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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

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THEOSOPHY, THE MOTHER OF RELIGIONS, PHILOSOPHIES, AND SCIENCES

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LIVING MEN AND DEAD MEN

FRRIENDS near and far: The subject of our study this afternoon may seem at first sight a little startling to you: 'Living Men and Dead Men'; but I am going to try to show you some very interesting aspects of human thought, and illustrations of how the human mind has discovered truth in past times and also today is in process of discovering a still larger range of truth, so far as the physical world goes, than had previously been known.

Now, as was announced, Theosophy is in truth the Mother of the Great Religions and Philosophies of the world. We mean by this that there is existent in the world, and has been existent from

[Stenographic report of the twentieth 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 1, 1928, and broadcast, by remote control, over Station KFSB San Diego — 680-440.9]

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immemorial time, a system of teaching which is consistent, coherent, and which embodies in its principles the elemental facts of Nature; and this body of teaching, this system of thought, is in the guardianship of great men, perfected men if you like, whom we Theosophists call the Fine Flowers of the Human Race: highly evolved human beings. We call them by other names also: Masters, Teachers, Mahâtman, and what not else. Elder Brothers is a favorite term which we give to them. They are not gods; they are not angels; they are men.

This body of teaching, as I have just said, is now in the guardianship and care of these wonderful men, and has been in that guardianship for times running backwards into the past so long gone by that history preserves only certain records of these distant days. Note this carefully: At certain critical times in human history, one of these men comes forth into the outside world and founds a new world-religion, or inaugurates a new system of world-philosophy, in each of which, as its fundamentals, is some, and perhaps all, of this body of teaching of which I have spoken. This body of teaching we call in our modern times, Theosophy; and on account of the facts that I have just set before you, we call it the Mother of Religions, Philosophies, and Sciences.

Now, under this general head on different Sundays recently, I have talked on various sub-themes illustrating different aspects of certain more general and broader principles. I have spoken on the subject, for instance, 'How Man is Born and Reborn.' After that, I spoke on the subject, 'Young Gods at School and at Play,' each of the sub-themes illustrating a number of essential religious and philosophical thoughts or certain fundamental principles pertaining to this Universal Religion which is today called Theosophy; and this afternoon I am going to talk to you on another sub-theme of the same general subject, having the title: 'Living Men and Dead Men.'

Those of you who were here on preceding Sundays, or who 'listened in,' will understand better what I am going to talk about this afternoon; for I laid down in those former studies certain very important fundamental ideas: indeed, very important principles; but it would be tedious to go over them again even in brief form this afternoon. Those who are interested in hearing more about what Theosophy teaches on these subjects will be enabled to read these

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lectures as they are printed in serial form in our official monthly magazine, *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*.

Friends, you know what living men are. We all are such. But do you know what dead men are? I do not, simply because there are none such. I chose that phrase as the second member of the title of my sub-theme merely because it is a popular method of speaking of one of the two ideas which this title embraces. Men, I suppose, when they hear such an expression as 'dead men,' think of men whose life-term is ended, and who therefore have a *post-mortem* existence somewhere presumably — but as what? Souls, or 'spirits,' or something like that? But I tell you there are no dead men!

In recent lectures I went a little distance into what I mean by the adjective 'dead' and by the noun 'death,' and I showed that these things are mere words by which the human mind seeks to express thoughts which it gathers — and supposedly truthfully gathers — from a more or less consistent observation of the phenomena of the material world. Death is dissolution of a component entity or thing. The dead, therefore, are merely dissolving bodies — entities which have reached their term on this our physical plane. Dissolution is common to all things, because all physical things are composite: they are not absolute things; they are born; they grow; they reach maturity; they enjoy, as the expression runs, a certain term of life in the full bloom of their powers; then they 'die.' That is the ordinary way of expressing what men call 'death'; and the corresponding adjective is 'dead,' when we say that such things or entities are 'dead.' My point is that the mind, through inattention and faulty logic, transfers a purely material phenomenon which our senses inform us of to a supposed *post-mortem* existence in an invisible world.

A friend recently loaned me some numbers of a London paper called *The Daily News and Westminster Gazette*, which has been latterly conducting a symposium, and perhaps is still doing so, on the question, 'Where are the Dead?' In all candor, friends, I have been amazed, astonished, dumbfounded, to find that many of the writers who sent their contributions to the symposium of this great London paper wrote like children and argued like men, and yet many of them were eminent people. A mere superficial study of these letters showed clearly that their writers self-confessedly knew nothing about their subject. They had no clear ideas on the subject, and in every case that occurs to my mind they were honest

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enough and frank enough to say so. They did not know what to think about it; and yet they wrote in some cases with no small parade of argumentative knowledge. Some of the contributions were downright extravagant, for in the etymological sense of this word they wandered far from the subject into byways and sidelines of thought. Some of these contributions were intolerably feeble in ideas; and some of them, on the other hand, were pretty good.

Oddly enough, according to my judgment, the two best of them all that I have so far read came from the pen of two materialistic scientists. I say "the best" for this reason: these two men had something to say — whatever the reader may think about it — and they were honest in saying it; therefore they said what they believed and it made at least readable stuff. Doubtless the others also tried to say what they believed; but they did not seem to believe in much of anything or to possess any fundamental principles of thought about anything on earth, as far as I could see. To this a few exceptions came from men of confessedly religious affiliations, and here it was amusing to contrast their positive affirmations with the agnostic divagations of the other class. It was guess-work and unexamined faith; and pitiful indeed was the exhibition of it all. Now, friends, I am not here guilty of the same faults which I most regretfully perceived in the contributions I speak of. I simply state my mental reactions from what I read, striving with all my strength to understand the bias of each writer's mind and the bent of his thinking.

I dare say that English people are in no wise the inferiors in intelligence or in education or in deep thinking of any other people on earth. They represent, I suppose, a fairly average section cut through human society; and I am sure that if a similar symposium were conducted in any other country by one of the great dailies, we should find exactly the same feebleness of thinking and the same amazing dearth of ideas that I noticed so generally in the *Westminster Gazette* stuff.

This symposium began, I believe, in the receipt of a certain number of letters written to the newspapers quite after the English fashion, (the Englishman, you know, seems to believe that if he writes a letter to a newspaper, he is faithfully fulfilling part of his national duties; and it may all be a good thing). These letters were in the nature of criticisms or comments upon a statement by one of the most eminent of British biological anthropologists, Sir Arthur

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Keith, who had shortly before made the statement, at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, that when death overtook a man that was the end of everything for that individual. There is nothing new about Keith's idea; it is an old one; but it called forth an avalanche of letters to the newspapers — some of them, as I have said, from very eminent men.

The two articles among those that I read and most enjoyed were by Sir Arthur himself and by Julian Huxley, another eminent English scientist. I enjoyed them most on account of the frank honesty combined with obviously considered thought which these two men showed, based on their own lines of work, although I state frankly that I disagree with them entirely in the conclusions which they have drawn.

As far as I have been able to trace the origin of this symposium, the first letter received was written by a contributor who signed his communication "A. J. C."; and this communication contained the following paragraph:

Every time a human being dies he drops into that abyss of numbers — almost too deep for thought. What happens to the poor bewildered soul? Where is the place of the little child in that universe of the dead? Where and in what manner is the eternal army assembled and disposed?

What a collection of postulates are here! — every one of which doubtless the writer believed in and concerning which he evidently knows nothing, for they are all questions. How about this "abyss of numbers?" I suppose he means all the men who have died, all supposedly having 'souls,' who are living in space and time somewhere, a multitude which he calls "the abyss of numbers" — many billions of them, if we count the past millennia of the human race, perhaps countless billions! He says, "What happens to the poor bewildered soul" who joins these billions? But I ask, Why should it be a 'soul'? And why should the soul be "bewildered"? It seems to me that here this writer runs into pure assumptions; but the shock is too much for him and he begins to ask questions. Then he says: "Where is the place of the little child in that universe of the dead?"

Why should a little child differ in locality or condition when dead from the condition or locality which a grown-up supposedly finds? How about "the universe of the dead?" I never heard of such a universe! I do not believe there is one. No philosophy, no religion,

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no science tells us a word about a "universe of the dead." And he asks, "Where and in what manner is the eternal army assembled and disposed?" Why should it be an "eternal army" of the dead in "a universe of the dead?" Is it not obvious that this contributor's mind was attempting to see in what was to him Cimmerian darkness? I think that is just what we may perceive here.

Indeed, it is a pathetic picture which this symposium brings before us. Now, what brought about all this confusion of ideas regarding things which the human heart and human mind have pondered over for ages and in other times have found answers satisfactory to the most brilliant and most spiritual intellects the world has ever known? I say that it is false and distorted teachings, teachings without any basis in Nature, without any basis in fact, teachings derived from the past which have been utterly misunderstood — false scientific teachings, and false philosophical teachings, and false religious teachings. Remember, please, that this is a universe concerning which we do know certain things, and our knowledge of it is growing greater daily — a universe which is, to use the popular expression, under the guidance and control of universal law and is therefore consistent, coherent, every part answering to every other part, every part relative to every other part — one vast organism. And man, the last word of evolutionary development on our earth, although an inseparable part of that Universe, knows nothing about it, in spite of his more or less highly developed consciousness and penetrating mind!

Do you find death anywhere? No. You find nothing but action; you find nothing but movement; you find nothing but change. Nothing stands still or is annihilated. What is called 'death' itself shouts forth to us the fact of movement and change. Absolute inertia is unknown in Nature or in the human mind; it does not exist so far as we know and is but a fantasy which the mind constructs, much as we may speak of a 'square triangle' or a 'flat sphere,' using phrases which are meaningless. Wherever we look, we see movement; we see change; we see growth; we see decay — in other words, LIFE! Our own interior apparatus — which is we, the essential self — is likewise a sheaf or bundle of forces always in movement, never resting, therefore never 'dead,' which is equivalent to saying that if it be a sheaf or bundle and therefore a composite entity its term of life is as prolonged as is the union of these factors.

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What is Science — the supposed hope of modern humanity? It is the result of four things combined: human experience, human experiment or research, human reflexion or thinking, and correlation of the knowledge thus gained into systematic form. That is precisely what the system which we call Theosophy is, and as it is presented to the world today: It is the result of ages upon ages of human experience, of human research and experiment by the Great Sages, the Masters of Life and of Wisdom, of whom I have spoken before, of their deep thinking and reflexion. It is also the result of their correlation of the knowledge that they have wrested from the womb of Nature and have formulated into systematic exposition. I could say more about this and strengthen the argument, but that would lead me into fields far from my present subject. I have on other occasions pointed out to you where you may find the proofs of the statements that I have made on each Sunday to you regarding ancient religions and philosophies. You will find them in the old literatures; and our Theosophical literature of today gives you the key whereby you may open the doors of those literatures and relics of ancient thoughts, such as they are, which today so puzzle the befuddled and bewildered minds of our modern scholars.

Men turned to Modern Science as a reaction from the dogmatism of an outworn religious creed. In the name of the immortal gods! What else could they do? They were hungry for truth and hunted for it: and the reaction is now again setting in from that first reaction, action and reaction being a natural pendulum as it were of the human mind, which is in movement constantly. We are living, and there are no dead. Now, I am going a little further into this thought, but withal I am not going to talk to you about death *per se*: that possibly may be the subject of some future study, but this afternoon I am going to hold strictly to my subject.

Let me add the following by way of explanation: When Katherine Tingley asked me to undertake this series of lectures, she said to me: "Please, in your addresses, try to give something in each lecture that will help your audiences. Leave the merely doctrinal formulation or exposition of our philosophy, to the books for the present. Give out *ideas* — the essential things. Give people something to think about, if it be only a thread of thought, a spark, as it were, which may set fire to their own minds. They may read the books, if they will." Therefore have I been trying to give you the essential ideas

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of our teachings, leaving aside doctrinal intricacies and long Sanskrit or Hebrew or Greek or Latin words, or words from any other language than English, and in continuation of this I have some ideas to give to you this afternoon. Please listen carefully to what I have to say, in view of the fact that I cannot recapitulate on each Sunday all that has preceded, as this is a series of lectures or studies.

I shall now turn to Modern Science, which looms so large in importance in human consciousness today. You know that on other occasions I have spoken to you about the ultra-modern scientific teachings of the nature of matter and the nature of force, and how they are fundamentally One — one thing in various gradations of ethereality or materiality. This is an old, old teaching of Theosophy, found in all the ancient philosophies and religions and today a fundamental of ultra-modern science from which very few indeed of the greater men of science depart. There is no difference, fundamentally and essentially, between these two. Remember this. The postulate is highly important for understanding this question of the dead, and of death, and of all those other things which so plague and vex the human spirit today and which arise from ignorance.

I have pointed out to you on several occasions that man's constitution is a sheaf, a bundle, of forces or energies — a bundle therefore of substances and of matters. The words 'energy' or 'force' and 'substance' or 'matter' are practically equivalent; but they do not mean the same thing, any more than physical ether means lead or gold or some other kind of gross matter — such physical matter as we know, such physical matter as is tangible to us; yet both are matter and both are aggregates of energies. I have also spoken to you of the modern relativistic doctrines originating with Einstein, and of the Quantum-Theory of Planck. It was in 1901 that Planck, a famous Berlin scientist, got the intuition that energy, more or less precisely like matter, was composed of what he called *quanta* or minute quantities or units of energy: particles or bundles, as it were. And this *Quantum-Theory* is also an accepted fundamental of modern scientific teaching today. It seems to me that this is all a matter of course and must be so. If energy and matter are one; and we know matter to be *particular* (that is to say, formed of particles), or *corpuscular* (that is to say, formed of corpuscles), or *granular* (that is to say, formed of granules or atoms, if you will), therefore energy, which is the origin of matter, must be so formed; for the part is not greater

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than the whole and partakes of the nature of the whole of which it is a part.

What is man? Your first answer, I suppose, would be: "Well, he is a body of flesh. He can move and think and feel and do things." A child will answer like that; but we will let it go at that for the time being. But what actually is man's body? This physical body of ours is composed of cells; and there are some 26 thousand billion cells, as estimated, in the average human physical body — 26 trillions in American numeration. Quite a respectable number! Each one of these cells, in its turn, is composed of molecules; each one of these molecules, smaller parts of the cell, is composed of atoms; and each one of these atoms, in its turn, according to the atomic theory of the great Danish scientist, Bohr, is a composite entity and is composed of positive and negative electrons — protons or positive electrical charges at the center of the atom, which form the atomic sun, and electrons or charges of negative electricity whirling around this atomic sun precisely as the planets of our own solar system whirl around their own central luminary. We know, furthermore, that these electrons are distant from their central sun and from each other by distances relatively as great as those which separate our planets from each other and from our own sun. Therefore, in the ultimate analysis, what is the human body composed of? Mostly holes, great spaces with tiny particles of electricity whirling around certain centers; and there are billions and billions, and trillions and quadrillions and quintillions of these in the human body. Hence, if our optical power were penetrating and strong enough, we could look through the physical matter of our bodies — which would, as such, be invisible to us then — and see merely an occasional scintillating spot where some electron happens to cross our line of sight, after much the same way by which we look into the sky and see the scintillating spots representing the various nebulae, suns, and planets which ornament the violet dome of night.

Every one of these minute entities in our bodies is in the most rapid possible movement, so rapid, being of the infinitesimal world, that we can form no adequate conception of it at all. But our mathematicians, nevertheless, have calculated certain rates of speed of these electrons — whether they be moving from electronic pulls or pushes or what not; and these of course are very interesting, if you like to deal with infinitesimal numbers expressed in quasi-infinite magni-

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tudes. Here is a thought which is well worthy of pause: that in the extremely minute, in the infinitesimal, we find magnitudes as great in that sphere or world as the magnitudes which our senses cognise in our cosmic Universe.

Let me give you some idea of what the numbers are of which I have just spoken: the illustration may interest you. The number of protons, which are the positive particles, and the electrons, which are the negative particles of electricity, in a tiny bit of matter so small as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye, is so great that we must count them by octillions; that is to say, 10 raised to the 27th power, or, in other words, 1 followed by 27 zeros!

Listen again to this: Dr. Robert A. Millikan a very few years ago estimated that the number of electrons which pass every second through the filament of a common 16-candle power electric lamp is so enormous that it would take the two and a half million people living in Chicago, each person counting at the rate of two per second and working twenty-four hours a day, twenty thousand years to count them; thus, approximately 3,153,600,000,000,000,000 — 3 quintillions, 153 quadrillions, 600 trillions — of electrons and protons pass in one second through the filament of a 16-candle power electric lamp!

It baffles the imagination and surpasses the utmost reaches of it to attempt to form a mental conception of the quasi-infinite magnitudes, so far as numbers are concerned, of these countless whirling entities in a single ordinary human body. Here is literally a case where the infinitesimal merges again into the so-called 'infinite,' much as an inverted cone, after passing the point of its origin again spreads forth into a new 'infinite.' The figure is not so bad, because it is, I believe, an actual schematic or diagrammatic representation of natural facts. And now scientists tell us that these electrons are the basis of physical life; that they are the physical building-bricks of the Universe, being at once either energy or matter, according to the way by which you look at it; and as each one of these is an incarnate force-entity or, in its last analysis, an energy; and as all matter is composed of these, where then do we see anything 'dead'?

Let me turn a moment to the Far Orient. Our modern scientific doctrines as imbodyed in the Relativist Theory, as I have already pointed out, show us that the Universe which we see, the phenomenal Universe, is actually an illusory thing, because we do not see it as

it is. We Theosophists have a name for this cosmic or individual illusion: we use the Sanskrit word, *mâyâ*, which means just that — ‘illusion’; not that the Universe or ourselves does not or do not exist: that is not the idea; but that our apperceptive and perceptive faculties do not transmit to us or report to our understanding, things *as they are*. We see in illusion; and forgetting this, we imagine that what we see or sense in any other manner is real. Fond delusion! This physical body of mine, or of yours, which seems so solid, I have just pointed out is mostly vacancies, spaces; in other words, a sheaf or bundle of forces, which, according to modern physical-chemical theory, in truth is nothing but hosts of tiny, tiny entities, in numbers virtually incalculable, which are in the most rapid movement of which they at any moment are capable. In the Orient, as I have just hinted, as for instance in the Vedânta philosophy of Hindûsthân, this conception of illusion is likewise called *mâyâ*, the meaning being that the Universe as we see it is an illusory presentation; or, in other words, that we do not see it as it actually is. This idea is fundamental in all archaic Oriental thinking, was equally known in the Hither East and to the philosophers of the Mediterranean nations, and is a fundamental in our Theosophical philosophy. Our modern scientists are beginning to tell us precisely the same thing — not directly, of course, but inferentially, indirectly, and by skilful hinting.

The theme of our Lecture is “Living Men and Dead Men,” and we have just said that there are no ‘dead men.’ We have just shown, also, that living men, as bodies, are but hosts of electrical corpuscles, which are held, we may add in passing, in coherent and individualized form by the overlordship of the dominating human soul. When that human soul withdraws at what people call ‘death’ there ensues to the body, not loss of life, but loss of individualized coherence; the body is as alive as ever, as is shown by its breaking up into its component elements through the inherent forces of what is popularly called disintegration; in other words, the individualized life now passes to diffuse life without a centralized government. This phenomenon has lately been discovered in the realm of mineral nature by our ultra-modern chemistry in the form of two decaying chemical elements. These two chemical elements which show what is called radio-activity form or give forth by that process a number of other derivative elements, thus proving the dream of the medieval alchemists of the transmutation of metals. In other words, and more accurately stated, it

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is the passing of one chemical element, so called, into another and others by the loss or the gain in each such of one of these minuscule or minute objects — an electron or a proton, as the case may be. These two elements are called uranium and thorium, and each one of these bodies gives birth to its own particular line of derivatives, but both eventuate in lead.

And here is an interesting thing. Lead as we find it in Nature is in all respects physically and chemically the same as the lead which is derived in either case from uranium or thorium, with one difference: that the atomic weight is different. All these three leads, therefore: natural, uranium-lead as a derivative, and thorium-lead as a derivative, react precisely the same to all physical and chemical tests known except one — that, as said, they are not exactly of the same atomic weight — which is accounted for by the fact that in one or the other of the uranium and thorium derivatives, an electronic particle has been lost or gained, as the case may be, that is affecting the atomic weight.

This general idea which I have just attempted to elucidate is precisely the case with a so-called 'dead' human body. It is decaying; it is as full of life as ever it was — in fact, more full of diffuse life, because now that the overlordship or the dominating influence has been withdrawn, every part of it is seeking its freedom as an individual, and the result is bodily anarchy or death, so called.

Some of our physical scientists say that in past times there were many more of these radio-active elements on earth than there are today. They say, or hint perhaps, that all the rest of physical matter is likewise radio-active or giving out radiations, but in far less pronounced degree. Now this last thought of the universality of radio-activity is equally the teaching of Theosophy, and we call it the working of the life-atoms or, in other words, expressions of individual lives; but as regards the statement that radio-activity was formerly more prevalent in physical nature than today, we Theosophists say exactly the contrary. Please note this: Our teachings tell us that our planet pursues a cyclic course from ethereal realms in its origin down into what is for it its own grossest matter-stage; and then, when this bottom or lowest point has been reached, that it commences the reascent of the arc of evolution — what we call the 'Luminous Arc' — finally to regain its former ethereal condition, but on a plane high-

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er than the one which it departed from in the beginning. We, which is equivalent to saying our planet, have already passed the lowest or grossest stage of physical matter; our lowest or grossest physical elements are the first to feel the results of the upward rise towards etherealization, and therefore are at present in the beginnings of the process of decay. They are breaking up, therefore, into finer elements, more ethereal ones, giving birth to elements more ethereal than they themselves are. This process of radio-activity will be far more widely prevalent in physical Nature in the future than now it is and will increase in ever-expanding ratio as time flows on into the future.

So, when we say 'dead men,' following the lines of this thinking, we are but using words that have no further meaning than what has just been outlined, and we hunt in vain for something corresponding to the popular idea of 'death.' We hunt in vain for any testimony anywhere that is positively believable that there are 'dead men.' I do not know what that phrase means. I know only of 'dead' bodies. What becomes, you may ask and rightly ask, of the thinking, feeling, conscious, self-conscious entity which informs you and me, which works through your body and my body? Well, you must know that this is a very deep question, which can hardly be answered in an afternoon devoted to another side of this subject, because at present I am only discussing the elements and cannot of course pursue our teachings as regards their statements concerning *post-mortem* conditions. That may be the subject of a future study together.

Yet there is one thing that we may be sure of, and it is this: as our body is nothing but life, movement, activity, 'death' we can find nowhere, for 'death' is not an absolute *per se*, any more than life is an absolute *per se*. Each of them is but a word representing an abstraction: as life is an abstract way of speaking of the incalculably numerous manifestations of activity, so death is but a word expressing the uncountable manifestations of the forms of diffuse life, or what is called disintegration. What we say here of the physical body applies likewise to the entire physical universe and all that composes it; and indeed our scientists know nothing different as regards physical matter generally than they know as regards our physical bodies. When these latter decay, when they reach the conclusion of their life-period, so-called, and break up into the constituent elements of which they are composed, thereby releasing these hosts of

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'life-atoms,' as we call them, what becomes of these life-atoms? They cannot stand absolutely still, frozen or crystallized, as it were, into absolute inertia; for such things are unknown except in relative degrees. Crystals, by the way, are as full of life as is electricity, because they also are but equilibrated electrical charges in the last analysis. No, these life-atoms are growing entities, as I have said before, learning entities, and therefore evolving things. Nature permits no absolute standing still for anything, anywhere. All things are full of life, full of energy, full of movement, which is another way of saying 'themselves,' because, as I have already so often said, they are both energy and matter, both spirit and substance; and these two are fundamentally One — phases of the underlying Reality, of which we see but the *mâyâ* or illusory forms; and these illusions the philosophers of the Vedânta expressed by the Sanskrit compound *nâma-rûpa* — meaning 'name-form — a technical compound signifying in plain English, *noumenon* and *phenomenon*, or *cause* and *effect*.

These life-atoms, therefore, at death — or more accurately, as the body decays and releases them — are impelled by affinity in those directions towards which we as incarnate entities have imparted to them a tendency during life by our overlordship of thought, of impulse, of feeling. More than this: they come from us, are born from our substance and our energy, are actually the offspring of our own self — our very children, therefore — destined in future to grow and to become even as we, who were in past aeons in what is their present stage or state: learning things, embryo-gods, as I have said before. But that overlordship of thought flowing from the dominating entity, which we call Man — what has become of it? In other words, what has become of *him*? He obviously is not his body, because he controls it and no dead body ever yet has been known to write or speak or think or direct things, to have noble impulses or to exercise its will in the commission of evil. He has withdrawn from it, left that body to decay, has cast it off as a garment outworn. The life-atoms follow their own paths; for they are of many and various kinds corresponding to the many and various kinds of human thoughts, impulses, and feelings, and are derivatives of the various parts of man's constitution. What then has become of them? Some enter the soil, some enter the vegetation, other with grosser animal affinities, enter the bodies of beasts, while the life-atoms derived from

man's intermediate nature or human portion form what is called his 'soul.'

Man, in his intermediate nature, is a composite entity also, and after death, which is for him the opening of a door into larger spheres of life, this intermediate nature likewise in its turn decomposes after a certain lapse of time, and it likewise again — this intermediate nature — is composed of life-atoms on this intermediate plane, as I have just said. When these in their turn are left behind, as the Monadic ray, which is the true man, is still more indrawn into the Monad — or in other words, is drawn back again into the ultimate Self of his being — these life-atoms of man's intermediate nature, in other words, of his soul, are freed from the overlordship of the Monadic ray and form a host on interior planes of which the various kinds seek refuge, as it were, in other human beings beginning and having personalized life; just as the life-atoms of our body are drawn by magnetic affinity into the respective refuges or spheres to which they magnetically belong. I may say in passing that the Monad may be considered also a life-atom of its own kind, but one belonging in its splendid development to realms of the spirit — to the spiritual world.

Thus, then, we have divided man into three general parts: a body, an intermediate nature, and the inspiring Monad. Is this all that there is of him after death? No. There remains at death — and in the astral world, which is on the other side of the threshold of physical life, and which is the world just beyond the physical: the etheric world, if you like — the shadow of the man that was. The ancients called these human shadows, 'shades'; modern children and nurse-maids call them 'ghosts' and 'spooks'; and each such 'shade' is but an *eidolon*, a Greek word meaning an 'image' of the man that was. This coheres for a while in the ether, which the man comprised in himself and which is magnetically held more or less coherent as long as the physical body is not fully dissolved into its component parts; but these *eidola* in a comparatively short time fade out; for they decay likewise.

In the far-distant future, when the time for a man's rebirth into physical life comes again, he descends from the monadic seclusion in which he has had a period of ineffable rest and peace and bliss. He descends again, I say, through those same intermediate planes

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by which he had previously ascended, taking up in each one those very life-atoms which he formerly left there and which are now drawn to him again by affinity. It is this gradual condensation or materialization of interior vehicles or elements which, from the monadic or spiritual world down to the physical world, forms the seven principles of his constitution. Here, on this our physical earthly plane, man's future body will be composed of the very identic life-atoms that he had in his last incarnation. You will see the justice of this as you reflect over it. There is no chance-work about incarnation, because at every step of this wonderful procedure of Nature, man meets what he formerly made, and perforce, will he, nill he, must take them into himself again. So that in his new body, in all things, he is essentially the same man physically that he was in his last life, being composed of the same life-atoms which he gathers into himself, as it were, more and more fully as he grows from infancy into youth and from youth into manhood.

Generally speaking these are not new thoughts, for they are as old as the ages. They have been taught everywhere, in every race of men. They are taught again to the modern world of the Occident by the new doctrinal presentation of Theosophy today, due to the original labors of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky; and if those unhappy human hearts now hunting for truth, such as the good people who wrote their communications to the *Daily News and Westminster Gazette*, only knew of these archaic teachings and understood them, never could such letters, speaking generally, have been written. People are suffering, as I have said before, from false religious teachings, from false scientific teachings, especially and most of all from a biologic theory which is now almost dead and which is being abandoned by increasing numbers of scientists with every year. I mean, of course, the Darwinian Theory of Evolution.

We Theosophists are evolutionists through and through; but most emphatically we are not Darwinians. That teaching, while it prevailed as the last word of science, killed all inspiration of the human spirit. It taught that man was but a developed beast, that there was nothing but gross physical matter in the world, that spirit and spiritual ideals were dreams, that these did not exist in themselves, that when a man died that was the end of him, as Sir Arthur Keith — or was it perhaps Julian Huxley? — said in substance in his letter to the *Westminster Gazette*:

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The only immortality that modern biologists believe in, is the immortality of man's descendants —

which of course is no immortality at all to the individual, and is equivalent to teaching utter individual extinction or annihilation.

Do you think I am severe? Do you doubt, perhaps, that the reflexions to which I have just given utterance are the truth? I have not said one hundredth part of what the Darwinians themselves have said. I want to call your attention, in closing, to a few quotations, which I shall read to you, in regard to what has been said concerning the effects of the teachings of Darwin on the human mind, and what that teaching gives birth to in the loss of ideals; that is to say, in the loss of spirituality. Its baneful influence has extended over the entire educated world and it is only within comparatively recent times that biologists, through honest study and much deeper investigation of Nature than ever before was made, have rescued some truth from the ashes of human hope. If we turn to Darwin's principle of 'Natural Selection,' I want to read a paragraph written by Prof. George McCready Price in his book, *The Phantom of Organic Evolution*, page 180. Professor Price is very evidently a Christian, but I believe him to be an honest scientific thinker. I do not quote him for his religion, but because what he says in this paragraph is unquestionably true:

The merest tyro in the study of organic evolution can see that the doctrine of survival of the fittest, or natural selection, makes some of the most morally objectionable characteristics manifested by animals and men the ladder by which all true progress has been attained. In other words, those qualities among the lower races of men, or among the animals, which we rightly regard as objectionable and blameworthy, such as selfishness, vindictiveness, and a heartless disregard of the feelings and desires of others, have been made by Darwin and his followers the chief factor in their scheme of organic evolution.

I now turn to John Fiske, a great American Darwinian Evolutionist, who says:

Those most successful primitive men from whom civilized peoples are descended must have excelled in treachery and cruelty, as in quickness of wit and strength of will.

Professor J. Arthur Thomson in his book on *Heredity*, says the following:

Tone it down as you will, the fact remains that Darwinism regards animals as going upstairs, in a struggle for individual ends, often on the corpses of their

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fellows, often by a blood-and-iron competition, often by a strange mixture of blood and cunning, in which each looks out for himself and extinction besets the hindmost.

Huxley joins the chorus in the following words:

For his successful progress as far as the savage state man has been largely indebted to those qualities which he shares with the ape and the tiger.

Immortal gods! Giving teachings like the above to the tender minds of little children as the truths of Nature! And now we know that they are lies — not intentional lies, however; call them misinterpretations, if you like, of Nature's processes.

Friends, I want to add here in passing that no Theosophist would deny that ape and tiger and shark and fox and wolf and ox and parrot and all the rest of the animate hosts of life have qualities which man possesses also; but they have them because ultimately, as I have shown in former lectures on Evolution, they are derived in their primordial origin from man himself. The Darwinian scheme is in many respects an actual inversion of what took place in the past. So it is small wonder that man should have characteristics of the beast in him, such as those of the ape and the tiger. But his moral sense, his dominating intellect, his aspirations soaring on the wings of the spirit, show qualities which no beast ever yet has shown.

Furthermore, listen to the following extracts from one who is considered by many to be a great philosopher. I look upon him as a madman, in common with hosts of others. I refer to Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, the German philosopher who died in 1900 in an insane asylum. He was an evolutionist according to the teachings of his time, and his brilliant mind was distorted and warped by the Darwinian and Haeckelian teaching of humanity as arising out of beasthood. Listen to this unhappy man and, for the moment, forget the beautiful things he has said. He said them, no doubt, and therein lies the danger, because all beauty is magnetic. But we must remember also, that all lunatics have lucid intervals, and the genial thoughts of many madmen are as attractive as their inverted views, when insane, are repulsive. Note in this first quotation how Nietzsche talks in the words of a prophet — and here also we may discern what I fear to be the prevailing or dominant characteristic of his mind: egoism reaching mania:

Here is the new law, ● my brethren, which I promulgate unto you. Become

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hard; for creative spirits are hard. You must find a supreme blessedness in imposing the mark of your hand, in inscribing your will, upon thousands and thousands, as on soft wax.

This teaching is monstrous, in flagrant violation of all the instincts of the human heart, which raises men. But listen to this second quotation, in which Nietzsche attains the ultimate reach of his egoistic mania:

Such ideas as *mercy, and pity, and charity* are pernicious, for they mean a transference of power from the strong to the weak, whose proper business it is to serve the strong. Remember that self-sacrifice and brotherliness and love are not real moral instincts at all, but merely manufactured compunctions to keep you from being your true self. Remember that man is essentially selfish.

I beg your pardon, friends, for reading such thoughts as these in this, our Temple of Peace; but I wanted to prove to you that my own remarks upon the effects of Darwinian teaching are not extreme and are based upon fact. I conclude with this thought: that the great men of all times, the greatest thinkers, the most spiritually-minded, they who have led vast multitudes of their fellows to inef-fable happiness and peace, have taught that human brotherhood is a law of being, fundamental, essential, coherent with the very construction of the Cosmos itself; and that the way to peace and happiness, and what the Christian calls 'eternal life,' is by allying yourself with those spiritual powers which hold the Universe in one coherent whole unity, which in human hearts we call Brotherhood.

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H. A. FUSSELL, D. LITT.

THE Mysteries of ancient Greece and of the Near East have always attracted scholars who, desirous of penetrating into their secrets, have industriously collated all extant references to them. No one who studies the origins of Christianity can ignore them, not even the orthodox theologian for whom Christianity is a divinely revealed religion.

Generally speaking, the statements of early Christian writers concerning the Mystery-Schools of antiquity — including those of

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the Gnostics — are so evidently designed to discredit them and their founders, that it is impossible to take these statements at their face value. They are the work of men for the most part hostile to all teaching not their own and, if not misrepresentations and falsifications, are prejudiced, or based upon insufficient information. For example, Tertullian (A. D. 160-240) denounced the Mithraic eucharistic rites, which were practically identical with the Christian, as the work of the devil who wished to perplex and lead astray the true believers.

Pagan writers, on the contrary, as a rule speak very highly of the Mysteries, though some admitted that they had degenerated in their time. According to Plato, initiation into them implied “an assimilation to divinity as far as possible to human beings”; and that “the design of the mysteries is to lead us back to the perfection from which, as a Principle, we first made our descent.” Pindar, a hundred years earlier, exclaims: “Happy are those who have been initiated into the mysteries; they know the origin and the end of life.” Sophocles voices the same idea. Pausanias (second century A. D.), who had visited and described all the sanctuaries, wished to include the Eleusinia, but was prevented by a dream and contented himself with saying: “As much as the gods are above men, so the mysteries of Eleusis are above all others.” Nor can we pass over the testimony of Proclus, the last of the great Neo-Platonic philosophers. He writes:

For who would not agree that the mysteries and the initiations lead the souls upward and away from this life of matter and mortality and bring them into contact with the gods, that they cause to disappear the disturbance which has crept in from unreason, by means of intellectual illumination.

And he utters a severe warning against those who distort and misuse them, “and are borne again into the life of sensation and unreason.”

This idea of the Ascent of the Soul (*ἀνοδος ψυχῆς*), or the Soul Drama, was a tenet held in common, with variations, by the Stoics, Platonists, Pythagoreans, the Hermeticists, Gnostics, and the adherents of the Mystery-Religions, particularly by the Mithraists.—S. ANGUS, PH. D., D. LITT., D. D., *The Religious Quests of the Graeco-Roman World*

Some of the Church Fathers, notably Clement of Alexandria and Origen were themselves initiates, at least to a certain degree, in the Ancient Mysteries. Even Paul (*1 Corinthians*, ii, 6) says: “We

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speak among the perfect," *τέλειοι*, the technical term in the Greek Mysteries for initiates. That is one explanation of the fact that certain of their teachings prevailed for a long time among the early Christians. For example, Karman and Reincarnation, the belief in other World-Saviors besides Jesus, and that when this world came to an end another would appear, not identically the same, as some of the Stoics taught, but like it, "its product," to quote Origen's own words.

Unfortunately, the Church finally repudiated these teachings, so that when, eighteen hundred years later, H. P. Blavatsky taught them again, they seemed new and strange, and not consonant with Christianity as it was presented at that time. According to the tenets of the Mystery-Schools, Teachers appear at times of crisis in the world's history, and as H. P. Blavatsky confirms, the real mission of Jesus, that which he came expressly into the world to do, was to restore the ancient teachings which, in the course of ages, had been distorted or forgotten. And this view, which is supported by the fact that Jesus taught nothing new, that he simply and eloquently presented old truths in a new light, is rapidly gaining ground today.

Many modern scholars regard the Mystery-Religions as inferior to Christianity, because they were (it is alleged) "emotional cults deficient in moral teaching." This view is not borne out by the citations made above from some of the most profoundly ethical thinkers of antiquity. I ought to add, however, that there are a few scholars — very unorthodox of course — who consider the 'speculations' of these Schools concerning the nature of the universe and of man as more profound and reasonable than the doctrines of Christianity, as they are received today. The *real* teachings, we must remember, were *esoteric*, known only to initiates, and no genuine initiate ever divulged them. The 'profane' were acquainted only with the general aim of the Mysteries, with the myths in which some of the teachings were enshrined, and with certain ceremonies and dramatizations performed in public, the real significance of which was felt rather than understood by the spectators.

What is certain, however, and open to all, is that the truths taught *esoterically* were of a very high order and intimately concerned life and conduct; that absolute purity not only of body, but of heart and mind as well, was required of all aspirants to a knowledge of the Mysteries. "Men are not merely members of one another, but

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of the whole cosmic order.” And for the ancients this cosmic unity implied “an ensouled universe.” “Wise is he,” says Synesius, the friend of Hypatia, “who knows the kinship of the universe.” Orphism taught that purification was the purpose of “the cycle of births,” and that after a sojourn in Hades, which was merely an intermediate region, the soul entered upon another and larger incarnation, and such reincarnation was “only possible in a human body.” It was only after the severest discipline, continued through a series of lives on earth, that the soul could find acceptance with the gods and hear the welcoming words: “Blessed and wise one, thou shalt be god instead of mortal”; only then could it stand unashamed before these divine ones, its own kin.

No higher ideals than those inculcated in the Mystery-Schools — for ‘schools’ they were, in which the training was commensurate with the task set — were ever conceived by the heart of man. Why these Schools degenerated in the course of time, and why they were supplanted by Christianity, may be known from a study of Theosophy, but known fully only by the esoteric student after initiation. A hint, however, of the reason, may be found in the fact that Jesus the Avatâra came at the end of a great cycle and at the beginning of another, when the key-note of truth had to be given anew.

Being of various capacities and qualities, and moreover in closest spiritual communion with one another, the members of these Schools increased each other’s capacities and powers. And the harmonious development of mind and heart which resulted, especially the feeling of brotherhood and devotion to the Teacher — or Hierophant, as he was called in the Greek Mystery-Schools — though accomplished in secret, exerted a powerful influence for good on the progress of mankind, an influence which showed itself openly in the discharge of the duties and offices the members assumed in public life. The periods in which the Esoteric Schools were held in honor, have been the happiest for mankind, and in these the arts and sciences flourished. Conversely, in downward-trending cycles, the members of these Schools, fewer in number and compelled to the greatest secrecy, kept alive the true knowledge and tended the small undying spark of spirituality that remained, and thus proved to be the seeds of the future general awakening in the next ascending cycle.

From these few facts we may learn something of the work and functions of Esoteric Schools past and present, and the important

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part they play in human evolution. They were designed for no selfish end. All who entered them were pledged to forget self, to work unceasingly for others, and so to live as finally to become "impersonal beneficent forces for good." "Not for himself, but for the world he lives," is the best and only general characterization we can give of all Initiates, and the higher the Initiate the truer it is. Moreover, the grades of initiation are not *outwardly* conferred. The aspirant can only enter the grade *which he becomes*. It is he alone, and no one else, who determines his rank in the Hierarchy to which he belongs and, generally speaking, his rank in the scale of being. And the same is true of the knowledge and wisdom he acquires. As an early Arabian alchemical writer says: "If that thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee."

The question may be asked: Why should there have been so many different Mystery-Schools, if they all taught essentially the same doctrines? The answer would surely be: Truth is one, that is, it admits of no contradictions. Yet its contents are so vast and so varied — as the Universe known to man proves — that it was impossible for any one of the Mystery-Schools, known to history, to set it forth in its entirety. As H. P. Blavatsky very shrewdly observes: "Beings from other and higher worlds may have it entire, *we* can only have it approximately." All that each School could do was to teach some special aspect of it. For example, the Mysteries of Samothrace differed from the Eleusinian in that they treated mainly of the origin and evolution of worlds and of the early races of mankind — they were what we moderns would call *scientific* — whereas the latter had to do with the development of the human soul, and more specifically, with the after-death states. Nevertheless, all were, so to say, *sub-schools*, or departments, of a great harmonious body of teaching; all derived from *one source*, as will be proved later, and all taught how man from human might become divine. It was their moral and spiritual teaching, illustrated in divers ways, peculiar to each School, which made them one in aim and in purpose.

Where and when did the Esoteric Schools originate? Our main source of information is *The Secret Doctrine*. There is much less need than formerly was the case — some forty or fifty years ago — to bring forward reasons for citing H. P. Blavatsky as an authority. She never claimed any other authority for her statements than that they were strictly in accordance with fact. She invariably appealed

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to the reason and intuition of her readers. The wider historical knowledge of today bears witness to the truth of many of her statements for which the historical critics of her time said there was no historical evidence at all; and the number is increasing of those who now concede that she must have had access to historical documents and to other sources of information unknown to the world even today, as is certainly the case concerning the subject of this short essay, 'Esoteric Schools, Ancient and Modern.' Serious students no longer 'shelve' the teachings of Theosophy as "vain imaginings, born of an unbalanced mind," for they find in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky (and of her Successors) hints and clues which, if followed up, unlock the treasures of the past.

In *Isis Unveiled* (II, 91) H. P. Blavatsky says that "the Greek Mysteries are wholly derived from the Brâhmânical Vedic rites, and the latter from the ante-Vedic religious Mysteries — primitive Buddhist philosophy." And in notes appended to an article, 'The Theosophical Society: its Mission and its Future,' by Emile Burnouf, the French Orientalist (*Lucifer*, August, 1888), she amplifies this statement saying:

There is an esoteric doctrine, a soul-ennobling philosophy, behind the outward body of ecclesiastical Buddhism. . . . This secret system was taught to the Arhats initiated into the Secret Wisdom carried away beyond the Himâlâyan range, *wherein the Secret Doctrine is taught to this day* [Italics mine. H. A. F.]. Had not the South Indian invaders of Ceylon, "heaped into piles as high as the cocoanut trees" the *ollas* of the Buddhists, and burnt them, as the Christian conquerors burnt all the sacred records of the Gnostics and Initiates, Orientalists would have the proof of it, and there would be no need for asserting now this well-known fact.

Many Orientalists contend that the Buddha never taught anything esoteric, and cite his words in the *Mahâ-Paranibbâna-Sutta*:

I have preached without putting in my teaching an outer and an inner [meaning]. When truth is concerned, the method of the Tathâgata is not that of the closed fist.

This is undoubtedly true of his public teaching, for the Buddha invariably refused to answer questions concerning absolute being. The utmost that he would say on such occasions was that all things both *are* and *are not*, that is, they have merely relative existence and, being composite, necessarily have a beginning and an end (*Samyut-*

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ta-Nikâya). He concentrated his teaching on what was within the grasp of all men.

The Buddha teaches his disciples the truth about suffering and deliverance from suffering.—*Śâla-Mâlankyarâda*

The religious life does not depend on the eternity or on the non-eternity of the world. Whether the world be eternal or not, there will be none the less birth, old age and death, grief, lamentation, misery and despair. What I teach is how a man can cause these evils to cease in his present life.—*Mujjhina-Nikâya*

What I know and have not taught you is much more considerable than what I have taught you. And why have I not taught it you? Because this knowledge would be of no advantage to you; because it would not lead you to a holy life, to disgust with what is perishable, to peace, to transcendent knowledge, to illumination, to Nirvâna.—*Samyutta-Nikâya*

The Buddha knows all things, but “knowledge is difficult to understand. Were fools to be given it suddenly they would become confused, and in their greater folly would rave and go mad. I speak according to the capacity of each person” (*Saddharma-Pundarîka*). And he hints that there are truths “which I preach only to the higher men” (*Mahâyâna-Abhidharma*). These truths, says H. P. Blavatsky, were

taught to the Arhats alone, generally in the Saptaparna cave, near Mount Baihbâr (in Pali, *Webhâra*) in Râjagriha, by the Lord Buddha himself.

—*Lucifer*, II, 427

But we must go further back still for the origin of the Esoteric Schools, to the Third and Fourth Races of mankind, whose very existence anthropology and archaeology are only beginning dimly to surmise, but which still live in myth and tradition.

No sooner had the mental eye of man been opened to understanding, than the Third Race felt itself one with the ever present yet the ever to be unknown and invisible ALL, the One Universal Deity. Endowed with divine powers, and feeling in himself his *inner* God, each felt he was a Man-God in his nature, though an animal in his physical Self. The struggle between the two began from the very first day they tasted of the fruit of the Tree of Wisdom, a struggle for life between the spiritual and the psychic, the psychic and the physical. Those who conquered the lower principles by obtaining mastery over the body, joined the ‘Sons of Light.’ Those who fell victims to their lower natures became the slaves of Matter. From ‘Sons of Light and Wisdom,’ they ended by becoming the ‘Sons of Darkness.’—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 272

The mysteries of Heaven and Earth, revealed to the Third Race by their celestial teachers in the days of their purity, became a great focus of light, the

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rays from which became necessarily weakened as they were diffused and shed upon an uncongenial, because too material soil. With the masses they degenerated into Sorcery. . . . Alone a handful of primitive men — in whom the spark of divine Wisdom burnt bright, and only strengthened in its intensity as it got dimmer and dimmer with every age in those who turned it to bad purposes — remained the elect custodians of the Mysteries revealed to mankind by their divine Teachers.— *Ibid.*, II, 281

We have here clearly set forth the origin of the Mystery-teachings of antiquity, the causes of their degeneration and of their periodic renewal. Civilization, as we know it, develops the material and the intellectual at the expense of the psychical and the spiritual, and today the majority of men and women in the Occident believe that psychic powers border on the supernatural. In our present stage of evolution the efforts of those who strive to develop them — mostly for selfish purposes — lead to evil. Hence the warning of all our Leaders against ‘psychism’ as it is usually understood, and the exhortation first to conquer the lower nature and let the psychic faculties, which all possess in germ, develop naturally, as they will in proportion to progress in self-mastery.

H. P. Blavatsky tells us further that the “Root-Base,” as she calls it, of all true esoteric teaching is

“the ever-living-human-Banyan.” . . . This “Wondrous Being” descended from a “high region,” they say, in the early part of the Third Age, before the separation of the sexes of the Third Race . . . after him a group of semi-divine and semi-human beings. . . . “Set apart” in Archaic *genesis* for certain purposes, they are those in whom are said to have incarnated the highest Dhyânis, “Munis and Rishis from previous Manvantaras” — *to form the nursery for future human adepts*, on this earth and during the present cycle. . . . [This Wondrous Being] is the “Initiator,” . . . called the “GREAT SACRIFICE. . . . It is under the direct, silent guidance of this MAHĀ — (great) — GURU, that all the other less divine Teachers and instructors of mankind became, from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity.— *Ibid.*, I, 207-8

Elsewhere H. P. Blavatsky says that “the Lemurians, as also the early Atlanteans, were divided into two distinct classes — the ‘Sons of Night’ or Darkness, and the ‘Sons of the Sun’ or Light.” In regard to this period she quotes an ancient Commentary: “Many acquired DIVINE, more — UNLAWFUL knowledge, and followed willingly the LEFT PATH.”

It was then that the divine Instructors of early mankind definitely formed Esoteric Schools to keep alive the knowledge they had

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brought to men, schools for the development and training of adepts of the Right Hand Path, so that in future ages — still far distant — “the world will have a race of Buddhas and Christs.”

“Whatever is on earth is the resemblance and the SHADOW of something that is in the sphere . . . and yet that very light is the shadow of something more resplendent than itself.”— *The Desatir*

In the Gnostic *Pistis Sophia* the soul, self-redeemed, ascends from Aeon to Aeon, each of infinitely greater splendor than the last, until it reaches the Aeon to which it belongs. Looking back upon the splendors it has traversed, dazzling bright as they seemed when attained, they are but darkness compared with the splendor next above. And H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Key to Theosophy*, p. 83:

From strength to strength, from the beauty and perfection of one plane to the greater beauty and perfection of another, with accessions of new glory, of fresh knowledge and power, in each cycle — such is the destiny of every Ego, which thus becomes its own savior in each world and incarnation.

“The upward progress of the soul is a series of progressive awakenings,” the attainment of ever higher and more all-embracing levels of consciousness; and the key to each higher grade of being is *initiation*. It is the sign that “the Eternal Pilgrim,” the spirit-soul, is ready for the next step on the unending pathway which leads to perfection.

And now a few words on the relation between Teacher and pupil. Speaking of the ancient Temple-Schools, Katherine Tingley says:

There was no domination of mind by mind; the teacher never sought that, was careful that it should not occur. It would not be thus that the pupil could ripen his possibilities. . . . The pupil remained himself, wove his own pattern for himself, achieved an ever completer freedom. . . . The teacher's credentials were only the intuition of the pupil, he offered no other. If the pupil once recognised in the teacher a soul far in advance of his own, the relation became established and sacred.

Like his predecessors, Dr. G. de Purucker follows the ancient rule, namely, that the Teacher is bound to give knowledge in exactly the same way in which he himself has received it. In *Questions We All Ask* (Series I, p. 421) he says:

All the Mystery-Schools of the past, all the methods of initiation . . . were founded with one object in view, to bring forth from within the spiritual powers of those who were prepared, the faculties divine of the god within. But let me

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add a word here: these initiations are not alone of the past. I tell you in all solemnity of holy truth that they continue today, for those who are found worthy and ready and prepared. Knock and it will be opened unto you.

In the same Series (pp. 218-9), Dr. G. de Purucker, answering the question, "Is the E. S. Society the same as The Theosophical Society?" says:

It is not. It has no official connexion. . . . The E. S. is a voluntary association of Theosophists who have united to study the deeper mysteries of the Theosophical philosophy, which is the same as saying the Mysteries of Nature, and who have undertaken to try to live a life sincerely in accordance with the high ethics taught in the E. S. The inner head of the E. S. is a Teacher, one of the Masters of Wisdom whom I have spoken about; and the present outer head or representative of this Teacher is the present Leader of The Theosophical Society.

And further on he says:

His leadership and standing in the Society are based upon love, confidence, truth, and all the other high and noble qualities which attach men to other men and bind them firmly together in the bonds of everlasting friendship.

LIFE AND DEATH

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A GREAT EASTERN TEACHER,
H. P. B., COLONEL OLCOTT, AND AN INDIAN

Reported by H. P. Blavatsky

(Reprinted from *Lucifer*, XI. p. 97, September, 1892)

"**M**ASTER," said Narayan to Thakur, in the midst of a very hot dispute with the poor Babu, "what is it he is saying, and can one listen to him without being disgusted? He says that nothing remains of the man after he is dead, but that the body of the man simply resolves itself into its component elements, and that what we call the soul, and he calls the temporary consciousness, separates itself, disappearing like the steam of hot water as it cools."

"Do you find this so very astonishing?" said the Master. "The Babu is a Chârvâka and he tells you only that which every other Chârvâka would have told you."

"But the Chârvâkas* are mistaken. There are many people who

*A sect of Bengali Materialists.

believe that the real man is not his physical covering, but dwells in the mind, in the seat of consciousness. Do you mean to say that in any case the consciousness may leave the soul after death?"

"In *his* case it may," answered Thakur quietly; "because he firmly believes in what he says."

Narayan cast an astonished and even frightened look at Thakur, and the Babu — who always felt some restraint in the presence of the latter — looked at us with a victorious smile.

"But how is this?" went on Narayan. "The Vedânta teaches us that the spirit of the spirit is immortal, and that the human soul does not die in Parabrahman. Are there any exceptions?"

"In the fundamental laws of the spiritual world there can be no exceptions; but there are laws for the blind and laws for those who see."

"I understand this, but in this case, as I have told him already, his full and final disappearance of consciousness is nothing but the aberration of a blind man, who, not seeing the sun, denies its existence, but all the same he will see the sun with his spiritual sight after he is dead."

"He will not see anything," said the Master. "Denying the existence of the sun now, he could not see it on the other side of the grave."

Seeing that Narayan looked rather upset, and that even we, the Colonel and myself, stared at him in the expectation of a more definite answer, Thakur went on reluctantly:

"You speak about the spirit of the spirit, that is to say about the *Âtmâ*, confusing this spirit with the soul of the mortal, with *Manas*. No doubt the spirit is immortal, because being without beginning it is without end; but it is not the spirit that is concerned in the present conversation. It is the human, self-conscious soul. You confuse it with the former, and the Babu denies the one and the other, soul and spirit, and so you do not understand each other."

"I understand him," said Narayan.

"But you do not understand me," interrupted the Master. "I will try to speak more clearly. What you want to know is this. Whether the full loss of consciousness and self-feeling is possible after death, even in the case of a confirmed Materialist. Is that it?"

Narayan answered: "Yes, because he fully denies everything that is an undoubted truth for us, that in which we firmly believe."

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“All right,” said the Master. “To this I will answer positively as follows, which, mind you, does not prevent me from believing as firmly as you do in our teaching, which designates the period between two lives as only temporary. Whether it is one year or a million this *entr’acte* lasts between the two acts of the illusion of life, the posthumous state may be perfectly similar to the state of a man in a very deep fainting-fit, without any breaking of the fundamental rules. Therefore the Babu in his personal case is perfectly right.”

“But how is this?” said Colonel Olcott; “since the rule of immortality does not admit of any exceptions, as you said.”

“Of course it does not admit of any exceptions, but only in the case of things that really exist. One who like yourself has studied *Mândukya Upanishad* and *Vedânta-Sâra* ought not to ask such questions,” said the Master with a reproachful smile.

“But it is precisely *Mândukya Upanishad*,” timidly observed Narayan, “which teaches us that between the Buddhi and the Manas, as between the *Īsvara* and *Prajñâ*, there is no more difference in reality than between a forest and its trees, between a lake and its waters.”

“Perfectly right,” said the Master, “because one or even a hundred trees which have lost their vital sap, or are even uprooted, cannot prevent the forest from remaining a forest.”

“Yes,” said Narayan, “but in this comparison, Buddhi is the forest, and Manas Taijasi the trees, and if the former be immortal, then how is it possible for the Manas Taijasi, which is the same as Buddhi, to lose its consciousness before a new incarnation? That is where my difficulty lies.”

“You have no business to have any difficulties,” said the Master, “if you take the trouble not to confuse the abstract idea of the whole with its casual change of form. Remember that if in talking about Buddhi we may say that it is unconditionally immortal, we cannot say the same either about Manas or about Taijasi. Neither the former nor the latter have any existence separated from the Divine Soul, because the one is an attribute of the terrestrial personality, and the second is identically the same as the first, only with the additional reflection in it of the Buddhi. In its turn, Buddhi would be an impersonal spirit without this element, which it borrows from the human soul, and which conditions it and makes out of it something which has the appearance of being separate from the Universal Soul, during all

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the cycle of the man's incarnations. If you say therefore that Buddhi-Manas cannot die, and cannot lose consciousness either in eternity or during the temporary periods of suspension, you would be perfectly right; but to apply this axiom to the qualities of Buddhi-Manas is the same as if you were arguing that as the soul of Colonel Olcott is immortal the red on his cheeks is also immortal. And so it is evident you have mixed up the reality, Sat, with its manifestation. You have forgotten that united to the Manas only, the luminosity of Taijasi becomes a question of time, as the immortality and the posthumous consciousness of the terrestrial personality of the man become conditional qualities, depending on the conditions and beliefs created by itself during its lifetime. Karma acts unceasingly, and we reap in the next world the fruit of that which we ourselves have sown in this life."

"But if my Ego may find itself after the destruction of my body in a state of complete unconsciousness, then where is the punishment for the sins committed by me in my lifetime?" asked the Colonel, pensively stroking his beard.

"Our Philosophy teaches us," answered Thakur, "that the punishment reaches the Ego only in its next incarnation, and that immediately after our death we meet only the rewards for the sufferings of the terrestrial life, sufferings that were not deserved by us. So, as you may see, the whole of the punishment *consists in the absence of reward, in the complete loss of the consciousness of happiness and rest*. Karma is the child of the terrestrial Ego, the fruit of the acts of his visible personality, even of the thoughts and intentions of the spiritual I. But at the same time it is a tender mother, who heals the wounds given in the preceding life before striking this Ego and giving him new ones. In the life of a mortal there is no mishap or sorrow which is not a fruit and direct consequence of a sin committed in his preceding incarnation; but not having preserved the slightest recollection of it in his present life, and not feeling himself guilty, and therefore suffering unjustly, the man deserves consolation and full rest on the other side of the grave. For our spiritual Ego, Death is always a redeemer and a friend. It is either the peaceful sleep of a baby, or a sleep full of blissful dreams and reveries."

"As far as I remember, the periodical incarnations of Sûtrâtma*

*In the Vedânta, Buddhi, in its combinations with the moral qualities, con-

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are compared in the Upanishads to the terrestrial life which is spent, term by term, in sleeping and waking. Is that so?" I asked, wishing to renew the first question of Narayan.

"Yes, it is so; that is a very good comparison."

"I do not doubt it is good," I said, "but I hardly understand it. After the awakening, the man merely begins a new day, but his soul, as well as his body, are the same as they were yesterday; whereas in every new incarnation not only his exterior, sex, and even personality, but, as it seems to me, all his moral qualities, are changed completely. And then, again, how can this comparison be called true when people, after their waking, remember very well not only what they were doing yesterday, but many days, months, and even years ago, whereas, in their present incarnations, they do not preserve the slightest recollection about any past life, whatever it was? Of course a man, after he is awakened, may forget what he has seen in his dreams, but still he knows that he was sleeping and that during his sleep he lived. But about our previous life we cannot say even that we lived. What do you say to this?"

"There are some people who do remember some things," enigmatically answered Thakur, without giving a straight answer to my question.

"I have some suspicions on this point," I answered, laughingly, "but it cannot be said about ordinary mortals. Then how are we, who have not reached as yet the Samma Sambuddha,* to understand this comparison?"

"You can understand it when you better understand the characteristics of the three kinds of what we call sleep."

"This is not an easy task you propose to us," said the Colonel, laughingly. "The greatest of our physiologists got so entangled in this question that it became only more confused."

"It is because they have undertaken what they had no business

sciousness, and the notions of the personalities in which it was incarnated, is called Sûtrâtmâ, which literally means the 'thread soul,' because a whole long row of human lives is strung on this thread like the pearls of a necklace. The Manas must become Taijasi in order to reach and to see itself in eternity, when united to Sûtrâtmâ. But often, owing to sin and associations with the purely terrestrial reason, this very luminosity disappears completely.

*The knowledge of one's past incarnations. Only Yogîs and Adepts of the Occult Sciences possess this knowledge, by the aid of the most ascetic life.

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to undertake, the answering of this question being the duty of the psychologist, of whom there are hardly any among your European scientists. A Western psychologist is only another name for a physiologist, with the difference that they work on principles still more material. I have recently read a book by Maudsley which showed me clearly that they try to cure mental diseases without believing in the existence of the soul."

"All this is very interesting," I said, "but it leads us away from the original object of our question, which you seem reluctant to clear for us, Thakur Sahib. It looks as if you were confirming and even encouraging the theories of the Babu. Remember that he says he disbelieves the posthumous life, the life after death, and denies the possibility of any kind of consciousness exactly on the grounds of our not remembering anything of our past terrestrial life."

"I repeat again that the Babu is a Chârvâka, who only repeats what he was taught. It is not the system of the Materialists that I confirm and encourage, but the truth of the Babu's opinions in what concerns his personal state after death."

"Then do you mean to say that such people as the Babu are to be excepted from the general rule?"

"Not at all. Sleep is a general and unchangeable law for man as well as for every other terrestrial creature, but there are various sleeps and still more various dreams."

"But it is not only the life after death and its dreams that he denies. He denies the immortal life altogether, as well as the immortality of his own spirit."

"In the first instance he acts according to the canons of modern European Science, founded on the experience of our five senses. In this he is guilty only in respect to those people who do not hold his opinions. In the second instance again he is perfectly right. Without the previous interior consciousness and the belief in the immortality of the soul, the soul cannot become Buddhi Taijasi. It will remain Manas.* But for the Manas alone there is no immortality. . . *In order*

*Without the full assimilation with the Divine Soul, the terrestrial soul, or Manas, cannot live in eternity a conscious life. It will become Buddhi-Taijasi. ●r Buddhi-Manas, only in case its general tendencies during its lifetime lead it towards the spiritual world. Then, full of the essence and penetrated by the light ●f its Divine Soul, the Manas will disappear in Buddhi, will assimilate itself with Buddhi, still preserving a spiritual consciousness of its terrestrial per-

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to live a conscious life in the world on the other side of the grave, the man must have acquired belief in that world, in this terrestrial life. These are the two aphorisms of the Occult Science, on which is constructed all our Philosophy in respect to the posthumous consciousness and immortality of the Soul. Sûtrâtmâ gets only what it deserves. After the destruction of the body there begins for the Sûtrâtmâ either a period of full awakening, or a chaotic sleep, or a sleep without reveries or dreams. Following your physiologists who found the causality of dreams in the unconscious preparation for them in the waking state, why should not we acknowledge the same with respect to the posthumous dreams? I repeat what *Vedânta-Sâra* teaches us: *Death is sleep.* After death, there begins before our spiritual eyes a representation of a program that was learned by heart by us in our lifetime, and was sometimes invented by us, the practical realization of our true beliefs, or of illusions created by ourselves. These are the posthumous fruit of the tree of life. Of course the belief or disbelief in the fact of conscious immortality cannot influence the unconditioned actuality of the fact itself once it exists. But the belief or disbelief of separate personalities cannot but condition the influence of this fact in its effect on such personalities. Now I hope you understand."

"I begin to understand. The Materialists, disbelieving everything that cannot be controlled by their five senses and their so-called scientific reason, and denying every spiritual phenomenon, point to the terrestrial as the only conscious existence. Accordingly they will get only what they have deserved. They will lose their personal I; they will sleep the unconscious sleep until a new awakening. Have I understood rightly?"

"Nearly. You may add to that that the Vedântins, acknowledging two kinds of conscious existence, the terrestrial and the spiritual, point only to the latter as an undoubted actuality. As to the terrestrial life, owing to its changeability and shortness, it is nothing but an illusion of our senses. Our life in the spiritual spheres must

sonality; otherwise Manas, that is to say, the human mind, founded on the five physical senses, our terrestrial or our personal soul, will be plunged into a deep sleep without awakening, without dreams, without consciousness, till a new reincarnation. [In this article Sûtrâtmâ is used for the principle later called the Higher Manas, and Manas for that later called the Lower Manas, or Kâma-Manas.—SUB-EDITORS]

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be thought an actuality because it is there that lives our endless, never-changing immortal I, the Sûtrâtmâ. Whereas in every new incarnation it clothes itself in a perfectly different personality, a temporary and short-lived one, in which everything except its spiritual prototype is doomed to traceless destruction."

"But excuse me, Thakur. Is it possible that my personality, my terrestrial conscious I, is to perish tracelessly?"

"According to our teachings, not only is it to perish, but it must perish in all its fulness, except this principle in it which, united to Buddhi, has become purely spiritual and now forms an inseparable whole. But in the case of a hardened Materialist it may happen that neither consciously nor unconsciously has anything of its personal I ever penetrated into Buddhi. The latter will not take away into eternity any atom of such a terrestrial personality. Your spiritual I is immortal, but from your personality it will carry away only that which has deserved immortality, that is to say, only the aroma of the flowers mowed down by death."

"But the flower itself, the terrestrial I?"

"The flower itself, as all the past and future flowers which have blossomed and will blossom after them on the same material branch — Sûtrâtmâ, children of the same root, Buddhi — will become dust. Your real I is not, as you ought to know yourself, your body that now sits before me, nor your Manas-Sûtrâtmâ, but your Sûtrâtmâ-Buddhi."

"But this does not explain to me why you call our posthumous life, immortal, endless, and real, and the terrestrial one a mere shadow. As far as I understand, according to your teaching, even our posthumous life has its limits, and being longer than the terrestrial life, still has its end."

"Most decidedly. The spiritual Ego of the man moves in eternity like a pendulum between the hours of life and death, but if these hours, the periods of life terrestrial and life posthumous, are limited in their continuation, and even the very number of such breaks in eternity between sleep and waking, between illusion and reality, have their beginning as well as their end, the spiritual Pilgrim himself is eternal. Therefore the hours of his posthumous life, when unveiled he stands face to face with truth, and the short-lived mirages of his terrestrial existences are far from him, compose or make up, in our ideas, the only reality. Such breaks, in spite of the fact that they

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are finite, do double service to the Sûtrâtmâ, which, perfecting itself constantly, follows without vacillation, though very slowly, the road leading to its last transformation, when, reaching its aim at last, it becomes a Divine Being. They not only contribute to the reaching of this goal, but without these finite breaks Sûtrâtmâ-Buddhi could never reach it. Sûtrâtmâ is the actor, and its numerous and different incarnations are the actor's parts. I suppose you would not apply to these parts, and so much the less to their costumes, the term of personality. Like an actor the soul is bound to play, during the cycle of births up to the very threshold of Paranirvâna, many such parts, which often are disagreeable to it; but like a bee, collecting its honey from every flower, and leaving the rest to feed the worms of the earth, our spiritual individuality, the Sûtrâtmâ, collecting only the nectar of moral qualities and consciousness from every terrestrial personality in which it has to clothe itself, forced by Karma, unites at last all these qualities in one, having then become a perfect being, a Dhyân-Chohan. So much the worse for such terrestrial personalities, from whom it could not gather anything. Of course such personalities cannot outlive consciously their terrestrial existence."

"Then the immortality of the terrestrial personality still remains an open question, and even the very immortality is not unconditioned?"

"Oh no, you misunderstand me," said the Master. "What I mean is that immortality does not cover the *non-existing*; for everything that exists in Sat, or has its origin in Sat, immortality as well as infinity, is unconditioned. Mûlaprakriti is the reverse of Parabrahman, but they are both one and the same. The very essence of all this, that is to say, spirit, force, and matter, have neither end nor beginning, but the shape acquired by this triple unity during its incarnations; their exterior, so to speak, is nothing but a mere illusion of personal conceptions. This is why we call the posthumous life the only reality, and the terrestrial one, including the personality itself, only imaginary."

"Why in this case should we call the reality sleep, and the phantasm waking?"

"This comparison was made by me to facilitate your comprehension. From the standpoint of your terrestrial notions it is perfectly accurate."

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“You say that the posthumous life is founded on a basis of perfect justice, on the merited recompense for all the terrestrial sorrows. You say that Sûtrâtmâ is sure to seize the smallest opportunity of using the spiritual qualities in each of its incarnations. Then how can you admit that the spiritual personality of our Babu, the personality of this boy, who is so ideally honest and noble, so perfectly kind, in spite of all his disbeliefs, will not reach immortality, and will perish like the dust of a dried flower?”

“Who, except yourself,” answered the Master, “ever doomed him to such a fate? I have known the Babu from the time he was a small boy, and I am perfectly sure that the harvest of the Sûtrâtmâ in his case will be very abundant. Though his Atheism and Materialism are far from being feigned, still he *cannot* die for ever in the whole fulness of his individuality.”

“But, Thakur Sahib, did not you yourself confirm the rectitude of his notions as to his personal state on the other side of the grave, and do not these notions consist in his firm belief that after his death every trace of consciousness will disappear?”

“I confirmed them, and I confirm them again. When traveling in a railway train you may fall asleep and sleep all the time, while the train stops at many stations; but surely there will be a station where you will awake, and the aim of your journey will be reached in full consciousness. You say you are dissatisfied with my comparison of death to sleep, but remember, the most ordinary of mortals knows three different kinds of sleep — dreamless sleep, a sleep with vague chaotic dreams, and at last a sleep with dreams so very vivid and clear that for the time being they have become a perfect reality for the sleeper. Why should not you admit that exactly the analogous case happens to the soul freed from its body? After their parting there begins for the soul, according to its deserts, and chiefly to its faith, either a perfectly conscious life, a life of semi-consciousness, or a dreamless sleep which is equal to the state of non-being. This is the realization of the program of which I spoke, a program previously invented and prepared by the Materialist. But there are Materialists and Materialists. A bad man, or simply a great egotist, who adds to his full disbelief a perfect indifference to his fellow beings, must unquestionably leave his personality for ever at the threshold of death. He has no means of linking himself to the Sûtrâtmâ, and the connection between them is broken for ever with his last sigh;

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but such materialists as our Babu will sleep only one station. There will be a time when he will recognise himself in eternity, and will be sorry he has lost a single day of the life eternal. I see your objections — I see you are going to say that hundreds and thousands of human lives, lived through by the Sûtrâtmâ, correspond in our Vedântin notions to a perfect disappearance of every personality. This is my answer. Take a comparison of eternity with a single life of a man, which is composed of so many days, weeks, months, and years. If a man has preserved a good memory in his old age he may easily recall every important day or year of his past life, but even in case he has forgotten some of them, is not his personality one and the same through all his life? For the Ego every separate life is what every separate day is in the life of a man.”

“Then, would it not be better to say that death is nothing but a birth for a new life, or, still better, a going back to eternity?”

“This is how it really is, and I have nothing to say against such a way of putting it. Only with our accepted views of material life the words ‘live’ and ‘exist’ are not applicable to the purely subjective condition after death; and were they employed in our Philosophy without a rigid definition of their meanings, the Vedântins would soon arrive at the ideas which are common in our times among the American Spiritualists, who preach about spirits marrying among themselves and with mortals. As amongst the true, not nominal Christians, so amongst the Vedântins — the life on the other side of the grave is the land where there are no tears, no sighs, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and where the just realize their full perfection.”

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

THIS is a question which none can escape; it must often suggest itself even to the most thoughtless. It cannot be indefinitely evaded; for man cannot indefinitely remain in an irresponsible state, refusing to face facts, or trying to live superficially and in the moment. Yet why should it be evaded? Man has the power to answer any question which he has the power to propound. Those who reject religion and authority, from a motive of self-reliance, should

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surely have self-reliance enough to tackle this question. We cannot consistently stand on a pinnacle of pride and self-sufficiency in order to proclaim therefrom our own incompetency and inability to know.

It is within our own intelligence, therefore, that an answer must be sought; man's own judgment is always the final court of appeal. Yet that man would be foolish who should attempt to start on the career of knowledge all by himself, without availing himself of the help which may be afforded him by the efforts of predecessors.

It is not dogmas or the say-so of anybody that we here offer, but suggestions for due consideration. It was from the teachings of others, tested by our own judgment, that we received the hints which we now try to pass on.

You are a conscious intelligent being. Here is a fact to start with. Or, if you do not regard this as a fact, if you doubt or deny your own existence, then turn the leaf, for we can have no more to tell you. The next fact is that you are not the only intelligent being in the Universe. Or, if this is not a fact, then the Universe is a product of your imagination, and I do not exist outside of your imagination; a point on which we should at once take issue. The world then contains a multitude of intelligent beings like yourself. Next, it contains beings also regarded as alive and conscious, possessed of a different kind and degree of intelligence, not showing signs of being *self*-conscious (or not as we are). These are the animals. Then we come to the plants. They are alive; they know enough to select their food and build their tissues and care for their welfare. Are the plants conscious? If not, how are we to explain their behavior? We must invent some other theory. When we get down to what has been called the mineral or inorganic kingdom, the same question arises in even greater degree. The so-called inorganic kingdom exhibits organization, system, adaptation, growth, change, and other phenomena of conscious mind. But for some reason we have chosen to regard this kingdom as being dead and inert. Therefore we have been driven to try to explain its behavior in some other way; and science has invented a whole pantheon of mysterious gods, such as force, affinity, attraction, chance, etc., to explain the properties of the 'inorganic' world. In short, a dualistic system has been imagined, in which there is a vast universe of dead inert matter, acted on (a) by mysterious forces, (b) by a lonely isolated deity. The lonely

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deity, who has existed from eternity, built a universe, either out of nothing or out of an equally eternal matter. The physics of last century gave us a universe of two eternal things, matter and energy, both eternal, indestructible, uncreate.

In place of all this metaphysics, religious or scientific, consider the idea that there is nothing dead in the whole universe: that the universe is composed exclusively of living conscious intelligent beings. Get this into your mind, and difficulties begin thenceforth to drop off.

The consciousness of these many beings is not all of the same kind or degree. As man differs from the animals, and the animals from the plants, so there are other orders of life, other kinds of mind. What we call 'character' in man, and 'instinct' in animals, we have chosen to call 'properties' in the mineral kingdom. But the distinction is artificial. All such qualities are manifestations of intelligence. When the intelligence is small, it may suffice for little more than a continued repetition of the same acts. This we see in men, where we call it habit; still more in the animals, and there we call it instinct. When we come to the 'inorganic' world, we see so much invariability that we speak of the properties of matter as 'laws of nature.' But in truth they are merely habits. Science itself now begins to doubt whether these habits are invariable. Science has traced the chain of cause and effect down to a point where it finds particles moving without any detectible cause, in obedience to no known law; and is in doubt whether to attribute to these particles purpose or to fall back on the lame explanation that they are actuated by Mr. Chance.

The answer to the question, Who am I? begins to shape itself: you are one conscious being in a vast society of conscious beings, of which the greatest and most inclusive is the universe itself. Further, you are a *self*-conscious being, endowed with the power of introspection and of *being aware of your own mental activities*. You have the power to consider a course of action and to act upon it or refuse to do so. You stand on a higher level than do those orders of life which have not these powers. Around you are many other beings of the same rank as yourself. You are endowed with a mysterious sense of separate personality; you must infer that other men have also this sense. But your reason abhors the idea of this separateness. Often, even in childhood, has your brain reeled and your

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heart sickened over this problem of the difference between You and Me. You may since have learned to crowd it out of your mind, but the specter is still there. This means that the present state of existence, wherein this sense of separateness and isolation from others exists, is not the real and final state for you. You have roots in some higher stratum, and of those roots you are even now dimly conscious. You have an intellect, but you cannot seem to stretch it to fit your intuitions. This brings us to another valuable hint.

Whenever you find yourself brought to the point where most people give up in despair and say that this is beyond the limits of possible knowledge — then you stand at the very place where, if you have the courage, knowledge begins. Yet this is the very point where so many people stop. They either take the agnostic position and regard knowledge as unattainable, or leave everything to Providence; in either case denying their own power. But, though you may live through incarnation after incarnation in such a state of mind, you will at last be driven back upon your own resources and compelled by necessity to face the problem by the strength of your own resources.

When you die, you will shed your body and also some other belongings; but will continue to exist — not as your present personality, for the conditions of its existence are now broken up — but as a comparatively disencumbered spiritual entity. But you also existed before you were born into this present life. There is no sense in the theory that your existence is limited, at either end, by the confines of this earth-life of seventy years. Such a theory mocks the reason and is not to be reconciled with the facts of life. You enter this life endowed with the seeds of character and destiny, which you yourself have generated by your past exercise of will and imagination. You spend your present life in creating new seeds for a future harvest. Sometimes you are able to trace the cause of your present experiences, and then you blame yourself or take credit, as the case may be. But oftener you are unable to trace the causes of your present experiences, and then you say it is chance or fate or Providence. So you have divided experience into two classes, distinguished from each other merely by the limits of your present knowledge. This distinction is absurd; all experiences follow the same law; they are due to the causes which you yourself have set up.

But — to keep to the point — who is this *you* or *I* of which we

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speak? He is the master of your destiny, your real Self, the real liver of the lives.

You do not realize this yet, for you are in a kind of dream; you are not fully awake. But there is one point in which you are better than some — you have at least a suspicion that you *are* dreaming. What you have to do, then, is to wake up; not all at once, perhaps, but at any rate bit by bit. And does it not seem certain that, in this awakening, the mystery of separate personalities will be solved, or at least greatly elucidated? For in this higher, more awake, state of consciousness, we cannot be as we are now; we must stand at a higher level. If the delusion of separate personality still persisted, wherein would that state be an improvement on this?

The Universe is at the same time One and Many: innumerable distinct beings, yet with one life running through all. This grand truth of the oneness of all that lives — it is your destiny to realize it. One day you will wake up to the fact; and then it will no longer be a beautiful saying but an obvious thing. Here then is the foundation-stone of all ethics; ethics is not an enforced code to live by reluctantly; it is a statement of the scientific truth about life. If you make your personal interest (or what you may foolishly think to be your personal interest) paramount over your social obligations, you are acting contrary to the real law of your nature and will run into trouble. Herein too lies much of the mystery of pain. Why does the Supreme Power permit us to suffer? Well, if the Supreme Power were to shield us from suffering, he would be coddling us; instead of which he may have endowed us with free will and left us to exercise it. And so we experiment and burn our fingers. But how much better this, than to be the mere marionettes of some all-powerful deity or the sport of ruthless laws of Nature!

No: we must solve the riddle of life for ourselves — find out Who am I? This means polishing up the mirror of the mind and cleaning up a good many other matters as well. Science and ethics are one and the same — different aspects of the same path of knowledge. Conduct is all-important; conduct means knowledge, and knowledge means conduct. But, when it is said that we must solve the riddle for ourselves, this does not mean that we are to tear up our books, listen to no one, and sit in solitary meditation. It means that we must seek knowledge wherever we can find it, relying on our own judgment as to whether it is what we need or not. And let me

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express for you this devout good wish: that you may be fortunate enough to find a Teacher. For this will save you a deal of trouble and futile wandering. What has just been said about the Universe implies that there must be men who have preceded you and me on the path of knowledge, and must therefore be in a position to perform the usual functions of a teacher to a pupil. If you are afraid of being imposed upon, take my advice and do not risk anything until you have gained more confidence in your own power of discrimination.

We are actors, playing a part, playing many parts, as the mystic bard has said. But there must be an actor, an actor who is none of the parts, and yet is (in one sense) each and all of them. You have become so used to the part you are enacting now that you have lost your real identity, yet are dimly conscious of it. The path of human evolution leads straight on to the place where you will wake up and become aware of your identity. It is the voice of the true Self, the impersonal Self, that speaks in such words as these: "I am the Self, seated in the hearts of men"; "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

You cannot even read these words, if they are new to you, without taking a step in your evolution. For they will put into your mind ideas that were not there before; or, rather, revive in your consciousness ideas that were latent. And thereby your outlook cannot fail to be changed, your conduct colored, in however slight a degree. These old truths which Theosophy revives are a leaven working in the mind.

One token of the truth is *unity* — a thing we cannot help longing for and striving after. Conflict is our bane, as we pitifully realize the two natures, the many natures, that struggle within us. We continually thwart ourselves. If only we could find which of all these selves is the real I! This conflict vanishes in the light of self-realization; our several desires unite to a single end. No more contrast between the desire for knowledge and the sense of duty; or between selfish lust and impersonal love. Knowledge and duty are found to be one; lust fades like a rushlight in the glow of love. The answer to our question, Who am I? is to be given by our own experience; let us not seek to express the ineffable, to measure the immeasurable.

AT CAMBERLY, ENGLAND

KENNETH MORRIS, D. LITT.

WHEN I saw the pine-boughs through the window,
And above, the windy English sky,
Need my heart with such a pang go leaping
Whither certain lovely waters lie,
And the Lady of the Mountain's sleeping
Just beyond the blueness of the bay?
Need my soul grow fierce for San Diego
That's so far away?

Is the purple glow on Cuyamaca?
Are the windows flashing when the West
Glow hierarchic over Coronado
And the grape-dark Islands of the Blest?
Here amid the Springtime light and shadow
And the green of English lawns and trees
Need my heart be weeping for Point Loma
By the Rainbow Seas?

June, 1930.

NEW THEORIES, DISCOVERIES, AND SUG- GESTIONS IN SCIENCE

Presented at Pasadena, California, by the American
Association for the Advancement of Science
in June, 1931

C. J. RYAN, M. A.

WE are glad to draw the attention of those of our readers who are interested in the approach of the scientific mind toward the principles of Theosophy to several remarkable announcements lately presented by the leaders of American scientific research. Every month something new appears which renders it more possible for our students to demonstrate the fact, indicated by H. P. Bla-

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vatsky long ago, that the twentieth century would see an enormous development of advanced thought toward Theosophy, and that some of the most unlikely claims — as they appeared in her day — would be fully justified, while others would be found to be exceedingly probable.

One of the most curious teachings in *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett* (pages 161-2) is that there is a region high above the surface of the earth filled with what is more or less vaguely called 'magnetic dust,' which has come from without the solar system in some way; and that the heat received by the earth comes in far larger measure — twice as much, in fact — from this mysterious shell of 'magnetic' substance than from the Sun. When this was written (1882) nothing of the kind had dawned upon meteorological science. Yet radio studies have now proved the existence of the mysterious 'Heaviside Layer,' which reflects the radio waves from varying heights from 50 to 100 or more miles, according to conditions. What is this layer? We are told that it is probably composed of 'ions,' *i. e.*, broken-up particles of atoms, and these may well be the 'magnetic dust,' or some of it, referred to by the Adept who wrote long before the modern discoveries of atomic disintegration were thought of, and who therefore had to use untechnical terms. The fact that the writer of the *Letters* mentioned above anticipated the most recent speculations of scientists is indicated by statements made at Pasadena and elsewhere concerning the temperature of the upper air. Quoting from a report of the Pasadena Meeting:

Dr. Gutenberg, California Institute geophysicist, in advancing a revolutionary theory on the structure of the stratosphere voiced the belief that while Prof. Piccard reported extremely cold temperatures at the ten-mile level, at higher levels the temperature rises steadily, reaching 2000 degrees Fahrenheit above an altitude of fifty miles.

Before Prof. Piccard made his remarkable balloon ascent it was well known by measurements taken with small sounding balloons that intense cold prevails at high altitudes, but at still greater heights than he reached the balloons recorded an *increase in warmth* of about eight degrees at the highest point to which they could rise. No balloon, however, has approached the great heights where science now strongly suspects a tremendous rise in temperature. The newest suggestion for such exploration — the rocket and parachute — is said to be perfectly feasible, and active work is being done to pro-

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duce a rocket to carry recording instruments to fifty or more miles above the earth. We shall look with profound interest for the results of the experiment, as everything points to a complete corroboration of the remarkable statement made by Mr. Sinnett's Adept Teacher in the *Letter* above mentioned.

While Dr. Gutenberg in his report to the Pasadena meeting does not claim that he has proved his case, but only throws out his theory for consideration, another scientist produced definite evidence to similar effect three years ago. We refer to Professor Vassily G. Fessenkoff, chief of the Russian Institute of Astro-physics, who reported that spectroscopic observations of the atmosphere at sunset (when successively higher and higher layers can be studied as the illumination changes) had convinced him that a warm belt at about 85 degrees Fahr. envelops the globe 34 miles above the surface. He claims that the temperature falls to about 110 degrees below zero Fahr. at a height of seven miles or so. and then very slowly rises to the hot belt mentioned. This in general agrees with the balloon observations.

In *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett* mentioned above, the Adept Teacher also discusses the influence of Magnetism on the weather and gives much interesting and important information on the subject. At that time science ignored or denied such a thing, just as it ridiculed any sunspot influences on terrestrial conditions. Today we learn from Dr. A. E. Kennelly, of Harvard, discoverer of the Heaviside radio-reflecting ionized layer, that "cosmic radio disturbances" between us and the sun are associated with effects in the free electric currents in the crust of the earth and with the earth's magnetism, and that the *atmospheric magnetism* "probably affects meteorological phenomena or the weather."

From the study of the weather and radio in relation to solar activities, and from other researches in physics, science is at last beginning to learn the importance of periodic or cyclic law. This has always been put as a fundamental in Theosophy, although until lately it was looked upon askance by scientists, excepting only a very few. Yet periodicity or cyclic law runs through every department of Nature, from the highest spiritual conditions to the lowliest manifestations of animate and so-called inanimate existences. When a man has learned something of his own mental rhythms he has gained a valuable insight into his personality, and can proceed to control them with some promise of success.

NEW THEORIES AND DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE

At the Pasadena meeting of scientists much attention was given to weather-cycles and, according to the report in the *Los Angeles Times*:

Another outcome of this meeting was the getting together of meteorologists on the subject of sunspots and cycles in weather. Heretofore, weather experts seemed to be afraid of cycles, as if they were non-existent and unscientific. In their hearts, however, they recognised the actuality and effect of cycles — short and long. Due largely to the leadership of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, cycles are now part of the meteorological canon, and the chances are that predictions of wet and dry years will soon be known decades in advance.

Till lately, the weather authorities have scouted the notion that weather can be predicted for more than a day or so, but now, under the pressure of newly-discovered facts about cycles, they are changing their views.

Dr. Gorton, of the Scripps Institution, Southern California, told the Pasadena scientists that the favorable disposition of sunspots would probably produce plentiful rainfall in Southern California during the next seven years, for, as he said, maximum sunspot periods are 'dry' while minimum periods bring heavier precipitation.

Dr. H. T. Stetson, director of the Perkins Observatory, claims, with strong supporting evidence, that a comparison of the records of sunspot activity with those of financial and commercial fluctuations shows a close connexion. The average interval between the sunspot maximum to the lowest point of the succeeding financial depression is two-and-a-half years. The last maximum (mean maximum) of the sunspots fell about July 1, 1928; this would make the next greatest depression of commercial activity about January 1, 1931.

We are told that there is no lack of the necessities of life in this country and that we actually have more of everything than we can use, yet the mysterious depression is here! Perhaps the ancients were not so foolish in connecting the aspects of the stars with the psychology of man!

Professor H. P. Gillette of California, formerly of Columbia University, told his colleagues that the *planets* and not the sunspots were ultimately responsible for the rainfall cycles! He claimed that both the disposition of the rainfall and that of the sunspots are closely associated with the positions of the planets. These produce certain magnetic effects according to the placing of the axes of planetary magnetic fields.

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This remarkable claim makes a near approach toward the ancient wisdom as taught by the Eastern Sages through H. P. Blavatsky, and students should realize the importance of such an advance. Of course, the discovery of cycles in physical conditions by scientists will not lead them directly to spiritual concepts of the universe, though Dr. Jeans' recent statement that 'God' seems to resemble a mathematician is promising. But as more subtil cycles are discovered in unexpected places, such really important matters as cyclic rhythms in human consciousness will be seen to be reasonable and inevitable. Admitting Reincarnation — the great rhythm of the human spirit — the cycles of Races and Rounds as taught in Theosophy, will become clear and will be seen as intrinsic parts of one harmonious whole — "as above, so below." Cyclic law is not an abstraction of merely academic importance; it is part of our being and we must learn to recognise it in ourselves. With the more general comprehension of this law, the higher teachings of Theosophy will be more readily understood and accepted, and the true Path of Initiation more easily comprehended.

Returning to Dr. Gillette's researches: he has traced the periodic cycles of rainfall for thousands of years by Nature's own weather-recording instruments. The giant sequoia trees, for instance, carry a record in their annual rings which can be seen when they are cut across; a wet season is shown by a thicker ring. Another record has been left by clay deposits in beds of ancient lakes now turned into rock. These thin sheets, called 'varves' confirm the tree-records, but reach to a far greater distance in time. In the oil shales of Colorado Dr. Gillette found varves showing, by their varying thicknesses, rain-records of cycles of more than 21,000 years each. He attributes these cycles to the influence of a hitherto undiscovered planet at an immense distance from the sun.

In connexion with the rain-cycles discovered by measurement of the varves, students should look up *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. II, p. 330) where H. P. Blavatsky mentions a very important cycle of the earth's apsis in combination with the equinox, which she says has a marked influence on the contemporary human race. It is a plain hint as to the length of a Sub-Race. She quotes one authority as giving the length of 21,128 years for the cycle. Others give slightly different figures, but they are all close to the length given by Dr. Gillette, as recorded by the varves in Colorado. This is an entirely

new and unexpected confirmation of the profound knowledge of the past history of the world recorded by the Oriental Teachers, and Theosophical workers will find it useful when discussing the authority that stands behind the Theosophical Movement.

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Professor Albert Einstein's impersonal attitude toward his own achievements is a splendid example to smaller men. Quite recently, one of the supports of the Relativity Theory has been shaken, but he has taken the unexpected rebuff with the same equanimity shown by his great predecessor, Sir Isaac Newton, when his precious manuscript, the product of years of labor, was accidentally burnt.

According to Einstein, the rays of light reaching us from the distant stars would be deflected, or bent, a minute degree when they pass near an immense body like the sun. This theory can only be tested during a total eclipse of the sun when the stars can be seen in daylight. Photographs taken during several recent eclipses were found to be in accord with the theory and have been accepted as conclusive proofs of its accuracy. But now comes an announcement by Dr. Einstein himself, that the German Solar Eclipse Expedition to Sumatra in 1929 under Professor Freundlich of the Einstein Observatory at Potsdam, reports a deflection of the rays passing the sun during that eclipse that does not agree with the theory at all. Instead of being 1.73 seconds it is 2.2 seconds. To measure the stars in the great number of plates taken during the eclipse required two years' labor, but, now that it is published, Dr. Einstein philosophically says that if his theory is not in harmony with the facts of Nature it must be revised.

Of course, there may be some unknown explanation of the new facts that will allow the relativity theory to stand, but anyway the situation is very interesting, as it may be a critical point for the New Physics.

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Sir Oliver Lodge has just made the interesting prediction that science will discover 'a new world' before long — not a new planet, though that is very likely, according to Professor Pickering. Sir Oliver means a spiritual world interacting with the physical. This is quite possible, for such a one indeed exists, and has long been

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known to those 'scientists' who possess other than material instruments of research: who, in short, have developed the inner faculties latent in man through which, and only through which, spiritual worlds can be understood. No doubt ordinary scientific methods will, before long, finally prove the existence of an *astral* world, composed of more ethereal substance than this, and inhabited by its own kind of intelligences. But will that be a blessing or a curse? According to H. P. Blavatsky there is serious danger in the opening of this door unless it is associated with a great advance in spirituality in the race. The Theosophical Society was established to teach Universal Brotherhood largely for the purpose of making conditions better before the foreseen approach of the astral invasion, with its unsuspected dangers to the unprepared.

Dr. Lodge also predicts that beings far higher than ourselves will be discovered before long. Well, there are such, and Theosophy has never tired of telling of their existence and how to acquire the blessing of their help and teaching. We are not speaking of disembodied spirits in other 'worlds'— though we are not denying them — but of highly developed spiritual Men on earth, Masters of Wisdom and Compassion. Why search in the unknown depths of space when real Teachers can be found on earth?

But something more than mere intellectual curiosity, however laudable, is needed to find them. As they say themselves: Love, Impersonality, Self-forgetfulness, the pure desire to help all that lives — these are the passwords to the Inner Chamber of Nature's holy Mysteries.

THE GOLDEN STAIRS

REATA V. H. PEDERSEN

VII

A MOST important aspect of the study of the archaic Wisdom-Religion is the gathering together of the integral man into some habitual way of response to the teachings. If we do not give the attention of the complete man to the lesson it will surely go into one ear and out the other, as the familiar saying has it. It will leave an impress, to be sure, but a faint one; it will leave seeds of thought, but they will fall on barren ground.

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Response from the whole man is difficult — it means thorough preparation and that preparation itself is a part of our lesson. It is, in a way, the sowing of a covering-crop, as is done by the wise farmer, who then turns it under that the ground may be sweetened and refreshed.

If we can teach ourselves to make fair the place, prepare the ground for the bearing-crop by the turning under of the growth already sprung from the seeds of our first lessons, then we may plant the seeds brought to us by the further teachings with more than the expectation that they will grow — with the knowledge that they have grown.

When the field of the whole nature is prepared one can actually feel the seed germinate, burst its shell, take root, grow and come to maturity, instantly. This feeling that the cycle of growth is taking place within us, is realization of an instant connexion with the Inner God. It is a relating of that which we are learning to that which we know, and the finding of it the same. The reaping of this harvest of great thoughts, of spiritual lessons, manifests outwardly as fine character in a short time if we share our abundance. But if we barter it or store it selfishly for our own need we shall find the granary swept clean as if thieves had entered and taken all but the dust of the store-house floor.

What is this preparation? How can it be accomplished?

We who have garnered as little as one sheaf of the precious grain of truth know that it can be done by spiritual Will, and we have learned that, if we will, we can close all the doors of sense, imprison our minds in our hearts, and by repeating in the silence of that inner place of being the highest truth to which we have attained, become no longer separate.

True preparation is the becoming at one with the meed of truth given to us because of our having made ourselves worthy, through working without desire of reward.

This preparation can be made, we find, as we go about our daily tasks; it can be made at the end of day as we seek our rest, or in the morning before bodily action has begun. The silence of that inner place of life holds the sound of all action as it holds the sigh of complete relaxation. It is the unmanifest and exhaustless source of being and we need no attitude of body, no lip-service, no praying-

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closet, but only the impersonal aspiration to attain to the heights through the becoming at one with all life.

What have we done by our climbing of the golden stairway leading to these heights? What but prepare ourselves to enter into and be at one with the joy of our Lord of Self.

Each step of our climb has been made through spiritual will alone and that will has the strength of knowledge. We know Love, have made Sacrifice, our joy is that of Simplicity, our days are filled with honest and fruitful Work and our hearts hold Compassion. It is thus we have named the separate heights to which we have climbed, and the seeds of thought we will sow into the prepared ground are in Life's catalog named the same. We will plant and garner and share our harvest with those who stand beside us, else we shall find we have created but an illusion of height and in reality have not yet set foot upon the first of our golden stairs.

If we would be at one with all life we need not only to lose our individuality in the non-separable consciousness but we must gain a sense of the individuality of those with whom we climb — and lose it as well.

Is not the very highest realization of the oneness of all to which we can aspire, a realization that the Day of Brahmâ will find us issuing forth from the unmanifested into the manifested, and merging again into the unmanifested without consciousness of individuality, at the coming of night?

Is not all our study for the purpose of preparation for that Day of Brahmâ when we shall be the strength of the hand, and the hand; the singer of the song of life, and the song?

There are certain seed-thoughts that we may share to the benefit of ourselves and others. As students we have found them in the writings of our teachers, or have been given them from mouth to ear. They gain by repetition and are a help to preparation and realization.

“Ally yourself with the Divine Flame of the Cosmic Love which is all permeant and which nothing can resist, for in proportion as success is yours in so doing so shall you be, for good alone, irresistible.

“Know Nature as immutably just and thou wilt hold thyself accountable for all thy thoughts and acts with glad spirit.

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“This be the Sacred Fount — a pure heart — and a chaste mind in a chaste body, the Tower of Ivory.

“The Dweller in Materiality cries after that which he hath not but I bid thee to dwell within the Secret Place, saying: ‘Lo, all that I have is good in my sight and is the gift of the Lords of Spirit.’”

In the inner world, as in that of the objective, there is a requirement of form — we may call it spiritual good-breeding. An example of it is to be seen in the silence which those who are keeping faith with mankind and who come to us as guide and teacher maintain as to the obstacles they faced upon the path they point out. They would not burden the spirit of him whom they have bidden to the feast of life with an account of that feast’s preparing, nor make evident that they have partaken with the gods for long while we are but newly come to the repast.

We learn this refinement — we come soon to know that we may not impose any of the burden we carry upon another, be that burden one of sorrow or of joy. If we will pause to assimilate fully the pertinent fact that a given weight is as difficult to carry whether it be made up of sugar or of salt — of rosemary or of rue — we shall understand that it is as possible to bow the back and break the spirit of a friend with a burden of love, with fragrant flowers, as with a burden of unkindness or with noxious weeds.

With seeking, we shall find a spiritual sufficiency that allows of the storing of both joy and sorrow within our natures and forbids the overburdening of a friend with either. We learn to expect little of others but much of ourselves. And if we truly learn this it helps us through the time, so sure to come, when we find many of our acts misunderstood, our word perverted, our very devotion doubted. It is then we can take unto ourselves this lesson: had my act been without thought of self I would have made it a kinder one. Had thought controlled speech there would have been fewer words to misquote; and since my devotion can be doubted, it is not enough.

We learn, as we progress, to ask judgment of none by judging none.

We learn wisdom of speech by keeping silent and we learn true devotion by replacing each thought of ourselves with a thought of the Cause with which we have allied ourselves.

We find that each lesson, each step of our upward climb brings

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realization that Theosophy is applicable to every need of our daily life and to every association with our fellows. We find that friendship and that closer association of parent and child, of husband and wife, are but a hint of the relationship between the spiritual teacher and the aspiring disciple. And if we bring to these lesser associations the elements which we know so well belong to the greater contact, we solve many of the problems of life.

Let us make realization the golden step upward; for realization is to make real the highest ideal, to find the worth of every creature, and such realization is a gathering together of the integral man: it is the forming of the elements of spirituality into spiritual man, from whom nothing in the Universe is hid. The music of the spheres and the movements of the atoms penetrate to the consciousness of such a one. He is not a dweller in materiality, rather his is the dwelling place of the Lords of Spirit. His feet are firm upon the stairs, his eyes hold true vision, and the words of his mouth and the meditation of his heart are the same. "Lo, all that I have is good in my sight."

ARCHAEOLOGICAL RELICS AND THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST

[A Symposium given in the Lomaland Temple of Peace by members of The Theosophical Club, Women's Section. This Symposium was in the nature of a tribute to H. P. Blavatsky in grateful recognition of her brilliant services to the Science of Archaeology.]

A RCHAEOLOGICAL relics! The subject at first glance is hardly enlivening; and when we consider these relics, scattered over the world as they are, mutilated, ruined and forlorn, the picture is a desolate one.

The more reason therefore, that as students of antiquity we should reconstruct from them bright contrasting pictures of the great civilizations of ancient days, when pyramid and temple were a-building; when the painter stood before the walls of kingly tombs putting on those gorgeous colors that today, after tens of thousands of years, are still bright and unfaded; when the potter stood by his whirring wheel shaping matchless jars and vases, the mere sherds of which we treasure today. It is in these, if we look with the seeing eye, that we can find the primal glory of the Spirit of the Past. For these neglected relics, undervalued, forgotten, misunderstood, trace their lineage from afar.

What stories they might tell us of the past, if only we had ears to hear — stories of ancient wisdom and the splendor of spiritual life as lived by whole na-

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tions! Broken, eroded, the mock of war and rapine, desecrated by the ignorant, mutilated by religious fanatics in age after age — even so they are not voiceless. Verily, they speak, and their message comes to us not from a past that is mummied, dessicated, dead, but from a past that is living, beautiful, pulsating with the very Joy of Life.

Stones can speak indeed; and we have only to study the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, and those of her Interpreter and Successor, Dr. G. de Purucker, to feel the fascination of archaeology, the real 'science of ancient things.' I speak especially of *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled*, for in these masterworks H. P. Blavatsky reconstructs for us the templed and mighty past in all its pristine grandeur. Greater than all, she places in our hands the key to an understanding of it.

One cannot study archaeological relics and penetrate to their deeper meaning, if one leaves H. P. Blavatsky out. Round and round the world she traveled and almost from pole to pole, searching for them. Years before she founded The Theosophical Society or wrote her mighty books, she went from nation to nation visiting the forgotten mystic centers where once stood Schools of the Mysteries. Though she found the ancient fires quenched, and in many cases naught but heaped and broken stones, they nevertheless gave her of their message and this she gave later to the world. Her real journey was into antiquity; and we too can journey there, and sense its power and appeal, if we still our restless minds and open our hearts to truth.

It is a duty to study the past. I think, for many are questioning about antiquity today, and who can answer them? Even our children plead with us to tell them about the 'Ever-so-long-ago,' and science has no answer. In spite of all our archaeologists have done, and the constant 'finds' they are adding to their store, very little has really been learned as yet, for they know not what the relics *mean*. Archaeology needs an interpreter, and it is a spiritual duty to study these relics of the past in a new way. There are weighty reasons for this, and no one has stated them better than William Quan Judge, who said: "We must not neglect the past, for to do so is to incur a just but mysterious retribution. For the past is a part of ourselves, and is of our own doing and begetting."

You are quite right — but where shall we begin? The subject is so vast that to grasp it, even in its essentials, is the study of a lifetime. We might spend an evening upon a single relic and not exhaust the teaching it has for us.

And *how* shall we begin? With the different nations, or with the relics themselves? With India, Egypt, Greece, the ancient Americas, and so on? Or with the temples, tombs, pyramids, towers, obelisks, menhirs, dolmens, cromlechs, stone circles, mounds, and the rest; with the smaller relics such as coins, engraved gems, and seal cylinders; or with pottery through its priceless sherds?

Even to mention these things breathes into our souls the Spirit of the Past. Well has archaeology been called 'Enchantress.' We *are* enchanted, fascinated, drawn, impelled to higher levels of love and understanding, whether we look at mysterious Stonehenge or the Cyclopean walls of old Peru, at the Lion-Gate

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of Mycenae or the columns of Beni-Hasan; at sherds from the City of Ur, or the paintings of the Altamira Cave; at the Buddha-bronzes of Tokyo, Kioto and Kobe, or the sinister heads of Easter Island.

These relics have a message for the present. I think, else why their strange hold upon us? Even the archaeologists realize this, and yet, despite their digging and 'squeezing' and weighing and measuring and cataloging, they have no satisfying clue to the real, inner meaning of these finds, and many of them frankly admit it. How wisely H. P. B. spoke when she said that the crying need is not for more archaeological relics, but for a better understanding of those we have already.

How do you explain the fact that our scientists do not have this deeper understanding?

The explanation is comparatively simple, for it hinges upon the fact that the artist of ancient days worked with a different motive from that which governs the artist today. In antiquity Art and Religion were one. It would never have occurred to the cultivated antique mind to separate them. The old sculptors, the ancient builders, even the craftsmen who worked with them, had no commercial object. A spirit of religious devotion infilled them. Their great works were designed and perfected not for the market-place but for the temple. We find a remarkable instance of this in the pre-Inca peoples of Peru—a nation highly civilized, with a magnificent art and building-art, a literature, a philosophy, and a religion more spiritual than our own. Gold they had in abundance, but they could not imagine so beautiful a metal degraded to the uses of barter or exchange. They used it only in works of art.

Greek portrait-art is another little understood example of this spiritual devotion, for it is distinctive among that of all nations in the spiritualized yet truthful expression of the faces. The old Greek sculptor felt it a religious duty to keep in mind ever the ideal head, the portrait of the Divinity as he imagined it, and his portrait-art was inevitably tinctured by this devotional habit of mind.

The same mystic spirit of devotion is shown by all the cultivated nations of antiquity, even in their portrayals of animals. Take for instance that famous 'Frieze of Lions' that was found in fragments under a rubbish-heap in the ruined Palace of Darius, yet is now almost the glory of the Louvre. It fairly pulsates with spiritual life. No similar bas-relief in modern art has yet surpassed it. And the artist? No one knows who the artist may have been, and this is typical of ninety, perhaps even ninety-nine out of a hundred, of the great art-works of antiquity. The person did not matter, the work itself was all.

An even more wonderful example of this impersonal attitude is the now famous *Vache-Hathor*, or Cow of Hathor, that was found somewhere in the nineties in a little buried shrine near the temple that was built by Queen Hatshepsut at Deir-el-Bahari. It is counted one of the art-treasures of the world, and is one of the very few that are still untouched by mutilation or decay. Although the statue of only an animal, it breathes the purest spirit of religious consecration. Between the branching horns is the solar disk and on either side long

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trailing lotus-stems reach the feet, like a ceremonial vestment. All this is symbolic, of course, for the cow, throughout antiquity, was a symbol of the nourishing, fructifying, mother-aspect of Nature. Nevertheless, no sculptor without religious devotion in his very blood could have wrought that statue and made a Priest-King stand before it, in a subordinate position and of subordinate size, without sacrificing the dignity of the whole. For just in front, his head well below the cow's head, stands the Pharaoh Amenhetep II. in an attitude of devotion, holding the Tables of the Law. A modern artist would have made such a subject merely ridiculous. The ancient artist made it sublime. That was the spirit of old Egypt.

In spite of the fact that its archaeological relics are better preserved, on the whole, than those of any other country excepting India, and are probably older than any that we know, the world knows little of the real Egypt. Millions of tourists have stood before its Pyramids and its mighty Sphinx, before Abu-Simbel and its marvelous statues of Rameses, before the paintings in the Tombs of the Kings. Yet how much do they know — or we — of the *real* Egypt?

Consider the Pyramids, for instance — as yet misunderstood by archaeologists because they have not the key that Theosophy gives. Most of them still believe the Pyramids to be merely tombs, and one of the most famous among them decided that the so-called 'sarcophagus' in the Great Pyramid was a corn-bin!

A corn-bin! Let us enter that Pyramid as the ancients entered it, finger on lip. We stand presently in the initiation-chamber of a great Mystery-School, one of the greatest Earth has known. We stand beside the King-Initiant in that holy place. We see him fastened to the cruciform couch, there to lie during that three days of test and trial and ever-widening glory — the body in deathlike trance, but the winged soul passing from planet to planet and on to the portals of the Sun — yes, even *beyond* them to its heart. We sense that brave spirit returning on the morning of the third day, silently waking the body, infilling it once again — but not as before. It has brought back from the spaces of Space the glory of the Sun itself, a glory so transcendent that the very body shines in splendor. The man rises from that couch triumphant. He is more than king now; he is Initiate, a Son of the Sun.

Who can think, even for a moment, of the keys placed in our hands by Theosophy without longing to give them to others? Its teachings transform and illumine what are otherwise but riddles, sometimes even commonplace and dull. They illumine all the relics of that old land, 'the gift of the Nile,' for the Pyramids are not alone in testifying to the actual fact of Divine Dynasties. They testify, moreover, to the fact that "there were giants on the earth" in ancient days, and that the gods in more than one old land truly walked and talked with mankind. They bear living witness to the reality of those ancient Schools of the Mysteries which gave to Egypt her long line of Initiate-Kings.

The relics are so colossal in that old land! Take the great Hall of Columns in Karnak, for example, a structure so mighty and massive that war, which has been appallingly destructive of archaeological relics, has made but little impres-

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sion upon it, and even earthquakes could not throw it down. Champollion estimated that on the lotus-capital of a single column a hundred men could stand and not be crowded!

Think of those great statues of the Theban plain, vocal, mysterious; of the obelisks, of the great step-pyramid of Sakkhara, of the numberless wall-paintings, statues, and other objects in the royal tombs; of the pyramids of Dashour; of the temples of Esne, Edfou, Deir-el-Baharí, and mysterious Philae! Who taught the mighty builders of all these? The archaeologists tell us, "Nobody knows." And what was the object of these ancient architects in building as they did?

Theosophy lifts the veil of this mystery and shows us the vista of the years. We see moving among this people Divine Instructors, gods in human form, teaching government, law, philosophy, architecture, art, and the building-art — in fact, all the arts that belong to Peace. Following these Divine Instructors we see great Initiate-Kings in power, loyal to the plan of Those behind their work, and consciously following it. We see them planning and then building those mighty structures, oriented not by the fashion of the market-place but by the stations of the stars. They knew they were building for the future, to make a record for the ages to come. Many of them, at one time perhaps all, were conscious that even as they worked the gods stood beside them. And thus was built up the mighty civilization that so puzzles the archaeologist and the scholar.

There is another puzzle — and that is the fact that the farther back we go in time, the more highly cultivated do the archaeological relics show the people to have been. The finest examples of Egyptian art, for instance, date from the earliest days; and archaeologists have proven, in spite of theories, that what we call 'historic Egypt' is not the Egypt that was spiritually greatest, or greatest in philosophy and the arts, but was in fact a decadent, dimming Egypt. In short, the relics that attest the highest skill and culture are precisely those which are the oldest. That is a puzzle, is it not?

Yes, but it is solved easily by the student of Theosophy, who knows that it was "the pupils of those incarnated Rishis and Devas of the Third Root-Race, who handed their knowledge from one generation to another, to Egypt and Greece with its now lost *canon of proportion*; as it is the Disciples of the Initiates of the 4th, the Atlanteans, who handed it over to their *Cyclopes*, the 'Sons of Cycles,' of the 'Infinite,' from whom the name passed to the still later generations of Gnostic priests." We read this in *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 208, footnote), H. P. Blavatsky's masterwork.

Still earlier H. P. Blavatsky wrote, in *Isis Unveiled* (I, 573):

"Many are those who, infected by the mortal epidemic of our century — hopeless materialism — will remain in doubt and agony as to whether, when man dies, he will live again, although the question has been solved by long bygone generations of sages. The answers are there. They may be found on the time-worn granite pages of cave-temples, on sphinxes, propylons, and obelisks. They have stood there for untold ages, and neither the rude assault of time, nor the

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still ruder assault of Christian hands, has succeeded in obliterating their records. All covered with the problems which were solved — who can tell? perhaps by the archaic forefathers of the builders — the solution follows each question.”

And she further adds:

“Except the initiates, no one has understood the mystic writing. The key was in the keeping of those who knew how to commune with the invisible Presence, and who had received, from the lips of mother Nature herself, her grand truths. And so stand these monuments like mute forgotten sentinels on the threshold of that *unseen* world whose gates are thrown open to but a few elect. . . . The cold stony lips of the once vocal Memnon, and of these hardy sphinxes, keep their secrets well. Who will unseal them?” (*Ibid.*)

What a wonderful theme this is, and how it opens out! So many subjects of fascinating interest are connected with it — the ‘lost canon’ of the Greeks, for instance, the very thought of which brings up before the mind’s eye that wonderful temple named the Parthenon, and the larger and even more wonderful temple, now wholly perished, that once stood at Eleusis. And there are the old Atlantean migrations, too, which are the key to understanding the ‘rude stone monuments’ of the world. When Archaeology has the truth about these — a truth now made so clear by our Leader, the whole science of it will put on the glory of a new light.

Archaeology seems to present an array of puzzles to those who study it only by the spade-and-lantern route. The most tantalizing puzzle of all is the fact that we find the same kind of archaeological relics all over the world; in nations so widely separated that their peoples could not possibly have been in communication when their greatest works were produced.

I have often thought of that. We find pyramids, for instance, not alone in Egypt, but all over the world, from India to Yucatan, from Mexico to hidden Shensi in China. We find ‘round towers’ everywhere, from our American pueblos to Ireland and even India; we find ‘rude stone monuments’ literally all over the world; cyclopean walls equally in Greece and in Peru. But more suggestive still, we find the same symbols everywhere, both in the Old World and the New — the cross, the swastika, the serpent and seven-headed serpent, the tree, the tortoise, the turtle, the boar, the elephant, bird, and so on. We find these symbols in the carven reliefs of the Mayas as well as in those of India and the land of the Nile. Can this be explained?

The broad and spiritual teachings of Theosophy explain it very clearly, for they give us the larger view. For instance, only recently our Leader gave us a fascinating glimpse of some facts about the Atlantean migrations. He showed that certain of the more spiritual races among the Atlanteans — for there were many, many races in Atlantis of widely different kinds — foresaw the downfall of their mother-continent, and began migrating to other lands. In all directions they went: some to the new lands of what is now Europe, then just pushing their huge shoulders up above the waters; others to certain parts of Asia; still others to the Americas.

Here and there they settled, far from their mother-home, and here and there,

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helped by the Atlantean culture which they carried with them, and in some cases by the actual presence among them of Great Teachers, they built up the different civilizations. Do you not remember when Dr. de Purucker told us about this?

Perfectly; and he also told us that in the course of time they lost all recollection of their former home, and as apparently separate peoples became the various stocks from which descended the Aryan races, the Mayas, the Incas, the present European races, and many others. The Egyptians of the historic period may trace their antecedents also, to the people of these old Atlantean migrations.

Then the Egyptians are really Atlanteans?

Not wholly, if you mean the Egyptians of what we call history, for in due course an immigration-tide set in from India, and the people of both lands intermingled. It is this fact that has given rise to the common belief that India is older than Egypt, for when the Aryan races came to Egypt they did bring with them arts and industries and culture, and gave all these to the people of the Nile. But there was an older Egypt of which now even the memory is lost, and compared to which India itself is young. Thus, as Katherine Tingley stated so concisely, "Egypt is older than India, and America is older than either," and our present Leader has made clear to us the historic meaning of these words.

Why not pass on to America? Or rather to 'the Americas,' for from the northern Rockies to the long trailing foot of the Andes, and from East to West, we find archaeological relics of the most varied description and of astounding age. No one knows when the Mound-builders lived, for instance, yet mounds which prove their existence are scattered all over the Central States, the serpent-mound in Ohio being perhaps the best known. Like the Egyptian pyramids, these great structures, built of earth and stone, were set to the four cardinal points, and some are of enormous size. The great mound of Cahoki, near East St. Louis, although not as high as the Great Pyramid of Egypt, is fully as great in extent, and with the thousands of other mounds along and near our great river-courses constitutes another archaeological puzzle. Who built them, and why were they built at all?

Passing South to Mexico, we find almost numberless pyramidal structures called *teocallis*, one of which, the Pyramid of Cholula, is larger than the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The motive in building these is shown by the word which designates them: *teocalli* — from *teo*, meaning 'God' and *calli*, 'house.' 'Houses of God' they were called: places sacred to the Divinity; and like holy temples in so many lands they have outlasted the ravages both of war and time.

This is notable everywhere. It is the temples that have lasted, not the houses of the people, nor their shops. What do we know of the Greek home? Nothing at all excepting from descriptions. But Greek temples are standing yet. What do we know of the ancient Egyptian home? Nothing at first hand, while Karnak and the pyramids may outlast the Nile itself. Does not that tell the story? Personal glory and money-making were not the chief concern of these ancient builders, but Religion, the things of the Spirit. Buildings in honor

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of religion were made of lasting stone and painted in unfading colors; other buildings simply didn't matter.

I am very much interested in the Mayas of Central America. Recently several unknown Maya cities were discovered by explorers using the airplane, and it seems very strange to me that we should know so little about this people who lived among us only a few hundred years ago. They were highly civilized, with a beautiful religious life, as their wonderful temples show. Yet they were snuffed out like a candle, the people exterminated so completely that even their language is unknown to us — and until someone finds a Maya 'rosetta stone' it probably will remain so. Today, throughout Yucatan, in an area of something like 73,000 square miles, lie thousands of buried temples, statues, and walls, and literally hundreds of buried cities, even the names of which we do not know. Why were these cities so quickly covered by jungle-growth, and so soon forgotten?

Nature covered them as if in mercy with a pitying mantle of green. This is why they were so soon lost sight of, and it is the tangle of undergrowth, the net-work of jungle-vine and creeper over and through them, that makes the work of excavation so difficult. But every ruin thus far uncovered vindicates the teaching of Theosophy that there was a once universal Wisdom-Religion, and a day when mankind were all 'of one lip and speech.' The Memorial Hall at Chichen, King Can's palace at Uxmal, and the ruins of Maya temple-pyramids tell the story; while the old manuscripts recovered supplement it. We cannot read the writing, it is true, but pictures speak a common language, and in these old texts, no less than on the carved reliefs of wall and temple we find the symbols that are common everywhere. We find patterns that might have come from Beni-Hasan or the old palace of the Persian Darius, from a Greek lintel, or the walls of that strange old tumulus at New Grange. We even find elephant-heads introduced into the designs — a double puzzle this, for elephants are unknown in the New World — and we find in the Maya faces and portraits a mystifying resemblance to the portrait-statues of Rameses at Abu-Simbel, and to those poor smashed faces on the columns of the rock-cut temples of India. What but Theosophy can possibly explain all this?

But passing still farther southwards we find the most amazing relics of all — those of Inca and pre-Inca civilization in Peru. Here we find, living amid scenery of unsurpassed grandeur, a people devoted to Peace, with a highly spiritual civilization, a great art, an even greater building-art, with supreme engineering genius, a philosophy of life that is Theosophical in its every reach, and a beautiful religious life. In the art of government it could have taught the world. It was not a warlike nation, but one that held Peace to be the great ideal; and it stretched east and west to an extent as great as that between Portugal and the banks of the Volga.

Moreover, a spiritual people is always a humane people, and so we see on the altars of that old land no blood-sacrifices, but instead, fruits and flowers. They were a wealthy people, judged by our standards, for the Cordilleras were thickly veined with gold; yet they held it a desecration to use this beautiful metal in a commercial way. To them it was fit only for the service of art. Among

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their temples the great *Coricancha* at Cuzco was literally 'a mine of gold.' Says Prescott of this temple:

"Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was 'the tears wept by the sun,' and every part of the interior glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary, were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone-work, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice. . . ."

He tells us of smaller chapels beside it, dedicated to the Moon whom they held to be their mother, and to the hosts of stars. In the gardens were statues of animals made of solid gold, while in the main temple a glorious representation of the Deity was emblazoned on the wall in the form of a face surrounded by innumerable rays, all of glittering gold. We cannot wonder that these people called their temples 'Houses of the Sun.' Cuzco was 'the city beloved of the Sun,' a holy city and the Mecca of every Peruvian who aspired to more than the sordid things of life. It was the great city of the Incas.

But even more wonderful was the work of the pre-Inca builders, of whom written history tells us nothing. The Spanish conquerors might raze to earth the temples, and carry off the gold, but they were powerless to do anything to the fortress of Cuzco and the giant walls of Sacsahuaman but leave them as they were. For these were the work of giants. There can be no question of that. They may be as old as the Great Pyramid, for aught we know, and they might easily, it would seem, outlast it.

Which brings us to a consideration of the cyclopean work found in other parts of the world, of which the most familiar example is Stonehenge. The great dolmen of Salisbury Plain is known to tourists the world over — for the dolmen is all that is now left of what was once a stone-circle even more wonderful than the stone-circles of Carnac in Brittany. Few realize that not only are Europe and the British Isles dotted with these 'rude stone monuments' but other parts of the world as well. Who built them? Nobody knows. Why were they built? And when? Again, nobody knows.

It is strange that so little should be known about them, yet obscurity seems to be their lot. The obelisks of Egypt are world-famous, but who ever hears of the menhirs or the monoliths of Champ Dolent or Morbihan? — not to mention the elaborately carved monoliths of the Guatemalan forests.

Archaeology explains these huge structures — Stonehenge pre-eminently — by saying that they must have been built for tombs. But while bones have been found in them, it is true, they were bones of men no larger than ourselves — and why a giant tomb for these? In not a single one have bones of gigantic size ever been found; and with good reason, for, as H. P. Blavatsky points out, the races who built them *had another purpose in view*. If they were used as tombs here and there, it was by races who came long after. To quote H. P. B.'s own words:

"These gigantic monuments are all symbolic records of the World's history. They are *not* Druidical, but *universal*. Nor did the Druids build them, for they were only the heirs to the cyclopean lore left to them by generations of mighty

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builders and — 'magicians,' both good and bad.— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 754

She says further:

"The Druidical circles, the Dolmens, the Temples of India, Egypt, and Greece, the Towers and the 127 towns in Europe which were found 'Cyclopean in origin' by the French Institute, are all the work of initiated Priest-Architects, the descendants of those primarily taught by the 'Sons of God,' justly called the 'Builders.'"— *Op. cit.*, I, 200 (footnote)

In connexion with this, H. P. Blavatsky paints us a picture that can never leave the mind that has once grasped it — a picture of mankind struggling to meet grim and terrible conditions in what we now call Europe, and of compassionate Teachers coming from ancient Egypt to teach and help them. She refers to records showing that these Initiate-Teachers journeyed from Africa to Europe *on dry land*; then over a pass that later became the Straits of Gibraltar; then northward over a broad path to the Baltic. And she asks:

"What was the object of their long journey? And how far back must we place the date of such visits? The archaic records show the Initiates of the Second Sub-race of the Aryan family moving from one land to another for the purpose of supervising the building of *menhirs* and dolmens, of colossal Zodiacs in stone. . . ."— *Op. cit.*, II, 750

It is a wonderful picture — that of Initiates founding Mystery-Schools, doubtless, in some of these centers and gathering about them little bands of followers. We can easily believe Stonehenge to have been at one time such a center. And they took good care that their buildings should not be flimsy huts, standing today but ready to fall tomorrow. They built them of imperishable stone, and of cyclopean proportions, able to stand for hundreds of thousands of years.

Such was the motive behind colossal works like the Statues of Bamian on the other side of the world, and those of Easter Island, of a wholly opposite type. The first record, in stone of cyclopean proportions, the height of the early races of mankind, and these have the Buddha-type of head; the latter record the actual size of the Atlantean sorcerer-races, whose sinister faces look down at us again in these huge stone portraits.

Not a word has thus far been said of India, whose thousand or more rock-cut temples constitute one of the wonders of the world. These alone would be the study of a lifetime — Elephanta, Karli, Ellora, and many, many more. Cut bodily out of the solid rock, some of them with passages open to the sky yet with not a single stone superimposed upon another in the usual building-way, and with their miles of subterranean chambers, they are an eternal monument to the genius and devotion of a profoundly spiritual people. And yet how little we regard them! Elephanta is popular today as a picnic-place for tourists!

Nor has anything yet been said of a class of archaeological relics that is of unique importance — ancient manuscripts — the oldest one of which, so far as the world knows yet, is the *Rig-Veda* of India. That is a subject in itself, though some mention of them should be made, for the old texts are 'archaeological relics' of outstanding importance, and have suffered as have sculptures from the mutilating hand of fanaticism. How many priceless writings have been de-

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stroyed in cold blood! And what a story of religious bigotry do we read in this: poor, smashed faces on temple-columns in more than one land — the work here of the Mohammedan, there of the Christian fanatic. Not a single one in all India has been left un mutilated. What a story!

But war has been even more destructive in its way. Think of Greece and of the matchless Parthenon! Think of those statues of Bamian, standing as though in eternal waiting, marred and defaced by bullets which were, however, powerless to destroy. And examples might be multiplied. Think of the priceless statues of which Rome was looted when her day of reckoning came. Twenty thousand of them lined the streets of that splendid city in her day of pride and power. When the deluge of war had passed over, just two of all that galaxy were left standing. Think of the Parthenon-marbles thrown to the ground by an explosion set off in a war, then carried away by ignorant peasants to be cut up for building-stones and burned for lime! Think of the priceless bronzes, of many of the noblest of which only descriptions now remain, melted up for cannon-metal! The whole art of antiquity is a pathetic plea for Brotherhood, an impassioned plea for Peace.

We have taken but a cursory glance at some of the archaeological relics of the world, for the greater part have not been touched upon. But we have gone round the world in doing it, and the conviction forces itself upon us that Brotherhood must become the law of life if we are ever to have a world fit to live in. The picture of war and fanaticism, hand in hand and working in age after age, tearing down and destroying ruthlessly the Beauty that devoted men have given the best of themselves to create — it is a hideous picture. How can we explain it to our children in the light of the teaching that man is divine? Clearly the science of archaeology needs nothing so much today as the light of Theosophy thrown upon it.

But the past is past. The future is in our own hands to fashion. Let us make a better picture for the centuries to come — a picture of a world in which art and religion shall go hand in hand; and let us work for that future day when to destroy a work of art or of the building-art will be held to be a species of murder, a shameful something worthy only of a savage or a beast.

Let us work for that better day when the artist shall again be guided by Initiate-Teachers as was the artist of the far past; when his work shall be protected and secure through the ages by the sanctity of its utter Truth. Such was the great art of antique days, and that is why we can hear even yet, over the jangle of neglect and mutilation, a few faint notes of its song. But a symphony lies within them and beyond, its every note petitioning for Peace, its every contour pleading with us to heed the words of those Teachers of elder days whom now, after aeons of wandering, we have found and we follow again.

There can be no great art without a great religion. That is the testimony of the archaeological relics of the world; that is the Spirit of the Past. There can be no eternal building-art without an eternal Love. For as Art is the voice of the soul in man, so Love is the voice of that Spirit which stands behind the soul.

“LOVE IS THE CEMENT OF THE UNIVERSE!”

JULIAN THE APOSTLE A Fourth-Century History

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

VIII

JULIAN AUGUSTUS

JULIAN went out to meet the soldiers when they approached Paris. He made the usual complimentary and encouraging speeches.

You have shown yourselves the best-disciplined soldiers of the Empire and the Empire needs you in the East. There you will find success and wealth beyond your wildest dreams; you will come home proud of having seen the wonders of the Orient. Tonight the officers are invited to dine with me in a farewell feast, and if it is in my power to do anything for them, I hope they will make their requests then. You all know that I desire to serve you and make you happy.

The soldiers cheered and beat their shields against their knees. Julian to them was no longer the supposed fool of a student with unsoldierlike ways, but their gallant general. If he had seemed to demean himself at first by fighting with them in the front rank on foot just like one of themselves, they had long overcome the strangeness of the proceeding and realized that he was their real leader. They would have followed him into the jaws of death and seen to it that they brought him back in safety. There was also about him a strange magnetism which made them do things with him and for him that they would not have done for another.

Julian was still in residence at the 'palace' in the little Seine Island of Paris. His wife Helen, the sister of the Emperor, was with him, and all seemed peaceful and quiet. Meanwhile, in the officers' quarters and the camp, other scenes were in being. The officers had formed a decision as to the course they intended to take. Talking and discussing matters as officers do, they clearly perceived the plot of Constantius to ruin Julian.

"The Emperor only wants to take us away so as to leave Julian defenceless," they concluded. "Look at the way he has treated us. Unlike Constantius, he does everything he can to help us. When we were to have marched into the wilds of the East we were to have gone alone. But Julian took on himself to order that our wives and fami-

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lies should go with us. The only time he has ever disgraced us was when the two legions gave way against the Germans. Another would have decimated us, killing every tenth man, or would have sent us to rot in the forests of the north, or would have degraded all the officers. Julian merely made them all march through the town in women's clothes! The thing hurt worse than death at the time, but he was justified in the event. For those two legions fought like lions to wipe out the disgrace and have ever since been in the front of every battle. We should have liked to kill him for making them march like that, but we see now that he was right. Shall we then suffer such a man to be slowly destroyed by Constantius?"

And the whole mess roared out a thundering 'No!'

Certain of the tribunes called for pen and parchment and it took them no long time to write a few short notes — they would not trust the official shorthand-writers to do it — and it was a matter of minutes before the notes were sent quite anonymously to the private messes.

"We are banished, like condemned criminals, to the ends of the earth. Our homes will fall into the hands of the Germans. What are we going to do about it?"

The evening was well forward towards sunset. Julian's campaigns and transport-services had provided the means for producing plenty of wine both on the spot and from the south. The soldiers were ripe for any bold stroke. The word was passed and pandemonium broke loose. With their wine-cups still in their hands they rushed to the Palace and surrounded it.

Julian had bolted and barred the doors with their heavy beams. But that was not enough to stop the soldiers in their design. They shouted and hammered on the great oak doors and it seemed as if they would break the whole house down. It was a substantial winter-house, too, with two stories, built of strong, solid oak.

Amid the turmoil there gradually began to prevail one cry over the rest. Clearly and more clear it rose in all its ominous significance: "Julianus *Augustus!*"

It was high treason of the most patent type. *Julian the Emperor!*

Certainly there had been co-emperors before and there might be again. But Constantius had murdered wholesale the family of Julian — his cousin — and the Furies would never stop at a peaceful recognition of Julian, the rightful heir by descent, but not by fact. There

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could only be one ending to such a combination, the death of Constantius or of Julian, and there would be civil war in any case.

Julian, being an initiated philosopher, was free from personal ambition. He had loyally obeyed the Emperor in everything, even under the utmost provocation. Why, his extraordinary loyalty was in itself suspicious! And now there was this fearful new problem to face. It came as a complete surprise to him.

While one or two of his own officers tried to temporize with the soldiers and keep them in good humor, Julian went upstairs to his own room, which was next to that of his wife Helen. It was all very well for her. She was the sister of Constantius and even now possessed a little crown as a member of the royal family. But Julian needed to think for himself.

Meanwhile the shouts outside became more and more insistent as the cool night-air of late spring tempered the fumes of the wine-cups. The men were now in dead earnest. It was Julian's moment of choice.

Sometime after midnight the friend of the Gods stood in his upper room and looked out of the square window in the beams towards the starry sky, seeking a sign. "O Jupiter! direct me in the right way. Not for myself, but for the good of all!"

And as he gazed on the myriad lamps of nature in the glittering sky of night the Gods gave him a sign. He saw the Star and followed it. He was himself to be the Ruler of the World, Emperor of Rome. He must not thwart the will of the Gods nor oppose the clamors of the army. Such things are not spoken of too lightly or too exactly. But to a few friends it was given out that Julian saw a vision of a great figure representing the Roman Empire.

"If you refuse the duty laid upon you by the gods we will desert you," was the severe warning he received. The story is cautiously told. Julian dared not fail the gods. A lesser man, one Napoleon, in later days, let his personal desires gain the day and — the gods deserted him.

This bookworm, this student, this philosopher and lover of the gods — those gods, alas! now so weak from lack of nourishment, the devotion of men, — this retiring young man who had planned to ask permission to give up his Caesarship and the purple robe that he might go and live by the sea on his grandmother's little farm, whence he could dream and gaze upon the turrets and pinnacles of Constan-

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tinople in the distance and meditate on the gods; this unambitious soul out of the ages must undergo the trials and terrors and strenuous times of an Emperor upon whose uneasy head lay many crowns.

The god had spoken. But Julian prayed that the cup might pass from him. He opposed the clamor of the soldiers to the last, resisting as long as a chance remained that the gods would release him from this obligation. But the sands of time were running out and before the Unconquered Sun could dawn upon another day Julian must fulfil his destiny.

At three o'clock in the morning the soldiers rushed the doors and the stout oaken beams gave way. With riotous joy the Bretons and Welsh troops, the Gauls and Romans, caught Julian as he descended the stairs and thrusting him upon a shield, bore him lightly out to the cheering army in the courtyard, where now the Cathedral of Notre Dame stands in its grandeur of a later day.

“Julian Augustus! Julian Augustus!”

He must be crowned. The sacred emblem alone could seal the event in due form. But there was no crown. The thing must not become an omen. And it must not become a crown such as some of these secret-society people spoke of in their strangely misunderstood ritual. Julian was the protégé of the Sol Invictus, the Unconquered Mithras, the Sovereign Sun. And the crown with blackened rays — replacing the golden ones, shorn off by the powers of evil, the clipped locks of Shemesh-On, of Samson, the Hebrew Sun-God— must never be allowed to make the crown of thorns, the crown of him who had been shorn of all power and lies dead in the grave of winter. It must be a genuine shining golden crown.

Ah! There was Helen. She could lend hers. In a trice it was brought to Julian.

“Not so! Shall we seem to be entering upon a reign fit only for women?” Thus Julian as he refused to wear it.

There was hesitation and doubt. Where was the crown to come from? A crown they must have before the material symbol of the Unconquered Sun rose in the heavens in all his sovereign splendor. Then a soldier snatched off a golden collar that he wore as a symbol of his rank and probably as a relic of some looted treasury of Rome's enemies. With this Julian was crowned, and at last he was in his rightful place as Emperor of the World!

He would rather have been studying Plato in the long lush grass

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where it grew by the sea on his grandmother's farm in Bithynia under the Eastern sun of the Bosporus. But duty was duty and the gods must not be disappointed. Even the happy university-days of Athens must remain but a memory in the mind — the only happy days he ever had in his life, except when with his Teacher and Master, Maximus. The die was cast.

JULIAN AND CONSTANTIUS

JULIUS had said he was not ambitious, but after due show of modesty he took the crown when they gave it to him. On the other hand, Julian really was not ambitious except only in the interest of the gods, and he wanted to strip himself of everything except the symbol after he had had it forced on him by the soldiers. He wrote to Constantius and told him so.

But Constantius, the tool of eunuchs and sycophants and the victim of an evil conscience, still thought that he could suppress Julian. He promised him his life if he would surrender at discretion and give up all his honors and prestige. Considering the wholesale murder of Julian's family by Constantius, he must have thought this quite a generous offer. Julian did not. Had he surrendered, what was there to prevent some of the vile slaves of the court from accusing him of some new crime and having him beheaded at once, as Galus had been beheaded? That is, of course, supposing Constantius and his vile advisers thought it necessary to have an excuse for breaking his word and committing another murder. It need hardly be repeated that there was nothing religious or Christian about the politicians and courtiers except the name; the real Christians were few and kept their Christianity clean and sacred in the home, with occasional public observances, and that was all.

Besides, the gods told Julian what to do and warned him every time when they could; though of course the gods are under the very strictest rules and must not evade natural law by a hair's breadth, seeing that they are themselves natural law. They could help him only when and as long as they were not met by devices of the powers of evil that even the gods cannot surmount.

Ordinarily in that summer of 360 the one Emperor would have marched East from Gaul and the other West from Syria or Mesopotamia and there would have been some decisive battle somewhere, accompanied by fearful slaughter. The point had not come in Juli-

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an's life, as it had come long before in Chandragupta's, where he would shed no more blood, even in self-defense. But until it did come, the gods were not willing that he should be the instrument for more slaughter than could be helped. It is only the very inferior 'gods' hardly worthy of the name --- those not so great as even a man should be --- who love bloodshed where it is unnecessary.

So Julian found it convenient to continue in the consolidation of the Gallic frontier while Constantius made his annual demonstrations against the great Sapor, the Persian king. In Mesopotamia and Armenia these grand Persian warriors made a yearly inroad into the Roman territory and Constantius found himself obliged to attack them in a feeble sort of way after the damage was done. It is quite possible that Constantius really did think he needed most of Julian's trained fighting men, especially the Gauls and Bretons and Germans; they were towers of strength compared to the Romans; but without good leadership what is the use of any army, however superior? They would have been well-nigh wasted.

In this way the Emperors were kept busy, Julian in the West and Constantius in the East, during that summer of 360. It seemed that the clash must come sometime with its terrible civil war and slaughter. Constantius spoke very rudely of 'that goat,' as he called Julian, from his wearing the beard of the philosopher. Julian wrote quite reasonable letters trying to smooth matters over, but Constantius would have none of it.

So Julian, quite reasonably, wrote manifestos to those people whom he considered had a right to know what his claims were. He wrote to the Roman Senate; that was natural, for they still nominally held the power of the Empire. But he went further. He wrote to the people of Athens, as being the head and center of the philosophic and thinking world. This was a novelty, because most people regarded Athens as a spent force, a sort of back number, quite unworthy of serious consideration in Imperial affairs. He wrote to the Spartans and to Corinth, and these letters of self-justification are regarded as evidences of the hopelessly antiquated and old-fashioned dreamy state of mind of the philosopher-Emperor. But that is always the way with historians of a material age when dealing with initiates who tempered their dull sordid everyday life with the spiritual touch. If Julian was such a hopeless fool of a bookworm, how is it that when he followed the path the gods showed him in any branch

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of life, *he never failed?* He was the soldier, the statesman, the student, the philosopher, the reformer, and he was gloriously successful in all these rôles until the gods, under the pressure of inevitable law, drew away from him. It was no fault of theirs; we should say that they did not fail him, but that the communications between him and them were cut by a hostile hand; that was the exact state of the case.

Constantius made peace impossible. He went back to his old trick of supporting the enemies of Rome in secret so as to keep Julian busy. He encouraged a German enemy to attack Julian; but the gods saw to it that Julian knew it all in good time. Constantius and his political schemers could never understand that the gods were a reality and, when undisturbed, were a very real help to their devotee. If by chance they were confronted with some irrefutable evidence of their protection and aid, these dull fellows would declare that it was the work of devils! Meanwhile, Julian relied on the gods and was not deceived. Not that he did not often have to use his intuition as to their meaning; that was always the rule.

But there was not much intuition needed with one of their messages. This is it, translated into the customary doggerel of a past century:

When Jupiter th' extremity commands
Of moist Aquarius, and Saturn stands
In Virgo twenty-five, th' Imperial state
Of high Constantius shall be closed by fate.

Not what one would call brilliant poetry in English at any rate, but plain enough for Julian to make no mistake about its meaning. The time indicated was somewhere in the fall or winter of 360. That gave all summer to get the affairs of Gaul into order and to appoint civilian governors and officers over the province. Julian did this and then prepared to meet Constantius.

The army of Welsh and Germans and Gauls that had been so bitterly upset when Constantius proposed to make them go East; the natives who had been under solemn contract that they should not be called upon to leave Gaul and their families; the men who had made Julian Emperor on purpose to avoid foreign service; were now the very men who enthusiastically followed him to the near East, to the Balkans, all along the Danube-country to Constantinople itself.

This fact shows what a magnetic power Julian had given him

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by the gods. His Gauls and Celts would follow him anywhere, over the edge of the world, if need be.

When the time came, Julian crossed into Switzerland and marched to the sources of the Danube as far as the point where the river becomes navigable. With his usual wonderful resource and energy he sent on the rest of the army, while with three thousand picked men he embarked in boats and in the wonderfully short time of eleven days reached Sirmium, Mitrovitz, near Belgrade, as we may say. The gods were watching him and they gave him every advantage of wind and current. It was a wonderful passage.

When the people in Sirmium were told that the Emperor had arrived, they were astonished. They could not understand how Constantius had come so far without being announced. When they found that the Emperor was not Constantius, but Julian, they were yet more astonished. From Gaul to Belgrade in eleven days was a marvel.

The stay at Sirmium gave Julian an opportunity to consolidate matters. He received embassies and to his Welsh or Breton army he added soldiers he found at Sirmium, together with legions from Hungary and Transylvania. With these he marched to Naisus or Nish, the birthplace of Constantine. That was some four hundred miles from Constantinople. Meanwhile, Constantius was making the usual autumn-retreat from Mesopotamia and was in the neighborhood of Antioch, on the way to meet Julian.

The natural move to make would have been to take Constantinople before Constantius could arrive and then face him with the power thus gained from an admirable base. But Julian would not move without the assent of the gods. They told him to wait. Besides, there was the oracle to consider. It would all come right in the end, not a doubt of it.

The time named came while Julian was at Naisus. True to the minute, a party of cavalry came riding from Constantinople to report that Constantius was dead and that the armies had decided to support Julian as Emperor.

(To be continued)

THE PATHWAY TO THE NAME OF NAMES

REATA V. H. PEDERSEN

ONE there was who had been called to learn of Those whose Place is a lofty land and there to serve Those who serve the Lords of Holiness. And this one who was called was given overmuch to dwelling in thought, so that his work was viewed with sightless eyes; and he was given also to the asking of questions that his thought might frame the answers.

The Master whom he served knew that in time he would learn that the question holds within its compass the answer — but the time was not come. This Holy One from whom his lessons came was called the Master of Symbols, and he whom he taught was called Nâman which means only *a name* — so that it appears that he had not yet found his work. For when we have become one with the work we are to do, then have we a name from which we can never be separate.

Now Nâman came from his bare and clean room at the hour when warm darkness receives the first cold pure ray of the light and by it is dissipated. And as he set his foot across the threshold he felt a slight obstruction in his path which, as his bare foot touched it, gave forth a murmur. Stooping, peering, he found a leaf of that tree which grows in that lofty land and in no other place in all the manifested world. Taking it in his hands Nâman examined it as closely as the faint light permitted but, finding it only a leaf, he replaced it whence he had taken it and walking carefully around it went his way. For Nâman had learned one lesson and it was, that no thing is without purpose in the Universe of Beautiful Order.

A second day in the early light Nâman, having crossed the threshold of his doorway, came again to an obstruction and, finding it a leaf, he said unto himself, "Since I know that naught is without purpose in this Universe of Holy Purpose and that which Soul has learned Soul is no longer concerned with, there must be a lesson in this leaf, for me." So Nâman took it gently in his hands to trace its seven and three veinings which he had been told held the secret of the Higher and the Lower, and he determined to seek for another such leaf.

Having opened his eyes, Nâman found; and when in the evening he returned to the Holy One by whom he was taught, he bore to him

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the two leaves saying: "See, Master, I have learned the lesson and it is, that of all only Truth is the same." But as the Master spoke not, Nâman asked: "Is not that the lesson, Holy One?"—showing that since he knew it not for the answer, the lesson was not yet learned.

A third day Nâman found before his door a bough of many leaves from the tree which grows in that lofty land and in no other place in the manifested world, and his senses having been awakened he sought the Master, saying: "I recognise that which Thou wouldst teach, for I have learned that All Truth springs from One Truth." He awaited the word of agreement from the Master of Symbols but the Holy One spoke not, so that Nâman turned away in doubt, but without making of his doubt a question.

On still another day, very early in the morning, Nâman coming from his room found his way obstructed by a seedling of the tree which grows but in the land of the Holy Ones, and this he planted in the ground a little to the right of the path, for he thought, humbly: "There may be some, even as I, who being not ready for all the truth will find it an obstruction. but to them. and to me, it will offer All Wisdom when we have been taught to drink the sap of its Knowledge by those who serve the Lords of Holiness and in whose hand is the cup that runneth over." Thinking thus he went in eagerness to the Master of Symbols telling him of that which he had done, nor did he question if his act were right. Yet the Master spoke not and Nâman was low in his spirit that nothing he did found favor with the Holy One.

But Nâman tended the seedling, and it grew, and from its flourishing he learned many lessons: one, that the tree held no more of Truth than his own being; a second, that its sap sprang from the same life as all Being.

Having learned, Nâman was more humble still, and he smiled not at his own righteousness nor yet did he sorrow at his own imperfection, but accepted them as weight and weight and measure and measure alike of each other. So accepting them, he made way to the Holy One and to him he said: "I should like to return to that Place where dwell those who are blind even as I. To them I would speak of this Most High Place where grows the Tree of Truth that is kept alive by the Sap of Knowledge, for though I am imperfect and fail to see much that is an open secret of happiness yet that of which I have knowledge

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I would share, and the path I followed when I sought thy presence, O Holy One — to that Path I would point my brothers.”

Then the Master of Symbols raised his hands and with them he made the sign above Nâman which is the Symbol of Service to Humanity, and he opened his mouth, and words like none that Nâman had ever heard issued from His lips, yet were they without sound. And around Nâman there was the color of mighty music, and over him was the fire which burned not, and about him there was placed the vesture that would allow of his return to the world of manifestation, and into his ear was pronounced the name by which those who would know him for what he was, would call him. And Nâman, who had learned that meditation is not all, and Nâman who had learned that question and answer are one, and Nâman who had dwelt with the Masters and served them even as they served the Lords of Holiness, and who had tended Truth and had drunk of the Cup of Knowledge and whose breathing was tranquil whether he looked upon that which called to him or that which he rejected, returned to the world of manifested life.

And those brothers of Nâman who had all these things to learn which Nâman had known before he had been called to that Most High Place, sought him. ●n their lips was the name that brought them close to Nâman as he had been close to the Holy Ones, and that which they called him with their lips they first knew in their hearts.

‘Teacher’ they called him and ‘Theirs’ they named him, and it was a true name and it confirmed a holy bond, and it fell sweetly on the ears of the one to whom they came. And with loving heart he served them.

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Lucius Annaeus Seneca

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

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

BOOK VI — XIV

(1) *There are those who think that the earth trembles by (reason of) spirit and by no other reason, but from another cause than that which pleased Aristotle. What it is which is set forth by these, now hear. Our body is flooded (or, perhaps, nourished) by*

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blood and by spirit, which flow through their own channels; but we also have certain very narrow receptacles of the (*animal*) soul (*animae*), through which nothing larger than (*it*) can pass; some wider, in which it (*that soul*) is collected and whence it is divided out into the parts. Thus this entire body of the whole world is pervious both by the waters — which hold the office of the blood — and by the winds — which one would call nothing other than (*animal*) soul (*animam*). These two course along in some places, and are at rest in others.

(2) But just as in our body whilst good health exists, the undisturbed movement in the veins also preserves its measure, and when something adverse (*to health*) exists it palpitates frequently, and sighs and panting as of one laboring and worn out are (*warning*) signs: thus also in the earth, whilst (*its*) posture is natural, they (*winds and waters*) remain undisturbed. When something is transgressed, then, just as in an ailing body, there is movement by the spirit — which had been flowing along quietly — having been violently disturbed and shaking its veins; nor is the case such as they were saying a little while ago, who are of the opinion that the earth is an animal: for if this is so, just like an animal, it (*the earth*) as a whole will feel the trouble. Nor in ourselves does a fever assail most severely any particular parts, but extends over all with equal impartiality.

(3) See, then, whether spirit enters it (*the earth*) from the air diffused around, for as long as it has an outlet, it moves gently along without (*causing*) hurt; if it strike upon anything, and fall upon something that closes its path, then it is oppressed, at first by the air which is pouring in behind it; finally, it escapes insufficiently through some crevice, and is borne along with greatest difficulty where it is narrowest: this cannot occur without a struggle, nor can the struggle (*occur*) without a quaking.

(4) But if it discover no crevice through which it may flow out, becoming pressed together into a mass, it rages there, and is driven about hither and thither, and throws some things down and destroys others. When it is exceedingly tenuous and likewise exceedingly powerful, it insinuates itself as much as possible into whatever things obstruct it, and whatever it has so entered into it splits asunder and scatters by its energy. Then the earth is shaken; for it either parts asunder in order to give an egress to the wind, or, when it has given

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egress, it sinks down into the very cavern whence it sent the (*wind*) forth, being robbed of the support below.

XV

Some think thus: The earth is perforated in many places; nor has it only those primeval avenues which, like vents, it received at its origin, but many (*others*) which chance has wrought in it: in some places water has washed out whatever terrene matter was above; torrents have carved out other (*passages*); these, being broken open by floods, became passable. Through these openings spirit enters, and, if the sea has imprisoned it and drives it still lower and the flood has not permitted it to return on its path, then, both outlet and inlet being closed, it rolls about, and because it is unable to go straight onward — which is natural to it — it strains upwards, and pressing strongly against the soil, it cleaves it asunder.

XVI

(1) *Moreover, there must now be said that which pleases many authorities, and perhaps it will get many votes* (*discessio fiet*). It is evident that the earth is not without spirit (*in it*): I speak not only of that (*spirit*) by which it (*the earth*) holds itself together and conjoins its parts, which also is in rocks and dead bodies, but I speak of that which is vital and enlivening and which nourishes all things. Unless it had this (*spirit*), how could it infuse spirit into so many plants deriving their life from no other source, and into so many crops? How would it nourish such diverse roots, sunk into it in so many different ways — some growing in the top-soil, some drawn farther down — unless it had so great a (*vital*) soul (*animam*), generating so many and such various things and rearing them from its own drink and aliment?

(2) But thus far I use easy proofs. The entire sky which the fiery aether, the highest part of the world, incloses: all those stars whose number cannot be defined: all that assemblage of the celestial bodies, and — omitting other things — that sun, holding its course so near to us, greater by more than once than the entire circumference of the earth, draw (*their*) aliment out of the earth and divide it among themselves; nor are they sustained by any other, in fact, than by the breath of the earth: this, which is their aliment, is food here.

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(3) It would not be able to feed so many things so much greater than itself, unless it were full of (*vital — animal*) soul (*animae*), which it pours forth from all parts of itself both by day and night: nor could it so be, unless it (*soul*) were greatly in excess of that from which so much is sought and taken; and in fact that which leaves is born at that moment. Nor would there be in it the perpetual copiousness of the spirit supplying so many celestial bodies, unless, reciprocally, these latter ran out their courses (*i. e., ended their lives*), and other things passed over into it. But nonetheless it is necessary that it (*the earth*) abound with it (*the vital soul*) and be full of it and bring it forth from secret places.

(4) It is therefore not doubtful that spirit lurks very largely (*in the earth*), and that widespread air fills dark spaces under the earth. If this is true, of necessity the soil is often in movement, since it is full of an exceedingly mobile thing. For can it possibly be doubtful to anyone that nothing is so unquiet as the air, so changeable, and so delighting in activity?

XVII

(1) Hence it follows that it exercises its own nature, and that what always desires to be moved, sometimes moves other things also. When does this occur? When its course is prevented, for as long as it is not hindered, it moves calmly; when it is opposed and checked, it rages and rends apart its bounds, not otherwise than that

(*river*) *Araxes, indignant of the bridge* (Vergil. *Aeneid*, viii, 728.)

(2) As long as its channel is free and open, it deploys all its first waters. Where rocks, thrown into it either by hand or by chance, have curbed it as it flows along, then it seeks impetus by delay, and where the obstacles are the most numerous there it finds the greater strength; for all the water which comes upon it from behind and which enlarges it, when it can (*no longer*) sustain the pressure, gathers power for the rushing fall, and flies onward with the very things which were in its way. The same thing is done by spirit, which, where it is strongest and most active, breaks out the quickest, and most vehemently demolishes every inclosure. From this arises motion, that is, of the part under which the struggle occurred.

(3) What is said to be the truth may be tested by the following: often when there has been an earthquake, if in fact some part of the earth has been broken open, there has flowed forth thence a wind,

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lasting many days, as, it is related, happened in that quake by which Chalcis suffered: thou wilt find it in Asclepiodotus, a disciple of Posidonius, in those very Quaestionum Naturalium Causae (*Causes of Researches into Nature*). Thou wilt also find in other authorities that the earth has yawned open in some places and that thence for no small time a wind has blown forth, which manifestly had made that way for itself through which it was borne.

XVIII

(1) Hence the greatest cause by which the earth is moved, is spirit, by nature quick, and changing from place to place. This, as long as it is not driven forward and remains quiet in a vacant space, lies harmless, nor is it troublesome to what surrounds it; but when from the outside some cause affecting it vexes and constrains it and drives it into some restricted place, if it still can do so it yields merely and diffuses itself. But when the ability of withdrawing is denied it, and it is opposed on every side, then

*with great muttering of the mountain,
Around the inclosed spaces they roar, (Vergil. Aeneid, i, 55-6)*

and (*the inclosed spaces*), having been assailed for a long time, it wrenches them apart and throws them down, the most furiously where it has strived against the strongest obstacle.

(3) Then, when it has wandered around everything by which it is held in, and has not been able to escape, it springs in recoil whither it has been most strongly driven, and either is distributed into the secret recesses — formed in the looseness of the soil by the earthquake itself — or it rushes forth through some new opening. Indeed, its great energy cannot be confined, nor does any structure hold in the wind, for it loosens every chain and carries off with itself every shackle, and diffused through the smallest things it yet exceeds the roomy spaces, and [frees (*itself*)] by the unconquered might of (*its*) nature. Without fail, when it has been aroused, it vindicates for itself its own right.

(4) Spirit [in truth] is an unconquered thing: never will it be but that

*The struggling winds and the howling storms
He controls, and curbs them in chains and prison,
(Vergil. Aen., i, 53-4).*

(5) Without doubt the poets have desired that prison to be seen,

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in which, under the earth, they should lie hid and confined; but they understood not this: neither that which is confined can be still the wind, nor that which is wind can ever be confined, for what is in confinement becomes still and is of the office of the air: but all wind is in flight.

(6) Moreover, this also belongs to these proofs [by which it appears that spirit causes motion], that our bodies also tremble no otherwise than as if some cause perturbed the spirit: as when it (*the spirit*) is contracted by fear; as when it languishes in age and droops in the torpid veins; as when it is numbed with cold, or is thrown out of its course under the paroxysm (*of a disease*).

(7) For as long as it flows along uninjured, and proceeds in its customary manner, there is no trembling of the body: when something occurs which can inhibit its function, then, insufficiently powerful in carrying out the things that it did in its vigor, withdrawing, it shakes whatever it had borne when unimpaired.

XIX

(1) *It is necessary that we hear Metrodorus the Chian* saying what he will, in place of determination; for I do not allow myself to omit even those opinions which I reject, since it will be preferable to have an abundance of all (*kinds*), and to reject rather than to omit those (*opinions*) that we condemn. What then does he say?

(2) “Even as when the voice of one singing enters a dolium (*a jar with a very wide mouth*), and runs all through it with a certain shaking, and re-echoes, and though so lightly moved nevertheless goes around it — not without a touching and a noise of that in which it is inclosed; thus the immensity of the caverns hanging under the earth has its own air, which when another (*air*) falling upon it from above has stricken, it shakes, not otherwise than as those void spaces — of which I spoke a little while ago — resounded with the communicated din.”

XX

(1) *Let us now turn to those who have said that all these things which I have mentioned are the cause (i. e., causative agents), or (that) several of them are so. Democritus thinks (that) several (are so),* for he says: “The movement sometimes is caused by spirit, sometimes by water, sometimes by both,” and he follows this up in

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the following manner: "A certain part of the earth is concave (*hollow*); into it flows together the energy of water; of this (*energy*), there is something (*a part*) tenuous and more fluid than the other (parts). This, when it is forced back by the incoming weight, dashes into the earth and moves it, nor can it be driven to and fro without (*causing*) movement of that upon which it is hurled.

(2) "Moreover, in the same manner as we treated of spirit, so must one treat also of water: when it has been collected in one place, and has desisted from holding itself in control, it inclines strongly somewhither, and at first opens a way by its weight, then by impetus; for it can neither — having been for long inclosed — depart except down a slope, nor can it fall in a moderate manner in a straight line, or without the concussion of those places through which, or into which, it falls.

(3) "But if, when it has now begun its impetuous course, it come to a halt in some place, and the energy of the stream be turned back upon itself, it is driven upon the inclosing earth, and shakes it in that part where it most strongly strikes. Further, sometimes, the earth being wet with the fluid which has penetrated into the lower parts, settles far down, and the very foundation is thus weakened; then that part is heavily oppressed upon which the greatest weight of the incoming waters inclines.

(4) "Spirit, too, sometimes drives the waters, and, if it very vehemently press, it manifestly moves that part of the earth upon which it has borne the gathered waters. Sometimes, having been collected together in the earth's passages, and seeking an outlet, it moves everything; and the earth is likewise penetrable by the winds, while spirit is too subtil for it to be excluded, and too vehement for it to be restrained when it is aroused and in rapid movement."

(5) *All these causes are possible, says Epicurus, who also puts others to the test;* and he also blames others who asseverated some one of these to be (*the cause*), for it is difficult to assert something certain concerning the things that must be ascertained by conjecture.

(6) "Hence," as he says, "water can set the earth in motion if it have washed out and worn away certain parts, by which, thus thinned away, it (*the earth*) can no longer be sustained and (*by which*) it was upheld (*when they were*) untouched. An irruption of spirit can (*also*) set the earth in movement: perhaps the air is shaken by another (*air*) entering; perhaps it (*the earth*) is shocked by some

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part suddenly giving way, and receives movement from that; perhaps some part of the earth is sustained by certain columns or pillars, as it were, by which, weakened and giving way, the superincumbent weight quakes.

(7) Perhaps the energy of heat of spirit, turned into fire and similar to the thunderbolt, is driven onward, with great overthrowing of all things opposing it; perhaps some blowing (*wind*) impels forward marshy and stagnant waters, and thence either the stroke shakes the earth, or a commotion of spirit, increasing and rousing itself by its very movement, is carried from the depths to the upper parts." Yet no greater cause of the movement than spirit is acceptable to him.

XXI

(1) To us also this spirit is acceptable, which is able to accomplish such great things, than which there is nothing in the nature of things more powerful, nothing more piercing, without which not even those things that are most strong are effective. Spirit rouses up fire; the waters, if thou deprive them of wind, are inert: then only do they receive an impetus when wind (*blowing*) drives them; it is able also to dissipate great spaces of the earth, and, lying underneath (*the soil*) to raise up new mountains, and to place islands hitherto unknown in the midst of the sea. Thera and Therasia and that island of our own time — born in the Aegean Sea before our own eyes—who will doubt that spirit tossed them forth to the light?

(2) *There are two kinds (of earthquakes) — acceptable to Posidonius — by which the earth is moved: there is a name appropriate to each of the two: the one is subcussion (succussio), when the earth is shaken and is moved upwards and downwards; the other is inclination, by which it (the earth) nods from side to side, after the fashion of a ship. I count as a third that (kind) which is described by a designation of our own, for not without cause our ancestors called it a tremor of the earth, which is dissimilar to each of the (other) two, for then all things are neither shaken from beneath nor are they inclined, but are vibrated. The motion is least hurtful in a calamity of this sort, while the inclination is by far more ruinous than is the concussion: for unless a movement of return be very rapid to restore (to position) what things have been inclined, ruin of necessity follows.*

(To be continued)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION: What explanation has Theosophy to offer of the peculiar cultural status of Stone Age man? More particularly, can it reconcile his cave-dwelling and apparent lack of even the most ordinary implements and conveniences, with the fact that as an artist he would take a ranking place today in every art-essential?

Grace Knoche: One should not touch, even lightly, upon this subject without some grateful word in behalf of H. P. Blavatsky, for to her alone we owe the solution of this crowning archaeological puzzle. The querent is referred to the Symposium "Archaeological Relics and the Spirit of the Past" on another page of this issue for some hints corollary, but something also should be added, for by "the stern logic of facts" H. P. B. forces one to take another viewpoint and to consider the whole question in the light of those marvelous key-teachings, Karman and Reincarnation.

The popular modern theory of man's evolution to his present status from the Stone Age 'savage' has several weak points, but we will mention only one — Stone Age man was not a 'savage.' He was tall, handsome, brainy, highly intelligent, with a brain-case equal to that of any modern, and a facial angle running the Greek as closely as our own. The contours of the Cro-Magnon skull are classic (we are giving the testimony of archaeological discovery here) and we should expect something cultural and unusual from the possessors of such heads in whatever line might evoke their interest and effort. Stone Age man might have been a mathematician or an inventor or a philosopher — but only his art, preserved on lasting rock, has remained.

Particularly wonderful in the wide range of this art are the Altamira cave-paintings. They are so fine in contour and in construction — tests that only great art can hope to pass — that the best-schooled modern artist could not surpass them in any essential qualities. The technique is astonishing in its ease and charm, and in its fine and accomplished perception of when to stop. Such work could only have been the result of long and serious schooling — but when? Obviously, at some far more ancient time, when its principles were so ingrained into the soul and character of the artist that it could bridge

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the long sleep that we call death, and could flower and indeed *would* flower, at some later time, under conditions that would dismay a modern artist completely. These paintings are not feebly conceived and stingily or clumsily carried out, but are powerful and generous both in feeling and in size. They can no more be compared to the art-work of actual savages than that of a well-schooled modern can be with the grotesque and doddering attempts of a failing mind.

There could have been no schools of art in Palaeolithic days. We are sure of that, for Europe itself was new. The existence within the man himself — in the higher, deathless part of him — of soul-memories capable of impressing and kindling brain-minds less filled-up than ours are with ephemeral and trumpery details, is the only rational explanation; and this is the teaching of Theosophy. Palaeolithic art was a faint, yet warm and still virile, downgleam of old Atlantean culture.

Stone-Age conditions, in brief, were the karmic result of Atlantean sin. The status of a large majority of the mankind of old Atlantis was that of one who had “wasted his substance in riotous living,” and had become bankrupt — which means to be thrown down, as it were, and compelled to make a fresh start. It was a karmic foreclosure on a gigantic scale. But this did not include all, for while the major part of these old races (there were many, very many of them and of widely different types) had to struggle on and up — or on and down, as they could or as they would — there were certain smaller groups, the sinless ones, who when the continent perished made their way to a more propitious environment and there built up glorious civilizations under the guidance of Initiate-Teachers. But Palaeolithic man was not one of these fortunate stocks — fortunate because evil living had not killed intuition. He had to ‘take his medicine,’ as the saying runs — and he took it standing!

We cannot but feel respect, even something of affection, for this ‘ancestor’ of ours. Head unbowed, standing bravely by the consequences of his mistakes — though in the mercy of wise Nature not remembering them in detail — he nevertheless preserved soul-memories that enabled him to express, under the harshest possible conditions, some at least of the rhythmic harmonies of soul-life. All honor to him! Racially he disappeared — how, or why, or into what, only Theosophy can say. But apart from detail-teachings, we know that

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he paid his debt and was then free to incarnate under better conditions, the soul, we may depend, moving on.

Much is brought out on this subject in H. P. Blavatsky's masterwork, *The Secret Doctrine*, to which the student is referred. It will repay one immeasurably for every hour spent upon it.
