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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*

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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A HUMAN ATOM

FRIENDS: Friends 'listening in,' and you other friends who are assembled with us this afternoon in this our Temple of Peace:

I am going to talk to you on this subject: 'The Life and Adventures of a Human Atom'; and by the usage of this word 'atom' I do not mean a physical atom only, an atom of the physical body; but I use this word in a more general and popular sense, as signifying one unit of the vast human host, in other words, a human being. In the short forty minutes at my disposal this afternoon I am going to undertake a very difficult task indeed, that is, to attempt to describe to you, according to our wonderful Theosophical teachings,

[Stenographic report of the twenty-sixth of a series of lectures on the above subject. These were delivered at the request of Katherine Tingley (the then Theosophical Leader and Teacher) in the Temple of Peace, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, at the regular Sunday afternoon services. Others will be printed in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH in due course. The following lecture was delivered on August 12, 1928, and broadcast, by remote control over Station KFSD San Diego—680-440.9]

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what happens to this human atom, this human being, from birth, through life, over the gap of so-called death, then through the planetary spheres, and during the return of this human atom again into a human physical body on this our earth.

As a preface, let me tell you one more thing before I begin: I shall not say a single thing 'out of my own head.' All that I shall tell you is from the records of the Ancient Wisdom, archaic Theosophy — that wonderful universal system of thinking, of Religion-Philosophy-Science, which has been existent on the earth in all eras of bygone time. Everywhere, in every nation, it has had its adherents; and in its halcyon days of diffusion, in those periods which the great Plato called "periods of spiritual illumination," it was the dominating system of thought in religion, in philosophy, and in science.

The first thing that we must clearly understand is this — and our ultra-modern science is beginning to teach it also: that our senses are exceedingly imperfect reporters of the universe around us. We get but imperfect and distorted reports of things *as they really are*, the reason being that our senses are imperfect. Wonderful in their own way as they are, it is even more wonderful that we have been enabled to build them up to the point of sensitivity that they now possess, so that they can respond to the impacts of the vibrational forces of the universe as well as they do. Admitting all that, we are obliged to say that they are still but imperfect reporters.

Deductions: What we learn through our senses, therefore, is but a small part of what must exist. Even our modern scientists today are beginning to tell us of other worlds, of other spheres, other planes, other states and conditions of matter or of substance. They likewise tell us of another old Theosophical doctrine: that energy and substance, or force and matter — or as we Theosophists say, spirit and substance — are fundamentally one: merely two things expressing in divers ways and in their respective divers manners the one Reality behind them both.

Therefore, as our senses tell us of but a small part of the scale of forces, the gamut of energies and substances, that infill, yea, that *are*, the universe around us, there must obviously exist other worlds, other planes, other spheres, which are invisible to our sight, intangible to our touch, and that we can sense in no other way except through the far more delicate apparatus of man's mind.

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Man, considered as a composite entity is a child of the universe, a part of it, an inseparable part; therefore, as I have so often said in this our Temple of Peace, everything that is in the universe is in him. You cannot separate him from the All. Therefore the All is in him — of course not wholly manifest, showing forth only feebly as yet, but manifesting steadily in ever larger degree and with growing certainty and accuracy, as the ages pass into the ocean of by-gone duration.

You know that our scientists are beginning to think wonderful thoughts, to see visions of reality, and to dream dreams of truth. When you find one of the greatest of modern scientists telling us that beyond the world that we see, there are other spheres invisible and intangible to sense, this gives us much food for thought. These spheres he calls 'dimensions'; and I ask in passing, is he afraid of using plain words? Why should he not say 'other worlds' instead of 'dimensions'? This shows the influence over even a great modern scientific intellect of the idea that it is unsafe to use words conveying old and familiar thoughts. This is understandable, but I do think it to be unfortunate. He is not alone in this aversion towards many old terms and expressions, because most scientists are averse to using words which in their minds are linked with bygone religious and philosophical notions. And thus far I do not blame them. At any rate, he calls these other worlds 'dimensions,' according to the new-fangled idea of there being more than three dimensions in and of matter — four dimensions and five dimensions and perhaps still others. But we shall not quibble over words; the essential idea is that this great scientist points with unerring intuition to the Reality behind the physical seeming, behind the visible and tangible.

This man, to whom I refer so particularly today, is one of the newer generation of our modern scientists: an ultra-modern scientist he is indeed; and his name is Dr. Sir J. H. Jeans, an Englishman, I believe, and very recently knighted for his scientific work. I quoted a little extract from his just published work entitled *Astronomy and Cosmogony* during the course of my lecture on last Sunday; but I am going to read it to you again today for reasons which will become obvious as we proceed. Dr. Jeans says:

The type of conjecture which presents itself, somewhat insistently, is that the centers of the nebulae are of the nature of 'singular points,' at which matter

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is poured into our universe from some other, and entirely extraneous, spatial dimension, so that, to a denizen of our universe, they appear as points at which matter is continually created.

Now, this is a very, very old thought, friends — old as thinking man. In Theosophy these ‘singular points’ — to give them the name of Dr. Jeans — are called ‘laya-centers’ or ‘laya-points,’ *laya* being a Sanskrit word meaning ‘dissolution,’ therefore ‘dissolving points,’ or perhaps more accurately *disappearing points* or *centers*. They are a point or points at the heart of every self-contained entity, such as a human being, or an atom, or a globe, or a sun, or what not, where intercommunication takes place between it and spheres or worlds or ‘dimensions’ (as Dr. Jeans calls them) below it and above it — in other words, with the invisible and intangible spheres of the universe. Remember this, please, friends, because it is immensely important for a proper understanding of our subject.

So that when our modern scientists begin to tell us of an old doctrine such as this of laya-centers, so familiar to us Theosophists, and of the existence of invisible worlds, we Theosophists say: Thanks be to the immortal gods that at last some of the nobler parts of the wonderful and majestic archaic teachings of the Ancient Wisdom are becoming recognised by the most intuitive scientific men today. I shall refer to this matter of laya-centers again after a little while.

In accordance with my custom, I shall now read to you a list of items which I shall touch upon directly or indirectly, explicitly or implicitly, this afternoon.

1. Life, which is universal and the fundamental energy of the Universe, includes so-called ‘death’ as one of its manifold phases. There is, therefore, no such thing as death existing *per se*, of itself, as an absolute, and contrary to and inimical to life, which idea is nonsense. A dead object shows just as much life, if not more — that is to say, molecular and atomic energy, living activity — as it did during its life-term, so-called; and this is precisely why it decays and dissolves into its component elements when the unifying and cohering principle leaves it.

2. There are no ‘dead men’ — a phrase which is a contradiction both in terms and in sense. A man, properly speaking, is a bundle or stream of energies which we call ‘character,’ manifesting as personality and individuality; and when this bundle withdraws from any physical body, then what is called death supervenes, of neces-

sity, and one phase of life-activity is finished because it passes instantly into another phase. But the vitalizing bundle of energies is as full of life as ever, as full of energy as ever, although its component parts, as a bundle, continue separating.

3. This dissolution of man's constitution takes place according to what Theosophists call karmic action; that is, effects following prior causes making for that dissolution; and death is as natural a thing and as inevitable as is birth. Both death and birth, so-called, are phases of life-energy, phases of movement, of the activity of things, and therefore are both of them phases of growth, links in an endless chain of causation. Step by step we are moving forward from one phase of life to another, for this is growth; and everything everywhere acts after the same manner.

4. This karmic action, as indeed all karmic action of whatever kind or sort, takes place according to another fundamental operation of Nature, which in Theosophy is popularly called 'the Law of Cycles.' Nature repeats itself constantly and continuously and everywhere. Why? Because operations of Nature always follow grooves of action, or pathways of energy — in other words, lines of least resistance. We see this manifestation of periodicity operative around us everywhere: day and night, summer and winter, heat and cold, and many, many more instances might be cited. All the planets of our solar system follow the same general orbital course; growth proceeds according to cyclic or periodic laws; diseases follow cyclical laws likewise. This last instance we know in many cases to be true, and our teaching is that it is always true, did we know enough to see the working of natural periodic activity there also. The period of the sunspots is another instance of cyclical periodicity. In fact, periodicity is manifest everywhere throughout the entirety of Mother Nature; and not merely on our physical plane alone, but on the invisible planes and in the invisible spheres as much as in the physical.

5. Death and birth for humans are equally cyclical or periodical in character. We humans are no exception. Why should we be? How could we be? We are not different from the universe. We are not out of it or apart from it. We are individual parts of it, inseparable parts. Man cannot free himself from the universe; nothing can. Whatever he does, he does of necessity, first as a creator of his destiny, which being progressively enacted in the bosom of the uni-

verse, of necessity is swayed by the law of periodicity ruling therein. Everything everywhere is subject likewise to the same over-ruling law. Man self-expresses himself, which is his manner of evolving forth the latent powers and capacities within him; and everything else everywhere self-expresses itself in accordance with its own particular capacity, and following the general 'laws,' so-called, that govern the operations of the Kosmos. Periodical or cyclical action may be truly called 'the Habit of Nature'; and just so are human habits acquired: by repetition, until finally the entity concerned follows the habit automatically. Death and birth, therefore, are actually habits of the reincarnating entity; and this habit of reincarnation will continue through the ages until it is slowly broken by growing distaste for material life on the part of the reincarnating entity, but also because the attraction slowly therefore loses its hold on that reincarnating entity. This is all a part of the natural and therefore general processes of evolutionary growth.

6. It is 'thirst' for material existence, a habit acquired, which draws the reincarnating entity into the cycle of earth-lives. The archaic Hindûs called this *trishnâ*, a technical Sanskrit word which means 'thirst': in other words, thirst for manifested existence.

7. This 'thirst' is a composite habit, compounded of a host of things — as all habits are, if you analyse yourself — of loves, hates, affections of various kinds, magnetic attractions of the hosts of life-atoms composing man's constitution, visible and invisible, and of longings and yearnings of many kinds, all of which collect during the various life-terms on earth in the human soul and mind, and which are briefly called by Theosophists 'thought-deposits' and emotional and psychic tendencies and biases. Examine yourselves and you will see that all this is true. You yourselves are the proof of it. All these things are energies, at any time either active or quiescent as the case may be, and they will energize the reincarnating entity's destiny until evolution and expanding consciousness and purification finally transfer man's consciousness as an individual entity to higher planes or spheres than ours here; and when this finally occurs, then the entity will inhabit those higher or superior planes or spheres.

8. But this 'thirst' belongs to the lower intermediate part of man's invisible constitution, that which we call the Human Ego or Soul — the intermediate part of him: not the highest, and not the

lowest part of him. As I said on a former Sunday here, the immortal part of man's constitution, which is superior to the merely Human Ego or Soul, is truly divine, a denizen of divine and spiritual planes and spheres; and now, please listen, friends: the power and pervading influences of this higher part of the man are incomparably more compelling in causal realms than is the lower part of man; and therefore even on the Human Soul or Ego, and very strongly on the reincarnating entity which is the Spiritual Ego or Soul, the pull upwards, the attraction, of these superior planes or spheres draws the reincarnating entity upwards. This steady and mighty attraction, combined with the wear and tear on the physical and astral bodies respectively of man during any earth-life, are the two main contributing causes of physical death or dissolution. Death, therefore, is truly a release of the higher part of man's constitution, which higher part seeks its own native realms, where it passes a long *post-mortem* period in unspeakable bliss before the tide of resurgent impulses and memories and affections of various and many kinds, before outlined, draws the reincarnating entity earthwards anew into another earthly incarnation.

9. There is no death *per se*, because death is but a phase of life, as already said; and there are no 'dead men,' because the dissolving constitution shortly after death leaves no 'man,' properly speaking, in the astral realms. The noblest, best, purest, finest of the man that was on earth has rejoined its parent Monad, its parent spiritual part, its Essential Self.

10. The reincarnating entity rebecomes a bundle of energies as it descends through the intermediate planes and planets of the descending arc of our earth's planetary chain on its way back to physical incarnation; because on each such plane and invisible planet it reassumes the life-atoms that formerly composed the various elements or principles or vehicles, visible or invisible, which it had left behind when it had formerly ascended out of physical existence after the last earth-life. Finally it reaches our earth-plane again and here it begins to reassume or take up anew the old life-atoms formerly left behind on this plane of physical matter, and which had composed its physical body in its last life. You see, friends, how universally consistent these Theosophical teachings are: they show us that the same general rule of action prevails everywhere — in god, in globe, in sun, in nebula, on earth, on every planet, in man, in every

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molecule, in every atom — the same general rules or operations of Nature prevail; and is this not natural and necessary? Nature as a whole must follow certain courses of action, and these courses of action sway every part of the whole; hence, necessarily, Nature is consistent; and any true teachings about Nature must *de facto* be likewise consistent and universal.

11. The reincarnating entity, now rebecome a bundle of energies, is drawn magnetically and psychically to the human womb and family where vibrational conditions most similar to its own exist. Its lowest energies connect magnetically with the laya-center (Dr. Jeans' 'singular points') of a human generative particle when the appropriate time comes; and from that instant the reincarnating entity overshadows that particle as the latter grows into human stature. But before, and for years after, birth, the child is *overshadowed* only by the higher principles of its constitution. At about fourteen or fifteen years of age, more or less, there occurs the first entrance of the higher part of the child's constitution into conscious functioning on our physical plane; and from this wonderful hour the enveloping of the growing child and youth with the aura of the reincarnating ego proceeds progressively and steadily through life into adulthood, and slackens only a short time before natural death, when that occurs again. The main reason for this is that the reassuming of the former life-atoms cannot take place all at once and *per saltum*, that is to say, all in a leap; but it takes place through the years as the body grows into maturity and towards old age. Furthermore, the reincarnating ego or soul is not really fully incarnated until some rather short time before the physical body dies: which means that there is constant and unceasing possibility for psychical, mental, and spiritual development almost to the time of dissolution of the physical body in any one physical life. In other words, old age is not, as is sometimes supposed, incapable of learning, and merely a period in human existence where the best is all past and the future holds no hope. The reverse is true, for, theoretically, up to a short time before physical dissolution a man should progress steadily in spiritual and intellectual faculty. Nevertheless, evolution and inner growth of those parts which have been able to manifest themselves with relative fulness in the still imperfectly developed human body are steady and continuous.

12. When death again releases the reincarnating entity, the pro-

cedure outlined in former lectures begins anew: The Spiritual Ego is indrawn into its parent Monad at the instant of actual death, like a flash of lightning, when the silver cord of life is ruptured; and then in a short period after this, the Monad, which is still higher than the Spiritual Ego in power and which is the Essential Self of man, begins its pilgrimage through the planetary chains of the seven sacred planets of the ancients, remaining on each of these seven planets, one after the other, long enough to evolve forth there a series of imbodiments of the appropriate Spiritual Ego on each such planet's seven sub-planets — a phrase which I shall explain to you soon — by the emission or transmission of a Spiritual Ego or soul native to each such planet, but which in each case had been hitherto in its Devachan or heaven-world in the bosom of the parent Monad. This procedure takes place on each of the seven planets, just as it had previously taken place on the earth-chain, until the encircling round of the planets by the Monad brings the Monad, on its marvelous interplanetary pilgrimage, back to our Earth's planetary-chain again, where it proceeds to do on this planet precisely in all general characters what it had done on the other planets, as just outlined. But the reincarnating entity evolved forth or emitted for this Earth's planetary chain is the Spiritual Ego or Soul 'native' to this planetary chain. That is why it is evolved forth here: because it is the fit and appropriate vehicle through which the Monad can express itself in our planetary chain; in other words, in this particular variety of matters and energies of the Kosmos which we call our planetary chain. Thus the Monad, our Spiritual Self, our Essential Self, the next to the highest part of us, the focus of the Divine Flame in the spiritual center of every human being, gathers at each of these seven planets a new harvest of soul-experiences appropriate to that planet, each such harvest being the experiences in imbodiment acquired by the Spiritual Ego or Soul imbodied by the Monad and belonging in essential characteristics of substance and energy to each such respective planet. How otherwise could the Monad reap any harvest unless there were the fit and appropriate links between it and this planetary chain? The Spiritual Ego or Soul evolved forth by the Monad in and on such planetary chain is this fit and appropriate link.

13. The Divine Flame, the highest principle or element of man's constitution, belongs to the universe in function and consciousness;

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the Monad, its spiritual ray, is solar in function and experience, and therefore has a range over our own solar system; the Spiritual Ego or Soul is native to an entire sevenfold planetary chain of any one planet; the Human Ego or Soul, the lower intermediate part of you and me, which manifests itself from day to day, which loves, hates, has attractions and repulsions, and what not else — in other words, the ordinary 'you' and 'I' — pertains only to our incarnated life, and to one human life-term. So do likewise the very impermanent and changing astral and physical bodies, which last two both belong to our earth-sphere alone.

14 — and last. Man's final destiny in the far, far distant aeons of the future is to become at one with his overshadowing Monad, his Essential Self; and the destiny of this Monad, in enormously more distant future time — time to be reckoned in kosmic figures — is to become at one with its Parent, the Divine Flame; thenceforward to take a self-conscious part as a god in the grand kosmic work of the Universe.

Friends, these Items that I have read to you are so many that practically all my time for speaking to you this afternoon has been taken up in reading them. My time to close has almost come. Nevertheless, I shall do my best to give you a general outline of the subject of our study for this afternoon.

A baby is born into this life. It is born with a certain weight of mental and spiritual and psychical and astral and magnetic responsibility upon it; and it goes through life with this character — for this is what these various factors in their aggregate are — urging it forward — aye, perhaps hindering it. We ourselves are the makers of our own destiny. No one else forms or shapes it for us. We form and shape what we shall be, even as we have formed and shaped what we now are.

A child goes through life; grows up through youth to maturity. It has, as we have pointed out before in this our Temple of Peace, a compounded constitution: its physical body; then the invisible model-body or astral body; then the human soul — the ordinary 'you' and 'I'; then the Spiritual Ego or soul or real reincarnating entity; then the Monad, which is the Essential Self, the actual selfhood of us; then, highest of all, the Divine Flame.

Now, only the lower part of this compound constitution is able to manifest in physical action in the child, because the child has not

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evolved the lower parts of its constitution sufficiently for the higher parts to manifest themselves in any degree of fulness. This we all know. Examine yourselves in proof. You will notice the pull, the magnetic attraction, to certain things, causing you to do certain acts that you will likely regret afterwards. Yea, and equivalently as we all know, there is a strong and nobler pull upwards — to use popular language — obliging us, with a call that will not be gainsaid, to do noble acts, and not just to think about them all day long. These noble thoughts and acts that we think about and do, are they which originate in the better part of us, in the higher part.

Now, all through the life of this growing entity, of this baby advancing into boyhood or girlhood, then into youth, then into young manhood or womanhood, then through maturity to old age until dissolution comes again: at every moment this evolving human is drawing into itself the life-atoms of the body that it formerly had on this earth in its last incarnation. These life-atoms were then parts of him, and were then stamped with his character, filled with his magnetism; and as soon as the appropriate age in the present life is reached, they are drawn to him, taken in with his food, taken in by the breath, drawn into the body by magnetic osmosis, indeed acquired in still other ways, until, when man has reached maturity, he has practically the same body that he had in his last life. This is because it is these life-atoms which actually form and make that body, but which now is somewhat improved, let us hope, over the former body, if indeed it be not worsened by the adverse influence of past evil doing in that former life which we call the results of former evil Karman. He is as responsible for his past evil thoughts, misdeeds, and wrong doing, as he is for his noble and elevating thoughts and acts of the past.

Then, a short time before the new dissolution of the physical body occurs, the inner constitution of the man — that is to say, his inner principles or elements — begins to separate, and the body feels this instantly: in other words, making automatic response to the incipient tendency to separation of these inner principles or elements, which produce the physical decay of old age. This is what is called the physical decay co-incident with extreme old age. I am not speaking of the cases of infants dying, nor of men dying by violence, accident, by malignant disease, or by suicide. These are all cases which would require another study in *post-mortem* conditions. But today

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I am taking the normal man, the one who lives a life of average length, who lives according to the norm, that is to say, the general rule.

Then finally comes the hour — a most beautiful hour for a man or woman who has lived decently — when the separating constitution of the man obeys so strongly the call upwards to peace and bliss unspeakable, that the silver cord of life is snapped. Instantly, like a flash of lightning, the reincarnating entity, the Spiritual Ego or Soul, is indrawn back into the Monad, its Parent, its Essential Self. And there, resting in the bosom of the Monad until the next incarnation on this earth ensues, it remains in the Devachan or heaven-world, wrapped in ineffable dreams of successful fulfilment of all its hitherto unfulfilled aspirations and hopes, and love of the noblest and purest kind. You may call these 'dreams,' if you like; but I tell you with emphasis that they are more real to the Spiritual Ego experiencing them than the most 'real thing' that this imperfect physical body with its imperfect senses can report to us, because the reincarnating entity in the Devachan is living in the realms of pure energy, where nothing, relatively speaking, dims the consciousness of the realization of the fulfilling of the noblest ideals, hopes, aspirations, and pure love, that accrue to this entity in this state of unspeakable bliss and happiness and peace.

But what becomes of the lower principles of the man who has just died? What becomes of the astral body? What becomes of the Human Ego or Soul, the ordinary 'you' and 'I'? Neither of these is fit for any spiritual realms or spheres. Why, the entire lower part of man's constitution, friends, is as molecular, therefore as compounded and composite, as is the physical body! It must of necessity dissolve, because it is not an essential thing, but a composite. It can do nothing else. And thank heaven that it is so! Who would want corpses lasting forever?

Think a moment: I tell you that there are no 'dead men.' There are no 'dead.' There are dead bodies of course, many of them; but no dead living things! As I have so often said, this idea is a contradiction in terms and in sense.

The astral part of man, the model-body around which the physical body is builded — the most material principle of man next to the physical body — in a short while after the physical cadaver is dissolved into its component elements, likewise quietly vanishes away

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— like a wraith of mist on the hillside in the morning, and it is gone. The life-atoms which composed it remain, however, in the astral realms and there have their adventures and live their respective atomic lives. They go to this and to that, as even the physical life-atoms do — to the soil, to the plants, to the beasts, to other men.

Turning aside a moment from our direct theme, let me say that each one of such life-atoms is in itself a learning entity, a growing thing, learning in this manner, even as the human reincarnating entity learns in its spheres by contacting various planes of substance and of energy.

Yet the Human Soul or Ego lasts a little longer, but not much longer. Why does it last a little longer? Because there are still remnants of the Higher Ego or Spiritual Soul clinging to it and causing a coherence of the life-atoms, even as such coherence existed during the lifetime of the man that was; and as long as these remnants remain with the Human Soul, it endures in the astral realms. When these depart, the life-atoms of the Human Ego or Soul fall apart, and these produce the dissolution of that part of man's constitution. But immediately after death the Human Ego or Soul is in a state of stupor, as it were; it is not conscious; it is like a human being in a trance. Moreover, there is no suffering, nor is there pain. Nature is kindly in its own processes. The Human Ego or Soul, therefore, remains in this state of unconscious stupefaction for a while until it disintegrates, because the instantaneous rupture of the silver cord of life threw it, as it were, into this stupor, in which generally it resembles somewhat a man plunged into a deep, dreamless sleep. It remains this way for a while, a more or less coherent entity, I repeat, on account of certain last remnants of the nobler part of the man that was, which hold thus what otherwise would be a psycho-mental vehicle into a coherent form. But after a little while these remnants of the nobler part of the Spiritual Ego or Soul follow the upward attraction of the Monad to their own native realms, and when this occurs, the former Human Ego or Soul then quickly dissolves and vanishes away.

But these remnants, which are actually the nobler portion of the personality of us, and are in fact the seeds of the future personal man to be in the next earth-life, have become quiescent, sleeping; and in this condition they slowly ascend through the spheres of the earth's planetary chain, approaching with each stage closer to union

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with the Spiritual Ego or Soul which had preceded them. Obeying this mighty attraction of the man's higher part, of which I spoke when reading the Items that you have heard, they finally rejoin the Spiritual Ego or Soul in the bosom of the Monad, and have, as much as they are capable of experiencing, their own quantum of peace and rest and joy.

And now a word in caution: Please understand that in all these matters we are dealing with basic elements of man's constitution, which, though they are certainly substantial, are not what we humans call actually 'material.' Consequently, the laws of Nature which govern their actions and re-actions are somewhat different in the effect they produce from the same laws operative in our lower material spheres.

Meanwhile the Monad has gone to other planets. Its range of function and consciousness, as I have already several times said, is over and through the entire Solar System; and on each one of these seven planets, the so-called Seven Sacred Planets of the ancients, the Monad proceeds to act in exactly the same way as it did on our own earth's planetary chain. I mean by this expression, 'earth's planetary chain,' that our earth is but one of a chain of seven planets, of which the earth is the only one that is visible, the other six being invisible to our physical sense. You may call these planets of our earth-chain, 'worlds' or 'spheres,' if you like, and I spoke of this when beginning my lecture this afternoon. The Monad on reaching the next planet after it has left this sevenfold earth-chain, or after it has left our sevenfold planet Terra, thereupon proceeds to manifest forth from its nature a Spiritual Ego or Soul different from the one which previously formed the higher part of the earth-man that was, and which now is resting in devachanic felicity in the Monad's bosom: the Monad, I say, sends forth from itself the reincarnating entity native to the next planet reached after this earth; and on this next planet the new constitution which is thus formed for manifestation when on this planet, passes through its various cyclical periods of life, learning lessons of experience and understanding there, until this new manifestation of monadic activity on this next planet reaches the end of its cyclical life-term, when it is withdrawn into the bosom of the Monad, where it rests in its Devachan in the felicity of its own heaven-world.

Having thus completed its cyclical life-term on this planet, the

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Monad then passes to the planet next in order, thereon repeating the general course of its evolutionary activity; and thus does the Monad act through and on each of the Seven Sacred Planets of the ancients, until it reaches the last of the seven, which is the one preceding the Monad's next visit to our own planetary chain. Thus on this round of its interplanetary pilgrimage the Monad has now reached the spiritual magnetic atmosphere of our earth's planetary chain again. At this point of time and space the former reincarnating entity or Ego, hitherto sleeping its long devachanic sleep in its heaven-world, resting in bliss in the bosom of the Monad, begins to feel, on account of this magnetic atmosphere affecting it, a resurgent in-rolling of old memories, attractions, and instincts, which, albeit of the most spiritual type, nevertheless, and precisely for that cause, are bound to affect it in its present high spiritual condition. It seeks to renew the magnetic contacts of its native spheres, our earth's planetary chain, and is attracted to this chain somewhat as a man in a foreign country ever longs to return home and feels his heart beat with a stronger pulse when he sees familiar sights and scenes of former days, and senses the old atmosphere. He has 'come home.' Feeling these attractions with ever-growing intensity, the reincarnating entity almost automatically follows the direction which these attractions, which this magnetic pull, indicates, and begins the descent, following the magnetic pull or attraction or call through the many invisible planes or spheres of this our earth's planetary chain, taking back again into its own fabric, or reassuming rather on each such plane or sphere which it now re-enters anew, the life-atoms which it had dropped there when it ascended out of them before. It is this reassumption, or building again into its own fabric, of the life-atoms previously used in the last earth-life that makes the reincarnating Ego become in all respects virtually the same man it was before, the same compounded constitution in fact, but improved, bettered, refined, by the lessons that it has learned in the higher planets — the invisible and more spiritual planets of our earth planetary chain; and, last but not least, by its absorption or spiritual digestion, as it were, of these lessons which it has learned while resting in its devachanic heaven-world in the bosom of the Monad.

Then, as stated, when it reaches the sphere of this earth, or rather, this earth-plane, it is drawn magnetically to the womb or home where the vibrational conditions it meets (I know not how

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otherwise to express it to you, friends, who may not have studied Theosophy), are the nearest to its own; and here at an appropriate moment it makes contact magnetically and psychically with the laya-center, the 'singular point,' of a human generative particle, as I have already outlined to you; and the human being to be now begins to grow towards human stature.

It is when the unborn child first moves that what we may call the first vaguely conscious alliance of the Higher Ego or Soul with its body to be takes place. Hitherto it has been the vegetative part of its constitution, in other words, the vital astral part of it, which has caused the growth of the human embryo towards birth as a child. But the higher parts or character of the reincarnating Ego do not manifest through the psycho-mental apparatus of the growing child until fourteen or fifteen or sixteen, or it may be thirteen or twelve, years after physical birth, the moment in each case depending upon individual characteristics.

Friends, I now close my lecture for this afternoon; and in doing so I ask one thing of you, if you please: Bear in mind that what I have said today to you is but a mere skeleton-outline of a very profound, albeit fascinating, subject; and furthermore, that I have talked about this subject during the course of some eight or ten lectures on as many Sunday afternoons last past. Hence, those of you who were here then, or who 'listened in,' will of course understand more clearly and better what was said today than will those who have heard this lecture alone. It is obvious that in this one lecture I have had no opportunity to go into all the details of what was formerly said, when I laid the groundwork or substructure for today's study.

I leave you with a final thought:

Man in his inmost essence is a Divine Flame, unconditionally immortal, and of kosmic range in function and consciousness. As an entity, man has will-power and intelligence, two wonderful tools with which he may carve for himself a most sublime destiny — a destiny making of him, if he will, a self-conscious god.



Earnestness is the path of immortality; thoughtlessness is the path of death. Those who are earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.— *Dhammapada*, ii, 1

THOUGHTS ON THE ELEMENTALS

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

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YEARS have been devoted by the writer to the study of those invisible Beings — conscious, semi-conscious and entirely senseless — called by a number of names in every country under the sun, and known under the generic name of ‘Spirits.’ The nomenclature applied to these denizens of spheres good or bad in the Roman Catholic Church, alone, is — endless. The great kyriology of their symbolic names — is a study. Open any account of creation in the first *Purâna* that comes to hand, and see the variety of appellations bestowed upon these divine and semi-divine creatures (the product of the two kinds of creation — the *Prâkrita* and the *Vaikrita* or *Padma*, the primary and the secondary) all evolved from the body of Brahmâ. The *Ôrdhwasrota*¹ only, of the third creation, embrace a variety of beings with characteristics and idiosyncracies sufficient for a life-study.

The same in the Egyptian, Chaldaean, Greek, Phoenician or any other account. The hosts of those creatures are numberless. The old Pagans, however, and especially the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria knew what they believed, and discriminated between the orders. None regarded them from such a sectarian standpoint as do the Christian Churches. They dealt with them far more wisely, on the contrary, as they made a better and a greater discrimination between the natures of these beings than the Fathers of the Church did. According to the policy of the latter, all those Angels that were not recognised as the attendants upon the Jewish Jehovah — were proclaimed *Devils*.

The effects of this belief, afterwards erected into a dogma, we find asserting themselves now in the Karman of the many millions of Spiritualists, brought up and bred in the respective beliefs of their Churches. Though a Spiritualist may have divorced himself for years from theological and clerical beliefs; though he be a liber-

1. The *Ôrdhwasrota*, the Gods, so called because the bare sight of aliment stands to them, in place of eating; “for there is satisfaction from the mere beholding of ambrosia,” says the commentator of the *Vishnu-Purâna*.

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al or an illiberal Christian, a Deist or an Atheist, having rejected very wisely belief in devils, and, too reasonable to regard his visitors as pure angels, has accepted what he thinks a reasonable mean ground — still he will acknowledge no other Spirits save those of the dead.

This is his *Karman*, and also that of the Churches collectively. In the latter such a stubborn fanaticism, such *parti pris* is only natural; it is their policy. In free Spiritualism, it is unpardonable. There cannot be two opinions upon this subject. It is either belief in, or a full rejection of, the existence of any 'Spirits.' If a man is a skeptic and an unbeliever, we have nothing to say. Once he believes in Spooks and Spirits at all — the question changes. Where is that man or woman, free from prejudice and preconceptions, who can believe that in an infinite universe of life and being — let us say in our solar system alone — that in all this boundless space in which the Spiritualist locates his 'Summer-land' — there are only *two orders of conscious* beings — men and their spirits; imbodyed mortals and disimbodyed Immortals?

The future has in store for Humanity strange surprises, and Theosophy, or rather its adherents, will be vindicated fully in no very distant days. No use arguing upon a question that has been so fully discussed by Theosophists and brought only opprobrium, persecution, and enmity on the writers. Therefore we will not go out of our way to say much more. The Elementals and the Elementaries of the Kabalists and Theosophists were sufficiently ridiculed. From Porphyry down to the demonologists of the past centuries, fact after fact was given, and proofs heaped upon proofs, but with as little effect as might be had from a fairy-tale told in some nursery room.

A queer book, that of the old *Count de Gabalis*, immortalized by the Abbé de Villars, and now translated and published in Bath. Those humorously inclined are advised to read it, and to ponder over it. This advice is offered with the object of making a parallel. The writer read it years ago, and has read it now again with as much, and much more attention, than formerly. Her humble opinion as regards the work is — if any one cares to hear it — that one may search for months and never find the demarcation in it between the 'Spirits' of the *séance*-rooms and the Sylphs and Undines of the French satire.

There is a sinister ring in the merry quips and jests of its writer,

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who, while pointing the finger of ridicule at that which he believed, had probably a presentiment of his own speedy *Karman*² in the shape of assassination.

The way he introduces the *Count de Gabalis* is worthy of attention.

I was astonished one Remarkable Day, when I saw a man come in of a most exalted mien; who, saluting me gravely, said to me in the French Tongue but in the accent of a *Foreigner*, "Adore, my son; adore the most great God of the Sages; and let *not thy self be puffed up with Pride, that he sends to thee one of the children of Wisdom, to constitute thee a Fellow of their Society, and make thee partaker of the wonders of Omnipotency.*"³

There is only one answer to be made to those who, taking advantage of such works, laugh at Occultism. "Servitissimo" gives it himself in his own chaffing way in his introductory "Letter to my Lord" in the above-named work. "I would have persuaded him (the author of *Gabalis*) to have changed the whole form of his work," he writes, "for this drolling way of carrying it thus on does not to me seem proper to his subject. These mysteries of the *Cabal* are serious matters, which many of my friends do seriously study . . . the which are certainly most dangerous to jest with." *Verbum sat sapienti.*

They are 'dangerous,' most undeniably. But since history began to record thoughts and facts, one-half of Humanity has ever been sneering at the other half and ridiculing its most cherished beliefs. This, however, cannot change a fact into a fiction, nor can it destroy the Sylphs, Undines, and Gnomes, if any, in Nature; for, in league with Salamanders, the latter are more likely to destroy the unbelievers and damage insurance companies, notwithstanding that these believe still less in revengeful Salamanders than in fires produced by chance and accident.

Theosophists believe in Spirits no less than Spiritualists do, but as dissimilar in their variety as are the feathered tribes in the air. There are bloodthirsty hawks and vampire bats among them, as

2. The work was published in Paris in 1670, and in 1675 the author was cruelly murdered on his way to Lyons from Languedoc, his native country.

3. Sub-Mundanes; or the Elementaries of the Cabal: being the History of Spirits, reprinted from the Text of the Abbé De Villars, Physio-Astro-Mystic, wherein it is asserted that there are in existence on earth rational creatures besides man; 1886, Bath, Robert H. Fryer.

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there are doves and nightingales. They believe in 'Angels,' for many have seen them

. . . by the sick one's pillow —
Whose was the soft tone and the soundless tread!
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood between the living and the dead.

But these were not the three-toed materializations of the modern medium. And if our doctrines were all piece-mealed by the 'drolleries' of a de Villars, they would and could not interfere with the claims of the Occultists that their teachings are *historical and scientific facts*, whatever the garb they are presented in to the profane. Since the first kings began reigning "by the grace of God," countless generations of buffoons appointed to amuse Majesties and Highnesses have passed away; and most of these graceless individuals had more wisdom at the bottoms of their haunches and at their fingers' ends, than all their royal masters put together had in their brainless heads. They alone had the inestimable privilege of speaking *truth* at the Courts, and those truths have always been laughed at. . . .

This is a digression; but such works as the *Count de Gabalis* have to be quietly analysed and their true character shown, lest they should be made to serve as a sledge-hammer to pulverize those works which *do not* assume a humorous tone in speaking of mysterious, if not altogether sacred, things, and say what they have to. And it is most positively maintained that there are more truths uttered in the witty *railleries* and *gasconades* of that 'satire,' full of pre-eminently occult and actual facts, than most people, and Spiritualists especially, would care to learn.

One single fact instanced, and shown to exist at the present moment among the Mediums, will be sufficient to prove that we are right.

It has been said elsewhere, that white magic differed very little from practices of sorcery except in *effects* and *results* — *good or bad motive* being everything. Many of the preliminary rules and conditions to enter societies of *adepts*, whether of the *Right* or the *Left* Path, are also identical in many things. Thus *Gabalis* says to the author: "The *Sages* will never admit you into their society if you do not renounce from this very present a Thing which cannot stand

in competition with Wisdom. *You must renounce all carnal Commerce with Women*" (p. 27).

This is a *sine qua non* with *practical* Occultists — Rosicrucians or Yogis, Europeans or Asiatics. But it is also one with the *Dugpas* and *Jadoos* of Bhutan and India, one with the *Voodoos* and *Nâgals* of New Orleans and Mexico,⁴ *with an additional clause to it, however, in the statutes of the latter*. And this is to have carnal commerce with male and female Djin, Elementals, or Demons, call them by whatever names you will.⁵

"*I am making known nothing to you but the Principles of the Antient Cabal,*" explains de Gabalis to his pupil. And he informs him that the Elementals (whom he calls *Elementaries*), the inhabitants of the four Elements, namely, the Sylphs, Undines, Salamanders, and Gnomes, live many Ages, but that their souls are not immortal. "In respect of Eternity . . . they must finally resolve into nothing." ". . . Our Fathers, the philosophers," goes on the *soi-disant* Rosicrucian, "speaking to God Face to Face, complained to him of the Unhappiness of these People (the Elementals), and God, whose Mercy is without Bounds, revealed to them that it was not impossible to find out a Remedy for this Evil. He inspired them, that by the same means as Man, by the Alliance which he contracted with God, has been made Partaker of the Divinity: the *Sylphs*, the *Gnomes*, the *Nymphs*, and the *Salamanders*, by the Alliance which they might Contract with Man, might be made Partakers of Immortality. So a *she-Nymph* or a *Sylphide* becomes Immortal and capable of the Blessing to which we aspire, when they shall be so happy *as to be married to a Sage*; a *Gnome* or a *Sylph* ceases to be Mortal from the moment that *he Espouses one of our Daughters*."

Having delivered himself of this fine piece of advice on practical sorcery, the 'Sage' closes as follows:

4. We speak here of the well-known *ancient statutes* in the Sorcery of the Asiatics as in the Demonology of Europe. The Witch had to renounce her husband, the Wizard his marital rights over his legitimate human wife, as the Dugpa renounces to this day commerce with living women; and, as the New Orleans *Voodoo* does, when in the exercise of his powers. Every Kabbalist knows this.

5. The Jewish Kabbalist of Poland and Galicia calls the female Spirit of *Nergal*, when bent on revenge, *to his help and to infuse into him power*. The Mussulman Sorcerer a female *Djini*; a Russian *Koldoon* a deceased Witch (*Vyedma*). The Chinese maleficer has a female *Houen* in his house at his command. The above intercourse is said to give *magic powers* and a *Supernal Force*.

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No, no! Our *Sages* have never erred so as to attribute the Fall of the first *Angels* to their Love of *women*, no more than they have put Men under the Power of the *Devil*. . . . There was nothing criminal in all that. They were *Sylphs* which endeavored to become Immortal. Their innocent Pursuits, far enough from being able to scandalize the *Philosophers*, have appeared so Just to us that we are all resolved by common consent utterly to Renounce *Women*; and entirely to give ourselves to *Immortalizing* of the *Nymphs and Sylphs* (p. 33).

And so are certain mediums, especially those of America and France, who boast of Spirit husbands and wives. We know such mediums personally, men and women, *and it is not those of Holland who will deny the fact*, with a recent event among their colleagues and co-religionists fresh in their memory, concerning some who escaped death and madness only by becoming Theosophists. It is only by following our advice that they got finally rid of their spiritual consorts of both sexes.

Shall we be told in this case also, that it is a calumny and an invention? Then let those outsiders who are inclined to see, with the Spiritualists, nought but a holy, an innocent pastime at any rate, in that nightly and daily intercourse with the so-called 'Spirits of the Dead,' watch. Let those who *ridicule* our warnings and doctrine and make merry over them — explain after analysing it dispassionately, the mystery and the *rationale* of such facts as the existence in the minds of certain Mediums and Sensitives of their *actual marriage* with male and female Spirits. Explanations of lunacy and hallucination will never do, when placed face to face with the *undeniable facts* of SPIRIT-MATERIALIZATIONS. If there are 'Spirits' capable of drinking tea and wine, of eating apples and cakes, of kissing and touching the visitors of séance-rooms, all of which facts have been proven as well as the existence of those visitors themselves — *why should not those same Spirits perform matrimonial duties as well?* And who are those 'Spirits' and what is their nature? Shall we be told by the Spiritists that the spooks of Mme. de Sévigné or of Delphine —, — one of which authoresses we abstain from naming out of regard to the surviving relatives — that they are the actual 'Spirits' of those two deceased ladies; and that the latter felt a 'spiritual affinity' for an idiotic, old, and slovenly Canadian medium and thus became *his happy wife* as he boasts publicly, the result of which union is a herd of 'spiritual' children *bred with this holy Spirit?* And *who* is the astral husband — the nightly consort of a

well-known New York medium whom the writer knows personally? Let the reader get every information he can about this last development of *Spiritual* (!) intercourse. Let him think seriously over this, and then read the 'Count de Gabalis,' especially the Appendix to it, with its Latin portions; and then perchance he will be better able to appreciate the full gravity of the *supposed* chaff, in the work in question,⁶ and understand the true value of the raillery in it. He will then see clearly the ghastly connexion there is between the Fauns, Satyrs and Incubi of St. Hieronymus, the Sylphs and Nymphs of the Count de Gabalis, the 'Elementaries' of the Kabalists — and all those poetical, spiritual 'Lillies' of the 'Harris Community,' the astral 'Napoleons,' and other departed Don Juans from the 'Summer-Land,' the '*spiritual* affinities from beyond the grave' of the modern world of mediums.

Notwithstanding this ghastly array of facts, we are told week after week in the Spiritual journals that, at best, we know not what we are talking about. 'Platon' — (a presumptuous pseudonym to assume, by the by) a dissatisfied *ex*-theosophist, tells the Spiritualists (see *Light*, Jan. 1, 1887) that not only is there no reincarnation — because the astral 'spirit' of a deceased friend told him so (a valuable and trustworthy evidence indeed) — but that all our philosophy is proved worthless by that very fact! Karman, we are notified, is a tomfoolery. "Without Karman reincarnation cannot stand," and, since his *astral* informant "has inquired in the realm of his present existence as to the theory of reincarnation, and he says he cannot get one fact or a trace of one as to the truth of it . . ." this 'astral' informant *has to be believed*. He *cannot* lie. For "a man who has studied chemistry has a right to an opinion, and earned a right to speak upon its various theories and facts . . . especially if he,

6. *Sub-Mundanes; or the Elementaries of the Cabala*: with an illustrative Appendix from the work *Demoniality or Incubi and Succubi*, by the Rev. Father Sinistrari, of Amando. The answer given (p. 133) by an alleged devil, to St. Anthony respecting the corporeity of the Incubi and Succubi would do as well now, perhaps: "The blessed St. Anthony" having inquired who he was, the little dwarf of the woods answered: "I am a mortal, and one of the inhabitants of the Wilderness, whom gentility, under its varied delusions, worships under the names of Fauns, Satyrs and Incubi"; or 'Spirits of the Dead' might have added this Elemental, the vehicle of some Elementary. This is a narrative of St. Hieronymus, who fully believed in it, and so do we, with certain amendments.

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during earth-life, was respected and admired for his researches into the mysteries of nature, and for his truthfulness.”⁷

Let us hope that the ‘astrals’ of such eminent chemists as Messrs. Crookes and Butlerof — when disembodied — will abstain from returning too often to talk with mortals. For having studied chemistry so much and so well, their *post-mortem* communications would acquire a reputation for infallibility more than would be good, perhaps, for the progress of mankind, and the development of its intellectual powers. But the proof is sufficiently convincing, no doubt for the present generation of Spiritualists, since the name assumed by the ‘astral control of a friend’ was that of a truthful and honorable man. It thus appears that an experience of over forty years with Spirits, who lied more than they told truth, and did far more mischief than good — goes for nought. And thus the ‘spirit-husbands and wives’ must be also believed when they say they are this or that. Because, as ‘Platon’ justly argues: “There is no progress without knowledge, and the knowledge of truth founded upon fact is progress of the highest degree, and if astrals progress, as this spirit says *they do*, the philosophy of Occultism in regard to reincarnation is wrong upon this point; and how do we know that the many other points are correct, as they are without proof?”

This is high philosophy and logic. “The end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation” — with ‘Spirits,’ Demosthenes might have added, had he known where to look for them — but all this leaves still the question, “who are those spirits?” — an open one. For, “where doctors disagree” there must be room for doubt. And besides the ominous fact that Spirits are divided in their views upon reincarnation — just as Spiritualists and Spiritists are — “every man is not a proper champion for the truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity,” says Sir T. Browne. This is no disrespectful cut at ‘Platon,’ whoever he may be, but an axiom. An eminent man of science, Prof. W. Crookes, gave once a very wise definition of Truth, by showing how necessary it is to draw a distinction *between truth and accuracy*. A person may be very truthful — he observed

7. The arguments and evidence brought to bear against the philosophy of the East are curious. Surely this is a good proof that the Occultists are right in saying that most of those ‘Spirits’ are not even ‘lying’ Spirits, but simply empty, senseless shells, talking sense only with the help of the brains of the *sitters* and the brain of the medium as a connecting link.

— that is to say, may be filled with the desire both to receive truth and to teach it; but unless that person have great natural powers of observation, or have been trained by scientific study of some kind to observe, note, compare, and report accurately and in detail, he will not be able to give a trustworthy, accurate, and therefore true account of his experiences. His intentions may be honest, but if he have a spark of enthusiasm, he will be always apt to proceed to generalizations, which may be both false and dangerous. In short, as another eminent man of science, Sir John Herschel, puts it, “The grand and, indeed, the only character of truth, is its capability of enduring the test of universal experience, and coming unchanged out of every possible form of fair discussion.”

Now very few Spiritualists, if any, unite in themselves the precious qualities demanded by Prof. Crookes; in other words their truthfulness is always tempered by enthusiasm; therefore, it has led them into error for the last forty years. In answer to this we may be told and with great justice, it must be confessed, that this scientific definition cuts both ways; *i. e.*, that Theosophists are, to say the least, in the same box with the Spiritualists; that they are enthusiastic, and therefore also credulous. But in the present case the situation is changed. The question is not what either Spiritualists or Theosophists think personally of the nature of Spirits and their degree of truthfulness; but what the ‘universal experience,’ demanded by Sir John Herschel, says. Spiritualism is a philosophy (if one, which so far we deny) of but yesterday. Occultism and the philosophy of the East, whether true absolutely, or relatively, are teachings coming to us from an immense antiquity: and since — whether in the writings and traditions of the East; in the numberless Fragments, and MSS. left to us by the Neo-Platonic Theosophists; in the life-observations of such philosophers as Porphyry and Iamblichus; in those of the medieval Theosophists and so on, *ad infinitum*; — since we find in all these, the same identical testimony as to the extremely various, and often dangerous nature of all those Genii, Demons, Gods, Lares, and ‘Elementaries,’ now all confused into one heap under the name of ‘Spirits’; we cannot fail to recognise in all this something ‘enduring the test of *universal experience*,’ and ‘coming unchanged’ out of every possible form of observation and experience.

Theosophists give only the product of an experience hoary with

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age; Spiritualists hold to their own views, born some forty years ago, and based on their unflinching enthusiasm and emotionalism. But let any impartial, fair-minded witness to the doings of the 'Spirits' in America, one that is neither a Theosophist nor a Spiritualist, be asked: "What may be the difference between the vampire-bride from whom Apollonius of Tyana is said to have delivered a young friend of his, whom the nightly succubus was slowly killing, and the Spirit-wives and husbands of the mediums?" Surely none — would be the correct answer. Those who do not shudder at this hideous revival of medieval Demonology and Witchcraft, may, at any rate, understand the reason why of all the numerous enemies of Theosophy — which unveils the mysteries of the 'Spirit World' and unmask the Spirits masquerading under eminent names — none are so bitter and so implacable as the Spiritualists of Protestant, and the Spiritists of Roman Catholic, countries.

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, [ingens,] cui lumen ademptum" . . . is the fittest epithet to be applied to most of the 'Lillies' and 'Joes' of the Spirit World. But we do not mean at all — following in this the example of Spiritualists, who are determined to believe in no other 'Spirits' than those of the 'dear departed' ones — to maintain that save *Nature Spirits* or Elementals, *Shells*, or Elementaries, and 'Gods' and genii, there are no other Spirits from the invisible realms; or no really holy and grand Spirits — who communicate with mortals. For it is not so. What the Occultists and Kabalists said all along, and the Theosophists now repeat, is, that holy Spirits will not visit promiscuous *séance*-rooms, nor will they intermarry with living men and women.

Belief in the existence of invisible but too often present visitants from better and worse worlds than our own, is too deeply rooted in men's hearts to be easily torn out by the cold hand of Materialism, or even of Science. Charges of superstition, coupled with ridicule, have at best served to breed additional hypocrisy and social cant, among the educated classes. For there are few men, if any, at the bottom of whose souls belief in such *superhuman* and supersensuous creatures does not lie latent, to awaken into existence at the first good opportunity. Many are those Men of Science who, having abandoned with their nursery pinafores belief in Kings of Elves and Fairy Queens, and who would blush at being accused of believing in witchcraft, have, nevertheless, fallen victims to the wiles of 'Joes,'

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'Daisies,' and other spooks and 'controls.' And once they have crossed the Rubicon, they fear ridicule no longer. These Scientists defend as desperately the reality of materialized and other Spirits, as if these were a mathematical law. Those soul-aspirations that seem innate in human nature, and that slumber only to awaken to intensified activity; those yearnings to cross the boundary of matter that make many a hardened skeptic turn into a rabid believer at the first appearance of that which to him is undeniable proof — all these complete psychological phenomena of human temperament — have our modern physiologists found a key to them? Will the verdict remain '*non compos mentis*' or 'victim to fraud and psychology,' etc., etc.? When we say with regard to unbelievers that they are 'a handful,' the statement is no undervaluation; for it is not those who shout the loudest against degrading superstitions, the 'Occult craze' and so on, who are the strongest in their skepticism. At the first opportunity, they will be foremost amongst those who fall and surrender. And when one counts seriously the ever-increasing millions of the Spiritualists, Occultists, and Mystics in Europe and America, one may well refuse to lament with Carrington over the 'Departure of the Fairies.' They are gone, says the poet:

. . . They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished — they are flown,
Before the Wand of Science! . . .

We maintain that they have done nothing of the kind; and that on the contrary it is these 'Fairies'— the beautiful, far more than the hideous — who are seriously threatening under their new masks and names to disarm Science and break its 'Wand.'

Belief in 'Spirits' is legitimate, because it rests on the authority of experiment and observation; it vindicates, moreover, another belief, also regarded as a superstition: namely, *Polytheism*. The latter is based upon a fact in nature: Spirits mistaken for Gods have been seen in every age by men — hence, belief in many and various Gods. Monotheism, on the other hand, rests upon a pure abstraction. Who has seen GOD — that God we mean, the Infinite and the Omnipotent, the one about whom Monotheists talk so much? Polytheism — once man claims the right of divine interference on his behalf — is logical and consistent with the philosophies of the East,

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all of which, whether Pantheistic or Deistic, proclaim the One an infinite abstraction, an absolute Something which utterly transcends the conception of the finite. Surely such a creed is more philosophical than that religion, whose theology, proclaiming in one place God, a mysterious and even Incomprehensible Being, whom "*there shall no man see me, and live*" (*Exodus*, xxxiii, 20), shows him at the same time so human and so petty a God as to concern himself with the breeches⁸ of his chosen people, while neglecting to say anything definite about the immortality of their souls, or their survival after death!

Thus, belief in a Host and Hosts of Spiritual entities, dwelling on various planes and spheres in the Universe, in *conscious intra-Kosmic Beings*, in fact, is logical and reasonable, while belief in an *extra-Kosmic* God is an absurdity. And if Jehovah, who was so jealous about his Jews and commanded that they should have no other God save himself, was generous enough to bestow upon Pharaoh Moses ("See, I have *made thee a god to Pharaoh*: and Aaron . . . thy prophet," *Exodus*, vii, 1) as the Egyptian monarch's deity, why should not 'Pagans' be allowed the choice of their own Gods? Once we believe in the existence of our *Egos*, we may well believe in Dhyân-Chohans. As Hare has it: "man is a *mixed* being made up of a spiritual and of a fleshly body; the angels are pure Spirits, herein nearer to God, only that they are created and finite in all respects, whereas God *is infinite and uncreated*." And if God is the latter, then God is not a 'Being' but an *incorporeal Principle*, not to be blasphemously anthropomorphized. The angels or Dhyân-Chohans are the 'Living Ones'; that Principle, the 'Self-Existent,' the eternal, and all pervading CAUSE of all causes, is only the abstract noumenon of the 'River of Life,' whose ever-rolling waves create angels and men alike, the former being simply "men of a superior kind," as Young intuitionally remarks.

The masses of mankind are thus well justified in believing in a plurality of Gods; nor is it by calling them now, spirits, angels, and demons, that Christian nations are less polytheistic than their Pagan brethren. The twenty or thirty millions of the now existing Spiritualists and Spiritists, minister to their dead as jealously as the mod-

8. "And thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover their nakedness; from the loins even unto the thighs they shall reach" (*Exodus*, xxviii, 42) — God a linendraper and a tailor!!

ern Chinamen and the Hindûs minister to their *Houen*,⁹ *Bhûtas*, and *Pisâchas* — the Pagan, however, only to keep them quiet from *post-mortem* mischief.

Although these Gods are said to be “superior to man in some respects,” it must not be concluded that the latent potencies of the human spirit are at all inferior to those of the Devas. Their faculties are more expanded than those of ordinary man; but with the ultimate effect of prescribing a limit to their expansion, to which the human spirit is not subjected. This fact has been well symbolized in the *Mahâbhârata* by the single-handed victory of Arjuna, under the name of Nara (a man) over the whole host of Devas and *Devayonis* (the lower Elementals). And we find reference to the same power in man in the Bible, for St. Paul distinctly says to his audience “Know ye not that we shall judge angels?” (*1 Corinth.*, vi, 3), and speaks of the astral body of man, the *soma psuchikon*, and the spiritual body, *soma pneumatikon*, which “hath not flesh and bones,” but has still an external form.

The order of Beings called the Devas — whose variety is so great that no description of it can be attempted here — is given in some Occult treatises. There are high Devas and lower ones, higher Elementals and those far below man and even animals. But all these have been or will be men, and the former will again be reborn on higher planets and in other manvantaras. One thing may, however, be mentioned. The Pitris, or our ‘lunar ancestors,’ and the communication of mortals with them, have been several times mentioned by Spiritualists as an argument that Hindûs *do* believe in, and even worship ‘Spirits.’ This is a great mistake. It is not the Pitris individually that were ever consulted, but their *stored wisdom* collectively; that wisdom being shown *mystically* and allegorically on the bright side of the moon.

What the Brâhmans invoke are not ‘the spirits’ of the departed *ancestors* — the full significance of which name will be found in Vol. II of *The Secret Doctrine*, where the genesis of man is given. The most highly developed human spirit will always declare, while leaving its tenement of clay “*nacha punarâvartî*” — “I shall not come

9. The *Houen* in *China*, is “the *second* Soul, or human Vitality, the principle, which animates the ghost,” as explained by missionaries from China; simply the *astral*. The *Houen*, however, is as distinct from the ‘Ancestor’ as the *Bhûtas* are from the Pitris in India.

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back”— and is thus placed beyond the reach of any living man. But to comprehend fully the nature of the ‘lunar’ ancestors and their connexion with the ‘moon’ would necessitate the revelation of occult secrets which are not intended for public hearing. Therefore no more will be given than the few hints that follow.

One of the names of the moon in Sanskrit is *Soma*, which is also the name, as is well known, of the mystic drink of the Brâhmans and shows the connexion between the two. A ‘soma-drinker’ attains the power of placing himself in direct *rapport* with the bright side of the moon, thus deriving inspiration from *the concentrated intellectual energy of the blessed ancestors*. This ‘concentration,’ and the moon being a storehouse of that Energy, is the secret, the meaning of which must not be revealed, beyond the mere fact of mentioning the continuous pouring out upon the earth from the bright side of the orb of a certain influence.

This which seems one stream (to the ignorant) is of a *dual nature* — one giving life and wisdom, the other being lethal. He *who can separate the former from the latter, as Kalahamsa separated the milk from the water which was mixed with it, thus showing great wisdom — will have his reward*. The word *Pitri* does mean, no doubt, the ancestor; but that which is invoked is the *lunar* wisdom esoterically, and not the ‘Lunar ancestor.’ It is this Wisdom that was invoked by Qu-ta-my, the Chaldaean, in the *Nabathæan Agriculture*, who wrote down “the revelations of the Moon.” But there is *the other side* to this. If most of the Brâhmanical religious ceremonials are connected with the full moon, so do the dark ceremonials of the sorcerers take place at the new moon and its last quarter. For similarly when the lost human being, or sorcerer, attains the consummation of his depraved career, all the evil Karman, and the evil inspiration, comes down upon him as a dark incubus of iniquity from ‘the *dark side* of the moon,’ which is a *terra incognita* to Science, but a well-explored land to the Adept. The Sorcerer, the Dugpa, who always performs his hellish rites on the day of the new moon, when the benignant influence of the Pitris is at its lowest ebb, crystallizes some of the Satanic energy of his predecessors in evil, and turns it to his own vile ends; while the Brâhman, on the other hand, pursues a corresponding benevolent course with the energy bequeathed him by his Pitris. . . . Therefore, this is the true Spiritualism of which the heart and soul have been entirely missed by the modern

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Spiritualists. When the day of the full revelation comes, it will be seen that the so-called 'superstitions' of Brâhmanism and the ancient Pagans in general were merely natural and psychical sciences, veiled from the profane eyes of the ignorant multitudes, for fear of desecration and abuse, by allegorical and symbolical disguises that modern science has failed to discover.

We maintain then that no Theosophist has ever believed in, or helped to spread 'degrading superstitions,' any more than has any other philosophical or scientific Society. The only difference between the 'Spirits' of other Societies, Sects and Bodies, and ours, lies in their names, and in dogmatic assertions with regard to their natures. In those whom the millions of Spiritualists call the 'Spirits of the Dead,' and in whom the Roman Church sees the devils of the Host of Satan — we see neither. We call them Dhyân-Chohans, Devas, Pitris, Elementals high and low — and know them as the 'Gods' of the Gentiles, imperfect at times, never wholly. Each order has its name, its place, its functions assigned to it in nature; and each host is the complement and crown of its own particular sphere, as *man* is the complement and crown of his globe; hence, a natural and logical necessity in Kosmos.

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

EVERY hour, every moment, you are spinning a web of destiny around yourself, as a spider spins his web. Perhaps you do not realize this, and blame Fate for placing you where you are. But Fate is only a name by which you deceive yourself; for it is you yourself who placed you there, and nobody else. When a traveler finds himself in a certain locality, he is there because his own footsteps took him there; his present is determined by his past, and his future is determined by what he will do now. It is just the same with your journey through life: the position in which you find yourself now is that to which your past footsteps have led you; the position you will find yourself in tomorrow depends on which way you direct your footsteps now.

You have a destiny, of course, but that destiny is simply the path you have marked out for yourself. And you can change it any min-

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ute. The traveler can always change his course, if he wants to, no matter how he may have been traveling before. You are the master of your destiny, not its slave.

You came into this life endowed with a certain heredity. You chose this heredity for yourself. It was the kind of heredity that you needed, the kind that was best for you, the kind that you had made for yourself by your own past thoughts and acts. And so, at this moment, you are carving out your future destiny, for the rest of this life, and for lives to come.

You know very well that, if you spend your youth in dissipation, you are likely to suffer for it in your age. You do not blame Fate or Providence for this; you know that it is you yourself who are the culprit. If you expose yourself to infection, you will catch the epidemic; if you wear wet clothes, you will catch cold; if you make yourself objectionable to people, you will lose your friends; if you are careless and extravagant, your business will fail. You do not blame Fate or Providence for these things; you made your own bed, and you know it.

But it is just the same with *everything* that happens to you — everything. The only difference is that you cannot always trace the connexions. But that should not bother you; how can you expect to know everything? There must be some things you cannot trace, unless you are wiser than Solomon. It would be a strange thing if part of our destiny were made by ourselves, and the other part not. Where could we draw the line?

If you have an illness, you can very likely trace it to its cause in some mistake you made. But if you fall down and break your leg, you cannot see the why and the wherefore of that; you cannot see the justice of it. And just to hide your ignorance, you say it is Chance or Fate. Idle words, meaning nothing at all! People used to say that smallpox was Fate; they made no effort to avoid it. They did not see how it came, so they said it was unavoidable and just grinned and bore it. The same with you and your broken leg. The same with you when a sudden loss or bereavement or any other misfortune happens, and you cannot trace the connexions.

Yet everything that happens to you has been determined by your own actions. The main cause of your destiny is your thoughts and desires. Thoughts and desires are great forces, very great forces. Science shows us that energy cannot be destroyed, but is only trans-

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muted into other forms, and must produce effects corresponding to its intensity. What becomes of all the energy that radiates out from your brain all the time that you are thinking, and scheming, and planning, and wanting?

If you look at your life, you will find that you are all the time creating causes which do not have any visible effect, and encountering effects which do not have any visible cause. Why not put the two problems together and let them solve one another?

The reason why you fail to connect your desires with your fortune, is that they are often so far apart. What you are going through now is the result of what you thought and desired a long time ago, and very likely you have no recollection of that time. In the same way, it will probably be a long time before the desires you have now will produce their effects.

Do you know what it is to begin the day badly? You wake up with the 'black dog' on your back, as the saying is, and it accompanies you throughout the day and gets you into trouble all the time. It makes you quarrel with people; it makes people quarrel with you; you throw out a force which they feel and resent. It makes you miss your car and muddle your business and sprain your ankle, and so on all day till it has spent itself. This gives us some idea of the way in which destiny acts. You cannot see why you fall down and break your leg at a particular time, or why you have a fire, or why you have a sudden bereavement. But the causes of all these things are in yourself.

You carry about you the *seeds* of your destiny, and these wait in the soil until they have the right conditions to germinate, and then they spring up and blossom out into events. Every man is born into this life with a bundle of such seeds, the harvest of his past. These things grow up with him and unfold each at its proper season. Some are seeds of character, and these we can better understand. Others are seeds of fate, and these are not so easy to understand. But that is only because we have not given our mind to the subject — have not thought about it often enough or hard enough. Yet it is possible to understand it.

You are master of your destiny! Why not realize the fact? It makes such a difference to your attitude towards life. It gives you self-respect and the sense of freedom and responsibility. You leave off drifting and being tossed this way and that by everything that

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happens. Wherever you may be, whatever your circumstances, your thoughts are your own. And thoughts are the most powerful things. The whole secret of life lies in controlling your thoughts and regulating your emotions. People will live inert and enslaved as long as they do not realize their power; but when once they do realize it, the inaction and slavery come to an end at once. As long as you fool yourself with the idea that you are a piece of helpless driftwood, at the mercy of some inscrutable fate, you will be just that and nothing more. But it rests with yourself how long you will stay like that.

When we give up dogma and superstition, we turn to science, which studies the laws of nature. Everything in the universe must be ruled by law; a haphazard universe is unthinkable. Everything in our life must be ruled by law; life cannot be a meaningless farce. It is only a question of studying those laws and finding out how they work. You know more today than you did yesterday; tomorrow you will know still more. Study your life more closely, with these ideas in mind, and you will find mysteries clearing up before you.

Every moment is a starting-point. It matters not how much of a tangle you have gotten yourself into by what you have done before, you can begin to straighten it out now. Your destiny is determined by the web of habits, prejudices, notions, beliefs, and so forth, which you have built up all around yourself, and which you carry about with you wherever you go. The way to rule your destiny is to sort out all this lumber and set your mental house in order.

Some people go to astrologers, or study astrology themselves; and others go to palmists and phrenologists and psychics. These are the dreamers, people who speculate instead of acting. What good did it ever do a man to speculate on his horoscope and the good and evil 'directions' that are in store for him? Astrology does show to some extent the influences we are under, but it does not show whether we will yield to those influences or overcome them. The man who acts, makes his own horoscope; he knows what he is going to do, and it is the business of the astrologers to find out what he is going to do, if they can. The stars merely show, if they show anything, the bundle of propensities which I have accumulated around me; just as the phrenological 'bumps' and the lines on the hand do.

Why does life seem such a puzzle to you? It is because you do not understand your own self. You do not know what you are at. Your mind is not kept in order, but you let the thoughts and feelings

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play to and fro as they will. So you are kept in a constant state of confusion. If you could keep your thoughts quiet for a while, you would have a chance of finding out something about yourself.

It seems as though all the aims and wishes of our life were thwarted by some power stronger than our will; people call it Providence or Fate. But what is this mysterious power really? It is simply our own Will — our real Will. Your life is not lived in the interests of your little aims and ambitions; it is lived in the interests of your real Self. Deep in your nature, back of the mind with its whirling thoughts, there is real knowledge; but this knowledge cannot get through because your mind is so muddy and confused. You do not realize that the Power which is guiding you is your own Self. But so it is; and the reason why you cannot have all your numerous desires satisfied is because you know, deep down in your heart, that those desires are not good for you. You may *want* those things, but you do not *will* them.

If you studied yourself more, you would know that this is so. As it is, every time the real Self steps in and crosses the petty aims of your lesser self, it seems to you as if it was some outside power or some inscrutable fate. And so you invent some god or some scientific force to account for it.

If you are dissatisfied with the smallness of your life, and would like to step out into some larger sphere, remember that it is in your power to do so at any time. Only, instead of trying to change your outside circumstances, change your inside ones.

All eternity is before you; death is only an incident. What you are now is the result of a long past. What you cannot attain now may be yours another day, for there is plenty of time. That is what the Theosophists say. It does not matter how old you are; one time is as good as another for beginning. These things are not dogmas; they are truths. You are not asked to believe them; you are only asked to test them by your judgment and experience.

Do you not know that trouble is what you have brought upon yourself for your own benefit? Trouble is needed to spur people to exert themselves. When things get so bad that there seems no way to turn, then we make a great effort; and the whole aim of trouble is evidently to bring us to just this point where we shall be obliged to make the effort. If we realized this, we would quit bemoaning our lot, and would turn our troubles to account.

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Grapple with your destiny! Whatever happens to you, say, "It is I who have willed this!" For the future resolve that "I will be somebody! I refuse to go on drifting aimlessly in the current of my habits and prejudices. I will boldly search into my life, and find out its meaning, and what I am here for." There is nobody and no power in earth or heaven that can close against you the gates of Knowledge. All you need do is to desire to Know and determine to Know. But you must first learn to discipline your own thoughts and emotions. The man who is master of himself is master of his own destiny. Do not be too anxious to see into the distant future. If you can take the next step, that will be enough for the present. By trying to look too far ahead, you only limit your own action. You cannot see what is before you from where you stand now; but the prospect will widen as you advance. Push boldly on into life and see what it holds for you.

And get away from your own little insignificant personality and remember that one personality counts for very little in the world. But you have in you something much greater than your personality. It is the great Life which you hold in common with all other beings. Try to reach this, to get away from selfishness and anxiety for self, into a world of usefulness and service. For *that* is your destiny — *that* is what you are here for.

THE MIRACLE — A GREEK PLAY

WRITTEN FOR THE POINT LOMA GREEK THEATER

BY R. MACHELL

HELIODORUS, the High Priest

PHANES, a priest

ANDROS and BARNABUS, shipwrecked sailors

ENIMIUS, a Temple Priest QUASIN, a cynic SINTRAM, a dilettante poet

CORNELIA, a mystic

ALMEIDA, her mother

GLOXINIA, a lady of fashion

GLOXINIA'S WOMEN; CITIZENS; PRIESTS

CHORUSES (male, female, and mixed)

(Chorus of Priests behind. Enter Heliodorus and Phanes)

Phanes — You are weary, Master.

Heliodorus — It is nothing. Tell me, what damage has the storm wrought along the shore? I seemed to hear the wailing of lost souls and ghosts unhoused in some great calamity. Was there some wreck upon the rocks?

Phanes — They say a foreign bark was driven on the needles, and disappeared without a trace left of her or her crew: some pirate craft 'tis thought. If so, the gods be praised!

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Heliodorus — Peace be to the unhappy ghosts.

Phanes — Such peace as they deserve. But tell me, Master, what omen has your science wrung from the unwilling stars?

Heliodorus — All night I watched the heavens, and as the morning broke there came a glow upon the clouds so eloquent of hope it seemed a message from the gods; but it was couched in language I could not interpret. Yet, when it melted into the full light of day, I thought its purpose was fulfilled: and still no message reached my mind.

Phanes — Surely some message can be wrung from this, some words of comfort for the expectant throng that will assemble here tonight.

Heliodorus — I strained my art in vain, a veil was drawn across the mirror. I am getting old: or is it that the evil of the world has grown so rank that it has at last entirely obscured the light of the pure spirit? . . . It was foretold that this should come to pass some day; but I had hoped it would not happen in our time. Though I have seen the shadow growing darker year by year, still I have hoped that it would pass away. But no, the darkness spreads, and with it spreads all manner of new evils and open unbelief. And yet I hold my faith; I know the gods have not forgotten us, unworthy though we may appear. They will return, according to the promise, to redeem the world.

Phanes — Your faith is beautiful; would mine were so! Alas! I fear the world is fallen too far, and we have fallen with it. I scarcely dare to think what would become of us if the high gods indeed came back to earth and called us to account for our administration of their affairs. But there is little fear that they will risk their purity in such an atmosphere as this. They will at most empower some man to speak on their behalf.

Heliodorus — That they have done already. We are endowed with such authority. 'Tis not enough: we have made promises, as well as prophecies, on their behalf. Some day those promises must be redeemed.

Phanes — Some day, no doubt. Meanwhile they can be carried over in the usual way — the patience of the people is astonishing. Yet of late there have been signs of discontent; I have heard murmurings, and criticisms of the priests. We must discover a new miracle. The old ones are out of date.

Heliodorus — The need is urgent: the promise of the gods must be redeemed. It will be; they will send a messenger; I know it. We must be watchful and prepared to recognise him when he comes. Speak with Enimius.

Phanes — I will instruct him. We must have a miracle!

Heliodorus — Bid him be watchful and alert — the gods will do the rest. I know that they will not betray our trust. (Exit *Heliodorus*.)

Phanes — His faith is beautiful. Sometimes I almost wonder if his trust can fail to reach the long-departed gods, and wake their gratitude. I will go call Enimius and confer with him. He is ingenious and resourceful. We will devise a miracle in case it should be necessary to pacify the people.

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(Exit Phanes into Temple. Enter Andros and Barnabus, shipwrecked sailors.)

Barnabus — O Lord, O Lord, I die of hunger! Was it for this that we were saved from drowning in the storm, and then escaped the fury of the mob mistaking us for pirates? I can go no further.

Andros — There is no need. Here is a temple. We will claim sanctuary.

Barnabus — And food.

Andros — Where there is a temple there are worshipers; and where there are worshipers, there must be offerings, things good to eat. We will stay here awhile.

Barnabus — You forget: where there are offerings there will be priests, which we are not. It is the business of the priest to offer sacrifices to imaginary gods. Do you desire to be a sacrifice?

Andros — I'd rather be a god—why not? I'm tired of piracy; it never satisfied my craving for renown and honor; but to be a god! I wonder how one goes about it.

Barnabus — Why, I suppose it is a trade like any other, and must be learned.

Andros — Nay, no man can learn to be a god. He must be born to it, as I was.

Barnabus — He's raving. Hark ye now, be reasonable! To be a god is a most dangerous profession. We might be found out.

Andros — Why who's to find us out? Maybe we *are* gods. Who knows?

Barnabus—I do; and that's enough. Were you not born like other decent folk?

Andros — I don't remember it. But all my life I've had a feeling that I was superior to other men; you may have noticed it — a certain loftiness or dignity that was not strictly human; something divine. I understand it now. I am a god.

Barnabus — If you ask me I should say, you are a crazy fool. As to that spiritual feeling, I know it well. It's hunger. *Hst!* here come the priests; now we shall know who's what. Hide if you can!

Andros — Do you keep silence — leave the rest to me. I will reveal myself when I see fit.

(They hide behind altar. Priests enter, not seeing the men. Heliodorus, Phanes, and Enimius, back to Temple, face Priests.)

Enimius — Brothers of the holy sanctuary, draw near and hearken to my words. The hour of destiny is near. The honor of our Order is at stake. The people falter in their faith. The gods are silent, heeding not our prayers. Our invocations are in vain. Long have we labored to conceal the silence of the gods, proclaiming oracles in their name, and reading auguries. But now the people have begun to question if the gods have left the earth for good and all! They even ask for evidence of our authority. They demand a sign, and we must give them one.

Phanes — The case is serious. Some action is imperative.

Heliodorus — Let us consider well: why have the people lost their faith?

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Why have we lost our hold upon them? Why are they troubled? They know not; but the stars have spoken, and I have read their message. It is we who are to blame. We have grown negligent of our prerogatives; we have relaxed our discipline; our ancient magic has grown impotent. And now we call upon the gods in vain; our prayers remain unanswered, our prophecies are unfulfilled; no longer can we make the people see the simulacra of the gods whom we evoke; no longer, when we sing, do heavenly choirs blend their tones with ours; nor do the suppliants hear voices of the gods speak in our auguries, as in the olden time. The people's faith is shaken. We are to blame: we have been sleeping at our posts, and our authority has been stolen from us while we slept. We must awake and reassert our will. Tonight the people will expect a sign, and we must give it. . . .

Phanes — Our miracles are all outworn; our signs, too often tried, have failed. Nothing will satisfy the clamor now but an appearance of the gods themselves.

Enimius — That is beyond our power. No ordinary appearance will suffice.

Heliodorus — There is an ancient promise that the gods will not allow this temple to be violated until the guardians of the shrine themselves prove faithless. Has that time come?

Priests — We will defend the temple with our lives.

Heliodorus — 'Tis not enough. Ye must have faith.

Priests — We follow the High Priest: let him command, we will obey.

Phanes — The gods are pledged to help us in our need.

Heliodorus — They will not fail. If we do our part, they will do theirs. Away! prepare yourselves as ye know how!

(Exeunt Priests, not seeing the pirates; Andros and Barnabus come out of hiding.)

Barnabus — All gone? What an escape! Now we can get away. What's that you've got? Food? Ye gods! Food!

Andros — Yes, food for the gods — that's you and me. Come, eat! It will put heart into you. We are the gods — at last! And this? A robe — fit for a god. It was for this that I was born.

Barnabus — What are ye doing there? Neglecting the eatables?

Andros — Fool!

Barnabus — Nay, I am no fool to eat when I am hungry. You would do well to copy me.

Andros — Fool! Don't you understand that we are gods, and must act accordingly? Stop eating, or we shall be detected and exposed, and then we shall be sacrificed. Put on this thing and hide yourself. Leave the rest to me. If you are caught, try to look dignified, and keep on saying nothing — I'll pull you through! Hurry now! Folks are coming! Get out of sight — and stay there if you can.

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Barnabus — I'll do my best — but it doesn't seem natural to me. Where are our halos?

Andros — Halos? We have no need of things like that — if only they will let us wear our heads a little longer.

(They hide in temple. Singers approach and lay garlands. Priest Enimius comes to meet them; does not see gods. A Group of Citizens.)

Enimius — As servant of the gods and guardian of this shrine I thank you for these offerings. Peace and prosperity be with you all your days.

Andros (with great voice) — Peace and prosperity be with you all your days!

(Enimius turns amazed, sees god. Prostrates. People cry out.)

People — The gods appear! A miracle! They will destroy us all! The prophecy will be fulfilled! The world is doomed! Away! Fly!

(People rush away, leaving priest prostrate.)

Andros — Fear not! Arise, and dare to look upon a god disguised in mortal shape. To you is given the privilege of speech with Deity, so long denied to men, for you have recognised the god concealed beneath this humble human shape. Henceforth you shall be our chief councillor, for you have seen us face to face, and have survived the terrible ordeal. The people fled before the thunder of our speech, unable to support the glory of our presence. It was for this that we withdrew so long ago into the secret regions of the earth, and hid the radiance of our majesty from mortal eyes. Now, in the greatness of our pity for mankind we have returned to earth; but only for a while: nor shall the vulgar herd be blighted by the vision of Divinity which is reserved for you alone, our chosen one. . . . Therefore, before the multitude return do thou escort us to some secret shrine where we may lie in holy meditation, secure from the intrusion of the curious, and where thou mayest in safety minister to our necessity, and be our guardian, the guardian of the gods! We wait thy thanks for this our condescension.

Enimius — This honor is the crowning glory of my life. How shall I not be grateful? As guardian of the gods, proclaimer of their auguries, I am exalted in the hierarchy. I hold my head as high as any in the land — nay, higher. How long have I been but the custodian of an empty shrine! Now, honored by your presence, this temple will be famous far and wide. But come with me and have no fear; I am the guardian of the gods, and my authority within the temple is unquestioned. Your sanctuary has too long been empty.

(Leads out through Temple followed by Andros and Barnabus.)

Barnabus (Aside) — I must be going mad or. . . . (Exit.)

(Sintram approaches, singing.)

Out of the shadows of night, that are creeping
Up from the fathomless sea,
Comes, like a ghost that is silently weeping,
Memory sadly to me.

THE MIRACLE

(Enter Sintram and Quasin.)

Sintram — Ah, why is memory so sad?

Quasin — Because it is the still-born child of hard experience.

Sintram — Experience is not all hard; some say indeed that Life is Joy. If that be so, why is its aftermath so bitter?

Quasin — Because it is a mockery of life. Memory is an abortion born of a futile effort to repeat experience.

Sintram — Yet memory is sweet for all its sadness.

Quasin — Its sweetness is unclean. It is an offense against the laws of Nature. Experience, like food, should be digested decently, not reproduced as food upon the dining-table. Memory is an attempt to eat the same meal over again, which is an unclean proceeding. Away with it!

Sintram — Why, memory is like the fragrance of a flower still lingering in a room; it is the sweetest thing in life.

Quasin — It is as sweet as a decaying corpse. Bury the dead! That is an act of piety. To dig them up is an unclean profanity. It is our duty to forget the past, as surely as it is our duty to allow the dead to rest in peace. All body-snatchers are accursed. The past is a dead thing, a corpse; and memory is an accursed body-snatcher. We are not ghosts or ghouls to feast on the aroma of decay, or fill our nostrils with the fetid odors of the charnel house.

Sintram — Well, I love memory for all its sadness; and in spite of its bitterness. I cling to it and feast upon its fruit.

Quasin — I think that it will cling to you and feast upon your brain, and waste your life. It is a vampire.

Sintram — Blasphemer. It is a ministering deity. That's why I love this place; it is so full of memories; dreams of the gods and half-forgotten prayers float in the air with faded hopes, and blighted aspirations, and passionate yearnings of deluded souls.

Quasin — Dead leaves and withered flowers that once were fair; but like the vanished gods, now meaningless, they wait for the fire that shall consume them on Time's altar. Bah! All things decay except the gods, and they, I think, have never been. I doubt not the priests invented them for their own benefit.

Sintram — They have not wit enough for that. Oh, no! The gods have lived and died, poor foolish things, that thought themselves immortal. They are quite dead, I fear, and few lament them: they are safer where they are. Could they come back to life on earth, they would feel sadly out of place. Their own priests would be the first to disavow them.

Quasin — And rightly; for the people have outgrown the gods. That which they worship now is but a bare ideal; and as ideals the old Deities have almost outlived their usefulness.

Sintram — Yet there are some who still believe in them — listen! (*Voices singing.*)

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Quasin — Hymns! This is some festival. Come, let us get away! I am no hypocrite. I cannot join in worship of an empty shrine.

Sintram — What matter if the shrine be empty? The hymns are good. Let us enjoy the music.

Quasin — Stay if you will — I go. (Exit *Quasin*.)

(Enter Group of Citizens chanting:)

Hail ye who dwell beyond the stars, and sit enthroned
Where the high rulers of the universe abide.
Come forth and bless your worshipers, ye Messengers of Light.
Who testify to earth of Heaven. Reveal to us, imprisoned here.
Its radiance reflected in your eyes. Shine forth, thou Light divine!

(*Enimius* advances.)

Enimius — What words are these? Think ye the glorious gods will lift the veil that hides them from the eyes of men for such as ye? Ye know not what ye ask. Only their chosen one can stand unblinded in their presence, and not be deafened by the thunder of their speech. I am that chosen one. The holy ones have deigned to show themselves to me in all their glory, and have ordained that I henceforth shall voice their oracles.

(Enter the High Priest, *Heliodorus*, and his following.)

Heliodorus — Traitor! Art thou mad? Wouldst thou usurp authority?

Enimius — The gods alone can grant authority, and they have spoken — here, in this temple, appointing me their deputy on earth and Guardian of the Sanctuary. Stand back, lest in their wrath they blight thee with the lightning of their glance, for they are here within the sanctuary.

Citizens — 'Tis true. We saw them with our eyes. We heard the thunder of their words — and fled. Stand back!

Heliodorus — Ye are deceived. The high gods have long since left the earth, and I alone have power to speak with them across the void that separates their safe retreat from earthly habitations.

Enimius — That awful gulf is bridged, for they have taken pity on the earth and sent their messengers, immortal as themselves, to purge their shrine and light the sacred fire on the altar. Behold the token of their presence! (*Fire on Altar.*)

Citizens — Look, look! The sacred fire! A miracle!

Heliodorus — The sacred fire — we are betrayed (Aside).

Citizens — The sacred fire! The gods are here!

Enimius — The gods are here! This is the sign we promised. This is the answer to your prayers. Bow down and worship!

(Citizens kneel and sing:)

Hail ye who dwell beyond the stars, and sit enthroned

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Where the high rulers of the universe abide.
Come forth and bless your worshipers, ye Messengers of Light,
Who testify to earth of Heaven. Reveal to us, imprisoned here,
Its radiance reflected in your eyes. Shine forth, thou Light divine!

Enimius (to Heliodorus) — Do thou bow down and worship with the rest. I bid you, I, the Guardian of the Gods. (Aside) You must submit: it is our only chance to save the sanctuary! 'Tis I who wrought the miracle.

Heliodorus (unwillingly prostrates himself) — (Aside) Trickster. Lords of the Fire, be merciful!

Enimius — Be thou wise; they will be merciful. Hear now the message and obey. The gods are favorable to all those among their devotees who worship them with faith and sacrifice; but they reveal themselves more fully to their chosen ones among the holy hierarchy. Nourish the gods with sacrifice; and they will prosper you in all your works, and make your acres fertile; and your herds shall multiply exceedingly. Know this: the crimes and cruelties of men have so befouled the earth that no celestial being can endure for long to breathe this atmosphere: it was for this that they withdrew beyond the stars. . . . Yet there remain some sacred places on the earth, where springs of spiritual energy still purify the air and make it possible for an immortal to descend and speak with men, if only for a little while. . . . Such a spot is this. Sustain it. Nourish it. Protect it from intrusion. It is a holy place. So may the earth be not entirely cut off from contact with the gods.

Heliodorus — O Holy Ones, come forth! Come forth!

(Silence.)

People (murmuring) — No answer. . . .

Enimius — No voice but mine can penetrate the silence of their sanctuary. Ye Messengers of Light, speak now and vindicate your servant!

Andros (behind, with megaphone) — Shall we bemean ourselves to speak with such as these? Speak thou for us; thou art our mouthpiece. It is enough for them to know that we are here. Their prayers are answered. Bid them go in peace.

Enimius — The word is spoken. *Go in peace!*

(People file out. Heliodorus hesitates. On sign from Enimius he goes, too, with his Priests.)

(Andros and Barnabus come out cautiously.)

Barnabus — This is where I get off. I was not born to be a god — the game is dangerous. I've been a pirate for years, and never knew what fear was like, but when I saw the faces of those priests. . . . well! You may have my share of honors. I'd rather be an honest pirate than a home-made god. Here, you! I'm through with these. (Disrobes.)

Andros — What says the Guardian of the Gods? Can he perform his office? Can you persuade the other priest to see a god in me? I thought he showed a

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certain lack of confidence. The people were delighted when I spoke to them. Their faith was like a fire rekindled. I always knew that I was born for some high purpose.

Enimius — High purposes are dangerous. To be a god is not as easy as it might appear.

Barnabus — That's what I told you. Come now, and save your skin. This man is right; the game is dangerous.

Andros — If the High Priest could be induced to see a god in me, I'd see it through. I'd give him oracles and auguries that would make his temple famous in the land. There would be no deception; I would give him the real thing.

Enimius — That would be something new. No, no. One miracle's enough — they will not swallow more. I know the people well. Now is the time for you to get away. Quick! Come with me! I can hear voices in the grove.

Andros — Yes, I must go: and yet I feel there is the making of a god in me.

Enimius — There is the making of a god in every man; but few can work the miracle. Be satisfied. You've had your chance; if you can get away alive, you will have something to be thankful for. Come with me till the coast is clear!

Andros — Well, be it so. My day is yet to come. I will return with power to claim the honor that is due to me.

(Exeunt *Andros*, *Barnabus*, *Enimius*. *Sintram* appears from hiding.)

Sintram — Thou shallow fool! And thou wouldst be a god! The priest was wrong. There is no making of a god in any man that I have seen — and yet, like this poor fool, I too at times have felt as if there were in me some shadow of divinity. But that is natural if it be true that we are the degenerate descendants of the gods. Perhaps our momentary exaltation is a memory from other lives long past, and that is all that we inherit from our glorious ancestry. I fear that we are on the downward path of evolution, and have already traveled far upon the road. Where shall we land?

(Approach Women singing, *Gloxinia* leading.)

(*Song*): The wheel of Life is blindly driven by some vast unconscious Will.

Turning swiftly, turning slowly, through the sunshine, through the shadows,
Heedless of our joys and sorrows, reckless of our good or ill.

We, like flies that cluster round, are swept unwillingly along:

Useless all our dreams of glory, fruitless all our high endeavor:

Bound upon the wheel we suffer scanty good and ceaseless wrong.

Sintram — Why do you sing such melancholy dirges? They have not even the merit of sincerity.

Gloxinia — I sing to make you sad, good *Sintram*. Do you not love sadness?

Sintram — Ah, but the sadness that I love is sweet and soothing: it is a balm to heal the tortured soul — there is no melancholy in it. To think of men as flies glued to the wheel of time is horrible.

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Gloxinia — Men are like flies in more than that. See how they buzz around and feast upon impurities, and spread contagion; how they will seize upon a woman's reputation to drag it in the mud; and then, like flies, they gorge themselves upon this carrion, and breathe the poison far and wide.

Sintram — Why, what has put you in this bitter mood?

Gloxinia — What else but mankind — that defiles the world, and weeps for its corruption, and prays the gods to purify it for man's use, knowing full well the gods are far away, safe in some inaccessible heaven? For if indeed the gods should come to cleanse the world of its corruption, the first impurity to go would be *humanity*.

Sintram — And the first of mankind to pay the penalty as victim of your wrath, what might his name be, *Gloxinia*?

Gloxinia — What matter which is first, when all are infamous?

Hermione — But what is this we heard of a new miracle? Strange stories are abroad.

Sintram — Why, yes, great news! The gods have shown themselves again — a most authentic miracle.

Hermione — Where did it happen? Who witnessed it?

Sintram — It happened here; I saw it for myself. (Laughing.) Oh, it was excellent! A most unquestionable miracle, endorsed by all the hierarchy, and confirmed by citizens of good repute. What more could you desire? There's only one suspicious circumstance — the utterance of the god was quite intelligible!

Gloxinia — An oracle intelligible? What next?

Sintram — And it was such as to cause trouble in the household of the priests. I love the gods. There's always something doing when a god appears upon the scene.

Gloxinia — How long will the people swallow such absurdities?

Sintram — Until they care to know the truth.

Gloxinia — What is the truth?

Sintram — Truth is the cause of life, and the reality of things. Truth is the wisdom of the gods.

Gloxinia — But if there are no gods — ?

Sintram — No gods? No universe? The gods are the Intelligence that runs the universe.

Gloxinia — The universe is here, and we can see it with our eyes — but who can see the gods? And as to truth: we know so little what it means that we can hardly tell the difference between truth and falsehood.

Sintram — Truth is the reality, the soul of things; all that we see is its appearance, an image, an illusion, a reflexion in a mirror, not the truth itself.

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Gloxinia — What? Is the image in the mirror false? Surely a mirror cannot lie. It is not human; it has no imagination. It shows me to myself, just as I am.

Sintram — That is a feat no mirror can perform; the beauty you see mirrored there is utterly inadequate — a soulless image, a mere ghost. Even *Gloxinia* herself in all her glory, beautiful beyond my power to express, is but an image of that unseen divinity that is your veritable Self. This is a world of shadows.

Gloxinia — And I am sick of shadows.

Sintram — Not so I. What is more beautiful than shifting shadows sweeping across the surface of a lake? Like poetry, they express the changing humors of the soul.

Gloxinia — Oh, I am sick of poetry! I think the world itself is sick of shadows.

Sintram — What is that sickness but the shadow of a mood? A mere poetic fancy! A poet's moods are like the clouds that veil the presence of a god.

Gloxinia — I fear the shadows mostly veil the absence of the gods. But tell us, *Sintram*, what is the truth about this miracle — if there is ever any truth in miracles.

Sintram — Why, surely there is truth in everything; even in bogus miracles a little truth — and a considerable amount of falsehood. But truth is sacred; her veil must not be rudely torn away; her chaste beauty may not be exposed to public gaze. Come with me to my house, and I will tell you more; some priest might overhear me in this place, and that is not desirable. Truth and the hierarchy are not on very friendly terms; besides, there is no sense of humor in a priest, and miracles are usually humorous.

(Exeunt laughing and singing refrain:)

The wheel of Life is blindly driven by some vast unconscious Will.
Turning swiftly, turning slowly, through the sunshine, through the shadows,
Heedless of our joys and sorrows, reckless of our good or ill.
We, like flies that cluster round, are swept unwillingly along:
Useless all our dreams of glory, fruitless all our high endeavor:
Bound upon the wheel we suffer scanty good and ceaseless wrong.

(Enter Almeida and Cornelia.)

Almeida — Well, all is as usual. Are you satisfied? Your dream was nothing but a dream. You see that all is quiet here. When you have dreamed as many foolish things as I have, you will not care to climb this hill to verify an empty fancy.

Cornelia — It was no fancy: I came in answer to a call, and I shall wait to hear the message promised me. How beautiful it is! Mother, you need not stay with me. I shall be safe enough alone.

Almeida — You are a strange child! I have spoiled you sadly; you will have

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your way as usual, and one day some catastrophe will happen—I feel it in my bones.

Cornelia — You are tired. Go home and rest. You need not fear for me. I am in good hands. (Exit Almeida.)

Cornelia — Father of Light, before thy shrine I stand attentive. Open thou mine ears, that I may hear the message. Draw thou back the veil that blinds my eyes, that I may see, and hear, and understand.

(Chorus of Priests behind scenes. Enter Sintram.)

Unveil, O thou that givest light and sustenance unto the universe;
Thou from whom all proceed, to whom all must return.
Unveil the face of the true sun, now hidden by a vase of golden light,
That we may know the truth, and do our whole duty,
As we journey towards thy sacred seat.

Sintram — Their prayers are vain. The night grows darker. No veil is lifted. Their hymns awake no echo in the heaven above, nor in the underworld. Their magic is outworn; their miracles are mockeries; the gates of heaven are barred, and they who hold the keys no longer know the secret of their use.

Cornelia — And yet the light is here. We may not see it, but I know that it is here. I saw it in my dream; and a voice spoke to me in words I could not understand, although the meaning of the message seemed to stamp itself upon my heart; and it was full of hope and joy and peace unutterable.

Sintram — I too have dreamed, and hoped, and prayed; but all in vain. No answer came, no vision cheered my soul. The gods are far away; they do not hear our prayers. Perhaps they sleep. Who knows? Not I—

Cornelia — What brings you here, since you have lost your faith?

Sintram — I hardly know, unless it be a lingering hope that I may find what I have lost. Besides, I love the place, in spite of all the disappointment that it holds. I cannot break the spell, nor rid myself entirely of an elusive trust that some day here, in some mysterious way, the veil will lift, and I shall see the hidden heart of things, and know myself. I never spoke of this before to anyone; and scarcely know why I should so unguardedly reveal the inmost working of my heart. But when you prayed for light, not knowing I was near, I seemed to hear an echo of the yearning in my soul; and, more miraculous than this, even the futile invocation of the priests, o'erweighted with its load of dead despair and the blight of insincerity, seemed lit with streaks of ancient faith, and flashes of an forgotten hope. Think you that there are honest men among the priests? Or are they merely interlopers, who have come between the people and their gods, blinding themselves with their hypocrisy and pride, fooling the credulous with false miracles, and uttering deceitful auguries?

Cornelia — They are but men; they wear their mask as all men do. Why call them hypocrites? We all are blind; some more, some less. Some nurse their hope, some cling to their despair. Some few, perhaps—a very few—are wise. They *know*, and like the gods keep silence: for the Mysteries must not be spoken.

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Sintram — What is the use of wisdom that may not be spoken? What purpose does it serve except to foster vanity in those that have it?

Cornelia — Wisdom is the light we live by; and it shines for all, though few may recognise its source. Look for it in your heart!

Sintram — How often have I searched my heart in vain, finding but deeper darkness as I searched!

Cornelia — The darkest night will pass. The sun is hidden now. Tomorrow he will show his face to us again. Meanwhile shall we, like little children, doubt that he will rise again? I *know* the gods will show themselves, when the time comes.

Sintram — And pray, what guarantee have I that such a time will ever come for me? The rising of the sun is an experience continually renewed, but this you speak of, this rising of the Sun of Wisdom, if it has actually occurred to me in former lives, is not remembered now.

Cornelia — And yet you think of it, and dream of it, and long for it. How could that be if you had not experienced it already? Is not your longing prompted by soul-memory?

Sintram — Can memory be unconscious?

Cornelia — What is your character but unconscious memory? And what is faith but memorized experiences? I know that I have lived before, a thousand times, and I have sought the light, and found the path, and lost my way, and wandered far in search of it. And I have worshiped at a thousand shrines, invoking under many names the deathless gods, who dwell beyond the stars and watch the wanderings of mortal men seeking the path of wisdom. That path begins within the darkness of our hearts, and melts at last into the glory of the gods.

(As *Cornelia* speaks, light grows around her.)

Sintram — Speak on! Your speech is luminous. I see the path stretch like a river of light across the desert of Infinity. A radiance wraps you round, as if the presence of a god transfigured you. The darkness thrills with joy. I hear the tinkle of innumerable bells dissolve into a song of praise sung by a heavenly choir. Who are you? Speak!

Cornelia — Peace!

Chorus of Women (behind scenes) — Behold the path!

Solo (intones) — The golden stair that mounts the heights of heaven is veiled on earth by vapors from the underworld, where passion reigns. Still it is here! Seek it, and ye shall find more than ye sought. Ask not the silent stars. Call not upon the helpless gods. Seek no man's guidance. None can lead you there, for it lies hid within your heart. There shall you find the way. Plant thy foot firmly on the steps of duty. So shalt thou rise; so shalt thou find the light!

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Chorus—So shalt thou find the light, and know the truth! Behold the Path before thee! Rise, and follow where it leads!

(Lights down. Exeunt Sintram and Cornelia. Music.)
(Enter Enimius with Andros and Barnabus from Temple.)

Enimius—Well, that is settled. Now get you gone; and thank the stars that you are still alive.

Andros—Nay, I would rather thank your excellent High Priest. He saved us from the fury of his gang. He is a good man. If he had been alone I could have easily convinced him of the wisdom of my plan.

Enimius—He is too honorable.

Andros—Why, as to that, my plan was honorable enough.

Barnabus—Come on; it's clear we're not appreciated here. I'm off!

Enimius—Go, both of you! And if you value life, be careful what you say about the hierarchy. (Exit Barnabus.)

Andros—That's good advice; I thank you for it. But it is hard to be content to be a man—I could have been a god so easily—I know it—if they had only listened to me. I know just what the people want; and I could have given it. They would have accepted my decrees. The priests are bunglers.

Enimius—Enough! You had your chance to be a god, and failed; now try to be a man. If you succeed in that, you will accomplish more than you perhaps deem possible.

Andros—Must I come down to earth, to crawl and grovel in the dust of slavery, I who was born a god?

Enimius—What, are you drunk with vanity, poor fool? 'Tis an intoxication almost akin to genius. Begone! And hide your madness as you may.

Andros (going)—Yes. I must hide my godhood for a while, if possible, but 'tis a great responsibility. I fear I shall be known. I cannot mask my greatness. It will betray me; men will see it in my gait, will hear it ringing in my speech, or feel it in my silence; and they will know that they have been in presence of a god in human form. Must I conceal my light? Shall I not rather shine upon the world and make it glad? (Exit Andros.)

Enimius—Poor crazy fool—and yet not so much madder than the rest. I sometimes wonder what would happen if a god should show himself in human form. How should we know him? The gods are wise—and yet it has been said, their wisdom seems like foolishness to men. If such a thing were possible—if the divine intelligence assumed a human form, would it not be compelled to use a human brain, and be, in fact, a man? What is a man? May it not be that we are all of us imprisoned gods, who have forgotten our divinity? I am a fool, infected with the madness of yon clown. What next? I who for years have fed the credulous with miracles and oracles and auguries: shall I be tangled in the web of speculative philosophy? We know that there are many kinds of creatures on the earth—men, beasts, birds and reptiles, and

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fishes, having each the body suited to the element in which it lives. If man desires to travel on the sea or underneath the ground, or through the regions of the upper air, he must construct a vehicle adapted to his needs. He cannot rise at will into the air, nor stay below the surface of the ocean with impunity. Nor can a god descend to earth and breathe our atmosphere, unless he use a vehicle appropriate to the occasion. He must, in fact, become a man; and, for the moment, cease to be a god — a most improbable contingency. No, the gods abide in heaven; man on earth. We, members of the holy hierarchy, are the sole agents of their will, their intermediaries, ordained to bridge the gulf that separates the earth from their abode, and make intelligible to men the dictates of the unseen rulers of the world. We, who know well the hearts of men and all the limitations of the human mind, perceive that spiritual truth must be interpreted and made acceptable to mortals. This is our function. The miracles that I devise serve to attune the minds of men to spiritual thoughts; so that the wordless message of the gods may reach its goal. Then, too, as to the content of the message, we are blameless; for in every case it is taken from the sacred books, and carefully adapted to the need of the occasion. But now the people grumble and demand new oracles, not understanding that the truth is never new, being eternal. Men are unreasonable. They expect too much. They say our miracles are fraudulent, and clamor for the truth. But which of them would dare to face the truth, even for one brief moment? His eyes would wither in their sockets, for Truth unveiled is terrible.

(Enter Heliodorus.)

Heliodorus — Nay, Truth is beautiful. Truth, like the sunlight, is the source of life, and, like the sun, it shines eternally.

Enimius — But not on us. And when the sun goes down we light a lamp and do the best we can without the sun.

Heliodorus — Are the men gone?

Enimius — They are. I warned them to be silent. Their lives will pay for it if they are indiscreet.

Heliodorus — That is now their affair. I pardoned them; our hands are clean.

Enimius — Meanwhile the thing has gone abroad. We shall be questioned. What are we to answer? Will you proclaim a miracle? Or shall we treat it as a Mystery?

Heliodorus — That will be wiser. Our rule forbids discussion of the Mysteries, except among the initiated. It would have been wiser still had we upon the instant, then and there, denounced the imposition. Such subterfuges are unworthy of our holy cause.

Enimius — So holy is our cause that it can justify whatever means may seem expedient. Who can complain? The people clamor for a miracle, and grumble if we heed their importunity. The gods sit silent in their safe retreat, and leave us to the mercy of the multitude. They cannot blame us if we try to fill the gap left in our ritual by their retirement from the world. Or shall we

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openly repudiate them, and set the people free from their allegiance? That is the alternative.

Heliodorus — That would be blasphemy, as well as suicide. We have a duty to the temple, as well as to the gods. We must defend the interests of the hierarchy. How can we do that if we so much as contemplate repudiation of the gods? No! We must stand our ground, and by our firmness force the people to respect our order, and pay reverence to the Holy Ones from whom all blessings flow. As Hierarch I will prepare an edict. I feel a spiritual impulse urging me to action. The Holy Ones are speaking to the people through my mediation. Go with me; you shall aid me in the task.

Enimius — Your holy ardor stimulates my faith. I follow where you lead.

(Exeunt, through Temple, Heliodorus and Enimius. Enter Quasin, Almeida, and Hermione.)

Quasin — This story of a new god appearing in the temple has set the tongue of every gossip in the town a-wagging; but I suspect the truth of it is no more than a joke devised by Sintram to humiliate the priests.

Hermione — He does not love the priests, and when I questioned him he laughed. He scarcely seemed to take it seriously; and yet he swore the people and the priests were all wrought up about the story. Gloxinia makes fun of it; but then she scoffs at everything. When Sintram jests I often think that he is mocking at himself and his own unbelief. His cynicism is not sincere — but he's a poet.

Quasin — That would explain everything if it were true; for he is only half a poet. The other half is monk or mystic. He is too honest for a priest, and too religious for the cynic he pretends to be. What says Cornelia? Has she heard the story?

Almeida — Yes. She is more mystical than he. She vows the gods have never left the earth, though men have lost the power to see or hear aught else but things of earth. She talks of other worlds, as if she knew them well, and were on terms of intimacy with their inhabitants. I wish she were more practical. She is my daughter, but I do not understand her. This world is good enough for me. What need has she or any other woman of dreams and visions, or spiritual ecstasies?

Quasin — 'Tis a mere sickness of the imagination. She will outgrow it. A healthy mind is always self-sufficient.

Almeida — Her mind is sound enough, I warrant; and she is self-sufficient. That I can certify. But when it comes to other worlds I'm all at sea. Her father had his dreams and notions; but he kept them to himself, so no harm came of it. And he was generally respected, when he died.

Quasin — Wise man. To be respected one must die!

Almeida — That's what I say. Folks may believe just what they please, if only they will keep it to themselves.

Quasin — There's where the trouble comes. Silence is wisdom, and is ex-

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tremely rare. The mob is made of babblers, all fools. What noise is that?

Almeida — It seems to me the babble of the mob is rising to a roar. What can have happened? The whole town must be out of doors and everyone talking his loudest. They are coming up the hill. What can it mean?

Quasin — Perhaps the gods have broken loose! Now we shall see sport, which may turn badly for the priests. I wonder what has stirred the people so. They have been patient for so long.

(Crowd comes nearer, shouting words such as:)

He is inspired! He is a god! The prophecy! The gods are here!

(Enter Andros followed by Crowd, all shouting.)

Andros — I am translated! The heavenly fire is burning in my heart! Call out the false priests! They have usurped divine authority! I am the messenger of heaven! I am a god disguised in human form. This is my temple.

(Andros tries to enter Temple; is met by Priests who bar the approach.)

Heliodorus — Blasphemer! Impious rascal! The man is mad — can you not see it for yourselves? Seize him!

Andros — Beware how ye lay hands on one who comes with power divine!

Citizens — Show us a sign, a miracle. Yes, yes, a miracle — we'll see who's who.

Heliodorus — If thou art a god, perform a miracle! Reveal a mystery! Proclaim an oracle!

Andros (raving) — Behold me! I am myself a miracle, a god in human form. Shall I call down fire from heaven upon the unbelievers?

Heliodorus — Aye! Call the lightning!

Citizens — Aye! Call down lightning on us! (Laughter.) Show us a miracle! He's mad! Away with him! Cast him from the rock, and see if he can save himself!

Heliodorus — Leave him to us. He is a blasphemer. His life is forfeit to the gods, but ye must not pollute the temple with his blood. Leave him to us.

Citizens — The priests would save him. Cast him from the rock! He is a madman. He is an impostor. So are they all. Down with the priests! (Howls and shouts.)

(Andros struggles from the mob up temple steps.)

Andros — Ye cannot harm me; I am divine!

Heliodorus — Arrest him! He is ours! (Priests close round him, crying 'Sanctuary!')

Citizens — Down with the priests! Let's sack the temple! Death to the impostors!

Heliodorus — Protect the man! His life is forfeit to the gods, since he has claimed sanctuary. Stand back. The temple must not be defiled. Bear him away.

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(Priests carry off Andros; others hold back crowd. Darkness comes on.)

Heliodorus — I call upon the gods! Behold, the people have been led astray.
Source of all power divine. Show them the light!

Chorus of Priests — O thou that givest light and sustenance unto the universe
Thou from whom all proceed, to whom all must return.
Unveil the face of the true sun, now hidden by a vase of golden light,
That we may know the truth, and do our whole duty,
As we journey towards thy sacred seat.

(Silence; crowd falls back; Cornelia appears at altar.)

Cornelia — The light that ye invoke is burning in your hearts. Make clean
the lamp. Let the light shine! Be not deceived — the gods are here. They
nor hear nor heed the prayers ye utter with your lips, but only those that they
hear ringing in your hearts. There in the silence you shall feel their voiceless
answer. Be ye silent! Hark!

(Chorus of Women behind scenes.)

A Voice — The cloak of darkness lies upon the deep of matter;
Within its folds the pilgrim struggles.
A shadow moveth, creeping serpent-like amid the gloom.
It is the shadow of thyself outside the path
Cast on the darkness of thy sins. . . .
But now behold the Path! Its foot is sunk in mire,
Its summit lost in light. Such is thy soul:
A beam of light immaculate within, a form of clay without.
Make clean the lamp! Keep the light burning in your heart!

THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR or Angus and Sorrow

REV. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

Only by contrast, is Supreme Love known,
Love that gives all, and will not ask its own,
But in the brightest light or darkest gloom,
In life triumphant or the silent tomb,
Love still shall win the Quest; though far away
Is the fruition in the realms of Day.

I

THE Heaven of Angus Oge is beautiful beyond words. The hills
are aspiring dreams; the woods are visions of loveliness. O'er
beds of many-colored wild flowers, in which blossoms of every sea-
son in the world below bloom simultaneously, the golden bees hum
their drowsy tune, birds sing, the waters croon their eternal song.
It is like the world, in all that is perfect there, but no shadow of grief

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or death or parting has ever fallen upon it. Moy Elga is the abode of happiness, the Land of Heart's Desire.

On a bank of violets sat Angus-Ever-Young, a god of eighteen years of age, fit Lord of such a Paradise. But ever and anon Moy Elga faded and Brugh-on-Boyne, with its temple covered by green turf and built of grey stone, appeared and then disappeared again. For Moy Elga interpreted and overhung Brugh. Indeed, Moy Elga *was* Brugh, transfigured but without its temple. For the god needed none in his domain; but that day of days he was constantly casting aside the ideal world for what men call the real. He was listening to the chanting of his Druids a little impatiently; he was awaiting an event —

O Angus, joy of every heart,
Beauty that can its charm impart,
 We worship and adore.
Love that can never cease or wane,
Victor o'er time, and change and pain.
 We worship and adore.
Gleam of the light, the sweet flowers' breath,
Trampling beneath Thy feet black death,
 We worship, and . . . ah! ah!

The Druid choir ceased in horror, and a cracked but piercing voice rather hissed than sung —

Gardener of flowers for Balor's joy,
Fool whose poor toys He shall destroy,
 I laugh your works to scorn!

Angus seized his sword of sunlight and Moy Elga faded about him. He was in the world of men, furiously looking for the mocker of his divinity. Angus looked up and down and round, and then at last, standing on a hillock, he saw a jester dressed in black. A man with two faces. Daluan Twoface, Clown of Death.

"Ah, Lord Angus," he mocked, "so you are awaiting the birth of the golden girl, the beautiful thing that shall show that you are the perfect artist! Well, my master Balor-of-the-Mighty-Blows is just as interested, and quite as eager as your lordship. All you create is his, and this pearl of great price must fall into his hands; and let me tell you, Ever Young, she will bring quite a bevy of young men with her when His Divine Majesty King Balor gathers her. So I congratulate you, the toy-maker, and my master the toy-taker and breaker. Hail and Farewell, Lord Angus!"

Before the Ever Young could grasp or smite him, Daluan sank

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into the ground, the cock's comb on his hood vanishing as Angus, with hand raised to strike, lit upon the hillock. Angus, his eyes sparkling with indignation, shouted "You miserable thing of shreds and patches, you grinning shadow of a shade! Balor shall not touch my masterpiece! Go tell him so, fool ape of nothingness!"

A faint titter from the ground beneath his feet was all his answer. A moment later the Druid choir began again: —

Luminous loveliness that broods,
O'er gardens, cities, solitudes,
We worship and adore.

Then the light-elf, Art McArt, bowing low before his Master, announced, "O Divine Angus, your human child, Etain (Ethawn), the 'fairest of the fair' is born in the world of men. Rejoice, Ever Young! She is unsurpassed in beauty. Even the Fairy-race are her inferiors. . . ."

II

In the land of darkness and shadows, where is no light and never a smile, sat Balor Beman on his throne of iron.

"You are quite certain, Daluan, that Etain will be all the fool Angus has devised?" he asked his merry man.

"Certain, sure, your Divine Majesty," Daluan answered. "She will be the Fairest of the Fair, the rarest gem of humanity. Doubtless the Young One is a fool as your Majesty says, but he is an artist of the nicest taste and discrimination. I did make him wild! I told him, and truly, that like all his works and devices she would be merely yours, and she would come to you with quite a train of admirers. The Young One *has* a bad temper, Divine Majesty; if he could have caught me he would have done me a mischief for certain."

"Quite," the dark king answered. "Most idiots are touchy and only an idiot would spend his time making images of dust and water beautiful. They begin aging almost as soon as they are completed. They are like the midges,

A baby when the day's begun,
And gray and old before it's done,

— or nearly so. And yet the Playboy goes on making them, and loses his temper when the inevitable happens. Still it's well he is so devoid of wits, for his loss is my gain. I shall watch that Etain of his with great interest, and when she is ripe for plucking, I will

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pull her. Aye! out of his own garden in Moy Elga if needs be. In the meantime warn all the Ills and all the Blights, and every Evil Fairy to leave her alone. I swear to have her for a diamond in my crown. If any finger but my own touches that dainty chick, by my own right and left hands I will crush them to pieces and plunge them, shrieking ghosts, into Phlegethon, my own Red Hell. Tell them so, Daluan."

"Yes, Majesty," the jester answered bowing.

III

Sixteen years had flown. Etain, 'the Fairest of the Fair,' was in the flower of her marvelous girlhood. Protected alike by the Lords of Light and Darkness, she had never known sorrow, nor anything but the joy of youth and beauty. That day she was playing ball with her dog, Snatcher. She would run, and the dog would run, and she would throw the golden ball with all her strength where she thought Snatcher would not find it. But he always brought it back and with wagging tail and begging eyes implored her to go on. She had now thrown the ball beyond a grove of hazel trees, and Snatcher had run to retrieve it. A series of short, angry barks, a furious growl and a yelp, and Snatcher ran out of the grove, his tail between his legs. He was followed by a tall, majestic knight, dressed in dark armor. His helmet had the visor half down. The largest, blackest, and most savage-looking wolf-hound Etain had ever seen accompanied him, and a raven perched on his shoulder. A white horse he was leading by the bridle. He held Etain's golden ball in his hand.

"I think you have lost this toy, my dear child," he said, and his deep low voice made Etain tremble, despite the friendly words.

"Thanks, Sir Knight," she answered, "I threw it for my dog to find. He seems very much afraid of you. He is my guardian, and I never saw him frightened before."

"Oh, it is wrong for anyone who guards so fair a treasure to be faint-hearted," the knight answered. "Fortunately I am here to see you safe home again. Begone, you cowardly cur!" To Etain's amazement and horror, Snatcher, with a whimper like a child, turned tail and fled.

"So much for him!" the knight cried. "I will see you safely to your door."

Etain walked unprotesting beside him; but for the first time in

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her sixteen years of life the cold touch of terror made her limbs shudder and her heart beat fast.

"I am the ward of Angus-Ever-Young," she at last found courage to say. "He is a god," she added, for the knight did not seem impressed.

"Oh, that fellow!" the knight said and laughed harshly. "The Playboy? Do you think he is a safe protector?"

"Of course," Etain replied. "Who would dare face the wrath of the Lord of the two Eternities. The Master of Brugh is a great warrior."

"Ah, really, is he?" the knight answered. "I don't think, my dear, you know him as well as I do, though you *are* his ward. He is far from being clever; he is sleepy-headed. And as to being a warrior! Well! Well! You really make me smile. Now I know a real god who has frequently made the brave Angus run away as fast as the brave dog, Snatcher! But I'm afraid you don't believe me."

"Of course I don't, sir," Etain retorted. "I suppose you think you are being funny. I am glad the Bright Lord has not heard you — he might resent your humor. Now please go away! I can walk home myself."

"Oh, I shall accompany you, for I don't trust the Playboy. No one will interfere with you, child, while under my guardianship. I should like you to know I am also your Protector; no ill could get past my watchfulness. I am Balor Beman." The knight saluted with his sword. "No doubt you have heard little truth about me," and he threw back his visor. Etain shook so with fear that she could not move.

"Oh, sir, have pity," she pleaded, "I am only a young girl. Do not harm me! I never offended you."

"Harm?" the dark god cried. "Not a bit of harm! I merely wished you to get acquainted with me, my pet. I would not hurt a hair on your beautiful little head. But you are now safe at home. Do not fear me, I love pretty things. Goodbye, but we shall meet again."

IV

Conal Carnac, the greatest of the Irish heroes, was now an old man, but he was accoutred for war and rode steadily westward. It had been told him, "Angus Oge is making his last stand at Dun Angus in Arran. The fort is besieged by Fomar (demons), mon-

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sters, and wizards. Tomorrow Balor Beman will in person head the last attack. The fort will fall and Angus must die. There is no help for him in heaven or on earth. Die he must."

"Very well then, I go to die with him," Conal had replied. "I may still strike a few good blows. If Love lies bleeding I will perish also." So he rode west. That night he slept at the Lis (castle) of Etain, the Fairest of the Fair. His hostess came to see him after dinner, for his renown as a warrior had been universal in Erinn.

"So you are going to see the end of Angus-Ever-Young, Conal," Etain said. "It will be a thrilling sight. I should love to see it all, for Angus was a friend of mine once. I don't mind the killing, but Balor the Mighty has sworn to thrust out his beautiful blue eyes first. Balor is so wonderful, but just a little cruel, I think. I should hate to see him do that."

"Yes," Conal replied, "that would be an evil sight. How is it that Angus has lost all his divine power?"

"Well, you see, he gave me the ring of godliness," and Etain held up her hand, on the third finger of which was a ring thin as a gossamer, studded with four precious stones at intervals, a diamond, an emerald, a pearl, and a ruby.

"These stones have power over the four seasons. Angus made me as beautiful as heaven, but only a few people were interested in me then. Balor made me as beautiful as hell, and now everyone worships me." (She tossed her head.) "I asked Angus to lend me the ring — I wanted to feel like a real goddess. He did, and I kept it, and now Balor will be able to kill him. You could never kill a god," and she laughed mirthlessly.

"Please let me look more closely at the ring," Conal Carnac begged. Etain took it off and handed it to him. Conal Carnac placed it on his finger; at once he was young again and felt an irresistible power surging through him.

"Give me my ring," Etain requested.

"No, I shall return it to the owner," she was answered; and Conal Carnac dashed from the Lis. . . .

At twelve noon the final assault on Dun Angus would be made. The sun had reached the meridian, and all the deformed and hideous host of darkness were acclaiming their Lord.

"Balor! Balor Beman! Balor of the Mighty Blows!" they roared. "Kill your age-long enemy, O Balor! Blind him, Lord of Darkness!

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Tear out his eyes, maim and torture him; he is no god. His folly has made him mortal."

Balor, armed in the armor of Fate, grasping the quivering lightning in his hand, leisurely approached the fort.

"Light and life are ended for you, miserable Playboy," he shouted, "Where is the wall which you trusted?"

He hurled the thunderbolt at the fortification, and it lay in ruin at his feet. Before him stood Angus Oge in broken armor, with a blunted sword in his hand, pale and grimed and with the cold sweat of his last agony upon his brow.

"I shall give you no quarter," mocked Balor, and prepared to overpower his victim, for he wished torture to be Angus's last experience.

At that moment there was a disturbance amongst the monstrous host of besiegers, and Conal Carnac, with the ring of godhood on his finger, broke through, and springing on the ruins, reached the side of Angus Oge.

"Here, Lord, is your ring," he said. But a moment of time passed, yet how complete was the change! No sooner had Angus placed the ring on his finger than he seemed clothed with the sun. The demon-host, feebly screaming, like bats surprised by daylight, began fading away. They became transparent, they vanished; only the mighty shadow of shadows, Balor, stood his ground. He lifted the sword of devastation which flashed like a beam of pallid flame to the very edge of the horizon, and would have stricken his enemy at the same moment, for he opened his third eye, 'the eye of blasting,' to reduce him to dust. Angus at that very instant directed a sunbeam right into the eye of Balor, before its black lightning could flash forth. The form of Balor quivered; he shuddered from head to foot, and behold, he was but a dissolving shade, a blackness shot through with light. . . .

In Moy Elga, amongst the songs of birds and the scent of flowers, the now once again young, the new Conal Carnac, was talking to Angus-Ever-Young, Lord of Love.

"So you will not punish Etain, lord?" he asked.

"I will only give her her heart's desire, Conal," the god answered sadly. "I made her as beautiful as heaven; she wished to be as beautiful as hell and Balor granted her desire. She shall remain so till she learns, and learn she will, how bad an exchange she has made. Her body is beautiful, but her soul is more ugly than Balor himself.

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He at least is all of a piece. She has a spark of my divine life in her. It will be ages before I can bring her back to me; many lives, many deaths await her, but the fault is not wholly hers. Love that gives only joy, and never teaches there is also sorrow is foolish and blind. My dear child shall learn that there are thorns in the garden of life, and tears as well as sunlight. In every step she takes downwards and in every step she takes upwards, unseen I shall be gliding by her side. Love has learned a new word: it is REDEMPTION."

CHILDREN OF EARTH AND CHILDREN OF THE STARS

OSCAR LJUNGSTRÖM

SUPPOSE that in a caravan of people, struggling on through wilderness and desert, all were found one morning to have lost their memory: that when they rose from their sleep they knew nothing of the preceding day, had not the slightest idea as to their journey, or even of the coming day. Suppose that they had forgotten all, even their relations one to another, and all their mutual understandings. There, in the midst of the desert, they found themselves in a camp with scant supplies — that was all. Nobody knew the 'other fellow,' nobody knew what it was all about. How do you think those children of the desert would act that day? And how would they treat each other? What would be their fate?

I leave it to your imagination. Surely their acts would be very, *very* different from those of the preceding day. And their final fate? It is best not to think of it.

Well, children of earth today, here in the wilderness called by wise Occidentals 'private life,' 'free competition,' and 'international politics' — children of the wilderness, you have awakened to a new day of — I remember that you call it 'civilization.' You are in the same predicament, however, as the caravan just depicted. For the darkness of the Middle Ages completely obliterated from your consciousness all your previous and coming life-days here on earth. Even the thought of an approaching night-dream after your present life-day was made only a disturbing picture on Sabbath by the Church, while from that harassing picture itself doctors and professors kindly delivered you, in time. Church and University thus worked hand in

glove; and here you are in the camp of oblivion, children of earth, children of a day, children of the wilderness.

It is no wonder that you act as you do, because in your perplexity you know neither whence nor whither nor why. It is no wonder that *we* act as we do, because we imbibed oblivion with our mother's milk.

But to the camp in the wilderness there arrived at noon one with unclouded mind, alive with the memories of the past, and with vision of the future. This sane, compassionate one reminded the travelers of their previous life-days, and pointed out to the people of the caravan the track they had left behind, the trail they should follow on their onward march, and told them of its goal. Yet, was it possible to persuade them that they were on any journey at all, traveling as companions towards a destination beyond the horizon? It became again the old story of "the voice of one crying in the wilderness"; and the voice became hoarse among the loud voices of the Bedlam in the camp. Only a few listened immediately; but when will the caravan ever move on?

H. P. Blavatsky was the one who went out into the desert to the camp; and the knowledge of whence and whither which she brought us in our oblivion was Theosophy, the Wisdom of the Ages. How immensely will it not change our actions — nay, the very melody of our hearts, the song of our veins, the pageantry of our brains — once we have really assimilated it with our life-blood.

But this is a real work; it is even the travail of our souls, because we must give birth to *living* thoughts if we would fully avail ourselves of its philosophy — in fact, to a whole new world of thoughts, thoughts that cast a living apparel over Infinitude, and are nourished by the very life-streams of the Universe itself.

When we are first attracted to Theosophy and recognise the beauty of its philosophy and the clearness of its elucidations of the problems and mysteries of life, it arouses our interest and brings satisfaction. But this is only the initial step — very significant, however, because even then a link with the potent spiritual powers of a grander life is forged in our intellect. But we should not be too satisfied and say: 'Now I know, now I understand.' For is this the kind of understanding that makes us rise and set out on a quick march towards the hills of realization? Here is an analogy: A man may know the theory of tones and harmony, but is that the knowledge that makes him a composer of symphonies? His knowledge must first make

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him rise and aspire, lifting his own soul into the world of music.

Theosophy has made us understand that it is neither the first nor the last day of this our earth-life, that we have lived or shall live among our fellow-pilgrims here in the human camp. We reincarnate, as it is styled; we live many lives here on earth. Theosophy has told us about Karman, the Karmic Law, the Law of cause and effect, and thus made us understand that we ourselves are the lords of our fate, the expanders of our horizon; that we are travelers on the road of self-directed evolution. Theosophy has made us believe in the One Divine Life that pervades all and is the core in each and every being; it has shown us a *living* Universe. These things have brought us peace, resignation, fortitude, and hope, in our silent moments; and we begin to understand, and through understanding, begin to love our fellow-beings.

Those silent moments are the anchorage of our life. But how is it in the stream of events making up our habitual daily life, or when we are at sea in a stormy world? What about the very stuff that builds the multitudes of our thoughts, and enters into our motives, and forms our acts, in a matter-of-course direction? Has this stuff any clear element in it of the *actuality* of this life as being only one short day of many on a journey?

“Such and such a thing was my own Karman,” is often a commendable *after-thought* abating our bitterness. But how many hard knocks do we receive, feeling *at the moment*: *This* is my Karman? Has anybody laid aside for a lifetime — for a day on the journey — a cherished occupation, to do, instead, a needed though trivial service to the caravan, and done it with the equanimity born of an actual and sure feeling that there are new opportunities ahead on another ‘day,’ in another lifetime? ‘What matters a day? I can take this up again tomorrow.’

Examples might be multiplied. As Theosophy spreads its light in our minds, our conceptions are deepened; but we should *consciously* and steadily intensify and expand them.

Then even time is changed in our consciousness, and our thought takes on wings in calm and majestic flight through eons and extensions. Then, as a transfigured Present, the Past and Future — our Origin and Destiny — rise with the color of life out of their mystical tomb in our natures: Children of Earth, children of a day, you are

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Children of the Stars — yes, *Children of the Stars!* — and your road goes yonder over the crest of the Galaxy.

Do you know how you were born? Do you know even what builded your wonderfully organized body — a web of delicate tissues, as perfectly balanced in their functions as the circling planets in their orbits? It was the Stars, and the Lords of the Stars, who built it! You use that organism as a matter-of-course, you are clothed in that web, but how, really, was it woven? I will tell you: Its life-threads were knitted by the wandering stars, its paradigm is astral!

Do you know what wove the invisible, airy vesture of your sensate Psyche, and set flowing the interplay of psychic currents in your being? You use them, or are used by them, but do not know their source — even learned psychologists marvel at their mysteries. They are singing wafts of meteors and of blazing stars, they are eddies of celestial wind!

Do you know the regions whence came the thought that shone in your mind and cast its numberless reflections over the pictures of your life? It was a golden ray from the heart of an unborn but growing world in Cosmos — from the heart of a Star!

Do you know the Parent-Star of your spirit? It is a brilliant Luminary, found high among the number 'tween the Archer and the Twins, or the Dragon and the Chameleon. And there the shining Lord is brooding through marshalling eons over your destiny 'tween the Zodiac and the Poles of the star-woven firmament! Wide is the land of your ideals; and throughout the spheres you pursue them through eons.

Children of a day, you know not you are wanderers in the blue, toiling onward on a trail leading yonder over the crest of the Galaxy.

You are born of the lustre, and woven as entities by the beaming effulgence, of the stars. You are nursed by the planets for a time — but from the *nadir* of a day, from the stepping-stone of Tellus, you are wending your way over the mountain of stars, yea, to the very zenith. Can you fret for a day? For a moment?

This is only an attempt to draw a poetical picture, you may think. It is not; but in any case, don't mind the details. I can give you an illustration that perhaps better shows my meaning. And it is more than a mere illustration, because the works of Nature are

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everywhere analogous, and Theosophy teaches us to understand Nature by the Law of Analogy.

Consider for a moment a cell in your body. The cell is built up and maintained as a little individual organism, which it is, as a little entity, by the aggregate of everything that obtains in your body, by the combined activity of all its organs or centers. The cell derives its life, its substance, and all it has in itself, from those centers. It needs, for instance, the continual activity of the digestive center, the activity of the heart and the blood-circulation, the lymph circulation, and the respiration of the lungs. It needs the connection with the brain and the nerve-centers and their vital streams for its formation; and every central gland is necessary or gives its contribution of substance and life-energy.

The cell is a center by itself, it has its own 'Monad'; but its Monadic Essence, its dynamic life-stream, expresses itself in the indicated upbuilding activity radiating from all the centers of the body. Could we follow the formation and maintenance of the cell in a light invisible to us at present, we should behold the cell as a focus of converging, tiny rays or streams of light of different colors, having their rise in, and their return to, the various centers of the greater human organism.

A microcosm in a macrocosm, as Theosophy teaches, is everywhere an actual fact in Nature, not a mere figure of speech. And if the cell had words and could feel its own inner constitution and its life-streams, it might think of the whole human body and say: 'That am I.' The cell is at present a fixture in the human body, but the Monad of the cell, its inner essence, is traveling its own pathway of evolution; and one day, in coming cycles, it will realize itself as human, and consciously express itself fully as a complete human entity.

Is not the analogy clear? Think of the Universe as a living organism — which it *is*. There is no separate existence in it. Man lives his life *in* the Universe. Realize that thought in the deepest sense as an actuality: that you are a unit of life *in the Universe*, although you have reached a point of evolution where you are a fixture no longer, as the cell in the body. You are on your pilgrim-path in the Universe, children of the stars, children of the human caravan.

Could we see and feel our inner constitution, and what constant-

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ly, *constantly* builds us up and maintains us as living entities, we would find those builders to be the planets and the stars, and the Lords of the planets and the stars — cosmic entities. Could we see this secret process of growth, we should behold something stupendous: the human lotus sending its shining petals, branches, and roots with all their life-nerves far into the spaces, touching the celestial orbs, the sun and the stars. These are its parents, these nourish it. And the joy in your heart, your bright and elevated thoughts, your high aspirations, make them sing and shine brighter. Even you mean something to them.

Of course you will understand the lotus only as the ancient symbol that it is of the entity that rises out of earth, through the waters of space, to ascend into the air of celestial brightness. What I have said represents the actual facts, although as yet we are not aware of their concrete shape. But one day we shall be; and meanwhile we can realize the inspiring reality, at least in our feelings and in our intuitions.

As I said, we should consciously and steadily intensify and expand our Theosophical conceptions. The road thereto — in reality our evolutionary pathway — is *meditation*: meditation in silence, meditation in action, meditation in thought. It is the realization in self-consciousness of the inner, dynamic structure of our own being. It is evolution: the *unveiling* of what is within.

Children of Earth, children of the Stars! Why worry in your camp of a day? Behold! Your path is the path of Helios beyond the crest of the Galaxy.

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News and Notes

C. J. RYAN, M. A.

NEW CONCEPTS IN SCIENCE

THE Presidential Address by General Smuts at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is a striking indication of the general abandonment of materialistic views which H. P. Blavatsky foresaw would take place in the twentieth century.

The philosophic President showed that the destructive icono-

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clasm of the scientists of the nineteenth century, which was such a potent weapon against medieval theology, has been transcended, and a new era has opened. We can see, in the change of attitude, that science is approaching the tenets of the Ancient Wisdom of Theosophy, which are bound to be accepted sooner or later, for they are founded on positive knowledge.

No longer is it fashionable to regard man as merely a puppet, controlled by mechanical laws; no longer is consciousness or mind asserted to be a causal and ephemeral product of dead matter and blind forces; no longer is it necessary to look upon the sun and the stars as squandering their energies in empty space without the possibility of re-integration. Even though their substance may be transforming in part into radiation, the latest discoveries, such as the Cosmic Rays associated with the name of Dr. Millikan, indicate a building-up of elements, a *creative process* to which no end can be predicted. Great scientists are speculating as to whether Life, Mind, and Consciousness are not the most real things in the universe, not mere transient and embarrassed phantoms trespassing in a world of matter.

In regard to the new concepts of atoms, space-time, and quanta of light, General Smuts concludes that "the complete recasting of our categories of experience and thought may ultimately be evolved," but it will be rational, though different from anything hitherto imagined. This is precisely what Theosophy has always taught, but science will have to put aside certain prejudices and realize the existence of planes of Nature other than the physical — planes interpenetrating the physical and possessing their own forms of life and consciousness — before it has the necessary material from which to draw rational deductions about natural laws. How can this be done except through the adoption of the ancient and tried methods of training and initiation into the Mysteries? And this method cannot be successful unless impersonality and love for all creatures are placed first, and intellectual achievement second. This, of course, is difficult for the matter-of-fact scientist to admit, but time will prove it.

Already hints of the establishment of an esoteric body in science are visible. Physical science has become so complex and such a vast number of mathematical and other technicalities must be understood, that only a limited number of experts can intelligently

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discuss the deeper problems. No one who is qualified to enter is arbitrarily excluded from the temple of science, but no one *can* enter the inner intellectual shrine unless qualified by his own exertions. In this respect science resembles the true Mystery-teachings, but of course on an exoteric level. The Mysteries are open to all who qualify, but the qualifications are primarily spiritual. Do the will and you shall know the doctrine. Give the right knock and the door will open. There are evidences that scientists are approaching the stage where they will find that intellectual reasoning alone will carry them no farther, and that real knowledge will have to be sought by other means. They will find, too, the necessity of the ancient practice of the Mystery-schools in withholding dangerous knowledge from the unprepared.

IS OUR UNIVERSE EXPANDING?

Perhaps the most remarkable event in science in 1931 has been the approach to agreement among the highest authorities that the universe (the visible one, at least) is *expanding* at a tremendous speed, like a soap-bubble, *and that the center of expansion is in our neighborhood!* This is the most astonishing hypothesis that has probably ever been advanced by modern, sober scientists and, on the face of it, is almost incredible. Yet there is positive evidence in favor of such a weird possibility. Spectroscopic analysis of the light from galaxies of stars far out in space beyond our galaxy, the Milky Way, seems to prove that practically all of the outer galaxies are retreating from our stellar system as if it *were* the center of a tremendous explosion. And stranger still, the farther away from us they are, the faster they go! The most distant yet measured recedes from us at the almost unbelievable speed of eleven thousand miles a second! When did that explosion begin? Will it ever stop? Or will it reverse its direction and indraw toward our center?

It has lately been pointed out that if the universe is really expanding at the measured speed, the time taken by the distant galaxies to reach their present positions has not been sufficient for the evolution of the component stars, according to the accepted theory of stellar evolution. And so a modification has been suggested, *i. e.*, perhaps the visible universe is not expanding indefinitely, but is only going to a certain distance, after which a contraction will take place; and that there is a regular rhythmic vibration like the beat-

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ing of a heart. If so, there would be plenty of time for the evolution of the stars to their advanced condition. This is the great problem facing astro-physics today. Professor Einstein, with other leading authorities, is strongly in favor of the rhythmic solution of the difficulty; and he is now at Pasadena, California, working on the problem with Dr. de Sitter and other mathematicians.

To students of Theosophy this rhythmic solution is specially interesting, because it is in line with one of the fundamentals in Theosophy:

This second assertion of the Secret Doctrine is the absolute universality of that law of periodicity, of flux and reflux, ebb and flow. . . . In it we see one of the absolutely fundamental laws of the universe. . . .

—H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 17

This does not mean that H. P. Blavatsky endorses any theory such as the *physical* expansion and contraction of the universe; nor does she repudiate any. She is speaking in general terms of the Kosmos being “the playground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing,” and of the universality of this law of rhythm. The reincarnation of human beings is an example of rhythmic action at a certain stage of human evolution on the earth.

To the modern astronomer, the expansion theory combined with the contraction addition is not a complete reversal of all previous ideas, for it has lately been established that some of the largest stars are rhythmically contracting and expanding. For instance, Betelgeuze, the gigantic orange star in Orion, has just been found to change in *diameter* from 262 to 416 times that of the Sun in rather less than six years. (Remember that our Sun is not far from a million miles in diameter!) If a giant sun like Betelgeuze can do this, why should it be inconceivable that vaster entities, constituted of myriads of component stars, should obey the same mysterious law? Even our own Sun betrays the same tendency, though its eleven-year vibration-rhythm is so small that it has only been ascertained quite recently.

THE SEARCH FOR MAN'S ANCESTORS

The search for man's ancestors still continues, but not with altogether satisfactory results. Dr. Elliot Smith, in his recent book on early man admits that neither the Java, the Piltdown, the Heidel-

berg, nor the Peking relics “shed any decisive light upon the problem of the actual cradle of mankind.” He assures us that “man has sprung from the same source as that which gave birth to the African anthropoid apes.” This may be, and yet that ‘source’ may not be any form of physical ape — according to the Ancient Wisdom it is not so, but a source of a different nature. A few years ago a very ancient specimen of humanity was discovered in London, the ‘Lloyd’s skull,’ and much discussion has been aroused by it. Professor Elliot Smith suggests that it may be vastly older than has been supposed, and if so, as it is a true representative of *homo sapiens* — intelligent man — the problem of modern man’s ancestry becomes more complicated than ever. As a reviewer of his book points out, everything in connexion with the earliest remains of man is highly speculative, “The finds are few and far between; their interpretation has to be based on highly speculative evidence, so that the whole laborious structure may be set all askew or even destroyed by only one chance find.”

WHAT CAUSES EVOLUTION?

At the recent meeting of the British Association a first class discussion was held on evolution, and it was agreed that no *cause* for evolution had yet been found that carried conviction. As remarked above, Science will have to take into account spiritual causes and the possibility that there is a definite plan in evolutionary progress; especially that there is something, say a Monad, that actually evolves by incarnating in successively denser degrees of matter and then transcending them. Then the problem can be successfully attacked.

Mr. Reid Moir, who discovered unexpected traces of high intelligence in the men of the earliest human age known, recently announced his belief that the testimony of the stone tools shows that at very ancient periods they were being made on one and the same *highly specialized* plan over enormous areas of the earth’s surface. If this method started from a common center, which seems to him almost undeniable, the spreading must have taken a very long time, owing to the difficulties of movement, whether of culture or of race; therefore, he claims, the present computations of man’s antiquity are much underestimated. Theosophists would go even farther, for the Ancient Wisdom places the origin of intelligent

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mankind, *homo sapiens*, some millions of years earlier than even Dr. Fairfield Osborn's estimate of a minimum of one million and a quarter.

MAN'S ANTIQUITY IN AMERICA

It may be that America will provide revolutionary facts regarding man's antiquity. Quite lately Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill's great discoveries, called sensational by the archaeologists themselves, of a mysterious civilization in Peru, far older than that of the Incas, "showing consummate skill in art and craftsmanship," more than hint that conventional views of *homo sapiens* in America will have to be drastically revised. Rather than having to believe that there were only the most barbarous tribes in America a few thousand years ago, and no men at all until a few millenniums before that, science is slowly having to accept the possibility of a far more remote past for intelligent man in America. Professor Rudolph Müller's astronomical observations at the ruins of the great city of Tiahuanaco are said to prove conclusively that they are at least thirteen thousand years old! And here is a magnificent art, a stupendous architecture, and every evidence of ages of previous culture and great political power. We shall return to this subject on another occasion, as it is of great importance to students of Theosophy.

An interesting discovery in relation to the ancient Indian knowledge of water-conservation has been made in Arizona by the Phoenix Archaeological Commission. To save water without having to resort to the building of great reservoirs, the Indians in the neighborhood of Superstition Mountain invented or adopted the principle of 'check dams.' These are rock walls built at intervals of some ten or fifteen feet along the sides of a main drainage-wash, and also on the side-valleys leading to it. This principle not only stores up the water but prevents erosion of the soil, and it is so effective that today, perhaps centuries after it was put into effect, the central part of the valley holds twice as much water twice as long as in corresponding places where no provision has been made; and the vegetation is rich and green. *The California Cultivator*, in its comments on this discovery, says:

The surprising part of it is, however, that we should have waited so long before making a start at making this very simple and inexpensive method of conserving our water-supply. . . . Nothing new under the sun; everything we are doing now was done in perhaps a different way; but anticipating our most

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modern ideas, thousands of years before our present civilization began.

California is starting similar construction now.

ON TIBETAN MAGIC

Madame David-Neèl's new book of Tibetan magic ought to arouse serious thought among psychologists, for it tells of psychological powers in man which are not even suspected in the West. She is the French Buddhist scholar who has spent fourteen years in Tibet and is well known for her learning, and for her daring journey to Lha-ssa in the disguise of an old Tibetan beggarwoman. What she relates cannot be treated as 'travelers' tales' or journalistic hearsay. She describes many repulsive acts of 'black magic' of the degraded Tantric kind (to be distinguished from the original Tantric philosophy)* as well as more wholesome incidents, such as those connected with high-minded people who had experienced freedom from physical limitations while the body was lying inanimate for long periods. Just as certain persons in the Western world describe the existence of a strong but almost impalpable cord attaching their ethereal being to the material body lying on a couch, so do these Orientals.

She tells of the meditation in darkness, sometimes for years, practised by some lamas, and gives a very different interpretation from that of the few travelers who have heard of it without knowing its object. They look on it with horror and pitying superiority as a mere painful discipline of the body, such as the self-flagellation of medieval European ascetics, or the isolation of Simon Stylites on his pillar, for the purpose of getting full compensation in the next world. But the Tibetan hermits who spend long periods in darkness, are not subjects for commiseration according to Madame David-Neèl. She says they have compensations in the shape of psychic illuminations in varying degrees. H. P. Blavatsky, in discussing such practices, discountenances them as selfish and unworthy of those who seek real spiritual progress. They intensify the sense of personality and remove the one who indulges in them from active service for humanity, which is the true method of advancement, a method which breaks down the illusory sense of separateness from others that is the cause of so much misery and unbrotherliness.

Madame David-Neèl refers to a method of keeping warm, known

*Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 169.

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to the Tibetan hermits, which dispenses with thick clothing or fire. She also mentioned it in her account of her journey to Lha-ssa, when she found it very useful, for she herself obtained some proficiency in it. She says:

Upon a frosty winter night, those who think themselves capable of victoriously enduring the test are led to the shore of a river or a lake. If all the streams are frozen in the region, a hole is made in the ice. A moonlight night, with a hard wind blowing is chosen. Such nights are not rare in Tibet in the winter months. The neophytes sit on the ground, cross-legged and naked. Sheets are dipped in the icy water; each man wraps himself in one of them and must dry it on his body. As soon as the sheet has become dry, it is again dipped in the water and placed on the novice's body to be dried as before. The operation goes on in that way until daybreak.

She also speaks of seeing lamas "seated night after night motionless on the snow, entirely naked, sunk in meditation, while the terrible winter blizzard whirled and hissed around them."

Europeans would quickly be frozen to death under the conditions she describes, but the trained Tibetan ascetics claim, and appear, to be perfectly warm and comfortable even during the drying of the sheets on their bodies in winter-storms at a height of 13,000 feet above sea-level. They profess to preserve and increase the bodily heat by certain mental processes entirely unknown to our physiologists or psychologists.

Attention has been drawn to Madame David-Neèl's first-hand report of what she has seen in Tibet, because it offers valuable testimony to a singular knowledge of obscure natural laws, unsuspected in the Occident, but possessed by a people ignorantly regarded here with a kind of pitying contempt in regard to scientific attainments. It would not be wise for us to attempt such practices as most of those she describes — *even if we were constitutionally qualified to begin*, a most unlikely thing — but it is desirable that our leaders of thought should realize that a few *known and accessible persons* — not necessarily spiritually-minded by any means — possess considerable control and therefore knowledge of powers and forces in Man and Nature quite unsuspected in the West. To such intellects the Cosmos cannot be the same as it seems to modern physical science. Therefore, what must it be to those illuminated beings, advanced in spiritual wisdom, whom we call Masters of Compassion?

JULIAN THE APOSTLE

A Fourth-Century History

P. A. MALPAS, M. A.

XIII — AFTERMATH (CONCLUDED)

A GREAT case was made of the setting-up of statues and pictures of the gods and those of the Emperor. By this means the common soldier's salute was said to be a cunning device to make them honor the gods. But the noisy agitators were quite unable to show that more than a very few even noticed this. The congregation listening to all this stuff without protest must have been appallingly ignorant to swallow it; unless they had mostly gone home to dinner after a few hours of it, weary of the non-stop sermon, and leaving the remainder asleep and unattentive.

The customary salute of the soldiers at the Emperor's distribution of bounty seemed to offer even better ground for noisy agitation. Some one in a brilliant moment remembered the test for Christians in the days of the Diocletian persecution. They had to throw a few grains of incense on the burning tripod; the mild Roman officials were satisfied with even a motion pretending to do it in the case of ordinary fairly decent befooled citizens; soldiers had even been known to shove the trembling ignorant Christian's arm, so as to save his life, by pretending that he had thrown the pinch of incense on the altar of his own accord. But now the same ceremony was merely the ordinary Imperial salute and meant nothing more. The Emperor sat on his throne, with the tripod before him and the master of ceremonies close by. The soldier took the bounty and at the same time threw a pinch of incense on the fire; the soldier thought no more of it than he did of saluting the Emperor in any other way, except that he was the more pleased to do it seeing that he was receiving a valuable cash-present at the same time from the Emperor's hands.

The Emperor had been generous and the soldiers did as soldiers do, went home and 'treated' their comrades to a good dinner. This is what Gregory says of the way the subtil agitators improved the occasion to spread disaffection.

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After the meal, when the drinking had advanced as far as the customary cold draught, they, as though no harm had happened, invoked the name of Christ over the bowl containing the liquor, casting their eyes upwards with the sign of the Cross.

This is an extraordinary picture of the degradation of the Mysteries into publicity. Julian knew well what the Christ was and is, and realizing such things how could he do otherwise than as he did — keep reverent silence over the mystery, even if for so doing he was accused of being anti-Christian by those who knew nothing whatever of the mystery and almost nothing of the name, except its sound.

Gregory continues:

Some of their messmates, wondering at it, said: "What means this? Do ye mention Christ, after renouncing him?" "How have we renounced him?" reply they, half-dead with fright [Gregory loves to make his audience shiver!] and, "What is this strange news we hear?" On his reply, "You have thrown incense on the fire," and informing them *that* was the renunciation, immediately, leaping up from the banquet, like men out of their senses and frantic, boiling with zeal and fury [and wine?] they rushed through the grand square, shouting out and calling, "We are Christians! Christians in our souls! Let every man hear it, and God above all, unto whom we live and will die! We have not been false to thee, O Savior Christ; we have not denied the blessed Confession; if the hand has erred at all, the conscience has not gone with it. We have been cunningly entrapped by the Emperor; we have not turned traitors for gold. We cast off the impiety; we cleanse ourselves with our blood!" Then, running up to the Emperor, they cried out very boldly, "We have not received gifts, O Emperor, but have been condemned to death; we have not been summoned for honor, but have been sentenced to disgrace. Grant a favor to thy own soldiers: sacrifice us to Christ, of whom alone we are the subjects; give us fire instead of the fire; make ashes of us instead of those ashes; cut off the hands which we so wickedly extended; the feet with which we so wickedly ran. Honor with thy gold others that will not repent of having taken it; Christ suffices us, whom we have in the place of all things." Saying these things all with one voice, they also exhorted the rest to understand the fraud, to recover from their intoxication, to make excuse to Christ with their blood. The Emperor was exasperated at this, but avoided putting them to death openly, that he might not make martyrs of them — they who, as far as depended on themselves at least, were true martyrs; he sentenced them to banishment and so took his revenge on them, thereby conferring on them the greatest benefit, that they should be stationed at a distance from his stratagems.

Thus Gregory. Assuming for the purpose of argument that what he says is truer than the rest, this gives a very strange picture of the times. Imagine such a scene in any army to-day among sol-

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diers who had well dined! Comment is unnecessary. But one has suspicions that their comrades would have done peculiar things to the agitators in the privacy of the barracks. They wouldn't *let* an Emperor treat the agitators so goodnatureedly and gently.

The savage bent of Gregory's mind is shown by his detailed and most rhetorical account of the torture of the aged Marcus by the mob of the Arethusians. This Marcus had destroyed their temple when he was protected by Constantius, and they were unable to stop him. The mob in Julian's time, overwhelmed with hatred of this plundering fellow, sought him out and demanded replacement of the Temple and its treasures at a high figure. Marcus, true to the principles of those who wanted 'martyrdom' and a cheap purchase of eternal happiness, refused to pay a penny. The mob came down and down in their demands almost to nothing, but the old man would not give a single coin. Bystanders even offered to pay the small final demands of the outraged and robbed people, but Marcus would not allow it. So they gave him what any other mob less exasperated would have given him. They let their fury loose upon him, and the things they did are not nice to repeat.

But Gregory is delighted with the opportunity this gives him for saying that Julian, the persecutor who would not persecute, was responsible for the old man's torments. Then as a crowning argument — they certainly did learn funny logic at the University of Athens — Gregory declares that Marcus thoroughly deserved what he got for having saved Julian when a baby from the massacre set on foot by Constantius! It was in fact a serious crime against 'Christ' not to have murdered Julian when he had arrived at the mature age of six!

Again we are tempted to see in the listening congregation a crowd of devotees compared with whom the most unwashed Hyde-Park crowd are pillars of deportment and monuments of learning. Perhaps this comparison really is no exaggeration.

As the interminable sermon proceeds, the preacher waxes less logical than ever. He declares vehemently that Julian meditated persecutions against the Christians which not even Diocletian, nor Maximian, nor Maximin, ever dreamed of; terrible, unspeakable things, if there could be anything more terrible than those persecutions really were. Well, what are these super-terrible things? Just this; Julian intended to deprive the Christians of all freedom

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of speech (sermons of a hundred and twenty pages long on nothing at all were to be prohibited, presumably!). Gregory had this terrible thing reported by spies in the palace. The Christians were to be excluded from all meetings, markets, and public assemblies, nay, even from the law-courts! The very idea leaves this particular word-monger foaming at the mouth. And he quotes Julian's justification for these harsh measures, compared to which mere death was nothing: a pleasure, in fact. Julian says:

That it is part of our religion neither to resist injury nor to go to law, nor to possess anything at all, nor to consider anything one's own; but to live in the other world, and to despise things present as though they were not; neither is it lawful for any one to return evil for evil, but when they are smitten on the one cheek to turn the other also to the smiter, and to be stripped of the coat after the cloak.

And perhaps he will add, "to pray for those that injured them, and wish well to their persecutors."

Says Gregory,

'Tis very true he could not help knowing all this — he that once was a Reader of the divine oracles, was a candidate for the honor of the great pulpit, and used to glorify the Martyrs by the gift of churches and of consecrated lands!

Then wisely he runs off into a lot of red-herring talk calculated to relieve him of the necessity of arguing away Julian's logic; there is a wistful suggestion that it seems a pity that Julian knew about these once-Christian precepts and virtues. Julian is so absurd as to expect the Christians *not* to be politicals and agitators and office-seekers, but merely religious people!

Julian's preliminary plans are quoted by the preacher Gregory as though they were stolen from his own party.

He also, having the same design, was intending to establish schools in every town, with pulpits and higher and lower rows of benches, for lectures and expositions of the heathen doctrines, both of such as give rules of morality and those that treat of abstruse subjects; also a form of prayer alternately pronounced, and penance for those that sinned proportionate to the offense; initiation also, and completion, and other things that evidently belong to our constitution. He was purposing also to build inns and hospices for pilgrims, monasteries for men, convents for virgins, places for meditation, and to establish a system of charity for the relief of prisoners, and also that which is conducted by means of letters of recommendation by which we forward such as require it from one nation to another — things which he had especially admired in our institutions.

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Gregory makes an admission which is interesting to students of ancient church-practices. He says:

There are, I will not deny it, among ourselves, also certain doctrines under *concealment*, but what is the nature of their envelope, and what the effect on the mind? Neither the outward form is indecent, whilst the hidden sense is admirable and exceeding glorious, to such as are introduced into its depth, and like some beauteous and unapproachable body, it is veiled by a robe by no means to be condemned.

This shows that there were even in Gregory's time a few remaining fragments of the mystic symbolism of the ancients left in the church.

Gregory describes Julian's death as "truly seasonable and salutary for the whole world." In a note, King the translator says that Sozomen is even bolder and *boasts* that the blow was the vengeance of a Christian.

In contrasting 'our' dead, namely, Constantius, with Julian, Gregory becomes almost comic in his eagerness to whitewash him. He dares not say that the angels sang to the funeral cortège as it passed over Mount Taurus, but he does what he often does in similar cases, says that the people heard music and singing and that "he supposes" these were the angels! This

in honor of his piety and a funereal recompense of his virtue. For although he had seemed to shake the foundations of the true faith, this, nevertheless, must be laid to the charge of his subordinates' stupidity and unsoundness, who, getting hold of a soul that was unsuspecting and not firmly grounded in religion, nor able to see the pitfalls in its path, led it astray what way they pleased, and under the pretense of *correctness* of doctrine converted his zeal into sin.

It is a bold statement that "Constantine laid the foundations of the Imperial power and of the Christian religion." Says Gregory:

Our Emperor was received in the tomb in the Church of the Apostles [at Constantinople], who received the holy race, and now guard their remains, which receive almost equal honors with their own!

You would hardly guess from this that Constantius most severely persecuted Gregory's party. Nor would you realize that Julian treated Gregory well enough, making his brother his own physician.

There is a much-quoted passage of Gregory, usually given as though perfectly serious and reliable instead of coming out of such a curious storehouse of illogical arguments, wordy insults, and hopelessly twisted bits of fact. Gregory refers to Julian as he knew him at the University of Athens:

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This character of his was made known by experience to others, and by his coming to the throne, which gave him free scope to display it. But it had been previously detected by some, ever since I lived with this person at Athens; for he too had gone thither, immediately after the catastrophe of his brother, having himself solicited this permission from the Emperor. There was a double reason for this journey: the one more specious — the object of acquainting himself with Greece and the schools of the country; the other more secret, and communicated to but few — that he might consult the sacrifices and cheats there upon matters concerning himself; so far back did his paganism extend. At that time, therefore, I remember that I became no bad judge of his character, though far from being of much sagacity in that line; but what made me a true guesser was the inconsistency of his behavior and his extreme excitability (that is, if he be the best diviner who knows how to guess shrewdly). A sign of no good seemed to me to be his unsteady neck, his shoulders always in motion and shrugging up and down like a pair of scales, his eye rolling and glancing from side to side with a certain insane expression, his feet unsteady and stumbling, his nostrils breathing insolence and disdain, the gestures of his face ridiculous and expressing the same feelings, his bursts of laughter unrestrained and gusty, his nods of assent and dissent without any reason, his speech stopping short and interrupted by his taking breath, his questions without any order and unintelligent, his answers not a whit better than his questions, following one on top of the other, and not definite, nor returned in the regular order of instruction. . . . I exclaimed as soon as I had observed these signs, "What an evil the Roman world is breeding!" . . .

And so he goes on. As an argument, the whole rignmarole is rubbish. As an insult to the dead Emperor the audience may have drunk in every word like mother's milk without understanding in the least. The only value there is in it for us is the sidelight it throws on Gregory, the people, and the character of the time.

By the time he had come to the end of the sermon — he had to make two sessions of it, with an interval for dinner, maybe — Gregory has persuaded even himself that Julian really was a terrible persecutor. "How bitterly thou didst persecute the Christians, and eat up so holy a people," he says, addressing the dead Julian.

And the only persecution he can really lay his hands on is that Julian had the *intention* of making him keep his mouth shut! What a pity Julian did not carry this dreadful persecution into actuality! Without the power of pouring forth a stream of words, words, words, and yet more words, Gregory could not have survived a single day!

The old adept of Ephesus was doubtless glad to go. His work was done. The twilight of the gods was deepening to the thick pall

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of the night that men call the Dark Ages. One star alone was yet to shine as a sign of hope for future days when the Egyptian blackness should clear away. Hypatia, the glory of Alexandria, was yet to rise and set. The magnificent city of Alexandria was built in the form of an enormous Roman Cross. True to the symbolism of the eternal Mysteries which claimed Julian as their Apostle to the end, Hypatia was 'crucified' upon it. After her . . . the dark.

THE END

THE NATURE OF LIFE

II

EMMA D. WILCOX, M. D.

IN any study of the nature of life, the mind goes back in thought to the origin of life; but whatever scientific treatises we may read on this topic, we invariably meet this conclusion: that of the origin of life, nothing is proven, and that there is but one positive statement which can so far be made, namely, that no instance has been found as yet of a living organism having arisen apart from a parent one. Yet, despite the general acceptance of this conclusion, researchers are continually seeking some proof of the spontaneous generation of a living organism from so-called lifeless matter.

Somewhere H. P. Blavatsky speaks of a cyclic curve to scientific theories with a recurrence of thought in each new era to that of an antecedent one, usually in a modified garb. Among the early Greeks, in the fifth and fourth centuries B. C., from Anaximander down to Aristotle, philosophers taught the idea of primordial terrestrial slime, a mixture of earth and water, from which, under the heat of the sun, plants and animals sprang into being. Although Aristotle is called the Father of Natural History, he also held to this idea.

It was during this period that the true nature of fossils became known, causing a bitter warfare between geologists and philosophers. The Greek naturalists of the third and fourth centuries, striving to bridge the chasm between geological findings and the theory of spontaneous generation, taught that there were two kinds of life-germs: visible ones in the existing plants and animals, and latent ones, invisible and inactive until awakened by certain com-

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binations of heat and water; the first, having a supernatural origin of species, the other, a natural one from the earth-substance.

From that time until the eighteenth century shellfish were supposed to be without parentage; eels, to spring from the ooze of the river; lichens, appearing after dampness, were evidence of spontaneous generation from the mineral into the vegetable kingdom; and the leaflike shoots seen on the surface of pools and backwaters were thought to be a condensation of still water and a starting-point for higher forms of life.

In *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. II, p. 116) H. P. Blavatsky says of this subject:

It is not denied that in the beginning of physical evolution there must have been processes in Nature, spontaneous generation, for instance, now extinct, which are repeated in other forms.

Again on page 150:

Esoteric philosophy, which teaches spontaneous generation — after the Śish-ta and Prajāpati have thrown the seed of life on the Earth — shows the lower angels able to *construct physical* man only, even with the help of Nature, after having evolved the ethereal form out of themselves, and leaving the physical form to evolve gradually from its ethereal, or what would now be called. *proto-plasmic* model. . . .

And in a later paragraph (p. 151):

If spontaneous generation has changed its methods now, owing perhaps to accumulated material on hand, so as to almost escape detection, it was in full swing in the genesis of terrestrial life.

Finally on page 718 (Vol. II), H. P. Blavatsky quotes from one whom she calls the “Emperor of Materialists”—Büchner, in his *Force and Matter*:

Spontaneous generation played, no doubt, *a more important part in the primeval epoch than at present, nor can it be denied that in this way beings of a higher organization* were produced than now.

To this she adds:

. . . for this is the claim of Occultism. The whole difference lies in this: Modern Science places her materialist theory of primordial germs on earth, and the *last germ of life* on this globe, of man, and everything else, between *two voids*. Whence the *first germ*, if both spontaneous generation and the interference of external forces, are absolutely rejected now?

From the early years of our era almost to our own period, the dominant teaching of an extracosmic Creator, the culmination of

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whose creation was man, for whom the vegetable and animal kingdoms existed, while the mineral one was a lifeless world, paralysed scientific progress.

When the perfecting of the microscope brought into vision organisms so minute as to seem to pass directly from the atom of the medium to the protoplasm of the cell, the idea of spontaneous generation was superseded by that of the protoplasmic origin of the cell-unit, as one of them (Virchow) phrased it — “*omnis cellula e cellula.*” Water saturated with animal and vegetable infusions, when exposed to the air, was found clouded and massed with creatures so minute as to be called ‘micro-organisms’ and because of their occurrence in this state they were termed ‘infusoria.’

The two main events by means of which was discovered the existence of life in the minute particles of plant- and animal-forms, make a very interesting history. For years a Dutch lens-maker, Anton van Leeuwenhoek, had been trying to intensify the magnifying power of lenses, and happening to turn one of them on some rain-water, he was surprised to see numerous specks swarming about. Looking more closely, he observed different forms and colors and a diversity of behavior among the specks. He sent an account to the Royal Society of London, and this was published, causing widespread experimentation. The first positive result obtained was by an Italian physician, Francesco Redi, in 1668, and experiments continued to the time of Louis Pasteur, who taught, as an axiom, that life does not appear without the operation of antecedent life, and that no known cases of spontaneous generation occur under the present conditions of life.

Out of this belief the doctrine of *biogenesis* was born; yet its foremost adherents frankly acknowledge that this is the theory of the life-process of Nature as prevailing today. This does not mean, they say, that life cannot or does not originate otherwise, and they hold themselves open-minded to any proof of the creation of the animate from the inanimate. In reference thereto, they face the fact that if life comes from life, life either began to exist sometime and somewhere, or it has existed always. If the latter, they say, then it must have been transferred from one world to another; one of the theories of which being the bringing to earth of the protoplasmic germs of life in the unheated centers of meteors, because in

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meteorites have been found water and turf, the latter always formed by decomposition of vegetable substances.

How *The Secret Doctrine* meets this question, with its teaching of an astral prototype for every form of life, is shown in the following quotations:

Everything that *is, was, and will be*, eternally is, even the countless forms, which are finite and perishable only in their objective, not in their *ideal* Form.

[And the footnote:] Occultism teaches that no form can be given to anything, either by nature or by man, whose ideal type does not already exist on the subjective plane.—I, 282

Now the evolution of the *external* form or body round the *astral* is produced by the terrestrial forces.—I, 175

. . . the Lotus plant exists not only as a miniature embryo in its seed (a physical characteristic), but its prototype is present in an ideal form in the Astral Light from 'Dawn' to 'Night' during the Manvantaric period, like everything else, as a matter of fact, in this objective Universe.—I, 63

Here we find reference to the beautiful teaching of the 'Day and Night of Brahmâ,' including not only all life here, but our own earth-globe, the sun and its planets, the stars and their systems. Kosmos itself sleeps and wakes, carrying forward, its multitudinous forms within it, from one 'Day' of its 'Life' across its 'Night' of sleep to its next. Thus in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 256, we read:

Therefore the question: "What relation is there between . . . astral prototypes and ordinary physical development in the course of the origination of pre-mammalian organic species?"—is easily answered. One is the shadowy prototype of the other, the preliminary, hardly defined, and evanescent sketch on the canvas, of objects, which are destined to receive the final and vivid form under the brush of the painter.

Thus the fossils found in strata, to which an antiquity, not of eighteen, but of many hundreds of millions of years, must be ascribed, belong in reality to forms of the preceding Round, which, while living, were far more ethereal than physical, as *we know the physical*. That we perceive and disinter them as tangible forms, is due to the process of materialization or crystallization. . . .

And thus man now finds, as tangible fossils, what were once the (to his present senses) ethereal forms of the lower kingdom.—II, 68, footnote

The amphibia, birds, reptiles, fishes, etc., are the resultants of the Third Round fossil forms stored up in the auric envelope of the Earth and projected into physical objectivity subsequent to the deposition of the first Laurentian rocks.—II, 684

THE NATURE OF LIFE

To return to the scientists and the many stumbling-blocks in the path of their search for the origin of life: one of the most formidable is their theory that the earth was once in a molten condition, without water or, in fact, any of the vital conditions regarded as indispensable to organic life. Therefore they say that the earth must have cooled before life began; in which case life must have evolved from inorganic matter or have been brought to earth from elsewhere.

One bit of theoretical reasoning as to the awakening of inorganic matter into organic life is interesting to 'Theosophists. There is a form of albumen that belongs to the proteids, which the chemists call 'dead protein,' because it has not the power of self-decomposition, and can be made synthetically without becoming living: in other words, 'dead protein' remains in the same state indefinitely without change.

The chemists state that one of the necessities to the power of change in proteids is cyanogen, which is a death-dealing compound in chemistry, although it is found in all life; and that cyanogen and its compounds arise only in incandescent heat — that is, when the mass is heated to white heat.

An equally strong proof to their minds, also, is that compounds of carbon and hydrogen are made synthetically in great heat. Thus they argue the possibility of the formation of cyanogen compounds and the hydrocarbon substances during the heated state of our globe, and during the long ages of earth's cooling, their slow transformation together with the evolution of oxygen, water, and the mineral salts, finally resulting in the living proteid of organic life. How this is done, leads them to point to fire as the force that has brought about the combination of the constituents of inorganic matter into organic.

How closely this approaches the Occult Doctrine I shall show in several quotations from H. P. Blavatsky. What she says about the Azoic Age, or the Age called by Science 'without life,' we find in several quotations. In Vol. II, pp. 157-60 are these words:

If the thick agglomeration of vapors, charged with carbonic acid, that escaped from the soil or was held in suspension in the atmosphere since the commencement of sedimentation, offered a fatal obstacle to the life of human organisms as now known, how, it will be asked, could the primeval men have existed? . . . In those early ages, *astral* evolution was alone in progress, and the two planes, the astral and the physical, though developing on parallel lines, had

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no direct point of contact with one another. . . . Indeed, if there was vegetable life during those periods that could feed on the then deleterious elements; . . . why could there not be human life also, in its incipient physical form, *i. e.*, in a race of beings adapted for that geological period and its surroundings? . . . But the chief question before us is, whether it is quite certain that, from the time of that which is called the 'Azoic' age, there ever was such an atmosphere. . . .

For were we to take the word of the majority of scientists as to the quantity of deadly gases, and of elements entirely saturated with carbon and nitrogen, in which the vegetable and animal kingdoms are shown to have lived, thriven, and developed, then one would have to come to the curious conclusion that there were, in those days, oceans of *liquid carbonic acid*, instead of water.

Again, in Vol. I, p. 258, H. P. Blavatsky says:

Occultism disposes of the so-called Azoic age of Science. for it shows that there never was a time when the Earth was without life upon it. Wherever there is an atom of matter, a particle or a molecule, even in its most gaseous condition. there is life in it, however latent and unconscious.

In another place H. P. Blavatsky speaks of the origin of water and its admixture with fire. She calls it liquid fire, and says that the progeny of the two is solid matter, such as minerals and earths.

When we think of the trend of scientists towards solar energy, and the electrical interplay of electron and proton as the possible source of life, it is well to recall what H. P. Blavatsky gives in her first book, written more than fifty years ago, *Isis Unveiled*, quoting first on page 310, (Vol. I):

No form can come into objective existence — from the highest to the lowest — before the abstract ideal of this form . . . is called forth.

And on page 258, also in Volume I of *Isis Unveiled*:

Light is Life. . . . Both are electricity — the life-principle, . . . and under the Divine Will of the architect, its multifarious, omnipotent waves gave birth to every form as well as to every living being. . . . Within its beams lie the beginnings of all physical and chemical action, and of all cosmic and spiritual phenomena.

In *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 76) she says:

. . . the primordial Electric Entity — for the Eastern Occultists insist that Electricity is an Entity — electrifies into life, and separates primordial stuff or pregenetic matter into atoms, themselves the source of all life and consciousness.

And in referring to the seven creations on page 455 (Volume I):

It is at this period of Evolution that the *absolutely eternal* universal motion, or vibration, that which is called in Esoteric language 'the GREAT BREATH,' differentiates in the primordial, first manifested ATOM.

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More and more, as chemical and physical sciences progress, does this occult axiom find its corroboration in the world of knowledge: the scientific hypothesis, that even simplest elements of matter are identical in nature and differ from each other only owing to the variety of the distributions of *atoms* in the molecule or speck of substance, or by the modes of its *atomic vibration*, gains every day more ground.

Yet it has taken fifty years for a modern physicist to say:

Scientists of renown are all striving to prove that material life is atomic cell-vibration and nothing else; that the spiritual element we call life reaches down to the earth elements or the atomic groups of the different elements of matter, draws them to itself and makes of them organic life in the form of the organized cell.

We should say 'ensouls them.'

Professor J. J. Thomson, who received the Nobel prize for his electron theory has said:

The electron is the ultimate unit of all matter and the remarkable feature is that this ultimate unit of which all matter is composed is not matter at all, as we ordinarily understand the word, but electricity.

More than one of the physicists show a tendency to assent to the theory that the vibrations of the electrons in the atom create magnetism, and that each element has a magnetism peculiar to itself.

Thus, in looking back over our study of the true nature of life, we who are students of *The Secret Doctrine* watch with interest how rapidly the forward-looking thinkers are accepting, one after another, the teachings as given by H. P. Blavatsky on the unity and origin of life. In an address before the British Philosophical Association, this is very plainly proven by Sir Oliver Lodge where he states that different thinkers, from different points of view, are converging on the theory of some kind of guidance, some rational and predetermining influence, not only in the works of man, where it is conspicuous, but in the works of Nature also.



Godlike qualities lie sleeping within us: the spiritual things that mark us immortal; for here within the heart is the Kingdom of Heaven, and the only recompense man needs is to become aware of his essential divinity.

— *Katherine Tingley*

MUSIC: A THERAPEUTIC AGENT

ROSE WINKLER, M. D.

We say and maintain that *Sound*, for one thing, is a tremendous Occult power; that it is a stupendous force, of which the electricity generated by a million of Niagaras could never counteract the smallest potentiality when directed with *occult knowledge*. . . .

For sound generates, or rather attracts together, the elements that produce an *ozone*, the fabrication of which is beyond chemistry, but within the limits of Alchemy. It may even *resurrect* a man or an animal whose astral "vital body," has not been irreparably separated from the physical body by the severance of the magnetic or odic chord. *As one saved thrice from death by that power*, the writer ought to be credited with knowing personally something about it. — H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 555

MMUSIC is of no land, no time, no space, but is born as Sound in the Silence. Sound preceded the celestial birth of our cosmos—the vibrations of the ineffable creative 'Word'—when Spirit moved upon the waters of Space, inspiriting all Nature with life and light. And in that anthemed silence, Harmony, the mystically allied trinity of color, form, and sound, prevailed, filling the world with melody. Every new-born, vibrating atom re-echoed the intoning of the Word of God, pealing forth through eternities like silvery fairy-bells—the immortal song of Divine Origin.

If our senses were not so gross, a hidden fount of melody could be heard at the core of every manifested thing: in the babbling brook, the trees, the stones, the tumbling waterfalls, the ocean's thunderous roar, and the rhythmic, moving spheres. From every manifested thing, like every human being, issues forth its own keynote, or sound, as the Voice of the Soul.

Man's body, like a seven-stringed harp, made up of various systems, millions of muscle- and nerve-fibers, different kinds of cells, responds to musical vibrations, which act upon and stimulate all bodily functions. Thus the body, like a musical instrument, is responsive to the efficacy of music as a therapeutic agency. When unselfishness, purity, altruism, become the conscious motive power in men's lives; when the potentialities of 'vibration' are better understood and directed with *occult knowledge*, then we may hope to see undreamed of and magical results accomplished: disordered brains and nervous systems restored to health and harmony, and lives made happy, whole, and spiritual.

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At the present time, the uplifting, molding and refining influence of music is becoming universally recognised and appreciated, and the best music is now broadcast from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is welcomed in the home, it acts as a soothing balm in hospitals and sanitariums, it promotes idealism in educational institutions, while pervading all with a right wholesome spirit; and now, especially, it is broadcast for the instructive and elevating influence upon the young and plastic minds in all the schools, fostering and ingraining in *early youth* a love for the good and the beautiful in the ideals of our best writers and in the inspiring compositions of our greatest composers. In the words of Katherine Tingley:

For when the soul is stirred by music, when we feel ourselves within reach of the higher ideals of life, then we find the light.

The use of music in medicine antedated history. Hence, from the remotest age, the power of music and its therapeutic or curative effect was maintained. We are all familiar with the biblical account of King Saul and his tempers, how the young David was sent for, and how when the evil spirits came upon King Saul, David took a harp, and played. And *Saul was refreshed, and was well*, and the evil spirit departed from him. Elisha, also, when he was much troubled by importunate kings, called for a minstrel, and when he played, "the hand of the Lord came upon him."

Sound has an attractive property; it draws out disease, which streams out to encounter the musical wave, and the two blending together, disappear in space. — *Isis Unveiled*, I, 215

The Greeks claimed that music and medicine were sister arts. They are known to have had confidence in music as having a therapeutic virtue. Apollo was father of Aesculapius and leader of the Muses. Aesculapius employed music for the cure of disease, some twenty centuries ago. He blew a trumpet to cure sciatica, and its prolonged sound making the fibers of the nerves to palpitate, the pain invariably subsided. It is said: "Wherever Orpheus wandered with his lyre no one had will to forbid him entrance."

Distinguished Greeks, such as Democritus, Aulus Gellius, and others, also later celebrated physicians of Germany, Italy, France, England and Russia, have ascribed their successful treatment to musical therapy. It is said that there are many clinical reports available. Some fakirs of India use low whistling, or the sound of a

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flute, or a melodious chant to attract reptiles and bring them under complete control.

Immediately following the World War our mentally and physically wrecked, wounded, or shell-shocked men were soothed and cheered and benefited by music. For musical sound-waves are felt subconsciously, frequently lingering in the halls of our semi-ethereal, starry vehicles which support and form the model for the physical body, stimulating and rejuvenating like an invigorating bath the entire organism. Soldiers are known to sing together in an unconscious effort to drown the personal emotion which would be intolerable in its anguish if it were allowed to emerge to the surface of consciousness. So, also, the effect of chanting or singing, or the repetition of phrases, under the stress of intense feeling, can unify a mass to express the emotion activating a single dominating personality.

In cases of nervous disorders, brought about through horrors witnessed, or from shell-shock, or from some harassing experience, music is said to be *the one medium* through which mental and nervous derangements can be reached.

We read that certain selections of music are catalogued or listed like drugs in a pharmacopeia, to be prescribed as a tonic, a stimulant, a sedative, or a narcotic, as indicated. In order that the music may ever lend a helpful and harmonizing influence and promote continual improvement, the individual's co-operation with all that is best, pure, and refining in life should be encouraged.

As a means of maintaining moral, mental and bodily sanity and balance; as a means of amusement or a source of recreation; as a soothing balm, obviating the menacing conditions incident to the experiences of daily life; as a refashioner of character, elevating the tastes and aspirations; as a harmonizing, creative, refining, purifying influence making life joyous and beautiful, who can sufficiently estimate the value of music?

Some celebrated writers and composers have given expression to the influence of music as follows:

Music is the manifestation of the inner essential nature of all that is.

— *Beethoven*

See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of Nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it. — *Carlyle*

REVIEW OF "THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM"

The songs of musicians are able to change the feelings and conditions of a state. — *Cicero*

Was it not Plato who said:

Music is a moral law, it gives a soul to the Universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful of which it is the invisible but nevertheless dazzling, passionate, and eternal form.

A pure, sincere, noble character, sends out into space a clear, sweet, ringing of tone, which, winging its flight like a seraphic being, gently stirs similar traits and aspirations to manifest in the hearts of men.

When the uplifted, light-filled eyes of a departing soul penetrate the veil to realms of harmony and peace, the body, like a mantle, is laid aside. In the glorious sense of freedom, the rarefied vibrations of its tone, like alchemized essences, blend with the "Tone" or 'Sound' of the Higher Self — thus attesting to the individual beauty, sweetness, and strength of character.

Weighed in the balance in those sublimely sacred Halls of Justice, that sweet blending of its rapturous note confirms the unerring verdict of a well-spent and meritorious life. With each succeeding incarnation, that keynote or vibration can become ever more sublimated, and the inner life, like a melodious symphony, becomes attuned to the universal Sound or Word.