

*The star of love
thrills the noble heart*



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At the threshold of the two paths

We here present some of Madame Blavatsky's hitherto unpublished spiritual insights that touch the noblest part of the human heart, from *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (H.P.B.'s SKETCHBOOK)¹ I pp. 4-9.

From Madame Blavatsky's Sketchbook, page 2:

. . . Toutes les magnificences de la Nature — le silence imposant de la nuit, les odeurs des fleurs — les rayons pâles de la lune à travers les panaches verts des arbres — les étoiles, fleurs de feu semées dans le ciel, les lucioles, fleurs de feu semées dans l'herbe — tout cela a été créé pour rendre l'Adepte digne de la NATURE, au moment où, pour la première fois, elle dit à l'Homme, *je t'appartiens* — mot formé d'un céleste parfum de l'âme, qui s'exale et monte au ciel avec les parfums des fleurs — moment, le seul de sa vie — où il est roi, où il est Dieu, moment qu'il paye et qu'il expie par toute une existence de regrets amers.²

«Ce moment; c'est le prix de toutes nos misères.»

The moment of choice.³

English translation of the foregoing original French text by Boris de Zirkoff.

. . . All the glories of Nature — the imposing silence of the night; the aroma of the flowers; the pale rays of the moon through the green tufts of the trees; the stars, flowers of fire strewn over the sky; the glow-worms, flowers of fire strewn over the grass — all these have been created to render the Adept worthy of NATURE, at that moment when for the first time she exclaims to Man, "I am yours," — words formed

¹ [Notes by Boris de Zirkoff, Compiler of *H.P. Blavatsky Collected Writings*:

There is in the Archives of The Theosophical Society at Adyar a small booklet, seven by eleven inches, of not more than twenty-six pages, three leaves at least having been torn out. For purposes of identification, we may call it H.P.B.'s *Sketchbook*, as it contains mostly drawings and sketches in both ink and pencil, also mere scrawls and scribbles, with here and there some writing between them.

The first page of the booklet, partly reproduced in *facsimile*, shows in the middle a pen drawing of a seaside view, most likely Ramsgate, England, and a pen-and-ink sketch of a coat of arms, not definitely identified but evidently belonging to one or another branch of the von Hahn Family, as it shows a cock as one of its symbols.

The rest of the page is covered by two columns of two poems in Russian script whose authorship is unknown. At the top of the page H.P.B. has written in Russian: "Indistinct Reminiscences." — *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (H.P.B.'s SKETCHBOOK) I pp. 2-3]

² [This text has been altered by H.P.B. at one time or another. The words "l'Adepte digne de la NATURE" are in red ink and are superimposed over the original words "le monde digne de l'homme" written in black ink. The words "elle dit à l'Homme, *je t'appartiens*" are also in red ink and superimposed over the original words "il dit à une femme — je t'aime" written in black ink. — *Boris de Zirkoff*.]

³ ["The moment of choice between good and evil, between white and black magic, is neither in space nor in time, it is the momentum of all those moments in the battle between unselfish and selfish impulses taking place in those who try to follow the higher purposes of Nature." — From the third letter from William Quan Judge to Jasper Niemand, in *Letters That Have Helped Me*, Vol. I, pp. 4-6. Consult "Real life thrills in the seven brains of the heart, not in the whims and wobbles of the mind," in hour Higher Ethics and Devotion Series.

Cf. "Know, Conqueror of Sins, once that a Sowanee hath cross'd the seventh Path, all Nature thrills with joyous awe and feels subdued. The silver star now twinkles out the news to the night-blossoms, the streamlet to the pebbles ripples out the tale; dark ocean-waves will roar it to the rocks surf-bound, scent-laden breezes sing it to the vales, and stately pines mysteriously whisper:

A Master has arisen, a MASTER OF THE DAY." — *The Voice of the Silence*, frag. II vs. 281 p. 65

For an in-depth analysis of *The Voice*, consult *Compassion: the Spirit of Truth*, our first Major Work. — ED. PHIL.]

of a divine perfume from the soul, which, breathed forth ascends to heaven together with the perfume of the flowers — the one moment of his life when he is king, when he is God; the moment which he expiates and pays for with a whole life of bitter regrets.

“That moment — it is the price of all our miseries.”



From Madame Blavatsky's Sketchbook, page 3:

«La femme trouve son bonheur dans l'acquisition des pouvoirs surnaturels — l'amour c'est un vilain rêve, un cauchemar.»

Only through her night star the woman can be truly happy.

English translation of the foregoing original French text by Boris se Zirkoff:¹

Woman finds her happiness in the acquisition of supernatural powers — love is a vile dream, a nightmare.²



¹ *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (H.P.B.'s SKETCHBOOK I), p. 5

² *ibid.*, p. 5

Legend of the Night Flower

Légende sur la Belle de Nuit.

Tradition des steppes

From Madame Blavatsky's Sketchbook, pages 7-8:

SOUT AU COMMENCEMENT DE LA CRÉATION DU MONDE et bien avant le péché qui perdit Ève, un frais buisson vert étendait ses larges feuilles sur le bord d'un ruisseau. Le soleil, jeune à cette époque, fatigué de ses débuts, se couchait lentement, et tirant sur lui ses rideaux de brouillards, enveloppait la terre d'ombres profondes et noires; alors on vit s'épanouir sur une des branches du buisson une modeste fleur; elle n'avait ni la fraîche beauté de la rose; ni l'orgueil superbe et majestueux du beau lys. Humble et modeste elle ouvrit ses pétales, et jeta un regard craintif sur le monde du grand Bouddha. Tout était froid et sombre autour d'elle! Ses compagnes sommeillaient tout autour courbées sur leurs tiges flexibles; ses camarades, mêmes filles du même buisson, se détournaient de son regard; les papillons de nuit, amants volages des fleurs, se reposaient bien un moment sur son sein, puis s'envolaient vers de plus belles. Un gros scarabée faillit la couper en deux en grim pant sans cérémonie sur elle à la recherche d'un gîte nocturne, et la pauvre fleur effrayée de son isolement, et de son abandon au milieu de cette foule indifférente, baissa la tête tristement et laissa tomber une goutte de rosée amère. Mais voilà qu'une petite étoile s'alluma dans le ciel sombre; ses brillants rayons vifs et doux perçèrent les flots des ténèbres, et soudain la fleur orpheline se sentit vivifiée et rafraîchie comme par une rosée bienfaisante . . . toute ranimée elle leva sa corolle et aperçut l'étoile bienveillante. Aussi reçut-elle ses rayons dans son sein, toute palpitante d'amour et de reconnaissance Ils l'avaient fait renaître à l'existence.

L'aurore au sourire rose chassa peu à peu les ténèbres et l'étoile fut noyée dans l'océan de lumière que répandit l'astre du jour; des milliers de fleurs courtisanes le saluèrent, se baignant avidement dans ses rayons d'or. Il les versait aussi sur la petite fleur; le grand astre daignait l'envelopper, elle aussi, dans ses baisers de flammes . . . mais pleine de souvenir de l'étoile du soir, et de son scintillement argentin, la fleur reçut froidement les démonstrations du fier soleil. Elle avait encore devant les yeux la lueur douce et affectueuse de l'étoile; elle sentait encore dans son cœur la goutte de rosée bienfaisante et, se détournant des rayons aveuglants du soleil, elle serra ses pétales et se coucha dans le feuillage tout épais du buisson paternel. Depuis lors, le jour devint la nuit pour la pauvre fleur, et la nuit le jour; dès que le soleil apparaît, et embrasse de ses flots d'or le ciel et la terre — la fleur est invisible; mais une fois le soleil couché, et que, perçant un coin de l'horizon obscurci, la petite étoile apparaît, la fleur la salue joyeusement, joue avec ses rayons argentins, respire à larges traits sa douce lueur.

Tel est aussi le cœur de beaucoup de femmes. Le premier mot bienveillant, la première caresse affectueuse, tombant sur son cœur endolori s'y enracinent profondément; et se sentant toute émue à une parole amicale, elle reste indifférente aux démonstrations passionnées de l'univers entier. Que le premier soit comme tant d'autres, qu'il se perde dans des milliers d'astres semblables à lui; le cœur de la femme saura le découvrir, de près comme de loin, elle suivra avec amour et intérêt son cours modeste et enverra des bénédictions sur son passage. Elle pourra saluer le fier soleil, admirer son éclat, mais fidèle et reconnaissante, son cœur appartiendra pour toujours à une seule étoile.



Legend of the Night Flower.¹

Tradition of the steppes

English translation of the foregoing original French text by Boris de Zirkoff.²

AT THE VERY BEGINNING OF THE CREATION of the World, and long before the sin which became the downfall of Eve, a fresh green shrub spread its broad leaves on the banks of a rivulet. The sun, still young at that time and tired of its initial efforts, was setting slowly, and drawing its veils of mists around him, enveloped the earth in deep and dark shadows. Then a modest flower blossomed forth upon a branch of the shrub. She³ had neither the fresh beauty of the rose, nor the superb and majestic pride of the beautiful lily. Humble and modest, she opened her petals and cast an anxious glance on the world of the great Buddha. All was cold and dark about her! Her companions slept all around bent on their flexible stems; her comrades, daughters of the same shrub, turned away from her look; the moths, winged lovers of the flowers, rested but for a moment on her breast, but soon flew away to[wards] more beautiful ones. A large beetle almost cut her in two as it climbed without ceremony over her, in search for nocturnal quarters. And the poor flower, frightened by its isolation and its loneliness in the midst of this indifferent crowd, hung its head mournfully and shed a bitter dewdrop for a tear. But lo, a little star was kindled in the sombre sky.⁴ Its brilliant rays, quick and tender, pierced the waves of gloom. Suddenly the orphaned flower⁵ felt vivified and refreshed as by some beneficent dew. Fully restored, she lifted her face and saw the friendly star. She received its rays into her breast, quivering with love and gratitude. They had brought about her rebirth into a new life.

Dawn with its rosy smile gradually dispelled the darkness, and the star was submerged in an ocean of light which streamed forth from the star of day. Thousands of flowers hailed it their paramour, bathing greedily in his golden rays. These he shed also on the little flower; the great star deigned to cover her too with its flaming kisses. But full of the memory of the evening star, and of its silvery twinkling, the flower

¹ [*<Night-Flower is a>* more descriptive name has been chosen for our flower, instead of the very unromantic names of *Four-o'clock* and *Marvel-of-Peru*, by which it *<Mirabilis jalapa>* is known. — *Boris de Zirkoff.*]

² *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (H.P.B.'s SKETCHBOOK) I, pp. 7-9

³ [Flower is a feminine noun in French though, strictly speaking, most flowers are bisexual. In the context of this legend, the night flower stands the Spiritual Ego or awakened Soul (Buddhi), which is the only feminine principle in man's septenary constitution — unfolding from within outwardly like the bud of the lotus.

Note to Students: The Universal Self (Atman), the Higher Ego (Manas), and the Life-Force (Kāma-prāna) are sexless. Both aspects of the Middle Principle (*i.e.*, Lower Ego fuelling animal desires), the Astral double of the body, and the visible body are all male — metaphorically speaking. After the separation of the sexes was completed, marking the Atlantean womb-born race, the gender of today's human beings is a mere accident of each birth, guided by the individual's Karma in terms of character, mortality, and deeds of the previous birth.

The Ray which proceeds from the central point of the circle is sexless:

“There is no eternal female principle, for this Ray produces that which is the united potentiality of both sexes but is by no means either male or female. This latter differentiation will only appear when it falls into matter, when the Triangle becomes a Square, the first Tetractys.”

From *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (TRANSACTIONS OF THE BLAVATSKY LODGE) X p. 352. — ED. PHIL.]

⁴ [“Every planet is septenary, like man. The visible planet is the physical body of the sidereal being, the Ātma or Spirit of which is the Angel, or Rishi, or Dhyāni-Chohan, *etc.*” See “Worship of planetary Spirits is idolatrous Astrolatry,” in our Planetary Rounds and Globes Series. — ED. PHIL.]

⁵ [Allusion to humanity as a whole, the “great Orphan,” and the only disinherited one upon this earth. “Orphaned,” because parentless (anupapādaka). Parentless, because self-generated from its own divine essence, *i.e.*, from *That* which is neither Father nor Mother but the Unmanifested Logos. — ED. PHIL.]

responded but coldly to the demonstrations of the haughty sun. She still saw before her mind's eye the soft and affectionate glow of the star; she still felt in her heart the beneficent dewdrop, and turning away from the blinding rays of the sun, she closed her petals and went to sleep nestled in the thick foliage of the parent-shrub. From that time on, day became night for the lowly flower, and night became day.¹ As soon as the sun rises and engulfs heaven and earth in its golden rays, the flower becomes invisible; but hardly does the sun set, and the star, piercing a corner of the dark horizon, makes its appearance, than the flower hails it with joy, plays with its silvery rays, and absorbs with long breaths its mellow glow.

A woman's love, loyalty, and gratitude will always belong to her night star.

Such is the heart of many a woman. The first gracious word, the first affectionate caress, falling on her aching heart, takes root there deeply. Profoundly moved by a friendly word, she remains indifferent to the passionate demonstrations of the whole universe. The first may not differ from many others; it may be lost among thousands of other stars similar to that one, yet the heart of woman knows where to find him, near by or far away; she will follow with love and interest his humble course, and will send her blessings on his journey. She may greet the haughty sun, and admire its glory, but, loyal and grateful, her love will always belong to one lone star.



¹ [The "Sons of Light," evolved from Absolute Darkness, for "Night" came before "Day."

"In using figurative language, as has been done in *The Secret Doctrine*, analogies and comparisons are very frequent. Darkness for instance, as a rule, applies only to the unknown totality, or Absoluteness. Contrasted with eternal darkness, the first Logos is certainly Light; contrasted with the second or third, the manifested Logos, the first is Darkness, and the others are Light."

From *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (TRANSACTIONS OF THE BLAVATSKY LODGE) X p. 368. — ED. PHIL.]

To the Star of Love

À une Étoile.

A poem by Alfred Louis Charles de Musset-Pathay: *Le Saule*, Pt. II (Premières Poésies), from *Compassion: the Spirit of Truth*, our first Major Work, p. 396.¹

Étoile qui descends vers la verte colline,
Triste larme d'argent du manteau de la Nuit,
Toi que regarde au loin le pâtre qui chemine,
Tandis que pas à pas son long troupeau le suit,
Étoile, où t'en vas-tu, dans cette nuit immense?
Cherches-tu sur la rive un lit dans les roseaux?
Où t'en vas-tu si belle, à l'heure du silence,
Tomber comme une perle au sein profond des eaux?
Ah! si tu dois mourir, bel astre, et si ta tête
Va dans la vaste mer plonger ses blonds cheveux,
Avant de nous quitter, un seul instant arrête;
— Étoile de l'amour, ne descends pas des cieux!

To the Star of Love.

English translation of the foregoing original French text by D. S.

Heavenly star, rolling down the green hill,
Weeping bright tears from the mantle of the night,
You, who watch from afar the shepherd walking along the path,
As his faithful herd follows him step by step,
Star, where are you going in this great night?
Are you looking for a bed in the reeds on the shore?
Where are you going, beautiful star, in this silent hour,
Falling like a pearl in the great watery deep?
Ah! if you must die, beautiful star, plunging
The golden beams of your crown into the boundless sea,
Before you die, stay on for just one more moment;
— Star of love, do not fall from the heavens!

¹ It was set to music in 1890 by Reynaldo Hahn under the title "À une Étoile."

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