continuing faithfully, and in our love of her, the work which she so grandly began.

I thank you all in the name of our Great Teachers for the tributes which you have rendered to her. In particular I thank our Brothers of other Societies, who like us are treading the path which they believe in and which they love. We must respect their sincerity and their devotion to what they believe to be right, and in doing so, we shall, as an incident of importance, win respect and love for ourselves. I hope that at the next Centennial Congress, a hundred years

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from now, being the second hundredth anniversary, this Hall will still remain, and that those of us who will return in so short a time — I wonder how many they will be! — or at least our descendants will then see this land covered with buildings dedicated to our great and noble Theosophical work, the work of bringing light unto men, which is dedication in the exoteric sense and initiation in the esoteric sense. This I hope for!

THEOSOPHY, THE MOTHER OF RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

G. DE PURUCKER, D. LITT.

GATEWAYS AND PATHWAYS OF LIFE

FRRIENDS: I am going to talk to you this afternoon on the subject of 'Gateways and Pathways of Life.' I regret a little that I did not retain the form of this title of our study together this afternoon, which first occurred to me: that is to say, 'Gateways and Pathways of Death,' because, as a title, this last form really covers more fully the ideas that we are going to study together today. But then, after this latter form of the title had come into my mind, I said to myself: No, that will lead to wrong impressions in view of what I have said before in this our Temple of Peace. It will give the idea to those who sit here and hear me, and to those listening in, that the Theosophists look upon life and death as two absolutely separate and wholly different things; and this view of life and death we most certainly do not hold.

We say that there is no such thing absolutely as death; that it is a form of life; that all is life; and that the very phenomena, the sequence of things that happen, which men see when so-called 'death' supervenes, are in themselves but the manifestation of activity, of movement, of energy, and therefore of life, because life is just these things: energy, movement, activity.

But on next Sunday, or perhaps on the Sunday after that, I am

[Stenographic report of the twenty-third 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 July 22, 1928, and broadcast, by remote control, over Station KFSD San Diego—680-440.9]

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going to risk using this word 'death' in the title of my subject, and I shall then tell you nothing that is gloomy or saddening or heart-rending. I think that I shall then speak to you on the subject: 'Some Secrets of Death' — of course as this range of natural happenings is explained by our wonderful philosophy, Theosophy.

In opening my lecture this afternoon, friends, I am going to read to you a list of items appertaining to my subject on which I shall touch briefly: upon some of these items I shall speak more fully, but I shall refer to them all either explicitly or implicitly. Some of the items referred to on this list I have spoken of in other lectures and some I have not referred to except by implication. This list is as follows:

1. The Universe is one vast organic whole, which both as a whole and as a unity of parts works towards one common end — self-expression of innate faculties and powers: in other words, Evolution in the Theosophical sense of the unrolling, the unfolding, the unwrapping, of the intrinsic energies.

2. Man, therefore, because he is a part of the Universe, as well as every other thing or entity everywhere — because each is an inseparable part of the whole Universe — has in him in miniature all that the vast Whole has.

3. The 'Gateways and Pathways of Life' simply means the passing from one sphere or plane to another sphere or plane, and from one planet to another planet, in all cases following certain pathways which thread through the Universe, and which, otherwise expressed, are the lines or lanes of cosmic forces or energies: in other words, the *Circulations of the Kosmos*, and the word *Kosmos* of course you know to be another name for the Universe. I might add in passing that these lines or lanes of cosmic forces or energies may be considered to be arterial and venous channels of the Universe.

4. But every such plane or sphere or planet has, or rather provides, its own appropriate bodies or vehicles for the self-expression of the hosts of entities traveling along those lines or lanes of force; and consequently no such body or vehicle can leave the plane or sphere or planet to which it belongs. This is a very important point indeed.

5. Death, therefore, whether of man or of any other entity, means abandoning any such body or vehicle; and that which abandons is the energies or forces of the immortal Monad — the Con-

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sciousness-Center. At the heart of every entity each such entity is ensouled, or rather inspirited, by such an energy-focus or consciousness-center.

6. Such vehicles, so far as man is concerned, are, for instance, his physical body on this physical plane or sphere; his 'soul' also on its own psycho-mental sphere or plane; and the intermediate astral body between the physical and the psycho-mental planes.

7. The reason why such bodies or vehicles cannot leave their own plane or sphere is because they are composite and therefore are temporary structures in all cases formed of smaller and generally inferior particles, though these last, just as much as man himself is, are evolving, progressing, learning entities too, and each one is likewise ensouled, or rather inspirited, by its own individual Monad or Consciousness-Center.

8. Hence, there are in very fact no 'dead men' to survive the dissolution of the physical and astral bodies through which man works and functions during life — I repeat it: there are no 'dead men.' I will explain this remark a little later although I have explained it on several other occasions in the course of former lectures, when we have studied together here in this our Temple of Peace.

9. But the Monad in itself, *per se*, is a center of pure spirit, of homogeneous substance, non-composite as we understand composition; therefore it is immortal in its own sphere of the spirit for as long as the Universe endures; its nature is pure consciousness and energy.

10. The Monad is the repository of all the spiritual life and consciousness of each incarnation of the reincarnating entity, which last entity is what we Theosophists call the Higher Ego, and which you may call the 'Spiritual Soul' if you like.

11. At death, this Higher Ego is instantaneously freed and is indrawn back into the Monad, its origin and parent, like a flash of lightning; and for a comparatively short time after the death of the physical body, the so-called 'soul,' which is the human nature of the man during earth-life, returns unto the Monad all its own highest life and best and noblest essence, after which the so-called 'soul' decays away in its turn, because it on its own plane, like the physical body on its own plane, is a composite or compounded entity, and therefore obviously it cannot be immortal. Thank

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Heaven it is so! I will briefly explain this remark in passing by saying that immortality for so imperfect and unevolved an entity as the human soul is during physical earth-life would be about the worst hell that could be possibly imagined. Nature takes better care of things than this idea suggests, because all of Nature's procedures are wholly and unexceptionally harmonious and for the best.

12. The Monad passes from sphere to sphere and from plane to plane and from planet to planet after this event called 'death' occurs; in each such sphere or plane or planet evolving forth a new mechanism of a psycho-mental type, which imbodyes itself in a body or vehicle fit and appropriate to such new plane or sphere or planet, precisely as the physical body and the human soul are respectively fit and appropriate to this our physical earth and to the psycho-mental sphere of the human soul during life.

13. When dissolution comes to this new body or vehicle on whatever sphere or plane or planet it may be, the procedure already outlined as far as earth-life is concerned is there and then repeated, *mutatis mutandis*, in this new sphere or plane or planet.

14. Thus the Monad passes from sphere and plane and planet to sphere and plane and planet, sojourning in each one for a period of time in all cases determined by the action of what we Theosophists call Karman; that is to say, the operation of Nature which is set forth in our Theosophical Doctrine of Consequences — the consequences or results inevitably following thoughts had and acts done precedently; in other words and speaking in more popular vein, Karman is the law of cause and effect, which each man from birth, until death overtakes the physical body, is weaving around himself as a spider weaves its web. How just this operation of Nature is you will immediately see when you understand that it is but Nature's working out of causes that we ourselves have aroused, and that we shall inevitably reap what we have sown.

15. After rounding thus through the seven sacred planets of the ancients, to which I have alluded and which I have named in the last two lectures, the Monad finally reaches our earth again in due course of its cosmical journey, and there proceeds in identical fashion in evolving forth a new organism fit and appropriate for the expression of its energies and powers on earth. This new organism actually being the bundle of energies and consciousness which was the former Higher Ego, or so-called 'Spiritual Soul,' here on

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earth in the former earth-life, but which now is recuperated and refreshed and reinvigorated by its period of repose and bliss in the bosom of the Monad. It has slept its long sleep, as it were, and re-awakens to a new period of activity on this planet.

16. This reincarnating Higher Ego descends, when its time for incarnation opens, through the various planes of substance until it enters again some human womb; and during this descent it takes up again on each plane that it passes through towards earth-life, the identical life-atoms formerly composing its constitution in the former life on our earth and which at its previous departure from earth-life it had cast off on and in the various planes which it had passed through while being indrawn back into the Monad as previously set forth.

17. The same physical life-atoms which had composed the former body on earth of human flesh that the reincarnating entity had left at the end of its previous earth-life, likewise are magnetically drawn together again, thus forming a replica of the body that they formerly composed by their aggregation; for these life-atoms make up our entire physical body, as I have explained in other lectures in this Temple. Thus the new physical body both is, and paradoxically is not, identical with the former body in the last earth-life. It is not identical in the sense of being the same Mr. Jones or Miss Brown that it formerly was; but it is identical in being composed of the same substance, the same identical life-atoms, now re-aggregated anew.

18. And last: Macrobius, the Graeco-Roman writer, hints at all, or much of all this, in his writings: as for instance in his *Saturnalia* and in his *Commentary on the Vision of Scipio*, as the latter may be found in the great Roman orator and statesman Cicero's work *The Commonwealth*, at the beginning of the Sixth Book; while the Orient again, as in India, for instance, has religions and philosophies which are full of the thoughts which these eighteen items that I have just read contain.

Now, friends, it is obviously impossible to go over anew this afternoon, due to the short time of half an hour or forty minutes that we have together today, all that I have said on these subjects on former Sundays. Those of you who were then here may remember that preceding the present series of lectures I talked to you of 'Living Men and Dead Men'; and before that on 'Young Gods

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at Play and at School'; and before that again on 'How Man is Born and Reborn.'

Now, physical death, or physical dissolution, is the falling apart, the separating, of the component elements of a compounded physical body. This is clear. Our physical human body cannot be immortal because it is a compounded thing and is not an entity *per se*. It had a beginning; how can it be immortal having no end to its existence? Immortality with only one end is certainly a quaint idea and certainly one that a Theosophist does not admit. What we Theosophists call death is the dissolution of the composite entity when its life-term is ended; and strictly following this line of thought, we apply it to every compounded entity everywhere. Anything that is builded up of smaller things obviously cannot be immortal, for that would be equivalent to saying that heterogeneity and composition are the conditions of eternal duration, which is nonsense.

Friends, some people have rather curious ideas about what is Man and the nature of his constitution. There is an enormous amount of ignorance concerning these subjects and a very small portion of understanding of them. Take the word 'soul' as an instance, and here I mean what is called the 'human soul.' It would be interesting to ask half a dozen of our friends here this afternoon just what their idea of the nature of the human soul is; and I think that you would be interested in hearing their replies. I certainly should be deeply interested. The fact is, taking the general view of human knowledge concerning these things, nothing at all of a specific and particular nature is generally known about what men call the 'soul.' Some people confuse it with what is called 'spirit,' and yet 'spirit' and 'soul' are as different as two things can possibly be different, though both are component factors or elements of the human constitution. Go to a dictionary and look up the word 'soul,' and you will find some interesting statements there. Whether you accept them or not is another thing; but these statements you will certainly find interesting.

I am reminded of a little story that is told about the famous French Zoologist Cuvier, who died in 1832. A certain maker of dictionaries once asked Cuvier if the following definition of a crab was correct: "Crab: a small red fish which walks backwards." Cuvier reflected an instant and then answered: "Admirable! But the crab

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is by no means always small; nor is it red until it is boiled; nor is it a fish; and, finally, it cannot walk backwards. With these exceptions, your definition is faultless." Nothing is left of the definition!

I have here in my hand a written definition of the word 'soul' as I have jotted it down from memory of certain definitions thereof that I have found in my reading, and I am going to read this definition to you. I think that this definition represents fairly accurately what the average 'man in the street,' as the saying goes, thinks concerning the meaning of the word 'soul,' and I have no doubt you will notice the vagueness combined with quasi-dogmatic particularity that comprises it.

"THE SOUL: An unconditionally immortal entity, the same as the Spirit, which enters the human body at birth, or shortly before, being either then created or coming over from a previous life on earth, which entity survives the death of the physical body in immortality throughout eternity, and which at such death on earth goes to Heaven for a certain number of centuries, and which perhaps then returns to human incarnation, or perhaps transmigrates into an animal's body."

Well, friends, we Theosophists say that this definition is all wrong: The 'soul' is not unconditionally immortal; it is decidedly not the same as the Spirit; it is not created, nor does it come over from a previous life on earth; it does not long survive the dissolution of the physical body, nor is it immortal throughout eternity; it does not 'go to Heaven' for any length of time; it does not return into human incarnation; nor does it transmigrate into a beast-body. With these exceptions, the above definition is faultless!

As I have pointed out on other Sundays during the course of our series of studies together, the human entity in its constitution is composed of a number of different factors or component parts: First, the highest, which is the immortal Monad, which is spiritual — spirit, pure energy, pure consciousness. It is not the man; it is not the soul; for neither the man nor the soul is considered to be pure energy or pure consciousness. The Monad is the ultimate source, nevertheless, of all that we are. Everything derives from it ultimately, and just as the sun of our solar system gives us light and generates heat or at least provides heat indirectly, thus building up vegetation which gives us food, and gives us stores of energy in

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the shape of coal, etc., etc., so all energies of the human constitutive entity may be traced back to the Monad ultimately.

Lower than the Monad there is its child, its ray, as it were, which is the Spiritual Soul, the Higher Ego, the reincarnating entity. This is also a spiritual entity, but one of a lower degree than the Monad of course.

Then there is in man what we call his 'soul,' his human soul, the psycho-mental part of him, the emotional part of him, the ordinary thinking part, the ordinary loving and hating part of us, the ordinary part of us which has feelings and wishes and desires and emotions, etc. None of these things or qualities is very fine and lovely or lovable. Who would desire such an entity to be unconditionally immortal? In the name of the immortal Gods! I certainly would not. I should hate to survive in my merely human part throughout endless eternity! This human soul is lower than the Higher Ego or reincarnating entity, which we have previously spoken of. Next and still lower than the human soul comes what we call the 'animal soul' — that part of us which supplies the lower forces or energies of our constitution — the wholly selfish passions and low hates and various appetitive and instinctual qualities, and so forth and so forth.

Then still lower than this, man's constitution comprises the so-called 'astral body' — the body of ether, the model-body around which the physical body is builded in its entirety.

There, in brief outline, is the human constitution.

Now, nothing of the constitution of man is immortal except that part which is true energy, which is homogeneous substance, and which is non-composite, and which is what we call the Monad. When death supervenes at the end of the life-term of a man on earth, his physical body decays or dissolves, which is what is called 'death.' What was called the 'soul' during life — the human part of the man during earth-life, that poor, sometimes wretched, always hoping, aspiring, loving, hating, passionate you and I — lasts a little while in the astral realms after the death of the physical body by reason of the action of the energies acquired or set in motion during earth-life, and then it also in its turn decays, *i. e.*, breaks up into its component life-atoms.

When the 'golden thread,' as we Theosophists say, of life is snapped at the death of the physical body, all that is best and noblest,

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the purest, the sweetest, the finest, the highest part of the man, is indrawn into the Monad like a flash of lightning — like an electric flash — and it is gone.

Let us leave these lower elements where they belong, including also the human soul whose destiny after death we have just barely outlined. We need not just now consider the fate of these lower parts of man's constitution. But if you are curious about what happens to the life-atoms of the physical body, and the life-atoms of the astral body, and the life-atoms of the soul after death, you can find all this more or less fully set forth in our literature. But it is obvious that you will read merely about dead *bodies* — the physical or astral — and you will find no truly conscious and living entity after death in the astral sphere, for there are no dead *men*: there are only dead bodies and the expression 'dead man' is a contradiction in terms. Such things as composite bodies of course do not survive, as I have already stated. How could they survive dissolution of the component parts which make them what they are? The idea is unreasonable.

But the Monad, the spirit-part of us, our Consciousness-Center, goes from planet to planet, passing through plane after plane: during its cosmical journey it makes the rounds of the spheres, passing through plane after plane, although, as I have already said, doing so in each of the seven planets which belong to what we Theosophists call our Outer Planetary Chain. In each one of these planets it repeats the procedure that had taken place on earth when that former but now dead body was first engendered and born, our earth being one of the planetary inns merely in which the Monad sojourns for a time as the round of the planets is made by that Monad. It produces a vehicle or body, and a soul, appropriate and fit for each one of these spheres or planets during its sojourn there; and there, its new constitution thus formed, it expresses itself and lives its life-term. Do you get the thought accurately? Just so when it reaches our planet Earth again, during the course of its cosmic pilgrimage around the spheres: the Spiritual Soul will be reproduced or sent forth from the Monad, being the particular Higher Ego belonging to this planet Earth; and when I say this planet Earth I refer not merely to this physical earth-sphere alone, but to the entire planetary entity called Terra, which our Theosophical teachings show us has its seven component parts or elements, even as

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man's own constitution has seven component parts or elements.

When the Monad reaches Earth again, the Higher Ego, the Spiritual Soul if you like, which had been recuperating itself in rest and sleep and bliss in the bosom of its Essential Self the Monad — so to say in the bosom of its Father-Mother, — then vitalizes a human body, and there opens for the reincarnating entity a new term of life, a new life-term on earth. It is very difficult, friends, I may add in passing, to find terms for these ideas, which are on the whole so different from popular notions, of the destiny of the soul after death; but I am doing my best to simplify them in order to convey the essential thoughts to your minds. When the Monad, itself, reaches our planet Earth, then the Higher Ego begins to descend earthwards through the planes belonging to our planet, Terra, for it — the Ego — is, in very truth, a child on one side of this planetary composite; it is at home here; it is native to this planet; and it feels the call of its homeland. Thus it begins its descent through these planes, taking up in each one of these planes — as it passes down to earth through constantly coarsening and thickening planes of substance, until it reaches our earth — the life-atoms which it had cast off previously when ascending from this earth-planet to rejoin the Monad at the end of its former earth-life. This resumption of all its former life-atoms on the different planes, results in thus building for itself identical inner bodies, and the identical inner constitution, the same inner constitution that it had before death overtook its former earth-body, before the dissolution of its constitution in its previous earth-life. Thus does it come back to earth, thus does it return to earth-life; and in the course of time it enters the human womb to grow up from infancy, through boyhood, to manhood and maturity, the same man in all essential respects that it was before. This resumption through magnetic attraction of the life-atoms on the various planes through which the Higher Ego descends to reincarnation on earth is obviously not all accomplished at one time. The resumption, or taking up again, of the life-atoms of the physical body after birth is spread over all the period of time from conception to maturity.

You may ask, friends, Has the reincarnating entity, the Higher Ego, improved in no wise? Why, of course it has. The knowledge, the wisdom, the love, the broadened sympathies, gained in the last life, have all been assimilated into the fabric of its being; in other

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words, have been made a portion of its human character. Even the life-atoms on the various planes of man's constitution which have been thus resumed, are in themselves growing, quasi-conscious entities; and very naturally they have evolved somewhat also.

Now, turning a moment from this process of reincarnation, the outline of which I have just given to you, I ask you to reflect upon what all this means. In the first place we say that there is no hell. There are no heartaches coming to those who remain behind as to what shall happen to our loved ones when they pass out. All is so beautifully cared for by the Great Mother, Nature. When death comes to us, as it most certainly will, you see at once that it means release, more life, a far larger life, an inexpressibly wonderful adventure, all by far more fascinating than anything that this gross planet Earth can give us.

Oh, how beautiful these Theosophical teachings are! I wish I had the time to develop them more fully for you; but at present I can attempt only to suggest a few hints, all of which you may find in your own studies and by reading our literature; and you will find also from reading our Theosophical literature the explanations of what have been called the great riddles of all the world-religions and world-philosophies; because, as I have said in other lectures wherein I have shown what I meant, Theosophy being the mother of them all, in other words, their origin, naturally can explain them all.

Yes, in very truth, returning to the theme of our study, there is no such thing as real death as commonly supposed, for death is but one of the manifestations of life; and consequently there are no 'dead men'; nor can there be any such, although there are what are called dead bodies as regards the *post mortem* destiny of the human being. There is likewise no hell, to throw cold and paralysing fear into the hearts of superstitious mortals.

But retribution there most certainly is, friends, and although the Theosophical philosophy admits of no hell as the word has been ordinarily misunderstood, that same philosophy with very positive emphasis points out that retribution will follow upon every thought, feeling, and act as inevitably and inescapably as any other effect will follow upon its originating cause; for such is Nature's method; and if good thoughts and good actions of necessity have a fruitage in inner growth and happiness and peace, so likewise do evil thoughts and actions have also their fruitage in misery and unhappiness

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and misfortune. We live in a universe of which every procedure, every process, is part of a chain of unbreakable causation; everything is governed by 'inescapable law,' to use the popular term. Nothing 'just happens' so; everything is the result of some preceding cause; and that cause may be spiritual; it may be mental; and (I am speaking of the human being now) it may be passional; or it may be physical.

The thoughts we think, the emotions we allow to sway us, the acts we do, all bear their fruit in this life or in some succeeding life when their chance for manifestation occurs: then out they come, a rushing tide of energies — these latent forces which we have built into ourselves and which in the aggregate we call our character. When the appropriate time comes and the environment is ready, our character manifests for our own weal or woe — or, what comes to the same thing, the seeds we now sow will bring forth their fruitage then along lines of least resistance as all other energies of Nature do. It is thus that we finally atone for our misdeeds towards others; it is thus that we undo the wrongs that we have done to others and indeed to ourselves; and the resultant of all this, I may add, eventuates in a strengthening and developing of the fibre of character towards a grander destiny.

No man, indeed no God, can escape the cause such an entity sets in motion; for that would be unnatural, against Nature, and therefore impossible. But no man is 'punished' after death. Who and what could or would punish him? You look at human life in general, and you will find, I think, friends, that the average man and woman have more unhappiness in life than happiness, more sorrow than unadulterated bliss or peace. These circumstances are in all and every case the resultants of causes formerly set in motion by the one who now experiences their effects. There is no spiritual monster waiting to catch us and make us suffer when we pass over the threshold of death. It seems to me that such ideas as hell awaiting helpless humans, or a spiritual entity awaiting our decease in order to punish us for our sins, are downright blasphemies of truth.

In our majestic Theosophical teachings, the Universe is one vast organism, every part linked with every other part, the whole forming one organic unit. Every man has within him in miniature, therefore — because a man, like everything else, is an inseparable part

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of the Universal Whole — everything that that Whole has. It may be unevolved so far as our present consciousness is concerned; but it is there in latency. How can it be otherwise? Can you take man out of the Universe? Nay. He is an inseparable part of it. Every energy in the Universe thrills through his being. Every part of the Universe has its individual replica in him.

What does all this then mean? It means that growth is endless, because the universe is endless. We grow through evolution, through self-expressing our inner powers and faculties, through unfolding the divine part of us so that this divine part shall manifest in future ages in our consciousness. We shall then be as gods, because drawing our energies and intelligence directly from the divine side of the Universe.

Every point in space, we may say, is an atomic entity, ensouled and inspirited by its own deathless and changeless Monadic essence, its own Consciousness-Center, which expresses itself through such point, through each such atom, as best it can. For instance, the worlds above us, the spheres above us, the stars and planets, the ancients called 'animals'— not that the meaning was that they are animals such as we know on earth — that is not the idea — but they used the word 'animal' in its etymological sense of 'animate entity' — a living thing, a growing thing, an evolving thing; and this likewise do we Theosophists teach with equal emphasis. Every entity, every being, on any one of such celestial bodies — on our earth, for instance — is equally such a growing and evolving entity with an endless path of progress before it.

Take the vegetation of our earth, for example. Has it life? Most assuredly it has, because it has movement and growth. What are these but manifestations of life? What is life? Is life something absolutely separate from matter? That idea is an absurdity. Life is energy, and energy is substantial, as we have pointed out so often here and have likewise proved to you during the course of our past lectures. Therefore vegetation and the animals, and the minerals also, are all alive, even as we humans are; but each is alive according to its kind, and each after its own manner, and each in its own sphere of activity.

Press the point farther: Each one of such bodies, again, is composed of still smaller and minuter things: molecules, and atoms, and protons, and electrons — you know, doubtless, somewhat of

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what the ultra-modern scientists tell you — and each of these is alive and evolving.

In conclusion of our study, friends, for this afternoon, I am going to read to you a beautiful extract from a book written by one of the most remarkable scientific men and thinkers that our globe has produced in one hundred and fifty years. I refer to the Hindû, Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose. Before his time, it was thought that plants were not animate entities; that they had movement and substance, indeed, but that they had no individualized life or 'soul'; that they had no actual circulatory system; that they had no nerves; that they had no feelings. Indeed, as regards a circulatory system, it was thought that such could not exist in a plant-body, even in the face of the seasonal mounting and descent of plant-sap, which truly marvelous phenomenon no scientist has ever explained because no one has ever understood it — and such explanation as might have been made from such knowledge as was then to be had, was over-saddled by the dogmatic conviction that the human beings and the beasts were the only ones possessing life and movement.

And now this remarkable Hindû proves through his exceedingly clever machinery, electrical and otherwise, for the study of plant-life and for recording the pulse-beat and functions of life in plants, that plants have indeed nerves and are plant-conscious — not animal-conscious nor human-conscious, but plant-conscious; that they can be poisoned, and cured through the administration of an antidote; that they become tired; that they must have rest; that they have a circulatory system, and a nervous system also; that they are very much alive, in other words; and the machinery for this most fascinating study was invented by Sir Jagadis C. Bose himself, and great credit is due to him, not merely for that, but for his method in applying that machinery to the study and explanation of the circulatory and nervous channels in the plant-body. I will read to you the following extract from *Plant Autographs and their Revelations*, pages 63-64, written by Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose:

The dust-particle and the earth, the plant and the animal, are all sensitive. Thus, with an enlarged cosmic sense, we may regard the million orbs that thread their path through space, as something akin to organisms, having a definite history of their past and an evolutionary progress for their future. We may then come to realize that they are by no means insensate clods locked in the rigor of death, but active organisms. . . . Every step of science has been made by

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the inclusion of what seemed contradictory or capricious into a new and harmonious simplicity. Her advances have always been towards a clearer perception of underlying unity in apparent diversity.

It was when I came upon the mute witness of these self-made records and perceived in them one phase of an all-pervading unity that bears within it all things — the mote that quivers in ripples of light, the teeming life upon our earth, and the radiant suns that shine above us — it was then that I understood for the first time a little of that message proclaimed by my ancestors on the banks of the Ganges thirty centuries ago: "They who see but one [Life] in all that changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs eternal Truth — unto none else, unto none else."

FORCE AND MATTER ARE ONE

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

"**F**ORCE and Matter are one." Such is a statement frequently met with in Theosophical writings of today, and it may be advantageous to consider its meaning and also its import. It is usually referred to as a proposition which has always been accepted by Theosophy and is now more fully accepted by science than it used to be.

The proposition is perhaps better worded, 'Energy and Mass are one,' since these two terms represent the two things which are contrasted. It would be easy to enter into a discussion of the meaning of the words *force*, *energy*, *mass*, and *matter*, as used in science; but this would unduly complicate our article, the purpose of which is to give a general outline and to emphasize the significance of the proposition. The word *matter* is used in various and fluctuating senses, sometimes as virtually a synonym of *mass*, and sometimes as a synonym for physical material, whereof *mass*, *force*, etc., are considered to be properties or constituents. Dynamical science makes a distinction between *force* and *energy* which is familiar enough to students of that subject; and to enter into that here would be equivalent to usurping the function of an elementary textbook.

It may suffice to say that the physical world of (say) 1880 was constructed upon a dualistic system, the great duality being denoted as *Matter* and *Energy*, each of which was regarded as eternal, indestructible, and mutually independent. But it had frequently been shown by philosophers that the physicists, in making this

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distinction, were separating what could not be separated, and thus splitting up reality into abstractions. What has recently happened in the sphere of scientific thought is that physicists have been constrained, by the results of their researches, to admit that this philosophical conclusion was justified; for in very fact they cannot any longer continue to insist upon a fundamental distinction and mutual independence of *Matter* and *Energy*.

In books on physics we find that the terms *force* and *mass* are defined in terms of each other, and we can nowhere come upon a satisfactory definition of either of them alone. Force is defined as that which overcomes mass (in this connexion usually called inertia); while mass is that which resists force. For purposes of quantitative computation the two are joined in a well-known equation, $F = ma$, or force equals mass multiplied by acceleration. For the purposes of these calculations, mass was regarded as always proportional to the weight of a body; and, agreeably to this, mass was often defined as "quantity of matter." Thus, by taking a unit of mass, derived from weight, such as the gram or the pound, we can easily assign values to any given force, by multiplying the mass by the acceleration which the given force produces in it; and we can assign units of force by the same method.

So far we have been considering molar physics, dynamics dealing with masses of matter; and the same principles were extended to a consideration of molecular mechanics — what takes place *within* the masses of matter. And here again it has worked very well within certain limits and up to a certain historical point. Matter was conceived as composed of molecules, and these molecules were conceived as simply small masses, obeying the same dynamical laws as large masses. Thus we could get the kinetic theory of gases and various formulae relating to heat and expansion. It is true that such a theory of the constitution of matter does not carry us any perceptible distance towards an understanding of the nature of that constitution, because the theory is merely equivalent to saying that large masses of matter are built up of small masses of matter, and we have only transferred the problem from the mass to the molecule. Further, it had been pointed out, by the aforesaid philosophers, that *force*, when altogether isolated from the conception of mass, ceases to be physical at all, and becomes either an abstraction or something ultraphysical. Again, since many of the

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properties of matter, such as elasticity, compressibility, and the like, had been attributed to the atomic structure of matter, it was absurd to assign these same properties to the atom itself, which, by definition, was devoid of such structure. Thus the atom was reduced to an impossible conception, devoid of the dynamical properties of matter, and yet supposed to obey dynamical laws.

Now it is perfectly obvious that, if the properties of matter are due to its structure, then the rudiments of that structure — atoms or whatever they may be — cannot have the same properties as the matter itself which they compose. Any surprise therefore, when experiment justified this conclusion, was entirely superfluous. It was the study of electricity that brought about the confirmation. It was found that electrified particles in very rapid motion did not obey the customary dynamical equations. It was found, or found necessary to assume, that the mass of such a particle, instead of being a fixed quantity independently of all conditions, increases when its velocity increases. Thus the familiar equations fail to work out what F equals if m refuses to 'stay put.'

No longer can we explain the physical world as a system of inert particles actuated by mysterious forces. We can no longer, either in experiment or in thought, isolate from each other the particles and the forces. No inert particle can anywhere be found, nor is it possible to obtain an independent idea of force. Ask any physicist of today what the electron is, whether it is a mass or particle, or whether it is a center of energy; and the best answer he can give is that it is both or neither, but certainly it is neither the one nor the other. We find ourselves reduced to a physical universe made of electricity, and this electricity can be split up into units; but these units refuse to be docketed under the familiar labels of energy or mass, or force or matter.

Now as to the import of what we have briefly and imperfectly sketched. Does it not go a long way towards giving official authentication (!) to the Theosophical doctrine that the universe is composed of living beings and of nothing else? It will not be so difficult now to concede that that which we call electricity is the *vis viva* of the physical universe — the universal cosmic life in its physical form of manifestation. The abstractions which we have denoted by such terms as energy and mass, pairs of terms denoting respectively the dynamic and the static aspects of this physical life, are now seen

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to be but contrasted aspects of one and the same reality, to which reality we are constrained for the present to give the name electricity. Yet we cannot stop here; the same process which carried us thus far will necessarily carry us farther. Having reduced the physical universe to 'life,' we must perforce admit that life itself is an abstraction, being conceivable only as the attribute of a living being. The same consideration applies to the word 'mind.' If prominent men of science are today assigning mind, and not matter, as the fundamental substance of the physical universe, they have merely substituted one abstraction for another — unless they define that mind as the attribute of living conscious beings.

It would be easy to elaborate these matters much further, but we prefer to sum up the conclusions and emphasize the import. Gone for ever is the old materialistic dualism, common to both science and religion, of an independent material universe, actuated and directed by (a) an independent and extracosmic deity, or (b) by certain 'laws' or 'forces.' Gone again, let us hope, is the dualism which has for so long seen a separation between man and nature, as though each were an independent reality, standing apart and influencing each other. Such dualisms, while having their rightful and necessary place as conditions for ratiocination, must never be allowed to harden into absolutes. We must make such distinctions and contrasts if we are to reason at all; but, if we cannot leap at a bound to the absolute, we can always take a large step. The universe is entirely composed of living beings, from the particle up to the planetary spirit, all performing their rôles, each in its place, and all pursuing the paths of evolution. Man does not stand apart as contemplator of Nature, but is a part of Nature. Mind and matter are not apart; there is no gap between them to be bridged or filled in by an 'ether.' Let us let these ideas soak into the mind and they will transform our entire outlook upon life.



Whatever happens, we should surely be on our guard lest we fail to read the signs of the times. We should watch as well as pray lest any exclusive ecclesiasticism, any obscurantist mediaeval mentality, blind us to the value of a reviving sense of the essential meaning of true Religion.

— *William Leighton Crane*

THE KABALAH AND THE KABALISTS¹

At the Close of the Nineteenth Century

(Reprinted from *Lucifer*, Vol. X, No. 57, May 15, 1892)

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

UNIVERSAL aspirations, especially when impeded and suppressed in their free manifestation, die out but to return with ten-fold power. They are cyclic, like every other natural phenomenon, whether mental or cosmic, universal or national. Dam a river in one place, and the water will work its way into another, and break out through it like a torrent.

One of such universal aspirations, the strongest perhaps in man's nature, is the longing to seek for the unknown; an ineradicable desire to penetrate below the surface of things, a thirst for the knowledge of that which is hidden from others. Nine children out of ten will break their toys to see what there is inside. It is an innate feeling and is Protean in form. It rises from the ridiculous (or perhaps rather from the reprehensible) to the sublime, for it is limited to indiscreet inquisitiveness, prying into neighbors' secrets, in the uneducated, and it expands in the cultured into that love for knowledge which ends in leading them to the summits of science, and fills the Academies and the Royal Institutions with learned men.

But this pertains to the world of the objective. The man in whom the metaphysical element is stronger than the physical, is propelled by this natural aspiration towards the mystical, to that which the materialist is pleased to call a "superstitious belief in the supernatural." The Church, while encouraging our aspirations after the holy — on strictly theological and orthodox lines, of course — condemns at the same time the human craving after the same, whenever the practical search after it departs from its own lines. The memory of the thousands of illiterate 'witches,' and the hundreds of

1. The spelling of the word is various; some write Cabbalah, others Kabbalah. The latest writers have introduced a new spelling as more consonant with the Hebrew manner of writing the word and make it *Qabalah*. This is more grammatical, perhaps, but as no Englishman will ever pronounce a foreign name or word but in an Englishified way, to write the term simply Kabbalah seems less pretentious and answers as well.

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learned alchemists, philosophers and other heretics, tortured, burnt, and otherwise put to death during the Middle Ages, remains as an ever-present witness to that arbitrary and despotic interference.

In the present age both Church and Science, the blindly-believing and the all-denying, are arrayed against the Secret Sciences, though both Church and Science believed in and practised them — especially the Kabbalah — at a not very distant period of history. One says now, “It is of the devil!” the other that “the devil is a creation of the Church, and a disgraceful superstition”; in short, that there is neither devil nor occult sciences. The first one forgets that it has publicly proclaimed, hardly 400 years ago, the Jewish Kabbalah as the *greatest witness* to the truths of Christianity;² the second, that the most illustrious men of science were all alchemists, astrologers and magicians, witness Paracelsus, Van Helmont, Roger Bacon, etc. But consistency has never been a virtue of Modern Science. It has religiously believed in all which it now denies, and it has denied all that it now believes in, from the circulation of the blood up to steam and electric power.

This sudden change of attitude in both powers cannot prevent events from taking their natural course. The last quarter of our century is witnessing an extraordinary outbreak of occult studies, and magic dashes once more its powerful waves against the rocks of Church and Science, which it is slowly but as surely undermining. Any one whose natural mysticism impels him to seek for sympathetic contact with other minds, is astonished to find how large a number of persons are not only interested in Mysticism generally, but are actually themselves Kabbalists. The river dammed during the Middle Ages has flowed since noiselessly underground, and has

2. This is demonstrated by what we know of the life of John Picus de Mirandola. Ginsburg and others have stated the following facts, namely, that after having studied the Kabbalah Mirandola “found that there is more Christianity than Judaism in the Kabbalah; he discovered in it proofs for the doctrine of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Divinity of Christ, the heavenly Jerusalem, the fall of the Angels,” and so on. “In 1486, when only twenty-four years old, he published 900 theses which were placarded in Rome (not without the consent or knowledge surely of the Pope and his Government?), and which he undertook to defend in the presence of all European scholars, whom he invited to the Eternal City, promising to defray their traveling expenses. Among the theses was the following: ‘No science yields greater proof of the Divinity of Christ than magic and the Cabbalah.’” The reason why will be shown in the present article.

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now burst up as an irrepressible torrent. Hundreds today study the Kabbalah, where scarcely one or two could have been found some fifty years ago, when fear of the Church was still a powerful factor in men's lives. But the long-pent-up torrent has now diverged into two streams — Eastern Occultism and the Jewish Kabbalah; the traditions of the Wisdom-Religion of the races that preceded the Adam of the 'Fall'; and the system of the ancient Levites of Israel, who most ingeniously veiled a portion of that religion of the Pantheists under the mask of monotheism.

Unfortunately many are called but few chosen. The two systems threaten the world of the mystics with a speedy conflict, which, instead of increasing the spread of the One Universal Truth, will necessarily only weaken and impede its progress. Yet, the question is not, once more, which is *the* one truth. For both are founded upon the eternal verities of prehistoric knowledge, as both, in the present age and the state of mental transition through which humanity is now passing, can give out only a certain portion of these verities. It is simply a question: "Which of the two systems contains most unadulterated facts; and, most important of all — which of the two presents its teachings in the most Catholic (*i. e.*, unsectarian) and impartial manner?" One — the Eastern system — has veiled for ages its profound pantheistic unitarianism with the exuberance of an exoteric polytheism; the other — as said above — with the screen of exoteric monotheism. Both are but masks to hide the sacred truth from the profane; for neither the Aryan nor the Semitic philosophers have ever accepted either the anthropomorphism of the many Gods, or the personality of the one God, as a philosophical proposition. But it is impossible within the limits we have at our disposal, to attempt to enter upon a minute discussion of this question. We must be content with a simpler task. The rites and ceremonies of the Jewish law seem to be an abyss, which long generations of Christian Fathers, and especially of Protestant Reformers, have vainly sought to fill in with their far-fetched interpretations. Yet all the early Christians, Paul and the Gnostics, regarded and proclaimed the Jewish law as essentially distinct from the new Christian law. St. Paul called the former an allegory, and St. Stephen told the Jews an hour before being stoned that they had not even kept the law that they had received from the angels (the aeons), and as to the Holy Ghost (the impersonal Logos or Christos, as taught at Initia-

tion) they had resisted and rejected it as their fathers had done (*Acts*, vii). This was virtually telling them that their law was inferior to the later one. Notwithstanding that the Mosaic Books which we *think* we have in the *Old Testament*, cannot be more than two or three centuries older than Christianity, the Protestants have nevertheless made of them their Sacred Canon, on a par with, if not higher than, the Gospels. But when the *Pentateuch* was written, or rather *rewritten* after Ezdras, *i. e.*, after the Rabbis had settled upon a new departure, a number of additions were made which were taken bodily from Persian and Babylonian doctrines; and this *at a period subsequent to the colonization of Judaea* under the authority of the kings of Persia. This re-editing was of course done in the same way as with all such Scriptures. They were originally written in a secret key, or cipher, known only to the Initiates. But instead of adapting the contents to the highest spiritual truths as taught in the *third*, the highest, degree of Initiation, and expressed in symbolical language — as may be seen even in the exoteric *Purânas* of India — the writers of the *Pentateuch*, revised and corrected, they who cared but for earthly and national glory, adapted only to astro-physiological symbols the supposed events of the Abrahams, Jacobs, and Solomons, and the fantastic history of their little race. Thus they produced, under the mask of monotheism, a religion of sexual and phallic worship, one that concealed an adoration of the Gods, or the lower aeons. No one would maintain that anything like the dualism and the angelolatry of Persia, brought by the Jews from the captivity, could ever be found in the *real* Law, or Books of Moses. For how, in such case, could the Sadducees, who revered that Law, reject angels, as well as the soul and its immortality? And yet angels, if not the soul's immortal nature, are distinctly asserted to exist in the *Old Testament*, and are found in the Jewish modern scrolls.³

This fact of the successive and widely differing redactions of that which we loosely term the Books of Moses, and of their triple adaptation to the first (lowest), second, and third, or highest, degree of Sodalian initiation, and that still more puzzling fact of the diametrically opposite beliefs of the Sadducees and the other Jewish sects, all accepting, nevertheless, the same *Revelation* — can be made com-

3. This is just what the Gnostics had always maintained quite independently of Christians. In their doctrines the Jewish God, the 'Elohim,' was a hierarchy of low terrestrial angels — an *Ildabaoth*, spiteful and jealous.

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prehensible only in the light of our Esoteric explanation. It also shows the reason why, when Moses and the Prophets belonged to the Sodalities (the great Mysteries), the latter yet seem so often to fulminate against the abominations of the Sodales and their 'Sod.' For had the Old Canon been translated literally, as is claimed, instead of being adapted to a monotheism absent from it, and to the spirit of each sect, as the differences in the Septuagint and Vulgate prove, the following contradictory sentences would be added to the hundreds of other inconsistencies in 'Holy Writ.' "*Sod* Ihoh [the mysteries of Johoh, or Jehovah] are for those who fear him," says *Psalm*, xxv, 14, mistranslated "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Again "Al [El] is terrible in the great Sod of the Kadeshim" is rendered as — "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints" (*Psalm*, lxxxix, 7). The title of Kadeshim (Kadosh, sing.) means in reality something quite different from saints, though it is generally explained as 'priests,' the 'holy' and the '*Initiated*'; for the Kadeshim were simply the *galli* of the abominable mysteries (Sod) of the exoteric rites. They were, in short, the male Nautches of the temples, during whose initiations the *arcanum*, the *Sod* (from which 'Sodom,' perchance) of physiological and sexual evolution, were divulged. These rites all belonged to the first degree of the Mysteries, so protected and beloved by David — the "friend of God." They must have been very ancient with the Jews, and were ever abominated by the true Initiates; and thus we find the dying Jacob's prayer is that his soul should not come into the *secret* (*Sod*, in the original) of Simeon and Levi (the priestly caste) and into their *assembly* during which they "slew a man" (*Genesis*, xlix, 5-6).⁴ And yet Moses is claimed by the Kabalists as chief of the *Sodales*! Reject the explanation of the *Secret Doctrine* and the whole *Pentateuch* becomes the abomination of abominations.

Therefore, do we find Jehovah, the anthropomorphic God, everywhere in the *Bible*, but of AIN SUPH not one word is said. And therefore also, was the Jewish metrology quite different from the numeral methods of other people. Instead of serving as an adjunct to

4. To "*slay a man*" meant, in the symbolism of the Lesser Mysteries, the rite during which crimes against nature were committed, for which purpose the Kadeshim were set aside. Thus Cain 'slays' his brother Abel, who, esoterically, is a female character and represents the first *human* woman in the Third Race after the separation of sexes. See also the *Source of Measures*, pp. 253, 283, etc.

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other prearranged methods, to penetrate therewith as with a key into the hidden or implied meaning contained within the literal sentences — as the initiated Brâhmans do to this day, when reading their sacred books — the numeral system with the Jews is, as the author of *Hebrew Metrology* tells us, the Holy Writ itself: “That very thing, *in esse*, on which, and out of which, and by the continuous interweaving use of which, the very text of the Bible has been made to result, as its enunciation, from the beginning word of Genesis to the closing word of Deuteronomy.”

So true is this, indeed, that the authors of the *New Testament* who had to blend their system with both the Jewish and the Pagan, had to borrow their most metaphysical symbols not from the *Pentateuch*, or even the Kabbalah, but from the Aryan astro-symbology. One instance will suffice. Whence the dual meaning of the First-born, the Lamb, the Unborn, and the Eternal — all relating to the Logos or Christos? We say from the Sanskrit *Aja*, a word the meanings of which are: (*a*) the Ram, or the Lamb, the first sign of the Zodiac, called in astronomy *Mesha*; (*b*) the Unborn, a title of the first Logos, or Brahmâ, the self-existent cause of all, described and so referred to in the *Upanishads*.

The Hebrew Kabalistic Gematria, Notaricon, and T'mura are very ingenious methods, giving the key to the secret meaning of Jewish symbology, one that applied the relations of their sacred imagery only to one side of Nature — namely, the physical side. Their myths and the names and the events attributed to their Biblical personages were made to correspond with astronomical revolutions and sexual evolution, and had nought to do with the spiritual states of man; hence no such correspondences are to be found in the reading of their sacred canon. The real Mosaic Jews of the Sodales, whose direct heirs *on the line of initiation* were the Sadducees, had no spirituality in them, nor did they feel any need for it apparently. The reader, whose ideas of Initiation and Adeptship are intimately blended with the mysteries of the after life and soul survival, will now see the reason for the great yet natural inconsistencies found on almost every page of the *Bible*. Thus, in the *Book of Job*, a Kabalistic treatise on Egypto-Arabic Initiation, the symbolism of which conceals the highest spiritual mysteries, one finds yet this significant and purely materialistic verse: “Man born of a woman is . . . like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth

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not" (xiv, 1-2). But Job speaks here of the *personality*, and he is right; for no Initiate would say that the personality long survived the death of the physical body; the spirit alone is immortal. But this sentence in *Job*, the oldest document in the Bible, makes only the more brutally materialistic that in *Ecclesiastes*, iii, 19, *et seq.*, one of the latest records. The writer, who speaks in the name of Solomon, and says that "that which befalleth the *sons of men* befall-*eth* *beasts*, even . . . *as the one dieth, so dieth the other* . . . so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast," is quite on a par with the modern Haeckels, and expresses only that which he thinks.

Therefore, no knowledge of Kabalistic methods can help one in finding that in the *Old Testament* which has never been there since the *Book of the Law* was re-written (rather than found) by Hilkiah. Nor can the reading of the Egyptian symbols be much helped by the medieval Kabalistic systems. Indeed, it is but the blindness of a pious illusion that can lead anyone to discover any spiritual and metaphysical correspondences or meaning in the Jewish purely astro-physiological symbology. On the other hand, the ancient pagan religious systems, so-called, are all built upon abstract spiritual speculations, their gross external forms being, perhaps, the most secure veil to hide their inner meaning.

It can be demonstrated, on the authority of the most learned Kabalists of our day that the *Zohar*, and almost all the Kabalistic works, have passed through Christian hands. Hence, that they cannot be considered any longer as universal, but have become simply sectarian. This is well shown by Picus de Mirandola's thesis upon the proposition that "no Science yields greater proof of the divinity of Christ than magic and the Kabalah." This is true of the divinity of the Logos, or of the Christos of the Gnostics; because that Christos remains the same WORD of the ever-unmanifested Deity, whether we call it Parabrahm or Ain Suph — by whatever name he himself is called — Krishna, Buddha, or Ormazd. But this Christos is neither the Christ of the Churches, nor yet the Jesus of the Gospels; it is only an *impersonal Principle*. Nevertheless the Latin Church made capital of this thesis; the result of which was, that as in the last century, so it is now in Europe and America. Almost every Kabalist is now a believer in a *personal* God, in the very teeth of the original *impersonal* Ain Suph, and is, moreover, a more or less heterodox, but still a, Christian. This is due entirely to the ignor-

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ance of most people (*a*) that the *Kabalah* (the *Zohar* especially) we have, is not the original *Book of Splendor*, written down from the oral teachings of Simon Ben Jochai; and (*b*) that the latter, being indeed an exposition of the hidden sense of the writings of Moses (so-called) was as equally good an exponent of the Esoteric meaning contained under the shell of the literal sense in the Scriptures of any Pagan religion. Nor do the modern Kabalists seem to be aware of the fact, that the *Kabalah* as it now stands, with its more than revised texts, its additions made to apply to the *New* as much as to the *Old Testament*, its numerical language recomposed so as to apply to both, and its crafty veiling, is no longer able now to furnish all the ancient and primitive meanings. In short that no Kabalistic work now extant among the Western nations can display any greater mysteries of nature, than those which Ezra and Co., and the later co-workers of Moses de Leon, desired to unfold; the *Kabalah* contains no more than the Syrian and Chaldaean Christians and ex-Gnostics of the thirteenth century wanted those works to reveal. And what they do reveal hardly repays the trouble of passing one's life in studying it. For if they may, and do, present a field of immense interest to the Mason and mathematician, they can teach scarcely anything to the student hungering after spiritual mysteries. The use of all the seven keys to unlock the mysteries of Being in this life, and the lives to come, as in those which have gone by, shows that the Chaldaean *Book of Numbers*, and the *Upanishads* undeniably conceal the most divine philosophy — as it is that of the Universal Wisdom-Religion. But the *Zohar*, now so mutilated, can show nothing of the kind. Besides which, who of the Western philosophers or students has *all* those keys at his command? These are now entrusted only to the highest Initiates in *Gupta Vidyâ*, to great Adepts; and, surely it is no self-taught tyro, not even an isolated mystic, however great his genius and natural powers, who can hope to unravel *in one life* more than one or two of the lost keys.⁵

5. The writer in the *Masonic Review* is thus quite justified in saying as he does, that "the Kabalistic field is that in which astrologers, necromancers, black and white magicians, fortune-tellers, chiromancers, and the like, revel and make claims to supernaturalism *ad nauseam*"; and he adds: "The Christian quarrying into its mass of mysticism, claims its support and authority for that most perplexing of all problems, the Holy Trinity, and the portrayed character of Christ. With equal assurance, but more effrontery, the knave, in the name of Cabbalah,

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The key to the Jewish metrology has been undeniably unraveled, and a very important key it is. But as we may infer from the words of the discoverer himself in the footnote just quoted — though that key (concealed in the ‘Sacred Metrology’) discloses the fact that ‘Holy Writ’ contains “*a rational science of sober and great worth,*” yet it helps to unveil no higher spiritual truth than that which all astrologers have insisted upon in every age; *i. e.*, the close relation between the sidereal and all the terrestrial bodies — human beings included. The history of our globe and its humanities is prototyped in the astronomical heavens from first to last, though the Royal Society of Physicists may not become aware of it for ages yet to come. By the showing of the said discoverer himself, “the burden of this secret doctrine, this Cabbalah, is of pure truth and right reason, for it is geometry with applied proper numbers, of astronomy and of a system of measures, *viz.*, the Masonic inch, the twenty-four inch gauge (or the double foot), the yard, and the mile. These were claimed to be of divine revelation and impartation, by the possession and use of which, it could be said of Abram: ‘Blessed of the Most High God, Abram, measure of heaven and earth’ ” — the “*creative law of measure.*”

And is this all that the *primitive* Kabbalah contained? No; for the author remarks elsewhere: “What the originally and intended right reading was [in the *Pentateuch*] who can tell?” Thus allowing the reader to infer that the meanings implied in the exoteric, or dead letter of the Hebrew texts, are by no means only those revealed by metrology. Therefore are we justified in saying that the Jewish Kabbalah, with its numerical methods, is now only *one* of the keys to the ancient mysteries, and that the Eastern or Aryan systems alone can supply the rest, and unveil the whole truth of *Creation*.⁶

will sell amulets and charms, tell fortunes, draw horoscopes, and just as readily give specific rules . . . for raising the dead, and actually — the devil. . . . Discovery has yet to be made of what Cabbalah really consists, before any weight or authority can be given to the name. On that discovery will rest the question whether the name should be received as related to matters worthy of rational acknowledgment.” “*The writer claims that such a discovery has been made, and that the same embraces rational science of sober and great worth.*” “The Cabbalah,” from the *Masonic Review* for September, 1885, by Brother J. Ralston Skinner (McMillan Lodge, No. 141).

6. Even as it stands now, the Kabbalah, with its several methods, can only puzzle by offering several versions; it can never divulge the whole truth. The

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What this numeral system is, we leave its discoverer to explain himself. According to him:

Like all other human productions of the kind, the Hebrew text of the Bible was in characters which could serve as sound signs for syllable utterance, or for this purpose what are called letters. Now in the first place, these original character signs were also pictures, each one of them; and these pictures of themselves stood for ideas which could be communicated, much like the original Chinese letters. Gustav Seyffarth shows that the Egyptian hieroglyphics numbered over 600 picture characters, which embraced the modified use, syllabically, of the original number of letters of the Hebrew alphabet. The characters of the Hebrew text of the sacred scroll were divided into classes, in which the characters of each class were interchangeable; whereby one form might be exchanged for another to carry a modified signification, both by letter, and picture, and number. Seyffarth shows the modified form of the very ancient Hebrew alphabet in the old Coptic by this law of interchange of characters.⁷ This law of permitted interchange of letters is to be found quite fully set forth in the Hebrew dictionaries. . . . Though recognised . . . it is very perplexing and hard to understand, because we have lost the specific use and power of such interchange. [Just so!] In the second place these characters stood for *numbers* — to be used for numbers as we use specific number signs — though also there is very much to prove that the old Hebrews were in possession of the so-called Arabic numerals, as we have them, from the straight line I to the zero character, together making $1 + 9 = 10$ In the third place, it is said, and it seems to be proved, that these characters stood for musical notes; so that, for instance, the arrangement of the letters in the first chapter of *Genesis*, can be rendered musically or by song.⁸ Another law of the Hebrew characters was that only the consonantal signs were characterized — the vowels were not characterized, but were supplied. If one will try it he will find that a consonant of itself cannot

readings of even the first sentence of *Genesis* are several. To quote the author: "It is made to read 'B'rashiith barâ Elohim,' etc., 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,' wherein Elohim is a plural nominative to a verb in the third person singular. Nachminedes called attention to the fact that the text might suffer the reading, 'B'rash ithbârâ Elohim,' etc., 'In the head (source or beginning) created itself (or developed) *gods, the heavens and the earth,*' really a more grammatical rendering." (*Ibid.*) And yet we are forced to believe the Jewish monotheism!

7. Before Seyffarth can hope to have his hypothesis accepted, however, he will have to prove that (a) the Israelites had an alphabet of their own when the ancient Egyptians or Copts had as yet none; and (b) that the Hebrew of the later scrolls is the Hebrew, or 'mystery language' of Moses, which the Secret Doctrine denies.

8. Not the Hebrew helped by the Massoretic signs, at all events. See further on, however.

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be made vocal without the help of a vowel;⁹ therefore . . . the consonants made the framework of a word, but to give it life or utterance into the air, so as to impart the thought of the mind, and the feelings of the heart, the vowels were supplied.

Now, even if we suppose, for argument's sake, that the 'framework,' *i. e.*, the consonants of the *Pentateuch* are the same as in the days of Moses, what changes must have been effected with those scrolls — written in such a poor language as the Hebrew, with its less than two dozens of letters — when rewritten time after time, and its vowels and points supplied in ever-new combinations! No two minds are alike, and the feelings of the heart change. What could remain, we ask, of the original writings of Moses, if such ever existed, when they had been lost for nearly 800 years and then found when every remembrance of them must have disappeared from the minds of the most learned, and Hilkiyah has them rewritten by Shaphan, the scribe? When lost again, they are rewritten again by Ezra; lost once more in 168 B. C. the volume or scrolls were again destroyed; and when finally they reappear, we find them dressed in their Massoretic disguise! We may know something of Ben Chajim, who published the Massorah of the scrolls in the fifteenth century; we can know nothing of Moses, this is certain, unless we become — Initiates of the Eastern School.

Ahrens, when speaking of the letters so arranged in the Hebrew sacred scrolls — that they were of themselves musical notes — had probably never studied Aryan Hindû music. In the Sanskrit language there is no need to so arrange letters in the sacred *ollas* that they should become musical. For the whole Sanskrit alphabet and the *Vedas*, from the first word to the last, are musical notations reduced to writing, and the two are inseparable.¹⁰ As Homer distinguished between the 'language of Gods' and the *language of men*,¹¹ so did the Hindûs.

The Devanâgarî — the Sanskrit character — is the 'Speech of the Gods' and Sanskrit the divine language.¹² As to the Hebrew

9. And therefore as the vowels were furnished *ad libitum* by the Massorets they could make of a word what they liked!

10. See *The Theosophist*, November, 1879, article 'Hindû Music,' p. 47.

11. *Theos.*, xiv, 289, 290.

12. The Sanskrit letters are three times as numerous as the poor twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. They are all musical and are read, or rather chanted, according to a system given in very old Tantrika works (see *Tantra*

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let the modern Isaiahs cry "Woe is me!" and confess that which "the newly-discovered mode of language (Hebrew metrology) veiled under the words of the sacred Text" has now clearly shown. Read the *Source of Measures*, read all the other able treatises on the subject by the same author. And then the reader will find that with the utmost good-will and incessant efforts covering many years of study, that laborious scholar, having penetrated under the mask of the system, can find in it little more than pure anthropomorphism. In man, and on man, alone, rests the whole scheme of the Kabbalah, and to man and his functions, on however enlarged a scale, everything in it is made to apply. Man, as the Archetypal Man or Adam, is made to contain the whole Kabbalistic system. He is the great symbol and shadow, thrown by the manifested Kosmos, itself the reflexion of the impersonal and ever incomprehensible principle; and this shadow furnishes by its construction — the personal grown out of the impersonal — a kind of objective and tangible symbol of everything visible and invisible in the Universe. "As the First Cause was utterly unknown and unnameable, such names as were adopted as most sacred (in the *Bible* and Kabbalah) and commonly made applicable to the Divine Being, were after all *not so*," but were mere manifestations of the unknowable, such

In a cosmic or natural sense, as could become known to man. Hence these names *were not so sacred as commonly held*, inasmuch as with all created things they were themselves but names or enunciations of things known. As to metrology, instead of a valuable adjunct to the Biblical system . . . the entire text of the Holy Writ in the Mosaic books is not only replete with it as a system, but the system itself is that very thing, *in esse*,

from the first to the last word.

For instance, the narratives of the first day, of the six days, of the seventh day, of the making of Adam, male and female, of Adam in the Garden, of the

Śāstras); and are called Devanāgarī, "the speech or language of the Gods." And since each answers to a numeral, and has therefore a far larger scope for expression and meaning, it must necessarily be far more perfect and far older than the Hebrew, which followed the system, but could apply it only in a very limited way. If either of the two languages were taught to humanity by the Gods, surely it is rather Sanskrit — the perfect of the most perfect languages on Earth — than Hebrew, the roughest and the poorest. For once we believe in a language of *divine* origin, we can hardly believe at the same time that angels or Gods or any divine messenger should have selected the inferior in preference to the superior.

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formation of the woman out of the man, of . . . the genealogy of Ararat, of the ark, of Noah with his dove and raven. . . . of Abram's travel from Ur . . . into Egypt before Pharaoh, of Abram's life, of the three covenants, . . . of the construction of the tabernacle and the dwelling of Jehovah, of the famous 603,550 as the number of men capable of bearing arms, . . . the exodus out of Egypt, and the like — all are but so many modes of enunciation of this system of geometry, of applied number ratios, of measures and their various applications.

And the author of *Hebrew Metrology* ends by saying:

Whatever may have been the Jewish mode of complete interpretation of these books, the Christian Church has taken them for what they show on their *first face* — and that only. The Christian Church has never attributed to these books any property beyond this; and herein has existed *its great error*.

But the Western European Kabalists, and many of the American (though luckily not all), claim to correct this error of their Church. How far do they succeed and where is the evidence of their success? Read all the volumes published on the Kabalah in the course of this century; and if we except a few volumes issued recently in America, it will be found that not a single Kabalist has penetrated even skin deep below the surface of that "first face." Their digests are pure speculation and hypotheses and — no more. One bases his glosses upon Ragon's Masonic revelations; another takes Fabre d'Olivet for his prophet — this writer having never been a Kabalist, though he was a genius of wonderful, almost miraculous, erudition, and a polyglot linguist greater than whom there was since his day none, even among the philologists of the French Academy, which refused to take notice of his work. Others, again, believe that no greater Kabalist was born among the sons of men than the late Éliphas Lévi — a charming and witty writer, who, however, has more mystified than taught in his many volumes on Magic. Let not the reader conclude from these statements that real, learned Kabalists are not to be found in the Old and New Worlds. There are initiated Occultists, who are Kabalists, scattered hither and thither, most undeniably, especially in Germany and Poland. But these *will not publish what they know*, nor will they call themselves Kabalists. The 'Sodalian oath' of the third degree holds good now as ever.

But there are those who are pledged to no secrecy. Those writers are the only ones on whose information the Kabalists ought to rely, however incomplete their statements from the standpoint of a *full revelation, i. e.*, of the sevenfold Esoteric meaning. It is they who

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care least for those secrets after which alone the modern Hermetist and Kabalist is now hungering — such as the transmutation into gold, and the Elixir of Life, or the Philosopher's Stone — *for physical purposes*. For all the chief secrets of the Occult teachings are concerned with the highest spiritual knowledge. They deal with mental states, not with physical processes and their transformations. In a word, the real, genuine Kabalah, the only original copy of which is contained in the Chaldaean *Book of Numbers*, pertains to, and teaches about, the realm of spirit, not that of matter.

What, then, is the Kabalah, in reality, and does it afford a revelation of such higher spiritual mysteries? The writer answers most emphatically NO. What the Kabalistic keys and methods were, in the origin of the *Pentateuch* and other sacred scrolls and documents of the Jews now no longer extant, is one thing; what they are now is quite another. The Kabalah is a manifold language; moreover, one whose reading is determined by the dead-letter face text of the record to be deciphered. It teaches and helps one to read the Esoteric real meaning hidden under the mask of that dead letter; it cannot *create* a text or make one find in the document under study that which has never been in it from the beginning. The Kabalah — such as we have it now — is inseparable from the text of the *Old Testament*, as remodeled by Ezra and others. And as the Hebrew Scriptures, or their contents, have been repeatedly altered — notwithstanding the ancient boast that not one letter in the Sacred Scroll, not an iota, has ever been changed — so no Kabalistic methods can help us by reading in it anything besides what there is in it. He who does it is no Kabalist, but a dreamer.

Lastly, the profane reader should learn the difference between the Kabalah and the Kabalistic works, before he is made to face other arguments. For the Kabalah is no special volume, nor is it even a system. It consists of seven different systems applied to seven different interpretations of any given Esoteric work or subject. These systems were always *transmitted orally* by one generation of Initiates to another, under the pledge of the Sodalioan oath, and *they have never been recorded in writing* by any one. Those who speak of translating the Kabalah into this or another tongue may as well talk of translating the wordless signal-chants of the Bedouin brigands into some particular language. Kabalah, as a word, is derived from the root Kbl (Kebel) 'to hand over,' or 'to receive' *orally*. It is

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erroneous to say, as Kenneth Mackenzie does in his *Royal Masonic Cyclopaedia*, that “the doctrine of the Kabbalah refers to the system handed down by oral transmission, and is nearly allied to *tradition*”; for in this sentence the first proposition only is true, while the second is not. It is not allied to ‘tradition’ but to the seven veils or the seven truths orally *revealed at Initiation*. Of these methods, pertaining to the universal pictorial languages — meaning by ‘pictorial’ any cipher, number, symbol, or other glyph than can be represented, whether objectively or subjectively (mentally) — three only exist at present in the Jewish system.¹³ Thus, if Kabbalah as a word is Hebrew, the system itself is no more Jewish than is sunlight; it is universal.

On the other hand, the Jews can claim the *Zohar*, *Sepher Yetzirah* (Book of Creation), *Sepher Dzeniuta*, and a few others, as their own undeniable property and as Kabbalistic works.

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KURT REINEMAN, B. A.

I AM not going to attempt to retell the story of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, called the Christ, nor that of Śakyamuni, called Gautama the Buddha. Neither shall I restate here their respective teachings, which no doubt you yourselves know as well as I do, or better. Nor yet shall I try to lead your thoughts into the maze of opinions, speculations, commentaries, theories, and pros and cons of argument that other men’s minds have been spinning, all down the centuries, like cobwebs over the majestic figures of these two Elder Brothers of ours. I am limiting myself simply to an endeavor to share with you some of the light that a study of our Theosophical teachings sheds on the nature and the meaning of Christhood, of Buddhahood. From this truer understanding, and from the greater love for those Elder Brothers which it will, I hope, awaken in our hearts, I think perhaps there may come to us a better understanding of ourselves, and a greater love for that better part of us that essentially is the same in us as in Them.

13. Of these three not one can be made to apply to purely spiritual metaphysics. One divulges the relations of the sidereal bodies to the terrestrial, especially the human; the other relates to the evolution of the human races and the sexes; the third to Kosmotheogony and is metrological.

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Life is a beautiful thing! This glowing, pulsating something that throbs at the innermost center of every being; this great ocean of energy whose currents ebb and flow eternally and in which everything ~~that exists~~ lives and moves and has its being; this divine child of Universal Spirit that had its birth when the Word was first sounded out over the dark waters of primordial Space: this is a thing beautiful beyond conception — and a sublime mystery as well. To send one's thoughts out along those currents is to come into a sense of the majestic, awe-inspiring march and sweep of the hosts of beings across the fields of endless duration and throughout the boundless reaches of Space. It is to blend the personal in the impersonal, to lose the consciousness of self in that of the Greater, the Universal, Self. Happy the man who has become at home there!

But when our thought turns back again to this our human existence on earth, as it must always do, there is ever borne in upon us the realization of an underlying tragedy. All men seem to have felt this, some only faintly, others again very powerfully. And no matter how we manage to turn our earth-existence into a farce, a comedy, a cheap and tawdry show; no matter how much we may indulge in melodrama, nor how crude and prosaic and humdrum a thing we often make of our lives here, we never succeed for long in hiding from ourselves the ache of life's tragedy. The sense of futility, of the utter uselessness of these antics of ours on the stage of life, forever returns, to haunt our quieter moments, and we experience again and again the poignant realization that we are never quite able to attain our real objectives. Over and over again we find ourselves frustrated, sometimes from without, sometimes from within. We gaze across a great gap lying between the land of our highest hopes and the ground upon which our feet of clay are actually set; and the tragedy of our existence lies in the fact that of ourselves we know of no way to bridge that gap.

We humans — we Westerners especially — are admittedly a most discontented, dissatisfied race of beings! Even our best and finest achievements fail to satisfy us for long. Nor do we find any permanent contentment even in the working out of our noblest creative impulses. In the back of our mind there is always the certainty that better might be done, the hope of some day doing our actual best. As yet, all is inadequateness, incompleteness, with us.

It is as if our real life, our true work, lay elsewhere, and we had

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never quite forgotten that it was so. Hence the deep-seated sense of tragedy, the 'divine discontent' that will not give us any lasting peace and that keeps us from accepting our present existence as a permanent reality — for which fact let us be duly thankful!

All down the ages, as the history of human thought shows, men have been seeking a 'happy ending' to this drama of earth-existence. Some deep, ineradicable instinct or intuition has told them that some such happy ending there must be; and their religions and their philosophies have concerned themselves very largely with this same problem. And here and there individual men have arisen, claiming to have found the great solution. First forging far ahead of our general evolutionary march, they have later returned to us with their message of liberation, their story of how to reach a land that lies beyond our human tragedy, wherein all our highest aspirations shall find their full attainment. One such returned explorer was Gautama the Buddha, Gautama 'the Enlightened One.' With a heart filled with boundless pity and compassion for all beings, he proclaimed his message: "Ye are not bound! There is escape from the Wheel of Existence. Follow the Path I have found and trod, and ye too shall arrive at freedom and peace." And many followed him, and have done, to this day.

What is this Path? Is it in any wise different from that strait and narrow path of right living that all nations have known about from immemorial time? Yes, and no.

The history of human thought shows another interesting fact: that our race, like a child, has not progressed, does not today progress, at a steady, even pace, but advances rather by a succession of leaps and bounds, with intervals in between of slow forward movement or, even, of possible retrogression. We humans are indeed like some great party of adventurers exploring a land that, as we penetrate it, is forever new to us. Where the ground lies level before us, or where the footing is sure and the slopes gentle, we make steady and rapid progress. But ever and again our march is brought to a standstill by some seemingly impassable barrier, some apparently insurmountable obstacle. Then some individual, who has passed over that territory ahead of us and knows the lay of the land, so to speak, appears among us, makes himself known, and leads us forward again. Such Guides seem always to appear at these crucial times.

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I think, too, that careful study will show that all of what we call human progress rises from, and grows out of, a previous, corresponding, and predetermining advance made in the realm of human thought. New ideas, new concepts — these are what lead men onward again after each fresh halt on their evolutionary journey.

Where do such new ideas, such new concepts, come from?

We have been told — and we have every reason to believe it — that they are evolved by the Guides of mankind out of their own inner consciousness: which inner consciousness is, in its turn, in no wise separate in essence from Universal Mind itself. They, having succeeded in blending their consciousness with THAT, have become 'enlightened' — which is what we mean when we employ the Greek term 'Christos,' in English 'Christ,' or the Sanskrit term 'Buddha' — and are thus qualified to lead the rank and file forward on the Path they themselves have trod. Then, for a little while, they remain among us and teach us; and before they return 'home,' they leave faithful instructions to enable us to keep to that Path. However, we somehow seem unable to follow those instructions for very long — unfortunately; differences of interpretation will arise, as men gradually lose what true intuitions had been awakened in them by the presence of the Master; and then theology becomes of greater moment than the very teachings themselves. Soon it becomes necessary for another of the Guides to appear and help us out!

We see, then, how new advances are made possible, in each case, by some great new idea or ideas being acquired by mankind from individual men who, having refused to await the to them intolerably slow march of man's evolutionary development, have hastened on ahead, at incredible cost to themselves, but guided, we are told, by beings of the next higher grade above us, who, having won through to the goal and gained full understanding and enlightenment, have then deliberately turned back to where their less daring brothers still were toiling along the age-old trail. Some day, I hope, a mind great enough to be able to take in the entire scope of man's intellectual and moral evolution will write down for us the full record; and then we shall see clearly how it has all been, and is, a process of *passing on the Flame from above downwards*, and this Flame kindling new Flames as it is handed on from mind to mind. And ever at the summit of each such 'ladder' of enlightenment we shall find a Buddha, a Christ.

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When, towards the last quarter of the 19th century, progress in the West seemed doomed either to a suicidal plunge into the abyss of materialism, or to a no less suicidal foundering in uncharted morasses of psychism, H. P. Blavatsky appeared, bringing certain epoch-making ideas. Here are three such, restated and greatly simplified for our present purposes: (For the full text, see her master-work *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, pages 14 et seq.)

1. That there exists a fundamental Trinity, at whose apex, beyond the reach of even the greatest human intellect, stands the Causeless Cause, the One Absolute. This has two aspects, which with it form that Trinity, and these aspects are: Spirit on the one hand, and Matter on the other. These two, Spirit and Matter, are however essentially the same. On their interaction depends the existence of the manifested universe.

That linking Spirit and Matter is the energetic power of Divine Thought, the idea-producing force throughout the Universe.

That our human consciousness is derived from this Divine, Cosmic Ideation, while from Cosmic Consciousness are derived the several bodies or vehicles of our being wherein our consciousness is individualized and attains to reflective or self-consciousness. That mind and matter are mysteriously linked by that all-pervading animating principle that electrifies every atom into life.

II. That the Universe *in toto* is eternal and indestructible, although the numberless universes that make of it their 'playground' come and go therein with the rhythmic ebb and flow of the tides of the sea.

There is indeed a universal law of flux and reflux, of periodicity, according to which all action of whatsoever kind throughout the Universe takes place.

III. That all Souls are fundamentally identical with the one Universal Oversoul, the latter being itself an aspect of the Unknowable Root.

That every Soul, every one of these 'Sparks of Eternity,' must make, in order to evolve forth its latent powers, a pilgrimage through every form that exists in the phenomenal world of that particular period of manifestation in which it finds itself, acquiring individuality, first by natural impulse, and then by self-induced and self-devised efforts (checked by its Karman, by the results of its own past action). That thus it gradually ascends, on earth, through all

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grades of intelligence, from that of the mineral up to that of the divinest Archangel.

These three ideas, or rather groups of ideas, are known as the 'Three Fundamental Propositions' of *The Secret Doctrine*, and upon them, as upon a base, rests the entire superstructure of our modern Theosophical system. On the face of them, it is plain that they merit the careful and unbiassed consideration of every thinking man and woman.

Another group of 'Three Great Ideas,' formulated in their turn by William Quan Judge and here given also in a somewhat simplified form, is the following:

(a) That there exists among men a great Cause, in the sense of an enterprise, called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and of Human Brotherhood. This Cause rests on the basis of the essential oneness of the whole human family.

(b) That man is a being capable of reaching perfection as such, or the state men have called godhood, being himself God incarnate. That this noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus when he said that we should be perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect.

(c) From these two ideas there results a third, to wit: That men can, and some have, reached the highest grade of perfection attainable in this present period of evolution and in this solar system of ours; that such perfected Guides and Helpers of humanity are real, living facts, just as you and I are, and in no sense cold and far-off abstractions. *They are living men.* And by their very nature they stand ready to grasp the hand of whomsoever among men aspires to elevate the human race.

These are Mr. Judge's 'Three Great Ideas,' which he asks us never to lose sight of.

One by one, at cyclic points along the hoary pathway of human progress, such Great Souls have appeared among us and have taught us how to go forward more successfully. But never, so far as I know, has there at any time until the present been given to mankind in general, for all to grasp whose mind and heart are capable of doing so, the *rationale* of the attainment of Christhood, of Buddhahood. Always it has been left to the more daring and enterprising few to discover this *rationale*, this complete revelation of the Path, for themselves. Today, however, we have before us in Theosophy the whole picture, or at least enough of it to enable any thoughtful mind, if

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unhindered by prejudice and open to truth, to form an adequate conception of what it means to follow the Path of Perfection to its very end — and then to turn back, instead of staying to enjoy the ineffable fruits of one's efforts, in order to help men onward and to show them how, by rising above mere human existence, they may learn truly to live.

Man is here shown to be a child of the infinite universe, a 'Son of the Boundless,' at home at every point in that universe and destined one day to know every part of it as well as now he knows the home in which his physical body is housed. In his higher parts he is shown by these teachings to be a Son of the Sun, spiritually speaking, deriving as he does all his essential energies directly from that great Father of worlds and men. In these higher parts he is a being composed all of light and capable of manifesting as yet unimagined beauties, powers, and faculties, once the lower vestures of him shall have become sufficiently responsive to that light. Endless growth awaits him, with the whole of the boundless spaces of the heavens for home, school, workshop and playground. What possible right has he, then, to set himself little limits and to say: 'This is as far as I can go'?

Our physical oneness with the worlds of matter is a self-evident fact. The material atoms that compose our bodies are no wise different from the atoms that make up the stone, the plant, the animal, or earth, air, and water, here on our planet nor, so far as science *knows* to the contrary, from the atoms composing the rest of the planets of our system, nor yet from those that integrate the farthest stars in the heavens. Essentially they seem all to be the same. More than that: recent investigations into the nature and structure of physical matter have demonstrated that there is a constant interchange of electrons taking place between the atoms themselves; so that we are literally 'members one of another' in regard, even, to our coarse material bodies!

The Theosophical system, in its teachings concerning the existence of various 'sheaths,' to use a striking and not inadequate figure, of successively finer grades of matter 'within' the physical 'sheath' we call our body — each such sheath in its turn being just as completely identified with its corresponding world or plane of substance as is the physical with its own — throws further light on the nature of man and the Universe, and thereby furnishes an invaluable key

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for the investigating physicist or chemist or biologist. These scientific thinkers, one suspects, will either come to accept this key, or to formulate some other theory whose wording will be different but whose sense will be more or less the same.

Perhaps we can now see the true meaning of the Christian reference to "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It is the Light that shines forever at the inmost center of him, the Light whose rays are ever seeking to penetrate the dense 'sheaths' of unrefined substance, in its various grades of evolution, in which it has encased itself. Where it has succeeded in breaking through these encasements and in enlightening the mind and heart of a man or a woman, there you have the 'Christ-Light,' the 'Buddhic Splendor' — a sign that the one so illuminated has his feet set upon the Path of Sublime Perfection and has been able to move somewhat ahead of the rest of us thereon. It is said that the shining forth of that Light, that Splendor, is the mark that enables all those who have made theirs the furtherance of the great Cause of Human Perfection able to recognize each other as fellow-members of the one great Brotherhood of Compassion.

We have said that now in modern Theosophy, and never before (in the West at least) the Path that leads to the higher reaches of consciousness has been openly revealed. This new concept is in fact the keystone that completes the noble Arch formed, on the one side, by the life and teachings of Jesus the Christ, and on the other by those of Gautama the Buddha. The assiduous cultivation of sympathy, understanding, love for one's fellows and for all beings, self-sacrifice, altruism — of all those faculties, powers, and impulses that well up from the center of our consciousness — out of our heart, as we say — and that are what make us truly men; this, and the patient, unremitting effort to rid ourselves of all those personal and selfish elements of our nature that stand in the way: such a process, carried to its completion . . . can you not see what it would make of a man? The final, exquisite flowering in a human being of everything kingly, everything that is of the spirit: dynamic power of mind and soul; all embracing love; unruffled patience and kindness; complete understanding; utter forgetfulness of self in the interest of the Great Self of the world — these are the marks of Buddhahood, of Christhood.

On this inner Path, as more and more of the Light from on high

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shines down through heart and mind, and understanding grows, it is seen that our human existence, while a necessity to us in our present stage of evolution — just as our material body is needful to us, now — and as such to be lived richly and well, is after all but a fleeting, momentary phase in our eternal march of progress. Both its tragedy and its comedy gradually sink into relative unimportance as a man's consciousness becomes more and more at home in the upper reaches of his being. While losing nothing of his humanity except the grosser elements of it, which he has refined and transmuted, a man then approaches nearer and nearer to godhood. Finally, as a man-god, he stands Illuminated, Enlightened, fully united with his own Inner Divinity.

Thus have we been taught.

Let us try to imagine for a moment, if we can, that we ourselves have reached that far-away goal. Let us, here and now, try to feel a little at least of the glorious power, the divine calm, the all-encompassing vision, sympathy, and love that belong to that state; and let us imagine ourselves voluntarily giving up the right we have then earned of enjoying that power and that bliss, in order that we may turn back and help our fellows forward through the slow ages of their natural evolutionary journeyings. Having made this effort, perhaps we can then form for ourselves some little idea of the sublime unselfishness of the Buddhas of Compassion, of the Christs. Remembering that They, whether working openly among men or secretly behind the scenes, are real men themselves, who are living Their own lives just as we are — remembering this, we may perhaps open wide our hearts to Them with an immense love and gratitude. Not in humility, not in self-abasement, but in a spirit of manly recognition of Their service to us and of Their unerring leadership on the Path.

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OSCAR LJUNGSTRÖM

FRIENDS, I am going to raise again the old question: is there any meaning in Life? Is there any plan to it all? If Life is a drama, as it is often called, then some kind of plot is presupposed; and it cannot be altogether improvised, act by act, by the players themselves. Maybe there is some hidden scroll unrolling before the

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actors with the weird lines of their respective parts, overheard by them before their entrance on our sub-lunar stage. But if so, their remembrance thereof must be very vague; for surely, most of them feel 'muddled.' Indeed, it seems to be a guess whether Life is a comedy or a tragedy — if not a meaningless strutting about on the stage, or running hither and thither with empty gestures, until our exit with a groan. Shakespeare said some such thing.

I often like to consider Life a comedy. The gods — so runs an old myth — are the onlookers; and their continuous peals of Homeric laughter resound in the heavens and stir the Universe with their vibrations. The fun lies in that the actors themselves take the illusory, the *mâyâvi*, play dead seriously, like children. But once we use our power to see through the illusions of the stage, behind the clever masks we detect in the awful bear, in the cruel wolf, in the hideous dragon, and in all the other formidable enemies and monsters and termagants of the play, only our own dear parents, our lovable uncles and aunts and teachers and good old friends whom we like so much. And then we fall in with the gods, and almost out-laugh them! Be sure, if the play remains a tragedy to the end, it is only because we are stupid.

We always find our purest delight in using our power to break through illusions, to find the real behind the seeming. That is what we are about in our evolutionary travail. Herein lies the real fun in all comedies, and even in humorous stories and puns and plays upon words. The illusion in them is produced in our mind by imagination, but there is a 'double meaning' in the pun, and we are able to see the reality behind, thus using our power to dispel illusion. The exercise of that power is what gives pleasure.

The following little comedy shows in a really striking manner what a delight it is to see through illusion, to have, as it is called, 'a sense of humor.' A soldier was sentenced to be flogged. During the flogging he laughed continually — the harder the lash was laid on, the more he laughed. "Wot's so funny about bein' flogged?" demanded the sergeant. "Why," the soldier chuckled, "I'm the wrong man!"

Well, in spite of the soldier's plausible incentive to laughter, as suggested by the story, most of my audience will probably see a different reality behind, a delinquent who never willingly would have submitted himself to that kind of fun. If so, that is your way of

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seeing through the illusion created by the story. According to the story itself, the soldier enjoyed immensely his own ability to see through the illusion of those who flogged him; so much so, that the pain meant nothing to him.

But now you have learnt how to make a good story or a comedy. Create a vivid but illusory picture of an event, and by the clever use of double meanings conceal a quite different reality behind it. Say *one* thing in a suggestive manner, but yet so that the listener or reader can understand something *quite different* behind.

What fun for the gods to create a whole world in like manner! — an illusion or *mâyâ* with a hidden reality behind, that it requires a godlike understanding to grasp!

Now, I will not go so far as to maintain that the last word about Life is that it is a comedy. But it *is* a play set up by the gods, and there *is* a plot to the play, and there *is* a hidden meaning to be discovered in it, behind the illusions. And the plan is not altogether bereft of humor, I think.

The main difference from an ordinary play is, it seems to me, that in the latter the actors have to study beforehand, word for word and act for act, what to say and what to do when they enter upon the stage — even though they carry it out in differing ways, according to their genius.

But when we adopt buskins and enter on the stage, when a human child is born, at the moment it draws its very first breath of air in our earthly atmosphere, its life-flame is thus kindled and the soul passes over the threshold on the glimmering beam of its parent-star and beholds in that light and in that moment a vision of what the gods have designed for its play on the sub-lunar stage. Its part as an actor is at that moment fully understood. And the soul whispers: "Not my will, but Thine be done." It is the distant memory of that vision which in reality is the lode-star of every human being throughout life, and it is the resonance of those words that vibrates in the whisperings of conscience.

But the atmosphere of our earth is dense, the soul's memory is quickly obscured, and usually the actors in our life's drama have only a dim — alas! a very dim — idea of the trend of the play; and so they have to act their parts as best they can. But there is the general plan of the gods, the divine authors, and there are also the automatic stage-managers, called in the Archaic Wisdom the *Lipikas*,

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who set down the law — the Karmic Law, the Law of Consequences — to the actors, and 'haul them over the coals' when they follow their own whims and fancies and follies too much, and spoil the play. The actors are called back to the stage to rehearse again and again every scene and act, until they do their parts and interpret their characters well. And then, indeed, they are superior actors, Master-actors, of inventive genius, who are able to improvise their acting, their cues and gestures, in harmony with the general plan of the gods.

But the poor actors have often to go through unmerited hardships, because of the imperfect stage. It is grand, but still imperfect. I will come back to that.

I have promised to impart to you some secrets of Karman, and it is now time to begin to take a more philosophical view of our problem. That view shows our Cosmos as a living, organized, and conscious whole, yet in its contents exhibiting *polarity*, and a gradation between the automatic consciousness of the limited particles of gross matter, and the universal, spiritual consciousness of highly evolved entities whom Theosophists call Planetary Spirits, gods and super-gods. The scale has neither upper nor nether *end*, but stands with its foot in Matter and rises into Spirit.

But please adopt a different conception of Matter and Spirit from the prevalent one in the Occident. For Matter I would rather use the Sanskrit word *Prakriti*, and for Spirit, *Purusha*. Both *Prakriti* and *Purusha* are living substances. *Prakriti* is the vast, shoreless aggregate of small, undeveloped, limited entities. *Purusha* is the aggregate of grand, highly evolved, cosmic, universal entities.

Man exhibits the same polarity as does the Universe. In his physical body with its life-atoms, cells, organs, and circulatory system, he is *prakriti*; and in his innermost, thinking and feeling nature, he is *purusha*, because here he is one with the Infinite. He is limited as to his outward shell, but unlimited as to his inner being: a mystery, truly.

Although every entity has these two poles — *Prakriti* and *Purusha* — one or the other of them is accentuated, according to the position of the entity on the evolutionary ladder. Accordingly, we can speak of *prakritic* and of *purushic* entities. *Prakriti* simply involves limitation, *Purusha* involves universality. *Prakriti* means incessant repetition of impulses; it means habit, resistance, sticking to limited ideas; it means returning cycles. *Purusha* means new

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and higher impulses, infusion of higher life; it means marching onward; it means thought, evolution, a future of grander vision.

And now, please think of your eternal home, the Universe, as filled to the brim by prakritic and purushic *entities* in harmonic interaction and organic interblending. And in this Universe the purushic entities lead on the prakritic towards perfection, in rhythmic dance to the music of the spheres. And, again, when you see and feel your body and say: This is I — then spread out your arms and raise your head and look out on sea and sky and stars and galaxies in fathomless space, and say instead: This is I; I am That. And you will begin to understand Karman.

The Sanskrit word 'Karman' means *action* and the *fulfilment* of action. As the Universe is filled full of living entities, everything that happens in it — causes and effects, actions and reactions alike — are brought about by all the different wills at work in it; but not haphazardly, as there is a *meaning* in life, a plan, or plans — Purusha. Karman, or the Karmic Law, is, as our great Teacher H. P. B. (H. P. Blavatsky) says in *The Key to Theosophy*, "the *ultimate law* of the universe, the source, origin, and fount of all other laws which exist throughout Nature."

But what is natural law? There is no power outside Nature that has prescribed for it, or impressed upon it, any rule or law, because there is nothing outside Nature — it is all-comprising. Nature is Law unto itself, and it acts according to its own innate qualities, according to the innate qualities of all its living entities, of whom it is entirely made up. And when H. P. B. continues that Karman "*adjusts wisely, intelligently, and equitably* each effect to its cause, tracing the latter back to its producer," it means that the administration of Karman is in the hands of the *wise, intelligent* and *just* purushic entities in the Universe, supervised by still higher entities, *ad infinitum*. This does not mean that there is not what we call 'automatic action' in Nature regarding Karman, but such automatism is *arranged* by such entities, and made possible by Prakriti, whose nature it is to repeat incessantly the impressions given to it, thus producing automatism.

Consequently, what I first want you to understand regarding Karman is, that there is a *plan* in Life, a meaning; and that our individual actions either conform to that plan, or controvert it. Generally speaking, there is an *evolutionary scheme* in Nature — Puru-

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sha stands for evolution — and by our actions we either progress according to that scheme or lag behind.

We are all on the Path, and it leads into a universal, cosmic life of unutterable grandeur and splendor, in bliss and peace far beyond human thought. On the Path we are learning; and higher beings and the gods are our Teachers. If we throw a selfish act in front of us on the Path, it is an energy, a living part of ourselves, that does not belong to the universal life; and it is denounced by the gods, is repelled, and falls back with force on us. We have to reap its consequences, and suffer; and suffering makes us wiser. But our unselfish acts belong to the higher, the universal life, and are accepted by the gods and we enter by such acts into communion with the gods — we go forward and become one of them.

It is as if you prepared to enter into one of the grandiose temples of old to seek holy communion with the deities therein. The ancient Temple raises its gigantic structure in rich architecture, towering in the blue. In grandeur, multitude of ornaments, and ascending parts, it stands like a symbol of the vast Universe itself, which contains all forms, supporting each other in harmony and balanced order to the very summit. The devotee who is attracted to the Temple from his dreary walks of life, is awakened by the beauty of it, to the mystery that dwelleth in its Holy of Holies. But he hesitates at the portal because, outside, on both sides of the gate, two fearful figures threaten him. They may be fierce dragons or some other repulsive creatures. A religious Occidental would probably look at them with mixed feelings of horror and aversion, but an Oriental would know their symbolic meaning. They are Guardians of the Threshold, placed there to keep out the unholy intruder; and they represent the Law, the Karmic Law that reflects back to him the dreadful pictures of his crimes, and frightens him from further advance. For the Sanctuary must not be profaned, it must not be defiled. The devotee must come laved and pure, with naked feet, and stripped of all personal belongings. Still more, his mind must be pure, no selfish passions raging therein. Because, if not so, trembling will overcome him, and awe paralyse him, at the sight of those formidable Guardians or Watchers at the portal, the *Lipikas* at their invisible, magical line: 'Pass-Not.' And he will not be able to enter.

The *Lipikas* of the Ancient Wisdom are specifically the Karmic agents among the divinities, and in one aspect so to say, the stage-

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managers of the gods, as already hinted at. Among the Divine Beings, says *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 104), "it is the Lipika who project into objectivity from the passive Universal Mind the ideal plan of the universe, upon which the 'Builders' [lower entities] re-construct the Kosmos after every Pralaya" (or reabsorption). And it says (Vol. I, pp. 128-29) that the Lipikas are "the 'Dragons,' symbols of wisdom, who guard the Trees of Knowledge." And (p. 129): "They [the Lipikas] circumscribe the manifested world of matter within the Ring 'Pass-Not'" and "make an impassable barrier between the personal Ego and the impersonal Self", which means the Karmic barrier that throws back upon the human Egos, as suffering, the results of all selfish acts. But it is a barrier only until the personal Ego is purified, and through many lives upon our earthly stage has evolved into impersonal life, into union with the impersonal Self and the gods.

The first great secret of Karman, then, is this, that there is a distinct meaning in Life; that all our acts which do not harmonize with that meaning, are by the effect of the spiritual pole in Nature, by Purusha, by purushic entities, the Lipikas as karmic agents, turned back on us as appropriate, though hard experiences.

Here is another secret regarding Karman. I will gradually lead you into it: Karman is said to be the law of cause and effect, that with unerring justice traces the effects back to the producer of the cause. Perfect justice rules the world, it is said.

In the long run, however, we must remember, that only towards the purushic pole of being is there the vision of relative *perfection*, and a still higher perfection, and a still higher — there is no end. Our present stage of life is very imperfect; our world is imperfect. Paradoxically, it may be said that life, as Life, would not be perfect if it were not imperfect. For what would our adventurous life be, if we had nothing to amend, nothing to accomplish, no higher evolutionary grade to reach? What fun in the game, if there were nothing at stake? If our world were perfect, nothing in it would have any reason to move; indeed, it could not move; it would mean absolute stagnation and death. It is the feeling of *what ought to be*, in contradistinction to *what is*, that keeps us alive and active and growing.

It is very good that people should be convinced of the tenet, that in this or previous incarnations or earth-lives they have merited the hardships and sufferings they undergo. By this conviction we come

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very near to the truth in *most* cases, and are able to cast off the paralysing feelings caused by the so-called 'inequities in life,' and we learn to try to behave for the future. But to speak truly, I take that tenet of absolute justice in life with a considerable grain of salt. And for three reasons:

First of all the Lipikas of our planetary stage, although semi-divine, are not perfect beings, are not perfect administrators of Karman; and their wise reactions and equally wise arrangements of the automatic *Astral Light* — that both passive and active record and balancing factor of everything that happens — is not perfect. Above the Lipikas there are higher powers in the Universe, who have to adjust in the long run the minor defects unavoidable even in the work of our good Lipikas. But defects are defects and there they are.

Next: one cannot say that hardships and pain are always to be considered as *evils*, that must be merited or deserved or suffered as the result of equally evil and bad acts, in order not to outrage the perfect justice that rules the world. I grant that Karman never will let an evil-doer go unpunished eventually; but sometimes hardship and suffering seem so beneficial and strengthening that, if always deserved, they might have been merited actually by some good and benevolent act. In fact, to face hardship and suffering is often a feat or achievement — so much so that we desire them, and intentionally evoke them for ourselves.

Third: there exists actual *self-sacrifice*, and were the sufferings implied in such acts of grandeur to be looked upon as merely the unavoidable, merited deserts for earlier evil-doing — a paying-off of some debt — the sacrifice would lose its lofty status.

No, there exist *unmerited* sufferings, and there exist *real* injustices in life that call for compensation and readjustment. I know that this statement will sound almost as heresy in the ears of some students, but I am in good company in making it. In *The Key to Theosophy* H. P. B. says, that karmic punishment does not reach the Ego in Devachan, the state between its incarnations, but in its next incarnation or earth-life. After death, she says:

It receives only the reward for the unmerited sufferings endured during its past incarnation. Some Theosophists have taken exception to this phrase, but the words are those of Master.

And she continues:

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Men often suffer from the effects of the actions done by others, effects which thus do not strictly belong to their Karman; and for these sufferings they of course deserve compensation.

So, there *are* unjust wounds and sufferings, although Karman afterwards provides the balm. H. P. B. speaks more than once of this subject in *The Key to Theosophy*, and says, for instance:

Devachan is the idealized continuation of the terrestrial life just left behind, a period of retributive adjustment, and a reward for unmerited wrongs and sufferings undergone in that special life.

And again:

We say that man suffers so much unmerited misery during his life, through the fault of others with whom he is associated, or because of his environment, that he is surely entitled to perfect rest and quiet, if not bliss, before taking up again the burden of life.

This is one of Karman's secrets that sometimes students have not mastered, and may even overlook altogether. Therefore it seems to need further elucidation. Karman is pre-eminently what H. P. B. says it is:

That law of readjustment which ever tends to restore disturbed equilibrium in the physical, and broken harmony in the moral world.

And, she adds, it

always does act so as to restore harmony and preserve the balance of equilibrium, in virtue of which the universe exists.— *The Key to Theosophy*

This aspect of Karman: *equilibrium*, implies that through its action certain things will perfectly counter-balance each other; and these things are on one hand, enjoyment, pleasure, happiness, satisfaction; and on the other hand, suffering, grief, sorrow, dejection.

When the great so-called pessimistic philosophers — Schopenhauer and others for instance — analyse existence, they have found Life containing almost nothing but suffering. But, of course, they have not penetrated into the blissful state in Devachan between our earthly existences. Very truly, especially in dark ages, our manifested world appears to justify their analysis; and not for nothing has our earth been called *Myalba*, 'hell.' The truth is, that the amounts of pleasure and suffering are *equal* in life — they counter-balance each other.

But in doing so, Karman, the law of equilibrium, does not deter-

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mine *which* of the two — the pleasure or the suffering — should come first in time. It is true that men usually grasp the selfish pleasure first, and have to take the equivalent amount of suffering afterwards. But it is equally possible to grasp the suffering first, deliberately to step into it — and Karman, the law of equilibrium, will later bring the compensating pleasure or happiness. I can give you many instances from life; and, in fact, this kind of balanced interaction goes on in organic life all the time, without being understood. Living beings have not to wait in every case until their Devachan for compensation.

I will name the most striking instance first. During the Middle Ages fanatical monks and nuns used to drip burning wax on the skin, thus inflicting upon themselves intense pain, which immediately brought, as a result, heavenly visions of bliss to the high-strung self-torturer. When the Lord Buddha went to the self-torturers of his native land and asked them for the reason of their austerities, and what was the use of the awful sufferings they inflicted upon themselves, one of them answered that the gain would be ten thousand years of bliss in *Svarga*, Indra's heaven. They knew this secret of Karman, and took advantage of it in their own way. Buddha did not denounce its efficacy, to a degree, although he disapproved of such a line of action.

But turning from such extravagant, in reality *selfish* and therefore pernicious customs, to ordinary life, we do inflict upon ourselves many things in order to gain afterwards the compensating satisfaction or enjoyment. The daily work for our food and livelihood is the simplest example; and the physical effort itself it is that gives us our 'appetite,' as it is called, and thus enables us to enjoy our food.

We may enjoy the work itself, someone may object; but then this consists only in an anticipation of its result, or in an immediate result according to the same law of equilibrium. The strain *in itself* is never pleasant; it is a degree of pain, although the pleasant result may come so quickly that we pay no attention to the fact. After much work we need the pleasant rest, and invariably we get it finally, by Karman's compensation.

Another example: our physical nature shrinks from the shock of a cold shower-bath, but we force ourselves into it, and gain afterwards the pleasant and wholesome 'reaction.'

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So you see, then, that Karman, as the law of reaction and equilibrium, works equally in positive and negative direction, both in the small things and in the great.

Here is a greater example: A mother works herself to death for her children. She spares herself no pain, she knows all hardship, she sacrifices her health and everything for their sake, but goes deliberately to it, no matter what it will cost her. Do you think that all the pain and distress which she thus voluntarily exposes herself to in our imperfect world, is just what she has deserved as punishment for some former sins? No, indeed not. They belong to the unmerited sufferings that H. P. B. speaks of; and the Karmic Law will recompense the mother in a double way. First, by the unutterable bliss she will experience in Devachan, the heavenly state between the earth-lives, and secondly by the strength and ability she has built by her struggle into her own character — a gain that is never lost.

Do you think that a man who jumps into the fire to save another, but burns himself to death, has deserved this suffering? Or that an ignorant little child that burns itself, has deserved it? I should say no, although sometimes there must be mixed cases.

If there were no unmerited sufferings or real injustices in life, a man would feel no moral restraint in the thought that he really inflicts an injustice upon another; although, possibly, he might think it below his status as an elevated being to make himself the abject tool of another's karmic ill-fate.

No, it is very necessary that we clearly keep in mind, that there *are* real injustices in life, and unmerited sufferings. Try to explain them away altogether, and you have to cross out also the word *heroes* in History, and write in its place: *victims of their own past foolishness and evil-doings*.

Do you think, for instance, that the vilification, persecution and suffering — sometimes even unto death — that a great reformer, say one of the Theosophical Leaders, knows that he is going to meet — but defies — are *deserved*? Indeed, no. Here again are the unmerited sufferings. He makes his sacrifice, he may continue his arduous and self-denying work for ages without a thought of reward or self-gratification. A recompense in pleasure is too low for such such things; but yet there is the Law, and surely Karman has some compensation in store for him; and that is more light; it is evolution; it is added greatness; it is the “*reward past all telling, the power to*

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bless and serve Humanity" (H. P. B.). Such is the meaning of the Drama of Life, composed by the gods.

It is also proper to think of this aspect of Karman — equilibrium and compensation — when we consider the many sufferings that animals endure. How much of them have they really deserved? Very little, I think. But surely, unmerited suffering with them is an evolutionary factor, and Karman has recompense in store for them. Their life is interspersed with states of consciousness that would thrill us, if we could form a conception of their vividness.

After all this, somebody may bring up another side of the question and say: It seems very plausible that our moral sense might be lulled to sleep, if we do not believe it karmically possible to inflict any real injustices upon our fellowmen. But then the opposite must also be karmically possible; namely to confer a boon upon, or extend help to a man who never merited it, either in this or any previous life. This thought might make us rather conservative in our acts of benevolence.

The answer is, of course, that the possibilities here are equal in both directions — for woe or for weal. But our moral feeling tells us to be more afraid of inflicting injustice than of conferring unmerited boons. One of the reasons is, that the injustice is never accepted willingly; in most cases the benefaction is welcome. The willing receiver divides with you the responsibility for the unsettled karmic balance. Yet, such a boon is a doubtful one. True, we never know for certain, but, using good judgment, in *most cases* our benevolent acts make us agents of previous good Karman, of harmony and compensation, make us co-workers with the gods. And so far as the above-mentioned thought tends to make us conservative, we might keep on the safe side by preferably helping the man to help himself, to take a step forward.

Let me tell you, that I even believe the gods and the Masters often confer upon us unmerited benefactions, lovingly trusting in our higher nature so that we later on may deserve them, may fill in the balance, and make ourselves worthy. We live and move and have our being in a Universe filled full of living and feeling and thinking and planning entities; and we should not adopt a purely mechanistic conception of Karman. It gives room for practical, conative, educational and evolutionary initiatives sprung from more or less wisdom. Its endless equation in regard to pain and trial, or enjoyment and

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satisfaction, starts as often with a negative term as with a positive; and contains both kinds in equal proportions. There are no absolutes in its decrees until the ABSOLUTE is reached.

There are more secrets to be told of Karman than I have time to tell you now. But here is one more of the aspects of it, and I will close with that. It is comprised in this tenet of our Teacher: "*We are our own Karman.*" Here we have the Karmic Law, so to say, in a nut-shell.

But how is that possible? you might ask. You have told us that the Karmic reactions rest in the lap of the gods, of the Lipikas, and in the automatic agent, arranged by them, which you called the Astral Light, surrounding and penetrating our world.

Yes, that is one side of the subject. But you must admit, to begin with, that what a man builds into his own character, his own habitual reactions to everything, are the main factors of his fate. In the Theosophical vocabulary these living factors are called the human *skandhas*, and may be considered as the Lipikas of his own individual Microcosm.

What is man in reality, the inner man? Theosophy teaches, as I have already set forth, that at his very root, at the purushic pole of his being, man is *one* with the Infinite, with the Divine. In it he lives, and moves, and has his being. And *IT* is his being. His heart is not separate from the gods and the super-gods. He *is* the Universe. Here is where ultimate, absolute Justice comes in. We are our own Karman.

Because Karman recompenses, and always has balm for our wounds; because it corrects the evil-doer; because it teaches us the lessons of life, that we may become wiser; because by Karman every good endeavor in time is sure of its success; because there are ever new opportunities, Karman is, as H. P. B. has said, "an immutable law of absolute Love, Justice, and Mercy."



Whoso setting duty highest, speaks at need unwelcome things,
Disregarding fear and favor, such a one may succor kings. . . .

'Tis no council where no Sage is — 'tis no Sage that fears not Law;
'Tis no Law which Truth confirms not — 'tis no Truth which Fear can awe.

— *From the Hitopadeśa or Book of Good Counsels (India)*

THE TOY-MAKER OF THE CROSS-ROADS

(A Christmas Story for Grown-ups)

REATA V. H. PEDERSEN

THE big car skidding around the corner, coming to an abrupt stop with a lurch of its shining body and a screech of holding brakes, was not the first from which a beautiful woman, beautifully dressed, had descended to enter the rambling building which housed the tools and materials of the toy-maker's art.

Myrna Leslie was not the first woman to be surprised at the answer given her by the gentle-faced man, with hair that was a silver glory, when, after a hasty glance at her memorandum book, she asked: "How soon could you send to the Children's Home at Westlake 20 dolls, 15 sets of soldiers, 10 Noah's Arks, 1 dozen clowns — the Jack-in-the-box kind — and a number, say fifty, of those clever wooden horses with riders that I saw in the large window?" For many women and men too with similar query on their lips had entered the shop whose master signed each toy with the name *Nadir*, which signature also appeared on a few small but precious landscape canvases so avidly sought by collectors, but to be told regarding the time necessary for delivery: "Only as long as it will take you to learn to make one of each of the toys you order."

"Learn to make them! I — ? Why should *I* make them?" Mrs. Leslie's surprise was great. Not waiting for Nadir to speak she added yet another question. "How could I make them?" was its form.

"You could stop here in the village, or here with me, and by beginning work at a reasonably early hour each day, well-covered by an apron I would furnish you, banishing from your mind all thought of stained fingers, you would soon gain skill with the scroll-saw and with paint-brushes and enamel, which are all the material things needed to turn bits of wood into 'clever wooden horses with riders,' as you described the toys in the large window," Nadir told her.

"Yes — but why should I?" his visitor inquired in such a puzzled tone that Nadir's mouth trembled into a whimsical smile, although he replied in all seriousness: "*So that something of the giver may go with the gift,*" adding in a deeper voice, that held the note of a temple gong, "*for your soul's sake.*"

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Myrna Leslie actually looked shocked and she glanced down at her form in such a manner that Nadir's whimsy found expression in, "Surely you didn't leave your soul out there in the car —?"

The woman stammered, "I think — think you must — be —"

"Crazy" Nadir finished the sentence. "There are many who would agree with you. Without doubt I am a little queer," he conceded.

His smile was very gentle, as was his direct glance into her wide eyes, as she passed from the shop through the door, the mechanism of which produced a voice which said elfishly, entreatingly even, "Come again, my dear!" as it opened and closed under her urging hands. But the woman heard it not.

The man who was Mrs. Leslie's companion in the car whistled in surprise. "So that's where he keeps himself nowadays. If it is the same — the landscape artist — how astonishing that he should take to making toys! I've seen the man in Egypt and in China, heard of him in India, where it was said he spent some time with the Grand Lama of Lhasa, and other men have told me that he was known in Yucatan some sixty years ago —."

"He doesn't look more than fifty now," Mrs. Leslie protested. "Besides, his toys are famous and I have known of them for about twelve years. It was when — Jeddie — when Jeddie was so ill from the accident, that someone sent him a most ridiculous clown that could do all sorts of funny tricks but which was hand-made and perfect in detail —. It had the name of Nadir on it. Jeddie — Jeddie wouldn't give it up. His little cold fingers held it — when — when —." Her voice faltered and for a moment there was silence before she continued in steadier tones, "The Children's Home at Westlake received some two years ago — that's how I happened to think of sending some there as we passed. I saw his sign and —"

"And made Hubert stop so suddenly with your impulsive use of the signal," Langdon Taylor interjected, "that we surely must have taken much of the new surface off our tires, bought, you may remember, so that the happiness of our journey might not be marred by the chance bursting of an old one. You needn't look so serious about it," he laughed. "One doesn't count the cost of a fair lady's whim and, really, Myrna, I'm only talking for the sake of your reply. It is easy to see that something happened in that shop to disturb you."

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"He said — he said such a queer thing," Mrs. Leslie mused, as if her companion's words had not been heard. "Don't touch me Langdon," she ordered as he placed his hand over hers, "I must think —"

"That old fool has upset you, Myrna. You were just getting to the point where my plan for you — *for us*, seemed the best one, and now you are back in that foolish state where you are willing to go on forever, tied to poor Leslie whose condition has robbed him even of the memory of a wife. My word! Anyone would think us still living in the Victorian age where sense of duty hid right of the individual under a weight of such magnitude that women came to death without ever having known life. Leslie has nurses a-plenty," he continued more quietly. "Why should you serve him in that capacity for the rest of your life just for the sake of that old bromide 'for better or for worse' which crept into the marriage ceremony where with the one 'I promise to obey,' — it doesn't belong. You, a modern woman," Langdon Taylor chided humorously "to abide by archaic laws! You, to allow the words of a wandering artist or toy-maker, whichever he may be, to trouble you! He's probably as crazy as poor old Leslie."

Unheeding, hand outstretched to the signal which would communicate her wishes to the driver, Myrna Leslie exclaimed: "He said it would be for my soul's sake! Oh Langdon, how did he know I needed very much to do something for my soul's sake? How did he know that since Jeddie's death I have just drifted, doing little for that poor creature to whom I am married but keep his name for my own. My soul — my soul! — I had forgotten that I have one. Take me back to him, Langdon! Perhaps if I worked there, with the toys, the soul of Jeddie's mother would come back to her."

Her fingers closed upon the signal; she spoke through the tube: "Go back, Hubert. Drive back to the house of the toy-maker."

It was the garden of Nadir that Mrs. Leslie was first to know. The days of her stay as his guest were but few, as yet, and the hours at the workbench few, too, for the toy-maker had said that she must first feel friendly to her work or toys would remain just bits of wood. "I told you that paint and brush and scroll-saw were the material needs of the toy-maker's art, but it is necessary to *see* the child for

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whom the toy is being made if it is to be the 'just as real as life' kind that will serve the demand."

"Just as real as life," Nadir repeated his own words, "so you can see that the toy has first to be beautiful, for *only beauty is real.*"

Myrna Leslie protested. "Not real, all the sorrow and hurt? Not real, my boy's death? Not real, all these long years of horror as the wife of a drug fiend?"

"Oh yes, they were real," she assured herself. "Anything so horrible could be nothing else. There couldn't be anything as unreal as their ugliness!"

"Real only if realized as beauty," Nadir said. "Let me quote your words in part: 'All the sorrow and hurt of death.' Yet realization of death as sleep where neither sorrow nor hurt can be, gives it the beauty of peace. Surely you do not think of the place beyond, to which death serves as a door, as a place of suffering. 'These long years of horror as the wife of a drug fiend' — my dear, that we have time to serve others through the cycle we call a year —; is not that a beautiful thought? Think if we were snatched from the possibility of serving, of satisfying a need within ourselves to serve; think, if the year were but a moment, how little you could have done for him, your husband whom you call a drug fiend. Think of how short your time, if years were not and only moments came to us, think of how short your time with your boy. As for ugliness: how but unreal can it be since first there must have been beauty for comparison, as there first must have been Truth before there could be not-Truth, as there first was harmony before not-harmony and beautiful reality before ugly unrealness."

"There first must have been that rose," Nadir continued, "before your idle fingers could have destroyed it. There was a time when there was not man to perceive beauty, but never a time when beauty was not! Formless Void — but not without Beauty!"

Myrna Leslie's eyes filled with tears. She said passionately: "I love flowers. I did not mean to destroy the rose. I did not think."

"You need to think for your soul's sake. Come, my child, to the path of true thought, follow it and learn to give of yourself. Let us seat ourselves at the workbench, the young woman and the old Nadir, and let us take thought that beauty may grow beneath our fingers. Here we have a chevalier astride a horse that is now dun color but which we will make into one with a shining chestnut coat.

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This brush for the paint and that for the enamel, but the brush of the mind and the color of thought for others — these last we must find within ourselves if it is to be a happy rider who gallops into the nursery on Christmas morning.”

The horse and rider came to life under Myrna's slender fingers. As she worked there came to her, insensibly at first and then at last consciously, the desire to put that into the figures which a child would want to find there. She smiled as she chose for bridle and saddle the shining black enamel. Gold wouldn't have done, she knew that, for gold would not have been real enough. The toy would have then belonged to the fairy-world and the rider in the saddle would have needed a plumed hat. The rider which Mrs. Leslie clothed in correct attire was a gentleman out for a morning run, one who enjoyed riding and loved his animal. See how he leans forward to pat the neck of the chestnut; see how shining are his boots! A bit too shining for good form, Myrna decided as she rubbed the gloss down with a bit of emery.

Nadir, who had come up to the workbench, nodded agreeingly. He pursed his lips and stood off, looking with half closed eyes at the toy, for all the world, the woman thought, as if he were looking at some wonderful painting.

“Tell me, Master,” she begged, not knowing that she called him thus, so natural seemed that mode of address. “Tell me, Master, why do you not paint more of your wonderful landscapes? How came you to this place, making toys for children, since the world would willingly claim you for its own — one of its great masters of painting?”

And Nadir, quoting, answered:

This simple consummation is the best.
I close not my eyes, stop not my ears, nor torment my body.
But every path I then traverse becomes a path of pilgrimage,
Whatever work I engage in becomes service.

He passed from the bench in the garden toward the great room where many worked. For the making of toys went on day in and day out, month in year in — so greatly were served the children who dwelt in the nurseries of the rich, in bare room of the poor; for a Great Heart beats in the Universe for children and few are missed at Christmas-time however long they are forgot between times. Many were drawn to Nadir's workshop who were impulsed by that heart.

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The weeks passed by and as Myrna worked she came to knowledge of her fellow-workers. "What brought you here?" she asked one day a man opposite her and pondered his answer,— "I have need to serve childhood for a former dis-service." Myrna knew him not for a rich mill-owner of a Southern state who once had employed tiny children; bowing their forms, dulling their intellects, taking their very lives that he might be rich.

It was the day before Christmas when she asked a like question of a woman near her. From her she received a written reply: "I am dumb, but my heart can sing through my fingers."

"Why are you here?" Myrna Leslie had asked such a question of herself, again and again, but on Christmas morning there came to her the answer, which was: "That I may continue to be a mother."

"Master, Teacher, Friend," she sobbed as she caught at the hand of Nadir. "My boy's death did not make me less a mother. His birth gave me realization of motherhood, but his death cannot release me from the duties of that divine attainment. There must be more that I can do, save work at this bench with toys. There is more — I know there is more — !"

Nadir said: "It is given me to know that you will one day serve childhood very greatly. You will realize and bring to others realization that the spiritual parenthood of the Universe is served, is indeed maintained through the channel of physical parenthood. Before you now, however, there lies a doing of the duty nearest you. Can you name that duty, child?"

And from the teaching she had received from Nadir, Myrna Leslie answered: "It is to care for that soul who, through my Karman and his own, was drawn to me by marriage. To give fully and without stint of myself. To give fully — ah, Nadir, how different from the way I have given all these years? I have seen myself a martyr as I waited upon my husband. I have built 'round myself a wall of grudging service instead of a garden of beautiful giving. But now I return to him, to my home, with the glorious privilege of giving on this beautiful Christmas day the gift of myself."

As Mrs. Leslie passed through the door of the shop, which under her urging fingers opened swiftly, the voice that had called to her on the first day of her coming to the toy-maker at the cross-roads, a voice which though produced mechanically was elfish, was even entreating, called to her once more: "Come again, my dear!" — and this time the woman heard.

RESEARCHES INTO NATURE

Lucius Annaeus Seneca

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

TRANSLATION BY G. DE PURUCKER, D. LITT.

BOOK VII — XI

(1) *Let us now leave Epigenes and take up the opinions of others, but before I begin to set these forth, it is needful to assume, in the first place, the following:* comets are not seen in only one part of the sky, nor solely in the zodiac, but as often in the east as in the west, yet most frequently around the north.

(2) Their shape, however, is always one. Although the Greeks have drawn distinctions as among those from which a flame hangs down after the manner of a beard, and those which spread forth everywhere around themselves a head of hair as it were, and those whose fire is actually diffuse but yet tending to a point: nevertheless all these are of the same character and are properly said to be comets,

(3) whose shapes it is difficult to compare the one with the other, since they appear at long intervals of time. Indeed, at the very time when they appear, spectators do not agree among themselves as regards their appearance, but in proportion as anyone's vision is sharp or dull, he says that it (*the comet*) is very bright, or very ruddy, and that the mane (*the 'tail,' etc.,*) is either hanging downwards or spread out on the sides. But whether there are certain differences among them or whether there are none, necessarily comets are produced by the same cause. The one thing to be established (*in order to show that it is a comet*) is this: that, out of the ordinary course, the form of a new orb is seen bearing about itself a scattered fire.

XII

(1) *The following explanation has seemed pleasing to certain ones of the ancient (thinkers):* when, among the wandering stars, some one has attached itself to another, the appearance of a lengthened star is produced by the light of the two having become melted into one. Nor does this occur only when one star actually touches another star, but also when it has merely approached it, for the space separating them is illuminated by both and becomes full of flame, thus producing a lengthened fire.

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(2) *To these, we respond as follows:* the number of the moving stars is determined, and both these and a comet ordinarily are seen at the same time, from which it becomes manifest that a comet is not produced from their union, but is original and independent.

(3) Moreover, frequently a star passes under the path of a higher star: Saturn at times is above Jupiter, and Mars looks down upon Venus and Mercury in a straight line: nevertheless, a comet is not produced on account of this their conjunction — when the one passes under the other; otherwise one would be produced in every year: for yearly some stars are simultaneously in the same constellation.

(4) If a star, coming upon a star, made a comet, it would cease to be in a mere moment, for the velocity of the passing (*stars-planets*) is very great; hence, every occultation of an orb is brief, because the same course which had brought them (*the two orbs*) together quickly separates (*them*). We see the sun and moon freed (*from each other*) in a very short time when they have begun to be obscured: how much more quickly must be the passing in stars, which are so much smaller? But yet comets tarry for six months! — which could not occur if they were born from the conjunction of two stars, for they cannot remain long together, and of necessity the law of their velocity separates them.

(5) Moreover, the neighboring parts are seen by us: besides, they (*the orbs*) are separated by immense intervals: how, then, can the one star send fire as far as the other in such fashion that they may appear yoked the one to the other, since they are parted by an immense stretch?

(6) “The light of two stars,” he says, “is mingled together, and presents the appearance of one: obviously in the same manner as a cloud is reddened by the entrance of the sun; in the same manner as the evening and morning hours become gold-yellow; in the same manner as the rainbow or the other sun is seen.”

(7) First, all these (*phenomena*) are produced by great energy, for it is the sun which inflames them: the stars have no such power. Next, not one of these occurs except below the moon, in the neighborhood of the earth: the upper (*regions*) are clear and pure, and always of their own color.

(8) Moreover, if any such thing occurred, it would possess no permanency but would quickly be extinguished, like the coronas which incircle the sun or the moon: in an exceedingly small space

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they disappear; nor does even the rainbow long last. If some such thing were between two stars, by which the intervening space were suffused, equally quickly would it melt away: without fail it would not remain as long a time as comets ordinarily linger. The path of the stars (*planets*) is within the Zodiac: they hurry along this circuit: but comets are noticed everywhere. The time in which they may appear is not more fixed, for them, than is any place beyond which they may not go forth.

XIII

(1) *Against these (matters), the following (remarks) are made by Artemidorus (the Parian):* these five stars are not the only ones that hurry along, but these alone have been observed: besides, innumerable others are borne along in secrecy (*i. e., unknown to us*); or, on account of the uncertainty of (*their*) light are unknown to us; or, on account of such a position of (*their*) circles (*orbits*) that they can be seen only when they have come to their highest points. "Hence, certain stars intermingle," as he says, "which are new to us, which mingle their light with the constant (*orbs*), and send forth a fire which is greater than is ordinary in stars."

(2) This is the most trivial of the things which he falsely asserts: his entire description of the world is an impudent falsehood; for if we believe him, the highest boundary of the sky is exceedingly solid, hardened after the manner of a roof, and of a high and thick body, which atoms, accumulated and massed, have made.

(3) To this, the succeeding surface (*the top*) is fiery, so compacted that it cannot suffer dissolution and decay: it has, however, certain vents and windows, as it were, through which fires flow inwards from the exterior parts of the world, yet not so great that they disorder the interior parts, and they glide back again out of the world to the exterior parts. Hence, these (*bodies*), which appear outside of the usual course of things, have flowed inwards from the matter lying beyond the world.

XIV

(1) *To dissipate these (notions), what else is it than to exercise one's hand, and to toss one's arms against the wind?* Yet I would desire him to tell me who has imposed such a solid ceiling upon the world; and for what reason should we believe him that the sky has such thickness; what it may be which could draw to it such solid bodies and hold them there?

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(2) Further, that which is of such great thickness, necessarily is of great weight: in what fashion, therefore, do heavy bodies remain in the highest parts? How is it that the mass does not fall and dash itself to pieces by its weight: for it cannot happen that a weight of such great magnitude — such as he has figured to himself — hangs suspended and is supported by things that are light.

(3) Nor can this even be said, that there are certain chains on the outside, by which it is prevented from falling; nor, on the other hand, that something is set underneath in the middle, which receives or props up the overhanging body. This, likewise, no one will dare to say, that the world is carried through boundless space, actually falling, but not appearing to fall, because its headlong descent is without beginning or end, having no bottom which it can reach.

(4) This, in fact, they have said of the earth, since they could discover no reason why a weight should remain motionless in air. "It is borne along always," they say; "but it does not appear to fall because that into which it falls is infinite." What is it, again, by which thou provest that not only five stars are moved, but that there are many (*in motion*) and in many regions of the world (*universe*)? Or, if it be permissible to answer that this is without any obvious proof, how is it that no one says that either all the stars, or none, are moved? Moreover, such a multitude of stars moving hither and thither aids thee not at all, for where there were many (*such*), very frequently will they fall into each other; but comets are rare, and on that account are they wondered at.

XV

(1) How is it that every age will bear witness against thee which has both recorded and has passed on to posterity the coming forth of such stars? After the death of Demetrius King of Syria, of whom Demetrius and Antiochus were the children, a short while before the Achaian war there shone forth a comet not less than the sun (*in magnitude*). At first it was a sphere, fiery and reddish, emitting a brilliant light, sufficient to overcome the darkness; afterwards, by degrees, its magnitude decreased and its brilliance died away; and finally it totally disappeared. How many stars, therefore, must unite in order to produce so large a body! Do thou assemble a thousand into one, yet never will they equal the appearance of the

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sun. When Attalus (*a king of Pergamus*) was reigning, there appeared a comet which at first was of moderate size; then, holding its own, it diffused itself and spread even to the equinoctial circle, so that being extended over an immense space, it equaled that zone of the sky which bears the name of milky (*the Milky Way*). How many, wandering (*stars*) therefore, must have come together, to cover with a continuous fire so great a tract of sky?

JULIAN THE APOSTLE A Fourth-Century History

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

X

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A PHILOSOPHER

JULIAN was an indefatigable correspondent. He wrote late at night and he was up in the morning hours before others, writing, studying, thinking, working. With the shorthand-writers he got through an enormous amount of correspondence and literary labor. Without them he was still a giant of the desk. Several times he sat up all night to begin and end a 'book' which reads like no mere ephemeral journalism but is just as interesting to-day as it was when written in the sixties of the fourth century A. D.

Much of his correspondence has been preserved and it is interesting to read, as showing the mind of the man in that age. Always he had before him the welfare of his people, the pursuit of true philosophy, the honor of the philosophers, and, above all, the duties of an initiate of the mysteries of the Sovereign Sun and the Virgin-Mother of the Gods.

Writing to Priscus, who was with him in Gaul and Constantinople and in Persia, he says:

I swear by him who is the giver and preserver of all my good fortune that I desire to live only that I may in some degree be of use to you. When I say 'you' I mean the true philosophers, and convinced as I am that you are one of these, how much I have loved and love you, you well know, and how I desire to see you. May divine Providence preserve you in health for many a year, my dearest and best beloved brother! . . .

To the same Priscus he writes in another letter:

I entreat you not to let Theodorus and his followers deafen you, too, by their assertions that Iamblichus, that truly godlike man who ranks next to Pythago-

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ras and Plato, was worldly and self-seeking. But if it be rash to declare my own opinion to you, I may reasonably expect you to excuse me, as one excuses those who are carried away by a divine frenzy. You are yourself an ardent admirer of Iamblichus for his philosophy, and of his namesake for his Theosophy. And I too think, like Apollodorus, that the rest are not worth mentioning compared with those two.

In a letter to Oribasius, Julian mentions the "excellent Sallust." The word used is Chreston Saloustion (Χρηστὸν Σαλούστιον), an example of the use of the word Chrest and the possibility of the double meaning so beloved of the Greek philosophers. Here it just means for the ordinary reader that Sallust was a good man. But for a philosopher who wished to show discreetly that the man of whom he speaks was a struggling devotee of the Mysteries on his way to becoming a Christos rather than a Chrestos, the same word could have been used without any profane being the wiser. The point may not seem to be important, but the confusion arising in the last fifteen hundred years through the failure to understand the distinction between the two words — it was *meant* to be confusing to outsiders — has caused untold misery to the European world.

"It is better to do one's duty for a brief time honestly than for a long time dishonestly," is one of Julian's maxims, which had its eventual application in his own life.

In another letter to Priscus, as in several, there is the phrase *kai idia cheiri* (καὶ ἴδια χεῖρὶ) "Added with his own hand." This reminds one of the same phrase with Paul, three hundred years before Julian, who calls attention to his big lettering, as if the malady from which he suffered was an affection of the sight. Many have thought it was so. The custom of writing an autograph postscript seems to have conveyed some special compliment to the addressee.

In a letter to the wise and great Maximus of Ephesus Julian lets himself go.

Everything crowds into my mind at once and chokes my utterance, as one thought refuses to let another precede it, whether you please to class such symptoms among psychic troubles, or to give them some other name. . . . Directly after I had been made Emperor — against my will, as the gods know, and this I made evident then and there in every way possible — I led the army against the barbarians. . . .

He speaks of coming to Besançon.

It is a little town that has lately been restored, but in ancient times it was a large city adorned with costly temples, and was fortified by a strong wall and

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further by the nature of the place; for it is encircled by the river Doubis. It rises up like a rocky cliff in the sea, inaccessible, I might almost say, to the very birds, except in those places where the river as it flows round it throws out what one may call beaches, that lie in front of it. Near this city there came to meet me a certain man who looked like a Cynic with his long cloak and staff. When I caught sight of him in the distance I imagined that he was none other than yourself. . . .

Evidently Maximus wore the regulation cloak and staff and long hair of the philosophers.

It is difficult for one who has never known a true philosopher to imagine the eagerness and anxiety Julian felt on behalf of his friend Maximus. He is so anxious that he continually "inquires of the gods" as to Maximus; at the same time he cannot do it personally because of that very anxiety being likely to upset the ceremonies, and he is obliged to do it through others.

He speaks plainly to the old philosopher: "I worship the gods openly," he says,

and the whole mass of the troops who are returning with me worship the gods. I sacrifice oxen in public. I have offered to the gods many hecatombs as thank-offerings. *The gods command me to restore their worship* in its utmost purity, and I obey them, yes, and with a good will. For they promise me great rewards for my labors if I am not remiss. . . .

Julian is under the constant guidance and protection of the gods *so long as he does what they tell him*. A man in such circumstances rarely mentions the fact; some never do, and it is better so. But with Julian there are often reasons why he should do so. The mission in which he was their apostle; the fact that he is often writing to friends who understand his own position with regard to them; the necessity for witnesses to their power; his own modesty — all are reasons why he should occasionally mention the help he receives from those powers which he and others call 'the gods.'

When at Nish Julian heard of the death of Constantius and his own consequent clear path to the Emperorship. He writes to his uncle Julian:

I am alive by the grace of the gods and have been freed from the necessity of either suffering or inflicting irreparable ill. But the Sun, whom of all the gods I besought most earnestly to assist me, and sovereign Zeus also, bear me witness that never for a moment did I wish to slay Constantius, but rather I wished the contrary. Why then did I come? Because the gods expressly ordered me, and promised me safety if I obeyed them, but if I stayed, what I pray no god may do to me! Furthermore, I came because, having been declared

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a public enemy, I meant to frighten him merely, and that our quarrel should result in intercourse on more friendly terms; but if we should have to decide the issue by battle, I meant to entrust the whole to fortune and to the gods, and so await whatever their clemency might decide.

Julian's love for the old Maximus is well expressed in a letter written from Constantinople in 361 or early in 362.

There is a tradition that Alexander of Macedon used to sleep with Homer's poems under his pillow, in order that by night as well as by day he might busy himself with his martial writings. But I sleep with your letters as though they were healing drugs of some sort, and I do not cease to read them constantly as though they were newly written and had only just come into my hands. Therefore if you are willing to furnish me with intercourse by means of letters, as a semblance of your own society, write, and do not cease to do so continually. Or rather come, with the help of the gods, and consider that while you are away I cannot be said to be alive, except in so far as I am able to read what you have written.

When the decision was no longer in the balance and Constantius was dead, Julian has no severe words against his murderous and deadly enemy.

"Suffer me to say," he writes to Hermogenes, ex-prefect of Egypt, in the language of the poetical rhetoricians, oh how little hope I had of safety! Oh how little hope had I of hearing that you had escaped the three-headed hydra! Zeus be my witness that I do not mean my brother Constantius — nay, he was what he was — but the wild beasts who surrounded him and cast their baleful eyes on all men; for they made him even harsher than he was by nature, though on his own account he was by no means of a mild disposition, although he seemed so to many. But since he is one of the blessed dead, may the earth lie lightly on him, as the saying is! . . .

In a letter to Aetius he shows how Constantius had treated the Athanasian Christians. Aetius became a bishop later, though an extreme Arian and even repudiated by the milder Arians. He says:

I have remitted their sentence of exile for all in common who were banished in whatever fashion by Constantius of blessed memory, on account of the folly of the Galilaeans. But in your case, I not only remit your exile, but also, since I am mindful of our old acquaintance and intercourse, I invite you to come to me. You will use a public conveyance as far as my headquarters, and one extra horse.

George ('Saint George for Merrie England!') had been responsible for the exile of Zeno, a famous physician, from Alexandria, and Julian says that if his exile were owing to George, then the sentence of exile was unjust. George of Alexandria was a Cappadocian bishop whose lawless activities caused him to be torn to pieces by the mob of Alexandria on December 24, 361. Julian declares:

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As for curses from the gods, men in days of old used to utter them and write them, but I do not think that this was well done; for there is no evidence at all that the gods themselves devised those curses. And besides, we ought to be the ministers of prayers, not curses. Therefore I believe and join my prayers to yours that after earnest supplication to the gods you may obtain pardon for your errors. . . .

He makes the penalty very mild. Simply the official is to be cut off from all that may have to do with priests for three months, and then if he has shown good behavior in the interval he may be again received.

It is well known that the best men of the new church were pagans who had been forced to become bishops. In the case of Synesius, the friend and disciple of Hypatia some forty years after this date, he had consented only on condition that he should retain his beliefs distinct from those of the church! In fact, there was really nothing to prevent a priest of the old gods who knew anything from becoming a bishop of the new cult, any more than there is in binding an old book in a new binding. But what *was* objectionable was the claim of the exotericists of the new cult to possess the inner truths, their intolerance and, above all, their political activities.

Julian, writing to a priest of Pegasus, says:

I should never have favored Pegasus unhesitatingly if I had not had clear proofs that even in former days, when he had the title of Bishop of the Galilaeans, he was wise enough to revere and honor the gods. This I do not report to you on hearsay from men whose words are always adapted to their personal dislikes and friendships, for much current gossip of this sort about him has reached me, and the gods know that I once thought I ought to detest him above all other depraved persons.

But when I was summoned to his headquarters by Constantius of blessed memory, I was traveling by this route, and after rising at early dawn I came from Troas to Ilios about the middle of the morning. Pegasus came to meet me, as I wished to explore the city — this was my excuse for visiting the temples — and he was my guide and showed me all the sights. So now let me tell you what he did and said, and from it one may guess that he was not lacking in right sentiments towards the gods.

Hector has a hero's shrine there and his bronze statue stands in a tiny little temple. Opposite this they have set up a figure of the great Achilles in the unroofed court. If you have seen the spot you will certainly recognise my description of it. You can learn from the guides the story that accounts for the fact that the great Achilles was set up opposite to him and takes up the whole of the unroofed court. Now I found that the altars were still alight, I might almost say still blazing, and that the statue of Hector had been anointed till it

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shone. So I looked at Pegasus and said: "What does this mean? Do the people of Ilios offer sacrifices?" This was to test him cautiously to find out his own views. He replied: "Is it not natural that they should worship a brave man who was their own citizen, just as we worship the martyrs?" Now the analogy was far from sound; but his point of view and intentions were those of a man of culture, if you consider the times in which we then lived. Observe what followed. "Let us go," said he, "to the shrine of Athene of Ilios." Thereupon with the greatest eagerness he led me there and opened the temple, and as though he were producing evidence he showed me all the statues in perfect preservation, nor did he behave at all as those impious men do usually, I mean when they make the sign on their impious foreheads, nor did he hiss to himself as they do. For these two things are the quintessence of their theology, to hiss at demons and make the sign of the cross on their foreheads.

These are the two things I promised to tell you. But a third occurs to me which I think I must not fail to mention. This same Pegasus went with me to the temple of Achilles as well and showed me the tomb in good repair; yet I had been informed that this also had been pulled to pieces by him. But he approached it with great reverence; I saw this with my own eyes. And I have heard from those who are now his enemies that he also used to offer prayers to Helios and worship him in secret. Would you not have accepted me as a witness even if I had been merely a private citizen? Of each man's attitude towards the gods who could be more trustworthy witnesses than the gods themselves? Should I have appointed Pegasus a priest if I had had any evidence of impiety towards the gods on his part? And if in those past days, whether because he was ambitious for power, or, as he has often asserted to me, he clad himself in rags in order to save the temples of the gods, and only pretended to be irreligious so far as the name of the thing went—indeed, it is clear that he never injured any temple anywhere except for what amounted to a few stones, and that was as a blind, that he might be able to save the rest—well, then, we are taking this into account and are we not ashamed to behave to him as Aphobius did, and as the Galilaeans all pray to see him treated? If you care at all for my wishes you will honor not him only but any others who are converted, in order that they may the more readily heed me when I summon them to good works, and those others may have less cause to rejoice. But if we drive away those who come to us of their own free will, no one will be ready to heed us when we summon.

In a letter to the High-Priest Theodorus, Julian says:

It means much that we have the same guide, and I am sure you remember him.

Possibly this shows that Theodorus was also a pupil of Maximus. In this letter he says:

For I certainly am not one of those who believe that the soul perishes before the body or along with it, nor do I believe any human being, but only the gods; since it is likely that they alone have the most perfect knowledge of these matters, if indeed we ought to use the word 'likely' of what is inevitably true; since

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it is fitting for men to conjecture about such matters, but the gods must have complete knowledge. . . .

When I saw that there is among us great indifference about the gods, and that all reverence for the heavenly powers has been driven out by impure and vulgar luxury, I always secretly lamented this state of things. For I saw that those whose minds were turned to the doctrines of the Jewish religion are so ardent in their belief that they would choose to die for it, and to endure utter want and starvation rather than taste pork or [the flesh of] any other animal that has been strangled or had the life squeezed out of it; whereas we are in such a state of apathy about religious matters that we have forgotten the customs of our forefathers, and therefore we actually do not know whether any such rule has ever been prescribed. But these Jews are in part god-fearing, seeing that they revere a god who is truly most powerful and most good and governs this world of sense, and, as I well know, is worshiped by us also under other names. They act as is right and seemly, in my opinion, if they do not transgress the laws; but in this one thing they err: while reserving their deepest devotion for their own god, they do not conciliate the other gods also; but the other gods they think have been allotted to us Gentiles only. To such a pitch of folly have they been brought by their barbaric conceit. But those who belong to the impious sect of the Galilaeans, as if some disease. . . .

(The end of the sentence is lost, having probably been cut out by some Christian hand.)

The brutal murder of George, "that impious man," in Alexandria by the populace in a religious frenzy against him, provokes a severe rebuke in another letter. Certainly they had been much provoked by 'Saint George,' who exasperated against them the Emperor Constantius, and brought an army into the holy city, when the general in command, who was more afraid of him than of Constantius, plundered and despoiled the sacred edifices and treasures. Upon the people protesting, the general sent soldiers against them in support of George, "the enemy of the gods." The citizens of Alexandria tore George in pieces as dogs tear a wolf. Julian admits that they could justly argue that he deserved it, and adds that he deserved more than that, but the citizens had no right to take the law into mob-hands.

Speaking of the power of Christian propaganda he observes that:

It is their benevolence to strangers, their care for the graves of the dead, and the pretended holiness of their lives that have done most to increase atheism [*i. e.*, the kind of Christianity that was in vogue in those days]. I believe that we ought really and truly to practise every one of these virtues.

He says the priests in all Galatia must do so, in his letter to Arsacius the High-Priest, when giving instructions as to the conduct of the priests.

(To be continued)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION: I have noted many references in your literature to the way in which the teachings of Theosophy are being vindicated by archaeological discoveries. What is the attitude of formulated religion to these same discoveries?

H. T. Edge: When we consider the attitude of formulated religion towards new departures in thought, we find that it first opposes them; and that afterwards, having failed in its opposition, it endeavors to befriend or father them. Ultimately we find that what was once a liberal and unorthodox position has become representative of conservatism and even reaction. For formulated religion, by its very nature, claims and desires to direct public opinion; and it must either keep up with the progress of thought or fall behind. We have seen how the nineteenth century advance in science, at first so bitterly opposed by the churches, is now so befriended by them that the biological theories of evolution have become almost an ecclesiastical dogma. We have seen advances in archaeology and the study of other religions, opposed at first, but afterwards befriended. Religious publication societies have issued series of books on these very subjects.

One illustration of the same process was in the shape of a lecture before a 'Sunday Society' on a Sunday night, on 'Crete, the Kingdom of King Minos.' The lecturer gave the principal features in the Cretan discoveries, such as have been detailed often before, and it is not necessary here to repeat them. He pointed out that a few years ago Minos was thought to be an entirely mythical personage, but that now we know the classical stories were founded on fact. How much more we shall know in another few years he did not say. He showed that this ancient civilization was strikingly modern in its character as contrasted with the Greek and Roman civilizations which succeeded it. He said that the Minoans represented the number One by a vertical stroke, the number One Hundred by a circle, and One Thousand by an encircled cross. Interesting information on the symbology of the circle, its vertical and horizontal diameters, the shapes and meanings of the numeral signs, etc., will be found in *The Secret Doctrine* by H. P. Blavatsky.

Of course the position taken by representatives of the churches, when they thus befriend the most recent advances in knowledge,

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is that their religion is competent to admit to the full everything that may be discovered, and yet to maintain its position of supremacy in the world of thought and faith. This is a very good attitude to assume, but it is as well to pause and reflect what it entails. It means a considerable expansion of the conventional notions of Christianity. For we cannot study ancient religion and symbology piecemeal, admitting just so much as we like and rejecting whatever we find inconvenient. The whole hangs together, and one admission leads to another, unless we violate those principles of logic to which, when it suits our purpose, we may often need to appeal.

The discoveries in Crete are but a part of discoveries which are being made continually all over the world; all tending ever more and more to confirm the truth of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky. All religions have sprung from one universal system — the Wisdom-Religion — a body of knowledge which is the parent of all religions, philosophies, and sciences. There have been times in the world's history when this Wisdom-Religion, instead of being represented by numerous exoteric creeds and rituals, as it is now, was uniform and diffused all over the world. It is this which explains those archaeological discoveries that indicate the identity of ancient religious and cosmic symbolism in all lands, from America to Egypt, from China to Peru. In view of these facts, the position of Christianity becomes altered from that which is usually claimed for it. Instead of being supreme and final among religions, it is but one of many. It is great and powerful in so far as it gets away from its *special* characteristics and approximates to the breadth and universality of the Wisdom-Religion. Many leaders of thought in the churches take this attitude, but it cannot be described as a representative attitude for the churches generally. There is also infinitely more tolerance towards alien and ancient religions than there used to be. This expansion of thought is bound to go on, and it means death to bigotry and narrowness. The churches, and religion in general, are undergoing a rapid and eventful evolution.

And what is religion but the link between man's higher and lower nature, the body of truths which every man recognizes by virtue of his conscience and intuition? We cannot unite nations by material interests alone, nor on the basis of their common (lower) nature. The law of the animal nature in man tends to disunion, as is admitted by science and demonstrated by experience. But

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the law of the higher nature tends to union; and in proportion as men (of whatever religion) cultivate their higher nature, will the bonds of union be drawn closer. We have to evolve the world-religion, adequate to control humanity in its present closely-linked state. Each must study the esoteric side of his own religion, try to rise above mere forms and empty professions of faith to acts. And we must be more willing to regard antiquity as a possible helper.